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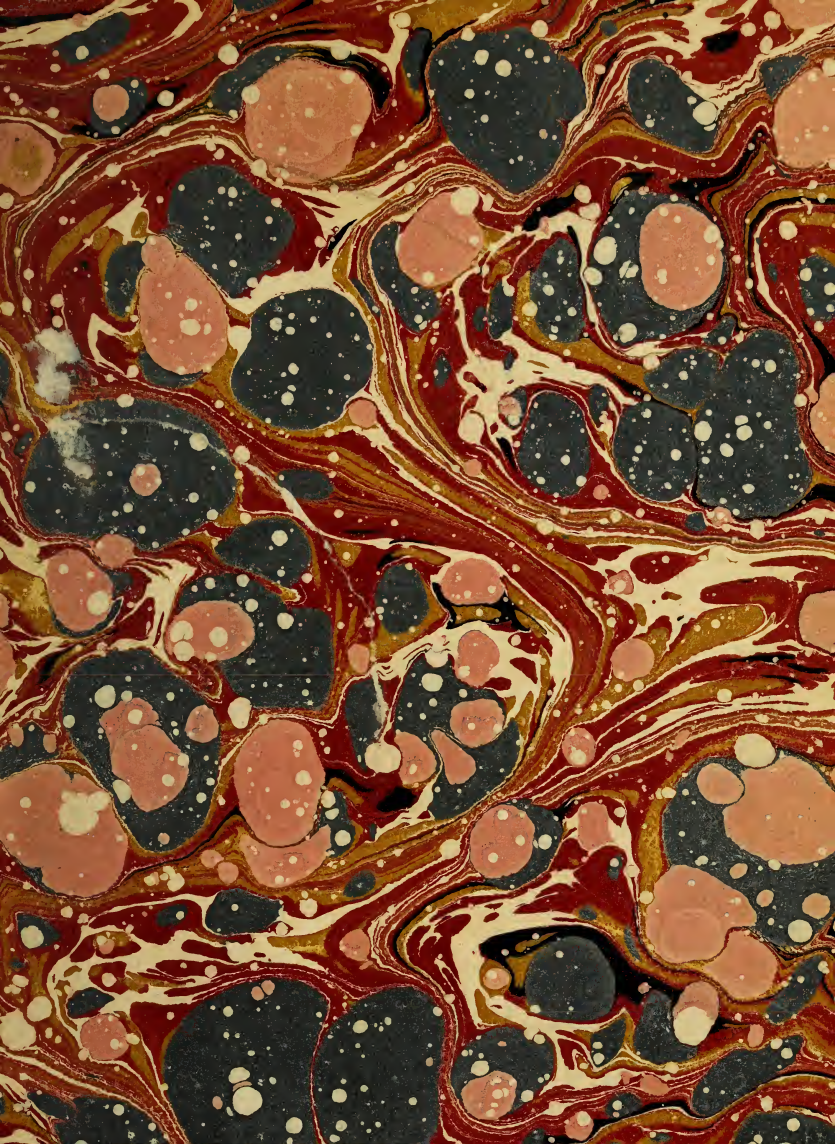


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THE
TRAGEDY
OF THIERRY KING OF
France, and his Brother
Theodoret.

As it was diuerse times acted at the Blacke-
Friers by the Kings Maiesties
Seruants.

by

Beaumont & Fletcher



LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to bee sold at
his shop in *Britaines Burse*, at the signe of
the Eagle and Child.

1621.

THE
WAGGLEDY

THEIRY KING OF

France, and the Evoker

149,592

May, 1873



LONDON

Printed and Published by
the Right Hon. the Earl of
Aberdeen

1873



THE TRAGEDIE OF
THIERIE AND
THEODORET.

Act. 1. Scœ. 1.

Enter *Theodoret, Brunhalt, Bawdber.*

BRUNHALT.

TAxe me with these hot tainturs?

Theodoret. You are too sudaine;

I doe but gently tell you what becomes you,

And what may bend your honor! how these courses

Of loose and lazic pleasures; not suspected

But done and knowne, your minde that grants no limit

And all your Actions followes, which loose people

That see but through a mist of circumstance

Dare tearme ambitious; all your wayes hide sores

Opening in the end to nothing but vlcers.

Your instruments like these may call the world

And with a fearefull clamour, to examine

Why, and to what wee gouerne. From example

If not for vertues sake yee may be honest:

There haue beene great ones, good ones, and 'tis necessary

Because you are your selfe, and by your selfe

B

A selfe.

The Tragedy of

A self-peēce from the touch of power and Iustice,
You should commaund your selfe, you may imagine
Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women.
The name of greatnesse glorifies your actions
And strong power like a pent-house, promises
To shade you from opinion; take heede mother,
And let vs all take heede, these most abuse vs
The sinnes we doe, people behold through opticks,
Which shewes vm ten times more then common vices,
And often multiplies vm: then what iustice
Dare we inflict vpon the weake offenders
When we are the eues our selues?

Brun, This is, Martell,

Strudied and pend vnto you, whose base person
I charge you by the loue you owe a mother
And as you hope for bleatings from her prayers,
Neither to giue beliefe to, nor allowance.
Next I tell you Sir, you from whom obedience
Is so farre fled, that you dare taxe a mother,
Nay further, brand her honour with your slanders,
And breake into the treasures of her credit,
Your easinesse is abused, your faith fixited
With lyes, malicious lyes, your merchant mischief,
He that neuer knew more trade then Tales, and tumbling
Suspicious into honest hearts; what you or hee,
Or all the world dare lay vpon my worth,
This for your poore opinions: I am shee,
And so will beare my selfe, whose truerth and whitnesse
Shall euer stand as far from these detections
As you from dutie; get you better seruants,
People of honest actions without ends,
And whip these knaues away, they eate your fauours,
And turne em vnto poysons: my knowne credite
Whom all the Courts a this side Nile haue enuied,
And happy shee could site mee, brought in question
Now in my houres of age and reuerence,

When

Thierry and Theodoret.

When rather superstition should be rendered,
And by a Rush that one dayes warmth
Hath shot vp to this swelling; giue me iustice,
VVhich is his life.

Theod. This is an impudence,
And he must tell you, that till now mother
Brought yee a sonnes obedience, and now breakes it
About the sufferance of a sonne.

Bard. Blesse vs!

For I doe now begin to feele my selfe
Turning into a halter, and the ladder
Turning from me, out pulling at my legs too.

Theod. These trucths are no mans tales, but all mens troubles,
They are, though your strange greatnesse would out stare v'm:
VVitnesse the daily Libels, almost Ballads
In euery place, almost in euery Prouince,
Are made vpon your lust, Tauerne discourses,
Crowds cram'd with whisperes; Nay, the holy Temples
Are not without your curses: Now you would blush,
But your blacke tainted blood dare not appeare
For feare I should fright that too.

Brun. O yee gods!

Theod. Doe not abuse their names: they see your actions,
And your conceald sinnes, though you worke like Moles,
Lyes leuell to their iustice.

Brun. Art thou a sonne?

Theod. The more my shame is of so bad a mother,
And more your wretchednesse you let me bee so;
But woman, for a mothers name hath left me
Since you haue left your honour; mend these ruines,
And build againe that broken fame, and fairely,
Your most intemperate fiers haue burnt, and quickly
VVithin these ten dayes take a Monasterie,
A most strickt house, a house where none may whisper,
VVhere no more light is knowne but what may make yee
Belceue there is a day where no hope dwels,
Nor comfort but in teares

Brun. O miserie!

The Tragedy of

Theod. And there to cold repentance, and staru'd penance
Tye your succeeding dayes; or curse me heauen
If all your guilded knaues, brokers, and bedders,
Euen he you built from nothing, strong *Portalyde*;
Be not in the ambling Geldings; all your maydes,
If that name doe not shame v^m, fed with spunges
To sucke away their rancknesse; and your selfe
Onely to emptie Pictures and dead Arras
Offer your olde desires.

Bru. I will not curse you,
Nor lay a prophesie vpon your pride;
Though heauen might grant me both: vnthankfull, no;
I nourishd yee, twas I, poore I groand for you,
Twas I felt what you sufferd, I lamented
When sicknesse or sad houres held back your sweetness;
Twas I payd for your sleepes, I watch your wakings:
My dayly cares and feares, that rid, plaid, walkt,
Discoursd, discoverd, fed and fashiond you
To what you are, and am I thus rewarded?

Theod. But that I know these teares I could dote on em,
And kneele to catch v^m as they fall, then knit v^m
Into an Armet, euer to be honourd;
But woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitfull;
Full of the weeper, anger, and ill nature.

Bru. In my last houres despis'd.

Theod. That Text should tell,
How vgly it becomes you to erre thus;
Your flames are spent, nothing but smoake maintaines ye;
And those your fauour and your bounty suffers
Lye not with you, they doe but lay lust on you,
And then imbrace you as they caught a pallsie;
Your power they may loue, and like spanish Iennetts
Commit with such a gust.

Band. I would take whipping,
And pay a Fine now. *Exit Banders.*

Theod. But were yee once disgraced,

Or

Thierry and Theodoret:

Or fallen in wealth, like leaues they would flie from you,
And become browse for euery beast; you will'd me
To stocke my selfe with better friends, and seruants;
With what face dare you see mee, or any mankind,
That keepe a race of such vnheard of relicks,
Bawds, Letchers, Leaches, femall fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples: and lest Art
Should loose her selfe in act, to call backe custome,
Leaue these, and liue like *Niobe*. I told you how
And when your eyes haue dropt away remembrance
Of what you were. I am your sonne! performe it.

Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me,
To tie this Tyger vp, a soule to no end,
Haue I got shame and lost my will; *Brunhale*
From this accursed houre, forget thou bor'st him,
Or any part of thy blood gaue him liuing,
Let him be to thee, an *Antipathy*,
A thing thy nature sweates at, and turnes backward:
Throw all the mischiefes on him that thy selfe
Or women worse then thou art, haue inuented,
And kill him drunke, or doubtfull.

Enter Bawdber, Protaldye, Lecture.

Baw. Such a sweate;
I neuer was in yet, clipt of my minstrells,
My toyes to pricke vp wenches withall; vphold me,
It runnes like snowballs through me.

Brun. Now my varlets,
My slaues, my running thoughts, my executions.

Baw. Lord how shee lookes!

Brun. Hell take yce all.

Baw. Wee shall bee get.

Brun. Your Mistresse,
Your old and honor'd Mistresse, you tyr'd curtalls
Suffers for your base sinnes; I must be cloyster'd,
Mew'd vp to make me vertuous, who can helpe this,
Now you stand still like Statues; come *Protaldye*,

The Tragedy of

One kisse before I perish, kisse me strongly,
Another, and a third.

Lecure. I feare not gelding
As long as she holds this way.

Brun. The young courser,
That vnlickt lumpe of mine, will win thy Mistris,
Must I be chaste *Protaldye*?

Prot. Thus and thus Lady :

Brun. It shall be so, let him seeke fooles for Vestalls,
Here is my cloister.

Lecure. But what safety Madam
Finde you in staying here?

Brun. Thou hast hit my meaning,
I will to *Thierry* sonne of my blessings,
And there complaine me, tell my tale so subtilly
That the cold stones shall sweat; and statues mourne,
And thou shalt weepe *Protaldie* in my witnessse,
And there forswear.

Bawd. Yes, any thing but gelding,
I am not yet in quiet Noble Lady,
Let it be done to night, for without doubt
To morrow we are capons.

Brun. Sleepe shall not sease me,
Nor any foode befriend me but thy kisses.
E're I forsake this desert, I liue honest?
He may as well bid dead men walke, I humbled
Or bent below my power? let night dogs teare me,
And goblins ride me in my sleepe to Ielly,
Ere I forsake my spheare.

Lecure. This place you will,

Brun. What's that to you, or any, (glister?)
Yee dosse, you powdered pigsbones, rubarbe
Must you know my designes, a colledge on you,
The prouerbe makes but fooles :

Prot. But Noble Lady.

Brun. You a sawsie asse too, off I will not,
If you but anger me, tell a sowgelder

Thierry and Theodoret.

Haue cut you all like colts, hold me and kisse me,
For I am too much troubled make vp my treasure,
And get me horses priuate, come about it.

Exeunt.

Act. 1. Scæ. 2.

Enter Theodoret, Martell. &c.

Theod. Thought I assure my selfe (*Martell*) your counsell
Had no end but alleagance and my honour:
Yet I am Iealous, I haue pass'd the bounds
Of a sonnes duty; for suppose her worse
Then you report, not by bare circumstance
But euident prooffe confirmd ha's giuen her out:
Yet since all weakenesses in a kingdome, are
No more to be seuerely punished, then
The faults of Kings are by the Thunderer
As oft as they offend, to be reueng'd:
If not for piety, yet for policy,
Since some are of necessity to be spar'd,
I might, and now I wish I had not look'd
With such strict eyes into her follies.

Mart. Sir, a duty well discharg'd is neuer follow'd
By sad repentance, nor did your Highnesse euer
Make payment of the debt you ow'd her, better
Then in your late reproofes not of her, but
Those crimes that made her worthy of reproofe.
The most remarkeable point in which kings differ
From priuate men, is, that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselues innocent,
But that all such as are allide to them
In neerenesse, or dependance, by their care
Should be free from suspicion of all crime;
And you haue reap'd a double benefit
From this last great act: first in the restraint
Of her lost pleasures, you remoue th' example
From others of the like licentiousnesse,

Then

The Tragedy of

Then when 'tis knowne that your seueritie
Extended to your mother, who dares hope for
The least Indulgence or conniueance in
The easiest slips that may proue dangerous
To you or to the kingdome?

Theod. I must grant
Your reasons good (*Martell*) if as she is
My Mother, she had bene my subiect, or
That only here she could make challenge to
A place of beeing; but I know her temper
And feare (if such a word become a king,)
That in discouering her, I haue let loose
A Tigres, whose rage being shut vp in darkenesse,
Was griuous only to her selfe; which brought
Into the view of light, her cruelty
Prouok'd by her owne shame, will turne on him
That foolishly p resum'd to let her see
The loth'd shape of her owne deformity.

Mart. Beasts of that nature when rebellious threats
Begin to appeare only in their eies,
Or any motion that may giue suspicion
Of the least violence, should be chaine'd vp;
Their fanges and teeth, and all their meanes of hurt,
Par'd of, and knock'd out, and so made vnable
To do ill; they would soone begin to loath it.
I'le apply nothing, but had you grace done,
Or would do yet, what your lesse forward zeale
In words did only threaten, far lesse danger
Would grow from acting it on her, then may
Perhaps haue being from her apprehension
Of what may once be practis'd: for beleue it,
Who confident of his owne power, presumes
To spend threates on an enemy, that hath meanes
To shun the worst they can effect, giues armor
To keepe off his owne strength; nay more, disarms
Himselfe, and lies vngarded gainst all harmes
Or doubt, or malice may produce.

Theod.

Thierry and Theodoret.

Theod. 'Tis true,

And such a desperate cure I would haue vs'd,
If the intemperate patient had not bene
So neere me as a mother; but to her,
And from me gentle vnguents only were
To be appli'd; and as phisitians
When they are sicke of feuers, eat themselues
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others, though alike diseas'd,
So she considering what she is, may challenge
Those cordialls to restore her, by her birth,
And priuledge, which at no suite must be
Granted to others.

Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aimde at, I am silent.

Enter Deuistry.

Theod. What laught you at Sir?

Vitry. I haue some occasion,
I should not else; and the same cause perhaps
That makes me do so, may beget in you
A contrary effect.

Theod. Why, what's the matter?

Vitry. I see and ioy to see that sometimes poore men,
(And most of such are good) stand more indebted
For meanes to breathe to such as are held vitious,
Then those that weare like Hypocrites on their foreheads,
Th'ambitious titles of iust men and vertuous.

Mart. Speake to the purpose.

Vitry. Who would e're haue thought
The good old Queene, your Highnesse reuerend mother,
Into whose house (which was an Academ,)
In which all principles of lust were practis'd,
No souldier might presume to set his foote;
At whose most blessed intercession
All offices in the state, were charitably
Confer'd on panders, o're-worne chamber wrastrlers,
And such phisitians as knew how to kill,

The Tragedy of

With safety vnder the pretence of sauing,
And such like children of a monstrous peace,
That she I say should at the length prouide
That men of warre and honest younger brothers,
That wold not owe their feeding to their cod-pecce,
Should be esteem'd of more then mothers, or drones,
Or idle vagabonds.

Theod. I am glad to heare it,
Prethee what course takes she to do this? (*traine*)

Vitry. One that cannot faile, she and vertuous
With her Jewells and all that was worthy the carrying,
The last night left the court; and as 'tis more
Then sayd, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled vnto your brother. *Theod.* How?

Vitry. Nay storme not,
For if that wicked tonge of hers hath not
Forgot its pace, and *Thierry* be a Prince
Of such a fiery temper, as report
Has giuen him out for; you shall haue cause to vse
Such poore men as my selfe; and thanke vs too
For comming to you, and without petitions;
Pray heauen reward the good old woman for't.

Mart. I foresaw this.

Theod. I heare a tempest comming,
That sings mine and my kingdomes ruine; hast,
And cause a troope of horse to fetch her backe:
Yet stay, why should I vse meanes to bring in
A plague that of her selfe hath left me? Muster
Our souldiers vp, we'le stand vpon our gard,
For we shall be attempted; yet forbear
The inequality of our powers will yeeld me
Nothing but losse in their defeature: something
Must be done, and done suddainely, saue your labor,
In this i'le vse no counsell but mine owne,
That course though dangerous is best. Command:
Our daughter be in readinesse, to attend vs:

Martell, your company, and honest *Vitry,*

The Tragedy of

With safety vnder the pretence of sauing,
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Theod. I am glad to heare it,
Prethee what course takes she to do this? (*traine*
Viry. One that cannot faile, she and vertuous *maine* *Q*
With her Iewells and all that was worthy the carrying,
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That course though dangerous is best. Command
Our daughter be in readinesse, to attend vs:

Martell, your company, and honest *Viry*,

Thou

Thierry and Theodoret.

Theod. 'Tis true,
And such a desperate cure I would haue vs'd,
If the intemperate patient had not bene
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No souldier might presume to set his foote;
At whose most blessed intercession
All offices in the state, were charitably
Confer'd on panders, o're-worne chamber wrastrlers,
And such phisitians as knew how to kill,

Thierry and Theodoret:

Thou wilt along with me.

Vary. Yes any where,
To be worse then I am here, is past my feare.

Exeunt.

Act. 2. Scæ. 1.

Enter Thierry, Brunbalt, Bawdber, Lecture. &c.

Thier. You are here in a sanctuary; and that viper
(Who since he hath forgot to be a sonne,
I much disdain to thinke of as a brother)
Had better in despite of all the gods,
To haue razed their Temples; and spurn'd downe their altars,
Then in his impious abuse of you,
To haue called on my iust anger.

Brun. Princely sonne;
And in this worthy of a neere name,
I haue in the relation of my wrongs
Bene modest, and no word my tonge deliuered
T'expresse my insupportable iniuries,
But gaue my hart a wound: nor has my grieffe
Being from what I suffer; but that he
Degenerate as he is, should be the actor
Of my extreames; and force me to deuide
The fires of brotherly affection,
Which should make but one flame.

Thier. That part of his
As it deserues shall burne no more, if or
The teares of Orphans, widdows, or all such
As dare acknowledge him to be their Lord, (powre
Ioynd to your wrongs, with his hart blood haue
To put it out: and you, and these your seruants,
Who in our fauours shall finde cause to know
In that they left not you, how deere we hold them;
Shall giue *Theodoret* to vnderstand,
His ignorance of the prizelesse Jewell, which

The Tragedy of

He did possesse in you, mother in you,
Of which I am more proud to bee the doner,
Then if the absolute rule of all the world (come,
Were offer'd to this hand; once more you are well-
Which with all ceremonie due to greatnesse
I would make knowne, but that our iust reuenge
Admits not of de'ay; your hand Lord Generall.

Enter Protaldie, with souldiers.

Brun. Your fauour and his merrit I may say
Haue made him such, but I am iealous how
Your subiects will receiue it.

Thier. How, my subiects?
What do you make of me? Oh heauen! my subiects!
How base should I esteeme the name of Prince,
If that poore dust, were any thing before
The whirlewind of my absolute command?
Let them be happy, and rest so contented:
They pay the tribute of their harts and knees,
To such a Prince that not alone h'as power,
To keepe his owne but to increase it; that
Although he hath a body may adde to
The fam'd night labour of strong *Heroules*:
Yet is the maister of a continence
That so can temper it, that I forebeare
Their daughters, and their wiuies, whose hands though strong,
As yet haue neuer drawne by vniust meane
Their proper wealth into my treasury.
But I grow glorious, and let them beware
That in their least repining at my pleasures,
They change not a mild Prince, (for if prouck'd
I dare and will be so) into a Tyrant.

Brun. You see there's hope that we shall rule againe,
And your false fortunes rise.

Bawdb. I hope your Highnesse
Is pleas'd that I shall still hold my place with you,
For I haue bene so long vi'd to provide you
Fresh bits of flesh since mine grew stale, that surely

Thierry and Theodoret.

If cashir'd now, I shall proue a bad Cator:
In the Fishmarket of cold chastity,

Lecture. For me I am your owne, nor since I first
Knew what it was to serue you, haue remembred
I had a soule, but such a one whose essence
Depended wholly on your Highnesse pleasure,
And therefore Madam---

Brun. Rest assur'd you are,
Such instruments we must not lose.

Lecture. Bawdb. Our seruice.

Thier. You haue view'd them then, what's your opinion of em?
In this dull time of peace, we haue prepar'd em
Apt for the war. Ha?

Prota. Sir, they haue limbes
That promise strength sufficient, and rich armors
The souldiers best lou'd wealth: more, it appears
They haue beene drill'd, nay very prettily drill'd,
For many of them can discharge their muskets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offensiue to the standers by,
By sweating too much backwards; nay I find
They know the right, and left hand file, and may
With some impulsion no doubt be brought
To passe the *A, B, C,* of war, and come
Vnto the Horne-booke.

Thier. Well, that care is yours;
And see that you effect it.

Prota. I am slow
To promise much; but if within ten dayes,
By precepts and examples, not drawne from
Worme eaten presidents of the *Roman* wars,
But from mine owne, I make them not transcend
All that e're yet bore armes, let it be sayd,
Protaldye bragges, which would be vnto me
As hatefull as to be esteemde a coward:
For Sir, few Captaines know the way to win him,
And make the souldiers valiant. You shall see me.

The Tragedy of

Lie with them in their trenches, talke, and drinke,
And be together drunke; and what seemes stranger,
We'ele sometimes wench together, which once practisde
And with some other care and hidden acts,
They being all made mine, i'le breathe into them
Such fearelesse resolution and such feruor,
That though I brought them to beseege a fort,
Whose walls were steep high, and cannon prooffe,
Not to be vndermind, they should fly vp,
Like swallowes, and the parapet once wonne;
For prooffe of their obedience, if I willed them
They should leape downe againe; and what is more,
By some directions they should haue from me,
Not breake their neckes. *This*. This is about beleefe.

Brun. Sir, on my knowledge though hee hath spoke much,
He's able to do more.

Lecure. She meanes on her.

Brun. And howsoeuer in his thankfulnessse,
For some few fauors done him by my selfe,
He left *Austrachia*, not *Theoderet*,
Though hee was chiefly aimde at, could haue layd
With all his Dukedomes power, that shame vpon him,
VWhich in his barbarous malice to my honor,
He swore with threats to effect.

Thier. I cannot but
Beleeue you Madam, thou art one degree
Growne neerer to my hart, and I am proud
To haue in thee so glorious a plant
Transported hither; in thy conduct, we
Go on assurde of conquest, our remoue
Shall be with the next sunne.

Enter Theoderet, Memberge, Martell, Deuirty.

Lecure. Amazement leaue me, tis hee.

Bawdb. VVe are againe vndone.

Prot. Our guilt hath no assurance nor defence.

Bawdb. If now your euer ready wit faile to protect vs,
VVe shall be all discoverde.

Brun. Be not so

Thierry and Theoderet.

In your amazement and your foolish feares,
I am prepared for't.

Theod. How? Not one poore welcome,
In answere of so long a iorney made
Only to see your brother.

Thier. I haue stood
Silent thus long, and am yet vnresoludē
VVhether to entertaine thee on my sword,
As fits a parricide of a mothers honor;
Or whether being a Prince, I yet stand bound
(Though thou art here condemnde) to giue thee hearing
Before I execute. VVhat foolish hope,
(Nay pray you forbear) or desperate madnesse rather,
(Vnlesse thou comest assurde, I stand in debt
As far to all impiety as thy selfe)
Has made thee bring thy necke vnto the axe?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw fresh blood from thy searde vp conscience,
To make thee sensible of that horror, which
They euer beare about them, that like *Nero*,
Like sayd I? thou are worse: since thou darest striue
In her defame to murder thine aliuē.

Theod. That she that long since had the boldnes to
Be a bad woman, (though I wish some other
Should so report her) could not want the cunning,
(Since they go hand in hand) to lay faire colours
On her blacke crimes, I was resoludē before,
Nor make I doubt but that shee hath impoysonde
Your good opinion of me, and so far
Incensde your rage against me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.

Brun. To excuse thy impious scandalls rather.

Prot. Rather forc'd with feare to be compelde to come.

Thierry Forbear.

Theod. This moues not mee, and yet had I not beene
Transported on my owne integrity,
In neither am so odious to my subiects,

The Tragedy of

Nor yet so barren of defence, but that
By force I could haue iustified my guilt,
Had I bene faulty: but since innocence
Is to it selfe an hundred thousand gardes,
And that there is no sonne, but though he owe
That name to an ill mother, but stands bound
Rather to take away with his owne danger
From the number of her faults, then for his owne
Security, to adde vnto them. This,
This hath made me to preuent th'expence
Of blood on both sides, the iniuries, the rapes,
(Pages, that euer waite vpon the war:)
The accompt of all which, since you are the cause,
Beleeue it, would haue bene required from you;
Rather I say to offer vp my daughter,
Who liuing only could reuenge my death,
With my hart blood a sacrifice to your anger,
Then that you should draw on your head more curses
Then yet you haue deserued.

Thier. I do begin
To feele an alteration in my nature,
And in his full sailde confidence, a showre
Of gentle raine, that falling on the fire
Of my hot rage hath quenched it, ha! I would
Once more speake roughly to him, and I will;
Yet there is something whispers to me, that
I haue sayd too much. How is my heart deuided
Betweene the duty of a sonne, and loue -
Due to a brother! yet I am swayd heere;
And must aske of you, how tis possible
You can affect me that haue learned to hate,
Where you should pay all loue?

Theod. Which ioynde with duty,
Vpon my knees I should be proud to tender,
Had she not vs'd her selfe so many swords
To cut those bonds that tide me to it.

Thier. Fie, no more of that,

Thierry and Theodoret.

Theod. Alas it is a theame,
I take no pleasure to discourse of; would
It could asloone be buried to the world,
As it should die to me: nay more, I wish
(Next to my part of heauen) that shee would spend
The last part of her life so here, that all
Indifferent Iudges might condemne me, for
A most malicions slanderer: nay texde it
Vpon my forehead, if you hate me mother,
Put me to such a shame, pray you do, belecue it
There is no glory that may fall vpon me,
Can equall the delight I should receiue
In that disgrace; prouided the repeale
Of your long banishde vertues, and good name,
Vsher'd me to it.

Thier. See, she shewes her selfe
An easie mother, which her teares confirme.

Theod. Tis a good signe, the comfortablest raine
I euer saw.

Thier. Embrace: why this is well,
May neuer more but loue in you, and duty
On your part rise betweene you.

Bawdb. Do you heare Lord Generall,
Does not your new stampde honor on the suddaine
Begin to grow sicke?

Prota. Yes I finde it fit,
That putting off my armor, I should thinke of
Some honest hospitall to retire to. (a Lord

Bawdb. Sure although I am a bawd, yet being
They cannot whip me for't, what's your opinion?

Lecture. The beadle will resolue you, for I cannot,
There is something that more neere concernes my selfe,
That calls vpon me.

Mart. Note but yonder scarabes,
That liude vpon the dunge of her base pleasures,
How from the feare that shee may yet proue honest,
Hang downe their wicked heads.

The Tragedy of

Viry. What is that to me?

Though they and all the polecats of the Court,
Were trustde together, I perceiue not how
It can aduantage me a cardekue,
To helpe to keepe me honest.

A horne.

Enter a Post.

Thier. How, from whence?

Post. These letters will resolue your grace.

Thier. What speake they? *Reades:*

How all things meete to make me this day happy?
See mother, brother, to your reconcilment
Another blessing almost equall to it,
Is coming towards me; my contracted wife,
Ordella daughter of wife *Dataricke*
The King of *Aragon* is on our confines;
Then to arriue at such a time, when you
Are happily heere to honor with your presence,
Our long deferde, but much wished nuptiall,
Falls out aboute expression; heauen be please
That I may vse these blessing powrde on me
With moderation.

Brun. Hell and furies ayde me,
That I may haue power to auert the plagues
That presse vpon me.

Thier. Two dayes iourny sayest thou,
We will set forth to meete her, in the meane time
See all things be preparte to entertaine her:
Nay let me haue your companies, there's a Forrest
In the midway shall yeeld vs hunting sport,
To ease our trauaile, ile not haue a brow
But shall weare mirth vpon it, therefore cleere them,
We'ele wash away all sorrow in glad feasts,
And the war we meane to men, we'ele make on beasts. *Exeunt*

Brun. Oh that I had the Magicke to transform you
Into the shape of such, that your owne hounds
Might teare you peece-meale; are you so stupid?
No word of comfort? Haue I fed you mothers

omnes, prater

Brun. Bawd-

ber, Portaldy,

Lecure.

From

Thierry and Theodoret.

From my excesse of moysture, with such cost,
And can you yeeld no other retribution,
But to deuoure your maker, pandar, sponge,
Impoyfner, all growne barren?

Prota. You your selfe
That are our mouer, and for whom alone
We liue, haue failde your selfe in giuing way
To the reconcilment of your sonnes.

Lecure. Which if
You had preuented, or would teach vs how
They might againe be seuerde, we could easily
Remoue all other hindrances, that stop
The passage of your pleasures.

Bawdb. And for me,
If I faile in my office to prouide you
Fresh delicates, hang me.

Brnn. Oh you are dull, and finde not
The cause of my vexation; their reconcilment
Is a mocke-castle built vpon the sand
By children, which when I am pleasde to o'rethrow,
I can with ease spurne downe.

Lecure. If so, from whence
Growes your affliction?

Brnn. My grieffe comes along
With the new Queene, in whose grace all my powre
Must suffer shipwracke: for me now,
That hitherto haue kept the first, to know
A second place, or yeeld the least precedence
To any others, death; to haue my sleepes
Lesse inquirde after, or my rising vp
Saluted with lesse reuerence, or my gates
Empty of suitors; or the Kings great fauours
To passe through any hand but mine, or hee
Himselfe to be directed by another,
Would be to me: do you vnderstand me, yet
No meanes to preuent this.

Prota. Fame giues her out

The Tragedy of

To be a woman of a chastity
Not to be wrought vpon, and therefore Madam
For me, though I haue please'd you, to attempt her
VVere to no purpose.

Brun. Tush, some other way.

Bawdb. Faith I know none else, all my bringing vp
Aim'd at no other learning.

Lecure. Giue me leaue,
If my art faile me not, I haue thought on
A speeding proiect.

Brun. VVhat is? but effect it,
And thou shalt be my *Æsculapins*,
Thy image shall be set vp in pure gold,
To which i'lle fall downe and worship it.

Lecure. The Lady is faire.

Brun. Exceeding faire.

Lecure. And young.

Brun. Some fifteene at the most.

Lecure. And loues the King with equall ardor.

Brun. More, she dotes on him.

Lecure. VVell then, what thinke you if I make a drinke
VVhich giuen vnto him on the bridall night,
Shall for fise dayes so rob his faculties
Of all ability to pay that duty,
VVhich new made wiuies expect, that she shall sweare
She is not match'de to a man.

Prota. 'T were rare.

Lecure. And then
If she haue any part of woman in her,
She'lle or fly out, or at least giue occasion
Of such a breach which nere can be made vp,
Since he that to all else did neuer faile
Of as much as could be perform'de by man,
Proues only ice to her.

Brun. 'Tis excellent.

Bawdb. The Physitian
Helps euer at a dead lift; a fine calling,
That can both raise, and take downe, out vpon thee.

Brun.

Theodoret and Thierry.

Brun. For this one seruice I am euer thine,
Prepare it; ile giue it him my selfe, for you *Protaldye*,
By this kisse, and our promise sport at night,
(do coniure you) to beare vp; not minding
The opposition of *Theodoret*,
Or any of his followers; what so ere
You are, yet appeare valiant, and make good
The opinion that is had of you: for my selfe
In the new *Queenes* remoue, being made secure,
Feare not, ile make the future building sure.

Exeunt.

Wind hornes.

Enter Theodoret, Thierry.

Theodoret. This Stag stood well, and cunningly.

Thierry. My horse

I am sure, has found it, for her sides are
Blooded from flanke to shoulder, wheres the troope?

Enter Martell.

Theodoret. Past home-ward, weary and tirde as we are,
Now *Martell*, haue you remembred what we though of?

Mart. Yes Sir, I haue snigled him, and if there be
Any desert in his blood, beside the itche,
Or manly heate, but what decoctions
Leaches, and callises haue crammed into him,
Your Lordship shall know perfect.

Thier. VVhats that, may not I know too?

Theod. Yes Sir,
To that end, we cast the proiect.

Thierry. VVhat ist?

Mart. A desire Sir,
Vpon the gilded flag your graces fauour
Has stuck vp for a Generall, and to informe you,
For this houre hee shall passe the test, what valour,
Stayd iudgement, soule, or safe discretion
Your mothers wandring eyes, and your obedience
Haue flung vpon vs, to assure your knowledge,
He can bee, dare be, shall be, must be nothing,
Loade him with piles of honors; set him off

The Tragedy of

With all the cunning foyles that may deceiue vs:
But a poore, cold, vnspirited, vnmannerde,
Vnhonest, vnaffected, vndone, foole,
And most vnheard of coward, a meere lumpc
Made to loade beds withall, and like a nightmare
Ride Ladies, that forget to say their prayers,
One that dares only be diseased, and in debt,
Whose body mewes more plaisters euery month,
Then women do old faces.

Thier. No more, I know him,
I now repent my error, take your time
And try him home, euer thus far reseru'd,
You tie your anger vp.

Mart. I lost it else Sir.

violence,

Thier. Bring me his sword faire taken, without
For that will best declare him.

Theod. That's the thing.

Thier. And my best horse is thine.

Mart. Your graces seruant.

Exit.

Theod. You'le hunt no more Sir,

Thier. Not to day, the weather

Is growne too warme, besides, the dogges are spent,
We'le take a cooler morning, let's to horse,
And hollow in the troope.

Exeunt. Wind hornes.

Enter 2 Huntsmen.

1: I marry Twainer,
This woman giues indeed, these are the Angells
That are the keepers faints.

2. I like a woman
That handles the deeres dowsets with discretion;
And payes vs by proportion:

1: 'Tis no treason
To think this good old Lady has a stumpe yet
That may require a currall.

2. And the bells too,

Enter Protaldie.

She has lost a friend of me else, but here's the clarke,
No more for feare ath bell ropes:

Protal-

Theodoret and Thierry.

Protal: How now Keepers,
Saw you the King?

i Yes Sir, he's newly mounted,
And as we take it ridden home.

Pro: Farewell then.

Exit Keepers:

Enter Martell.

My honord Lord, Fortune has made me happy
To meete with such a man of men to fide me.

Protal: How Sir? I know ye not,
Nor what your fortune meanes.

Mart. Few words shall serue, I am betraide Sir,
Innocent and honest; malice, and violence
Are both against me, basely and fowly layd for;
For my life Sir, danger is now about mee,
Now in my throate Sir. *Protaldye.* Where Sir?

Mart. Nay I feare not,
And let it now powre downe in stormes vpon me,
I haue met a noble guard:

Prot. Your meaning Sir,
For I haue present businesse. *Mart.* O my Lord,
Your honour cannot leaue a gentleman
At least a faire designe of this braue nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession
Hatcht in, and made one peece, in such a perrill;
There are but six my Lord. *Prot.* What six?

Mart. Six villaines sworne, and in pay to kill mee.

Protaldye. Six? (you are present,

Mart. Alas Sir, what can fixe do, or six score now
Your name will blow em off, say they haue shot too,
Who dare present a peece? your valour's prooffe Sir:

Prot. No, i'll assure you Sir, nor my discretion
Against a multitude; tis true I dare fight,
Enough, and well enough, and long enough:

But wisedome Sir, and weight of what is on me,
In which I am no more mine owne, nor yours Sir,
Nor as I take it, any single danger,
But what concernes my place, tells me directly,
Beside my person, my faire reputation,

The Tragedy of

If I thrust into crowds, and seeke occasions
Suffers opinion, fix? VVhy *Hercules*
Auoyded two man, yet not to giue example:
But only for your present dangers sake Sir,
Were there but foure Sir, I car'd not if I killd vm,
They will serue to set my sword.

Mart. There are but foure Sir,
I did mistake vm, but foure such as *Europe*
Excepting your great valour.

Prot. Well considerde,
I Will not medle with vm, foure in honor,
Are equall with fourescore, besides they are people
Only directed by their fury.

Mart. So much nobler shall be your way of Iustice.

Prot. That I find not.

Mart. You will not leaue me thus?

Prot. I would not leaue you; but looke you Sir,
Men of my place, and busines, must not
Be questioned thus.

Mart. You cannot passe Sir,
Now they haue seene me with you, without danger,
They are heere Sir, within hearing, take but two.

Prot. Let the Law take vm, take a tree Sir,
Ile take my horse, that you may keepe with safety:
If they haue brought no hand-sawes, within this houre
Ile send you rescue, and a toyle to take vm.

Mart. You shall not go so poorely, stay but one Sir.

Prot. I haue bene so hamperde with these rescues,
So hewde and torturde, that the truth is Sir,
I haue mainly vowde against vm, yet for your sake,
If as you say there be but one, ile stay,
And see faire play a both sides.

Mart. There is no
More Sir, and as I doubt a base one two.

Prot. Fie on him, go lug him out by the eares.

Mart. Yes:

This is he Sir, the basest in the kingdome.

Protal:

Thierry and Theodoret:

Prot. Do you know me?

Mart. Yes for a generall foole,
A knaue, a coward, and vpstart stallion bawd,
Beast, barking puppy, that dares not bite.

Prot. The best man best knowes patience.

Mart. Yes,
This way Sir, now draw you sword, and right you,
Or render it to me, for one you shall do.

Prot. If wearing it may do you any honor,
I shall be glad to grace you, there it is Sir.

Mart. Now get you home, and tel your Lady Mis.
She has shot vp a sweete mushrump, quit your place too,
And say you are counseld well, thou wilt be beaten else
By thine owne lanceprisadoes; when they know thee,
That tunes of oyle of roses wil not cure thee;
Go get you to your foyning worke at Court,
And learne to sweate agen, and eate dry mutton;
An armor like a frost will search your bones,
And make you rore you rogue; not a reply,
For if you do your cares go off.

Prot. Still patience.

Exeunt.

Londe Musike, A Banquet set out.

Enter Thierry, Ordella, Brunbals, Theodoret, Lecure, Bandbor. &c.

Thier. It is your place, and though in all things else
You may and euer shall command me, yet
In this ile be obeyde.

Ordella. Sir, the consent
That made me yours, shall neuer teach me to
Repent I am so, yet be you but pleasde
To giue me leau to say so much; the honor
You offer me were better giuen to her,
To whom you owe the power of giuing.

Thier. Mother,
You heare this and reioyce in such a blessing
That payes to you so large a share of duty,
But sic no more, for as you hold a place
Nerer my heart then she, you must sit neerer

The Tragedy of

To all those graces, that are in the power
Of Maiesty to bestow.

Brun. Which it's prouide,
Shall be short lude, *Lecure.*

Lecure. I haue it ready.

Brun. 'Tis well, waite on our cup.

Lecure. You honor me.

Thier. We are dull,
No obiect to prouoke mirth.

Theod. Martell,
If you remember Sir, will grace your feast

With something that will yeeld matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.

Thier. Touching *Protaldye.*

Theod. You haue it.

Brun. What of him? I feare his basenesse
In spight of all the titles that my fathers

Haue clothde him, which will make discouery
Of what is yet concealde.

Enter Martell.

Theod. Looke Sir, he has it,
Nay wee shall haue peace when so great a souldier

As the renounde *Protaldye*, will giue vp
His sword rather then vse it.

Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turne on thy owne head.

Thier. Pray you speake,
How wonne you him to part from't?

Mart. Wonne him Sir,
He would haue yeelded it vpon his knees

Before he would haue hazarded the exchange
Of a phillip of the forehead: had you willde me,

I durst haue vnderooke he should haue sent you
His nose, prouided that the losse of it

Might haue sau'd the rest of his face; he is Sir
The most vnutterable coward, that ere nature

Blest with hard shoulders, which were only giuen him,

Thierry and Theodoret:

To the ruine of bastinados.

Thierry Possible.

Theod. Obserue but how she frets.

Mart. Why bele ue it:

But that I know the shame of this disgrace,

Will make the beast to liue with such, and neuer

Presume to come more among men; i'le hazard

My life vpon it, that a boy of twelue

Should scourge him hither like a parish top,

And make him dance before you.

Brun. Slaue thou liest,

Thou dar'st aswell speake treason in the hearing

Of those that haue the power to punish it;

As the least sillable of this before him,

But 'tis thy hate to me.

Martell. Nay, pray you Madam,

I haue no eares too heare you, though a foote:

To let you vnderstand what he is.

Brun. Villaine.

Theod. You are to violent.

Enter Protaldye.

The worst that can come

Is blanketting; for beating, and such vertues

I haue bene long acquainted with.

Mart. Oh strange!

Bawdb. Behold the man you talke of.

Brun. Giue me leaue,

Or free thy selfe (thinke in what place you are)

From the foule imputation that is layd

Vpon thy valour (be bold, i'le protect you)

Or heere I vow (deny it or forswear it)

These honors which thou wearest vaworthily,

Which be but impudent enough and keep them;

Shall be torne from thee with thy eyes.

Prot. I haue it,

My valour! is there any here beneath,

The stile of king, dares question it?

The Tragedy of

Thier. This is rare. (bene noble,

Prot. Which of my actions, which haue still
Has rendred me suspected?

Thierry. Nay *Marsell*,
You must not fall off.

Mart. Oh Sir, feare it not,
Do you know this sword?

Prot. Yes.

Mart. Pray you on what termes
Did you part with it?

Prot. Part with it say you?

Mart. So.

Thier. Nay study not an answer, confesse freely.

Prot. Oh I remember't now, at the stags falls,
As we to day were hunting, a poore fellow,
And now I view you better, I may say
Much of your pitch: this silly wretch I spoke of,
With his petition falling at my feete,
(Which much against my will he kisde,) desire
That as a speciall meanes for his preferment,
I would vouchsafe to let him vse my sword,
To cut off the stags head.

Brun. Will you heare that?

Bawdb. This lie beares a similitude of truth,

Prot. I euer courteous, (a great weakenes in me)
Granted his humble suite.

Mart. Oh impudence!

Thier. This change is excellent.

Mart. A word with you,
Denie it not, I was that man disguise,
You know my temper, and as you respect
A dayly cudgelling for one whole year,
Without a second pulling by the eares,
Or tweakes by the nose, or the most pretious balme
You vsde of patience, patience do you marke me,
Confesse before these kings with what base feare
Thou didst deliuer it;

Thierry and Theoderet.

Prot. Oh! I shall burst,
And if I haue not instant liberty
To teare this fellow limbe by limbe, the wrong
Will breake my hart, although *Herculean*, (here
And somewhat bigger; there's my gage, pray you
Let me redeme my credit.

Thierry. Ha, ha, forbear.

Mart. Pray you let me take it vp, and if I do not
Against all ods of armor and of weapons,
With this make him confesse it on his knees,
Cut off my head.

Prot. No, that is my office.

Bawdb. Fie, you take the hangmans place.

Ordella. Nay good my Lord
Let me atone this difference, do not suffer
Our bridall night to be the Centaures feast,
You are a Knight and bound by oath to grant
All iust suits vnto Ladies; for my sake
Forget your supposde wrong.

Prot. Well, let him thanke you,
For your sake he shall liue, perhaps a day,
And may be, on submission longer,

Theod. Nay, *Martell*, you must bee patient.

Mart. I am yours,
And this slaue shall be once more mine.

Thier. Sit all;
One health, and so to bed, for I too long
Deferre my choisest delicates.

Brun. Which if poyson
Haue any power, thou shalt like *Tansalus*.
Behold and neuer taste; be carefull.

Lecure. Feare not.

Brun. Though it be rare in our sex, yet for once
I will begin a health.

Thier. Let it come freely.

Brun. *Lecure*, the cup; heere to the Sonne we hope
This night shall be an Embrion.

The Tragedy of

Thier. You haue namde
A blessing that I most desire, I pledge you,
Giue me a larger cup, that is too little
Vnto so great a god.

Brun. Nay, then you wrong me,
Follow as I began.

Thier. Well as you please.

Brun. Ist done?

Lecure. Vnto your wish, I warrant you,
For this night I durst trust him with my mother.

Thier. So, 'tis gone round, lights.

Brun. Pray you vse my seruice.

Ordella. 'Tis that which I shall euer owe you
And must haue none from you, pray you pardon me.

Thier. Good rest to all.

Theod. And to you pleasant labour:

Mariell your company, Madam good night. *Exeunt all, but*

Brun. Nay you haue cause to blush, but I will hide it, *Brunhalt,*
And what's more I forgiue you; ist not pittie *Protal. Lecure,*
That thou that art the first to enter combat *Bandber.*
With any woman, and what is more, orecome her,
(In which she is best pleasde,) should be so fearefull
To meete a man.

Prot. Why would you haue me lose
That blood that is dedicated to your seruice,
In any other quarrell?

Brun. No, referue it
As I will study to preserue thy credit,
You sirha; be't your care to finde out one
That is poore though valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeeme my seruants reputation,
Receauie a publike baffling.

Bandb. Would your highnesse
Were pleas'd to informe me better of your purpose.

Brun. Why one Sir, that would thus be boxde,
Or kickde; do you apprehend me now?

Bandb. I feele you Madam,

Thierry and Theodoret.

The man that shall receiue this from my Lord,
Shall haue a thousand crownes.

Prot. Hee shall. *Bawdb.* besides

His day of bastinadoing past ore,
He shall not lose your grace, nor your good fauor.

Brun. That shall make way to it.

Bawdb. It must be a man
Of credit in the Court, that is to be
The foyle vnto your valour.

Prot. True, it should. (worfe.)

Bawdb. And if he haue place there, tis not the

Brun. 'Tis much the better,

Bawdb. If he be a Lord,
'Twill be the greater grace.

Brun. Thou art in the right: (Lord,

Bawdb. Why then behold that valiant man and
That for your sake will take a cudgelling,
For be assurde when it is spread abroad
That you haue dealt with me, the ile giue you out
For one of the nine Worthies:

Brun. Out you pandar,
Why to beate thee is only exercife
For such as do affect it, lose not time
In vaine replies, but do it: come my sollace,
Let vs to bed, and our desires once quenchde,
We'ele there determine of *Theodorets* death,
For he's the engin vsde to ruine vs:
Yet one worke more, *Lecture*, art thou assurde
The potion will worke?

Lecture. My life vpon it.

Brun. Come my *Protaldye*, then glut me with
Those best delights of man, that are denide
To her that does expect them, being a bride:

Exeunt:

Act. 3. Scæ. 1.

Enter *Thierry*, and *Ordella*, as from bed.

Thier. Sure I haue drunke the blood of Elephants,

The

The Tragedy of

The teares of mandrake and the marble dew,
Mixt in my draught, haue quencht my natural heate,
And left no sparke of fire but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries:

Ye wretched flames which play vpon my sight,
Turne inward, make me all one peece, though earth;
My teares shall ouerwhelme you else too. (sadnes?)

Ordella. What moues my Lord to this strange
If any late discerned want in me,
Giue cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall finde a painefull way to recompence.

Thier. Are you yet frozen veines, feele you a breath,
Whose temperate heate would make the North star reele,
Her icie pillars thaw'd, and do you not melt?
Draw neerer, yet neerer,
That from thy barren kisse thou maist confesse
I haue not heate enough to make a blush.

Ordella. Speake nearer to my vnderstanding, like a husband:

Thier. How should he speake the language of a husband,
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voyce?

Ordella. It is a phrase will part with the same ease
From you with that you now deliuer.

Thier. Bind not his eares vp with so dull a charme,
Who hath no other sence left open; why should thy words
Find more restraint then thy free speaking actions,
Thy close embraces and thy mid-night sighes,
The silent orators to slow desire?

Ordella. Striue not to win content from ignorance
Which must be lost in knowledge: heauen can witnesse
My farthest hope of good reacht at your pleasure,
Which seeing alone may in your looke be read:
Adde not a doubtfull comment to a text
That in it selfe's direct and easie.

Thier. Oh thou hast drunk the iuice of hemlock too,
Or did vpbraided nature make this paire
To shew she had not quite forgot her first
Iustly praisde workmanship, the first chaste couple

Thierry and Theodoret:

Before the want of ioy, taught guilty fight
A way through shame and sorrow to delight :
Say, may we mixe as in their innocence
When turtles kist, to confirme happinesse,
Not to beget it ?

Ordella. I know no bar.

Thier. Should I belceue thee, yet thy pulse beates woman,
And sayes the name of wife did promise thee
The blest reward of duty to thy mother,
Who gaue so often witnes of her ioy,
When she did boast thy likenes to her husband.

Ordella. 'Tis true, that to bring forth a second to your selfe,
Was only worthy of my Virgin losse;
And should I prize you lesse vnpatternde Sir,
Then being, exemplified, ist not more honor
To be possessor of vnequalde vertue,
Then what is paralelde? giue me beleefe,
The name of mother knowes no way of good,
More then the end in me : who weds for lust
Is oft a widdow; when I married you,
I lost the name of maid to gaine a title
About the wish of change, which that part can
Only maintaine, is still the same in man,
His vertue and his calme society,
Which no gray haire can threaten to dissolue,
Nor wrinkles bury.

Thier. Confine thy selfe to silence, lest thou take
That part of reason from me is only left
To giue perswasion to me, I am a man:
Or say thou hast neuer seene the riuers haste
With glad-some speede to meete the amorous sea.

Ordella. We are but to praise the coolenes of their streames.

Thier. Nor viewde the kids taught by their lustfull fires,
Pursue each other through the wanton lawnes,
And likt the sport.

Ordella. As it made way vnto their enuied rest,
With weary knots binding their harmeles eyes.

The Tragedy of

Bran. It is beyond my admiration.

Thier. Beyond your sexes faith,
The vnripe virgins of our age to hear't
Will dreame themselues to women, and conuert
The example to a miracle.

Brun. Alas 'tis your defect moues my amazement,
But what ill can be separate from ambition?
Cruell Theodoret.

Thierry. What of my brother?

Brun. That to his name your barrenesse adds rule;
Who louing the effect, would not be strange
In fauoring the cause; looke on the profit,
And gaine will quickly point the mischief out.

Thier. The name of father to what I possesse
Is shame and care.

Brun. Were we begot to single happinesse,
I grant you; but from such a wife, such vertue
To get an heire, what Hermit would not find
Deseruing argument to breake his vow
Euen in his age of chastity?

Thier. You teach a deafe man language.

Brun. The cause found out, the malady may cease,
Haue you heard of one *Forts*?

Thierry. A learnde Astronomer, great Magician,
Who liues hard-by retirede.

Brun. Repaire to him, with the iust houre and place
Of your natiuity; fooles are amaz'd at fate,
Griefes but concealde are neuer desperate.

Thier. You haue timely wakende me, nor shall I sleepe
Without the satisfaction of his art.

Exit Thierry.

Enter Lecure.

Brun. Wisedome prepares you to't, *Lecure*, met happily.

Lecure. The ground answers your purpose, the conueiance
Being secure and easie, falling iust
Behind the state set for *Theodoret*.

Brun. 'Tis well, your trust inuites you to a second charge,
You know *Lefortes* cell.

Lecure.

Thierry and Theodoret.

Lecure. Who constellated your faire birth.

Brun. Enough, I see thou knowst him, where's *Bawdber*?

Lecure. I left him carefull of the proiect cast,
To raise *Protaldies* credit.

Brun. A sore that must be plasterde, in whose wound
Others shall find their graues, thinke themselves sound,
Your care, and quickest apprehension.

Exeunt:

Enter Bawdber, and a seruant.

Bawdb. This man of war will aduanice.

Lecure. His houres vpon the stroake.

Bawdb. Wind him backe as you fauor my eares,
I loue no noyse in my head, my braines haue hitherto
Bin imployde in silent busineses.

Enter Denitry.

Lecure. The gentleman is within your reach Sir. *Exit.*

Bawdb. Giue ground whilst I drill my wits to the encounter,
Denitry. I take it. *Denitry.* All that's left of him.

Bawdb. Is there another parcell of you, if it be at pawne
I will gladly redeeme it to make you wholly mine:

Vitry. You seeke too hard a penywoth. (long knowne)

Bawdb. You to ill to keepe such distance, your parts haue bin
To me, howsoeuer you please to forget acquaintance.

Vitry. I must confesse I haue bin subiect to lewd company.

Bawdb. Thankes for your good remembrance,
You haue bin a souldier *Denitry*, and borne armes.

Vitry. A couple of vnprofitable ones, that haue only
seru'd to get me a stomacke to my dinner.

Bawdb. Much good may it do you Sir.

Vitry. You should haue heard me say I had din'd first, I haue
built on an vnwholesome ground, raif'd vp a house before I
knew a Tenant, matcht to meeete wearines, fought to find want
and hunger.

Bawdb. It is time you put vp your sword, and run a way for meate
sir, nay if I had not withdrawne ere now, I might haue kept the;
fast with you: but since the way to thriue is neuer late, what is
the neerer course to profit thinke you?

Vitry. It may be your worship will say bawdry.

Bawdb. True fence, bawdry.

F 3

Vitry,

The Tragedy of

Viry. Why is their five kinds of em, I neuer knew but one.

Bawdb. Ile shew you a new way of prostitution, fall backe, further yet, further, there is fifty crownes, do but as much to *Protaldy* the Queenes fauoret, they are doubled.

Viry. But thus much.

Bawdb. Giue him but an affront as he comes to the presence, and in his drawing make way like a true bawde to his valour, the son's thy owne; if you take a scratch in the arme or so, euery drop of blood weighes downe a ducket.

Viry. After that rate, I and my friends would begger the kingdome. Sir you haue made me blush to see my want, whose cure is such a cheape and easie purchase, this is male bawdery belike:

Enter Protaldy, a Lady, and Renellers.

Bawdb. See, you shall not belong earning your wages, your worke's before your eyes.

Viry. Leauē it to my handling, ile fall vpon't instantly:

Bawdb. What opinion will the managing of this affaire Bring to my wisdome? my inuention tickles
With apprehension on't:

Pro. These are the ioyes of marriage Lady,
Whose fights are able to dissolue virginity.
Speake freely, do you not enuy the brides felicity?

Lady. How should I, being partner of't?

Protal. What you enioy is but the banquets view,
The taste stands from your pallas; if he impart
By day so much of his content, thinke what night gaue?

Viry. Will you haue a rellish of wit Lady?

Bawdb. This is the man.

Lady. If it be not deare Sir.

Viry. If you affect cheapenes, how can you prize this sullied ware so much? mine is fresh, my owne, not retailde.

Prot. You are sawcy sirra.

Viry. The fitter to be in the dish with such dry stockfish as you Are, how strike?

Bawdb. Remember the condition as you looke for payment.

Viry. That boxe was left out of the bargaine.

Prot:

Thierry and Theodoret.

Prot. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Bawdb. Plague of the seruiners running hand,
What a blow is this to my reputation?

Enter Thierry, Theodoret, Brunhalt, Ordella, Memberge, Martell:

Thier. What villaine dares this outrage?

Deuitry. Heere mee Sir, this creature hir'de mee with fifty crownes in hand, to let *Protaldye* haue the better of mee at single rapier on a made quarrell; he mistaking the weapon, layes mee ouer the chops with his clubfist, for which I was bold to teach him the art of memory.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Theod. Your Generall, mother, will display himselfe
Spight of our peace I see.

Thier. Forbeare these ciuill iarres, fie *Protaldye*,
So open in your proiects, auoyde our presence sirra.

Demi. Willingly, if you haue any more wages to earne,
You see I can take paines. (ha, ha, ha)

Theod. There's somewhat for thy labor, more then was promis'd,

Bawdb. Where could I wish my selfe now? in the Ile of dogs,
So I might scape scratching, for I see by her cats eyes
I shall be claw'd fearefully.

Thier. Weele heare no more on't, musique drowne al sadnes; *sest*
Command the Reuellers in; at what a rate I do purchase *musique*
My mothers absence, to giue my spleene full liberty.

Brun. Speake not a thoughts delay, it names thy ruine.

Prot. I had thought my life had borne more vaw with you.

Brun. Thy losse carries mine with't, let that secure thee,
The vault is ready, and the dore conuyes too't,
Falls iust behind his chaire, the blow once giuen,
Thou art vnseene.

Prot. I cannot feele more then I feare, ime sure. *withdraves:*

Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their owne destruction.

Thier. You will adde vnto her rage.

Theod. Foote I shall burst vnlesse I vent my selfe, ha, ha, ha.

Brun. Me Sir, you neuer could
Haue found a time to inuite more willingnesse;
In my dispose to pleasure.

Membr.

The Tragedy of

Memb. Would you would please to make some other choice.

Renel. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell vpon me Lady,
Should you refuse.

Memb. Your reason conquers; my grandmothers lookes
Haue turn'd all ayre to earth in me, they sit
Vpon my heart like night charmes, black and heauy.

The Dance.

Thier. You are too much libertine.

Theod. The fortune of the foole perswades my laughter
More then his cowardice; was euer ratte
Tane by the taile thus? ha, ha, ha.

Thier. Forbear I say.

Prot. No eie lookes this way, I will wink and
Lest I betray my selfe.

(strike,
Behind the state
Stabs Theodoret.

Theod. Ha, did you not see one neere me?

Thier. How neere you, why do you looke so pale brother?
Treason, treason.

Memb. Oh my presage! Father.

Ordella. Brother.

Mart. Prince, noble Prince.

Thier. Make the gates sure, search into euery angle
And corner of the court; oh my shame! mother,
Your son is slaine, *Theodoret*, noble *Theodoret*,
Here in my armes, too weake a sanctuary
'Gainst treachery and murder, say is the traytor taken.

Guard. No man has past the chamber on my life Sir.

Thier. Set present fire vnto the place, that all vnseene
May perish in this mischiefe, who moues slow to't,
Shall adde vnto the flame.

Brun. What meane you? giue me your priuate hearing.

Thierry. Perswasion is a partner in the crime,
I will renounce my claime vnto a mother,
If you make offer on't.

Brun. Ere a torch can take flame, I will produce
The author of the fact.

Thier. Withdraw but for your lights.

Memb. Oh my too true suspicion?

Excunt
Martell, Memberge.
Thier.

Thierry and Theodoret:

Thier. Speake, where's the engin to this horrid act?

Brun. Here, you do behold her, vpon whom make good
Your causes rage; the deed was done by my incitement,
Not yet repented.

Thier. Whither did nature start, when you conceiude
A birth so vnlike woman? say, what part
Did not consent to make a son of him,
Referu'd it selfe within you to his ruine.

Brun. Ha, ha, a son of mine! do not disseuer
Thy fathers dust, shaking his quiet vrne,
To which thy breath would send so foule an issue,
My son, thy brother?

Thier. Was not *Theodoret* my brother, or is thy tongue
Confederate with thy hart, to speake and do
Only things monstrous?

Brun. Heare me, and thou shalt make thine owne beleefe,
Thy still with sorrow mentionde, father liude
Three carefull yeares in hope of wished heires,
When I conceiude, being from his icialious feare
Enioynde to quiet home, one fatall day:
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forc t command, and in pursuite of game
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes,
Despaire which only in his loue saw life
Worthy of being, from a gardners armes
Snatcht this vn'ucky brat, and call'd it mine,
When the next yeare repaide my losse with thee:
But in thy wrongs preferu'd my misery,
Which that I might diminish though not end,
My sighes and wet eyes, from thy fathers will,
Bequeathe this largest part of his dominions
Of *France* vnto thee, and only left

Austracia vnto that changeling, whose life affoords
Too much of ill' gainst me to proue my words
And call him stranger.

Thier. Come, do not weepe, I must, nay, do beleue you,
And in my fathers satisfactiō count it

The Tragedy of

Merit, not wrong, or losse:

Brun. You do but flatter, there's anger yet flames
In your eyes.

Thier. See, I will quench it, and confesse that you
Haue suffer'd double trauaile for me.

Brun. You will not fire the house then?

Thier. Rather reward the author, who gaue cause
Of knowing such a secret, my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.

Brun. *Protaldye*, rise good faithfull seruant, heauen knowes
How hardly he was drawne to this attempt.

Enter Protaldye.

Thier. *Protaldye*? he had a gardeners fate i'lle sweare
Fell by thy hand, Sir, we do owe vnto you for this seruice.

Brun. Why lookest thou so dejected?

Enter Martell.

Pro. I want a little shift Lady, nothing else.

Mart. The fires are ready, please it your grace withdraw,
Whilst we performe your pleasure.

Thier. Reserue them for the body; since he had the fate
To liue and die a Prince, he shall not lose
The title in his funerall.

Exie

Mart. His fate to liue a Prince,
Thou old impiety, made vp by lust and mischief;
Take vp the body.

Exeunt

with the body of Theod.

Enter Lecure, and a seruant.

Lecure. Doest thinke *Lefortes* sure enough?

Serua. As bonds can make him, I haue turn'd his eyes to the
east; and left him gaping after the morning starre, his head is a
meere Astrolobe, his eyes stand for the poles, the gag in his
mouth being the coachman, his five teeth haue the neereft re-
semblance to *Charles Waine*.

Lecure. Thou hast cast a figure which shall raise thee, direct
my haire a little; and in my likenes to him reade a fortune suiting
thy largest hopes.

Serua. You are so far 'boue likenesse you are the same,
If you loue mirth, perswade him from himselfe,

'Tis

Thierry and Theodoret:

'Tis but an Astronomer out of the way,
And lying will beare the better place for't.

Lecture. I haue profitabler vse in hand, hast to the Queene,
And tell her how you left me chang'd. *Exit seruant.*

Who would not serue this vertuous actiue Queene?
She that loues mischief 'boue the man that does it,
And him aboue her pleasure, yet knowes no heauen else;

Enter Thierry.

Thier. How well this loanes suits the art I seeke,
Discoueting secret and succeeding fate,
Knowledge that puts all lower happines on,
With a remisse and carelesse hand,
Faire peace vnto your meditations father.

Lecture. The same to you, you bring Sir:

Thier. Drawne by your much fam'd skill, I come to know
Whether the man who owes this character,
Shall ere haue issue.

Lecture. A resolution falling with most ease
Of any doubt you could haue named, he is a Prince
Whose fortune you enquire.

Thier. He is nobly borne:

Lecture. He had a dukedome lately falne vnto him
By one call'd brother, who has left a daughter.

Thier. The question is of heires, not lands.

Lecture. Heires, yes he shall haue heires.

Thier. Begotten of his body, why look'st thou pale?
Thou canst not suffer in his want.

Lecture. Nor thou, I neither can nor will
Giue farther knowledge to thee.

Thier. Thou must, I am the man my selfe,
Thy soueraigne, who must owe vnto thy wisdom
In the concealing of my barren shame.

Lecture. Your grace doth wrong your stars; if this be yours,
You may haue children.

Thier. Speake it againe.

Lecture. You may haue fruitfull issue.

Thier. By whom? when? how?

The Tragedy of

Lecure. It was the fatall meanes first strooke my bloud
With the cold hand of wonder, when I read it,
Printed vpon your birth.

Thier. Can there be any way vnsmooth, has end
So faire and good?

Lecure. We that behold the sad aspects of heaven,
Leading sence blinded, men feele grieffe enough
To know, though not to speake their miseries.

Thier. Sorrow must lose a name, where mine finds life,
If not in thee, at least ease paine with speede,
Which must know no cure else.

Lecure. Then thus,
The first of femalls which your eye shall meete
Before the sun next rise, comming from out
The Temple of *Diana*, being slaine, you liue
Father of many sonnes.

Thier. Callst thou this sadnes, can I beget a son
Deseruing lesse then to giue recompence
Vnto so poore a losse? what care thou art,
Rest peaceable blest creature, borne to be
Mother of Princes, whose graue shall be more fruitefull
Then others marriage bed: me thinks his art
Should giue her forme and happy figure to me,
I long to see my happines; he is gone,
As I remember he named my brothers daughter,
Were it my mother, twere a gainfull death
Could giue *Ordellas* virtue liuing breath.

Exeunt.

Act. 4. Scæ. 1.

Enter Thierry, and Martell.

Mart. Your grace is early stirring.

Thier. How can he sleepe,
Whose happineffe is lay'd vp in an houre.
Hee knowes comes stealing toward him, o *Martell!*

Thierry and Theodoret.

Is't possible the longing bride, whose wishes
Outrunnes her feares, can on that day she is married
Consume in slumbers, or his armes rust in ease,
That heares the charge, and sees the honor'd purchase
Ready to gild his valor? Mine is more
A power about these passions; this day *France*,
France that in want of issue withers with vs;
And like an aged riuer runnes his head
Into forgotten wayes, againe I rancome,
And his faire course turne right: this day, *Thierry*,
The son of *France*, whose manly powers like prisoners
Haue bin tyed vp, and fetter'd, by one death
Giue life to thousand ages; this day beauty
The enuy of the world, pleasure the glory,
Content about the world, desire beyond it
Are made mine owne and vsfull.

Mart. Happy woman
That dies to do these things.

Thier. But ten times happier
That liues to do the greater; o *Martell*,
The gods haue hard me now, and those that scorn'd me
Mothers of many children, and blest fathers
That see their issues like the stars vnumber'd,
Their comfort more then them, shall in my prayes
Now teach their infants songs; and tell their ages
From such a son of mine, or such a queene,
That chaste *Ordella* brings me blessed marriage,
The chaine that linkes two holy loues together,
And in thee marriage, more then blest *Ordella*,
That comes so ne're the sacrament it selfe,
The Preists doubt whether purer.

Mart. Sir, year'lost.

Thierry. I prithee let me be so.

Mart. The day weares;
And those that haue bin offering earely prayers,
Are now retiring homeward.

Thier. Stand and marke then.

The Tragedy of

Mart. Is it the first must suffer.

Thier. The first woman.

Mart. What hand shall do it Sir?

Thier. This hand *Martell*,

For who lesse dare presume to giue the gods

An incense of this offering?

Mart. Would I were she,

For such a way to die, and such a blessing

Can neuer crowne my parting.

Enter 2 men passing ouer:

Thierry. What are those?

Mart. Men, men Sir, men.

Thier. The plagues of men light on vñ,
They crosse my hopes like hares, who's that?

Enter a Priest:

Mart. a Priest Sir.

Thierry. Would he were gelt:

Mart. May not these rascalls serue Sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?

Thierry. No.

Mart. Here comes a woman:

Enter Ordella, vail'd.

Thier. Stand and behold her then.

Mart. I thinke a faire one.

(*peace*)

Thier. Moue not whilst I prepare her: may her
Like his whose innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And offering at their altars, giues his soule
Far purer then those fires; pull heauen vpon her,
You holy powers, no humane spot dwell in her,
No loue of any thing but you and goodnes,
Tie her to earth, feare be a stranger to her,
And all weake bloods affections, but thy hope
Let her bequeath to women: heare me heauen,
Giue her a spirrit masculine, and noble,
Fit for your selves to aske, and mee to offer.
O let her meete my blow, doate on her death;
And as a wanton vine bowes to the pruner,

Thar

Thierry and Theodoret.

That by his cutting off more may encrease,
So let her fall to raise me fruite; haile woman,
The happieft, and the best (if thy dull wil
Do not abuse thy fortune) *France* ere found yet.

Ordella. She is more then dull Sir, lesse and worse then woman,
That may inherit such an infinite
As you propound, a greatnesse so neare goodnesse;
And brings a will to rob her.

Thier. Tell me this then,
Was there ere woman yet, or may be found,
That for faire fame, vnspotted memory,
For vertues sake, and only for it selfe sake
Has, or dare make a story?

Ordella. Many dead Sir,
Liuing I thinke as many.

Thier. Say, the kingdome
May from a womans will receiue a blessing,
The king and kingdome, not a priuate safety.
A generall blessing Lady.

Ordella. A generall curse
Light on her hart denies it.

Thier. Full of honor;
And such examples as the former ages
Were but dim shadowes of, and empty figures.

Ordella. You strangely stir me Sir, and were my weaknes
In any other flesh but modest womans,
You should not aske more questions, may I do it?

Thier. You may, and which is more, you must.

Ordella. I ioy in't,
About a moderate gladnesse, Sir, you promise
It shall be honest.

Thier. As euer time discover'd.

Ordella. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I haue a mind will hazarde it.

Thier. But harke yee,
What may that woman merit, makes this blessing?

Ordella. Only her duty Sir.

Thier.

The Tragedy of

Thier. 'Tis terrible.

Ordella. 'Tis so much the more noble.

Thier. 'Tis full of fearefull shaddowes:

Ordella. So is sleepe Sir,

Or any thing that's meereley ours and mortall,
We were begotten gods else; but those feares
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly like the shapes of clouds we forme to nothing.

Thier. Suppose it death.

Ordella. I do.

Thier. And endlesse parting

With all we can call ours, with all our sweetenès,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason:
For in the silent graue, no conuersation,
No ioyfull tread of friends, no voyce of louers,
No careful fathers counsell, nothing's hard,
Nor nothing is, but all obliuion,
Dust, and an endlesse darkenesse; and dare you woman
Desire this place?

Ordella. 'Tis of all sleepes the sweetest,
Children begin it to vs, strong men seeke it,
And, kings from heighth of all their painted glories
Fall, like spent exhalations, to this center;
And those are fooles that feare it, or imagine
A few vnhandsome pleasures, or lifes profits
Can recompence this place; and mad that staies it,
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humors,
Bring vm desper'd to the earth.

Thierry. Then you can suffer.

Ordella. As willingly as say it.

Thier. *Martell*, a wonder,

Here is a woman that dares die, yet tel me,
Are you a wife?

Ordella. I am Sir.

Thierry. And haue children,---

She sighes, and weepes.

Ordella. O none Sir.

Thierry.

Thierry and Theodoret:

Thier. Dare you venter,
For a poore barren praise you ne're shall heare,
To part with these sweete hopes?

Ordella. With all but heauen;
And yet die ful of children; he that reade me
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes,
And those chaste dames that keepe my memory,
Singing my yearely requiems, are my daughters.

Thier. Then there is nothing wanting but my knowledge,
And what I must do Lady.

Ordella. You are the king Sir,
And what you do i'le suffer, and that blessing
That you desire the gods showre on the kingdome.

Thier. Thus much before I strike then, for I must kill you,
The gods haue will'd it so; they'r made the blessing
Must make *France* young agen, and me a man,
Keepe vp your strength still nobly.

Ordella. Feare me not.

Thier. And meeete death like a measure:

Ordella. I am stedfast.

Thier. Thou shalt be sainted woman, and thy tombe
Cut out in Cristall, pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be grauen euery age,
Succeeding peeres of *France* that rise by thy fall,
Tell thou liest there like old and fruitfull nature.
Darest thou behold thy happinesse?

Ordella. I Dare Sir.

Thier. Ha?

Mart. O Sir, you must not do it.

Thier. No, I dare not,

There is an Angell keeps that paradise,
A fiery angell friend; o vertue, vertue,
Euer and endlesse vertue.

Ordella. Strike Sir, strike;
And if in my poore death faire *France* may merit,
Giue me a thousand blowes, be killing me
A thousand dayes.

*Pulls off her vaile,
lets fall his sword.*

The Tragedy of

Thier. First let the earth be barren,
And man no more remembred; rise *Ordella*,
The nearest to thy maker, and the purest
That euer dull flesh shewed vs,----- o my hart-strings, *Exit.*

Mart. I see you full of wonder, therefore noblest
And truest amongst women, I will tell you
The end of this strange accident.

Ordella. Amazement
Has so much woue vpon my hart, that truely
I feele my selfe vnfit to heare, o Sir,
My Lord has slighted me.

Mart. O no sweete Lady,

Ordella. Robd me of such a glory by his pittie:
And most vnprouident respect.

Mart. Deare Lady,
It was not meant to you.

Ordella. Else where the day is,
And houres distinguish time, time runnes to ages,
And ages end the world, I had bin spoken.

Deui. I'll tell you what it was, if but your patience
Will giue me hearing.

Ordella. If I haue transgressed,
Forgiue me Sir.

Mart. Your noble Lord was counsell'd,
Griewing the barrenesse betweene you both,
And all the kingdome with him, to seeke out
A man that knew the secrets of the gods,
He went, found such a one, and had this answer,
That if he wou'd haue issue, on this morning
For this houre was prefixt him, he should kill
The first he met being female, from the Temple;
And then he should haue children, the mistake
Is now to perfect Lady.

Ordella. Still 'tis I Sir,
For may this worke be done by common women,
Durst any but my selfe that knew the blessing,
And felt the benefit, assume this dying,

Thierry and Theodoret:

In any other, 't'ad bin lost, and nothing,
A curse, and not a blessing; I was figur'd;
And shall a little fondnesse barre my purchase?

Mart. Where should he then seeke children?

Ordella. Where they are

In wombes ordainde for issues, in those beauties
That blesse a marriage bed, and makes it proceede
With kisses that conceiue, and fruitefull pleasures;
Mine like a graue, buries those loyall hopes,
And to a graue it couets.

Mart. You are too good,

Too excellent, too honest; robbe not vs
And those that shall hereafter seeke example,
Of such inestimable worthies in woman,
Your Lord of such obedience, all of honor
In coueting a cruelty is not yours,
A will short of your wisdome; make not error
A tombestone of your vertues, whose faire life
Deserues a constellation: your Lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, must not run this hazard,
He makes a separation nature shakes at,
The gods deny, and euerlasting iustice
Shrinks backe and sheathes her sword at.

Ordella. All's but talke Sir,

I find to what I am reseru'd, and needefull,
And though my Lords compassion makes me poore
And leaues me in my best vse, yet a strength
Aboue mine owne, or his dull fondnesse finds mee;
The gods haue giuen it to me. *drawes a knife.*

Mart. Selfe destruction,

Now all good angells blesse thee, o sweete Lady
You are abus'd, this is a way to shame you,
And with you al that knowes you, al that loues you,
To ruine all you build, would you be famous,
Is that your end?

Ordella. I would be what I should be.

Mart. Liue, and confirme the gods; then, liue and be loaden

The Tragedy of

With more then oliues beare, or fruitefull Autum;
This way you kill your merit, kill your cause,
And him you would raise life to; where, or how
Got you these bloody thoughts? what diuell durst
Looke on that Angell face, and tempt? do you know
What 'tis to die thus, how you strike the stars,
And all good things aboue? do you feele
What followes a selfe blood, whither you venter,
And to what punishment? excellent Lady,
Be not thus cozen'd, do not foole your selfe,
The priest was neuer his owne sacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.

Ordella. I am counsell'd.

Mart. And I am glad on't, lie I know you dare not.

Ordella. I neuer haue done yet.

Mart. Pray take my comfort,
Was this a soule to lose? two more such women
Would saue their sex; see, she repents and prayes,
O heare her, heare her, if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, she hath sent it.

Ordella. Now good *Martell* confirme me.

Mart. I will Lady,
And euery houre aduise you, for I doute
Whether this plot be heauens, or hells; your mother
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To search the center of it; in the meane time
I'll giue you out for dead, and by your selfe,
And shew the instrument, so shall I find
A ioy that will betray her.

Ordella. Do what's fittest;
And I will follow you.

Mart. Then euer liue
Both able to ingrosse all loue, and giue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brunhals, Protaldye.

Brun. I am in labour
To be deluerde of that burthenous proiect
I haue so long gone with; ha? here's the mid-wife,

Thierry and Theodoret.

Or life, or death:

Enter Lecure.

Lecure. If in the supposition
Of her death in whose life you die, you aske me,
I thinke you are safe.

Brun. Is she dead?

Lecure. I haue vsde
All meanes to make her so, I saw him waiting
At the Temple doore, and vsde such art within,
That only she of all her sexe, was first
Giuen vp vnto his fury.

Brun. Which if loue
Or feare made him forbeare to execute
The vengeance he determinde, his fond pittie,
Shall draw it on himselfe: for were there left
Not any man but he to serue my pleasures,
Or from me to receiue commands, which are
The ioyes for which I loue life; he should be
Remoude, and I alone left to be Queene
O're any part of goodnesse that's left in me.

Lecure. If you are so resolute, I haue prouided
A meanes to ship him hence: looke vpon this,
But touch it sparingly, for this once vsde,
Say but to drie a teare, will keepe the eyelidde
From closing, vntill death performe that office.

Brun. Giue't me, I may haue vse of't, and on you
I'll make the first experiment: if one sigh
Or heauy looke beget the least suspicion,
Childish compassion can thaw the ice
Of your so long congealde and flinty hardnesse.
Slight, go on constant, or I shall.

Prot. Best Lady,
We haue no faculties which are not yours.

Lecure. Nor will be any thing without you.

Brun. Be so,
And we will stand or fall together, for
Since we haue gone so far, that death must stay

The Tragedy of

The journey which we wish should neuer end;
And innocent, or guilty we must die,
When we do so, let's know the reason why?

Enter Thierry, and Courtiers.

Lecure. The King.

Thier. We'le be alone.

Pros. I would I had

A conuoy too, to bring me safe off,
For rage although it be allaide with sorrow,
Appeares so dreadfull in him, that I shake
To looke vpon it.

Brun. Coward, I will meeete it
And know from whence t'as birth: sonne, kingly. *Thierry.*

Thier. Is cheating growne so common among men,
And thriues so well heere, that the gods endeauour
To practice it about!

Brun. Your mother.

Thier. Ha! or are they only carefull to reuenge,
Not to reward? or when for your offences
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse then the disease?

Brun. Will you not heare me?

Thier. To lose th'ability to performe those duties
For which I entertainde the name of husband,
Askde more then common sorrow; but t'impofe
For the redresse of that defect, a torture
In marking her to death, for whom alone
I felt that weakenesse as a want, requires
More then the making the head bald? or falling
Thus flat vpon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this, oh such a sceane of griefe,
And so set downe; (the world the stage to act on)
May challenge a Tragedian better practise
Then I am to expresse it; for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
So weake, that though the part be good, I feare
Th'ill acting of it, will defraude it of

Thierry and Theodoret.

The poore reward it may deserue, mens pittie.

Brun. I haue giuen you way thus long, a King, and what
Is more, my sonne, and yet a slaue to that
Which only triumphs ouer cowards sorrow
For shame looke vp.

Thier. I'ft you, looke downe on me;
And if that you are capable to receiue it,
Let that returne to you, that haue brought forth
One markde out only for it: what are these?
Come they vpon your priueledge, to tread on
The tombe of my afflictions?

Prot. No not we Sir.

Thier. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funerall of all my hopes,
Or come vnto the marriage of my sorrowes,
But in such colours as may sort with them?

Prot. Alas, we will weare any thing.

Brun. This is madnesse,
Take but my counsell.

Thier. Yours? dare you againe
Though armde with the authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger, that will fall on you
If such another fillable awake it?
Go, and with yours be safe, I haue such cause
Of grieffe, nay more, to loue it, that I will not
Hane such as these be sharers in it.

Lecture. Madam.

Prot. Another time were better.

Brun. Doe not stir,
For I must be resolute and will, be statues.

Enter Martell.

Thier. I, thou art welcome, and vpon my soule
Thou art an honest man; do you see, he has teares
To lend to him whom prodigall expence
Of sorrow has made bankerout of such treasure,
Nay thou doest well.

Mart. I would it might excuse

The Tragedy of

The ill I bring along.

Thierry. Thou makest me smile
In the height of my calamities, as if
There could be the addition of an Atome
To the gyant body of my miseries.
But try, for I will heare thee; all sit downe, 'tis death
To any that shall dare to interrupt him
In looke, gesture, or word.

Mart. And such attention
As is due to the last, and the best story
That euer was deliuerde, will become you.
The grieude *Ordella*, (for all other titles
But take away from that) hauing from me
Prompted by your last parting grone, enquirede
What drew it from you, and the cause soone learn'd:
For she whom barbarisme could deny nothing,
With such preuailing earnestnesse desirede it,
'Twas not in me though it had bin my death,
To hide it from her; she I say, in whom
All was, that *Athens*, *Rome*, or warlike *Sparta*,
Haue registred for good in their best womens:
But nothing of their ill, knowing herselfe
Markde out; (I know not by what powre, but sure
A cruell one) to die, to giue you children;
Hauing first with a setled countenance
Look'd vp to heauen, and then vpon her selfe
(It being the next best obiect) and then smilede,
As if her ioy in death to do you seruice,
Would breake forth in despite of the much sorrow
She showde she had to leaue you: and then taking
Me by the hand, this hand which I must euer
Loue better then I haue done, since she touch'd it,
Go, sayd she, to my Lord, (and to go to him
Is such a happinesse I must not hope for,)
And tell him that he too much prizde a trifle
Made only worthy in his loue, and her
Thankfull acceptance, for her sake to robbe

Thierry and Theodoret:

The Orphan kingdome of such gardians, as
Must of necessity descend from him;
And therefore in some part of recompence
Of his much loue, and to shew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certaine blessings: yet for prooffe,
She did not enuy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her quicke end
Should make way for her; which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too ready engin
Made such a battery in the choicest castle
That euer nature made to defend life,
That strait it shooke, and funke.

Thier. Stay, dares any
Presume to shed a teare before me? or
Ascribe that worth vnto themselues to merit
To do so for her? I haue done, now on.

Mart. False thus, once more she smilde, as if that death
For her had studied a new way to seuer
The soule and body, without sence of paine;
And then tell him quoth she what you haue seenē,
And with what willingnesse 'twas done: for which
My last request vnto him is, that he
Would instantly make choice of one (most happy
In being so chosen) to supply my place,
By whom if heauen blesse him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it beare my name,
Which sayd she dide.

Thier. I heare this, and yet liue,
Hart art thou thunder prooffe, will nothing breake thee?
She's dead, and what her entertainment may be
In th' other world without me is vncertaine,
And dare I stay heere vnresolude?

Mart. Oh Sir!

Brun. Deare son:

Prot. Great King.

The Tragedy of

Thier. Vnhand me, am I false
So low, that I haue lost the powre to be
Disposer of my owne life?

Mart. Be but please
To borrow so much time of sorrow, as
To call to mind her last request, for whom
(I must confesse a losse beyond expression)
You turne your hand vpon your selfe, 'twas hers
And dying hers, that you should liue and happy.
In seeing little models of your selfe,
By matching with another, and will you
Leaue any thing that she desired vngranted?
And suffer such a life that was layd downe
For your sake only to be fruitelesse?

Thier. Oh thou doest throw charmes vpon me, against which
I cannot stop my eares; beare witness heauen
That not desire of life, nor loue of pleasures
Nor any future comforts, but to giue
Peace to her blessed spirit in satisfying
Her last demand, makes me defer our meeting,
Which in my choice, and suddaine choice shall be
To all apparant.

Brun. How? do I remoue one mischief
To draw vpon my head a greater?

Thier. Go, thou only good man, to whom for her selfe
Goodnesse is deare, and prepare to interre it
In her that was; o my hart! my *Ordella*,
A monument worthy to be the casket
Of such a iewell.

Mart. Your command that makes way
Vnto my absence is a welcome one,
For but your selfe there's nothing here *Martell*
Can take delight to looke on; yet some comfort
Goes backe with me, to her, who though she want it,
Deserues all blessings.

Brun. So soone to forget
The losse of such a wife, beleue it will

Exit.

Be

Thierry and Theodoret:

Be censurde in the world.

Thier. Pray you no more,
There is no argument you can vse to crosse it,
But does increase in me such a suspition
I would not cherish,---who's that?

Enter Memberge.

Memb. One, no garde
Can put backe from accessse, whose tongne no threats
Nor praiers can silence, a bould suitor and
For that which if you are your selfe, a King,
You were made so to grant it, Iustice, Iustice.

Thier. With what assurance dare you hope for that
Which is denide to me? or how can I
Stand bound to be iust, vnto such as are
Beneath me, that find none from those that are
About me?

Memb. Their is iustice, 'twere vnfit
That any thing but vengeance should fall on him,
That by his giuing way to more then murther,
(For my deare fathers death was parricide)
Makes it his owne.

Brun. I charge you heare her not:

Memb. Hell cannot stoppe iust prayers from entring heauen,
I must and will be heard, Sir; but remember
That he that by her plot fell, was your brother,
And the place where, your pallace, against all
Th'inuiolable rites of hospitality,
Your word, a kings word, giuen vp for his safety,
His innocence, his protection, and the gods
Bound to reuenge the impious breach of such
So great and sacred bonds; and can you wonder,
(That in not punishing such a horrid murther,
You did it) that heauens fauour is gone from you?
Which neuer will returne vntill his bloud
Be washde away in hers.

Brun. Drag hence the wretch:

Thier. Forbeare: with what variety

The Tragedy of

Of torments do I meete? oh thou hast opende
A booke in which writ downe in bloody letters,
My conscience finds that I am worthy of
More then I vndergo, but i'le begin
For my *Ordellas* sake, and for thine owne,
To make lesse heauens great anger: thou hast lost
A father, I to thee am so; the hope
Of a good husband, in mee haue one; nor
Be fearefull I am still no man, already
That weakenesse is gone from me,

Brun. That it might
Haue euer growne inseparably vpon thee, *aside*
What will you do? is such a thing as this
Worthy the lou'd *Ordellas* place, the daughter
Of a poore gardiner?

Mem^b. Your sonne,

Thier. The powre
To take away that lownesse is in me.

Brun. Stay yet, for rather then that thou shalt adde
Incest vnto thy other sins, I will
With hazard of my owne life vtter all.

Theodoret was thy brother.

Thier. You denide it
Vpon your oth, nor will I now belecue you,
Your Protean turnings cannot change my purpose.

Mem^b. And for me, be assurde the meanes to be
Reuenge on thee vile hag, admits no thought,
But what tends to it.

Brun. Is it come to that?
Then haue at the last refuge; art thou growne
Insensible in ill, that thou goest on
Without the least compunction? there, take that
To witnesse that thou hadst a mother, which
Forefaw thy cause of grieffe, and sad repentance,
That so soone after blest *Ordellas* death
Without a teare thou canst embrace another,
Forgetfull man.

Thier.

Thierry and Theodoret.

Thier. Mine eyes when she is namde
Cannot forget their tribute, and your guift.
Is not vnuseful now.

Lecure. He's past all cure, that only touch is death.

Thier. This night i'll keepe it,
To morrow I will fend it you, and full of my affliction.

Brun. Is the poyson mortall?

Exit Thierry.

Lecure. About the helpe of phisicke.

Brun. To my wish.

Now for our owne security, you *Protaldye*
Shall this night post towards *Austrachia*,
With letters to *Theodorets* bastard sonne,
In which we will make knowne what for his rising
We haue done to *Thierry*: no deniall,
Nor no excuse in such acts must be thought of,
Which all dislike, and all againe commend,
When they are brought vnto a happy end.

Exeunt.

Act. 5. Scæ. 1.

Enter Deniry, and 4 souldiers.

Deniry. No war, no mony, no master; banisht the Court, not
trusted in the city, whipt out of the country, in what a triangle
runnes our misery: let me heare which of you has the best voice
to beg in, for other hopes or fortunes I see you haue not; bee not
nice, nature prouided you with tonnes for the purpose, the peoples
charity was your heritage, and I would see which of you de-
serues his birth-right.

Omnes. We vnderstand you not Captaine.

Denit. You see this cardicue, the last and the only quintessence
of 50 crownes, distill'd in the lembicke of your gardage, of which
happypiece thou shalt be treasurer: now hee that can sonest per-
swade him to part with't, enioyes it, possesses it, and with it, mee
and my future countenance.

1. If they want art to perswade it, i'll keepe it my selfe.

Denit. So you be not a partiall iudge in your owne cause, you
shall.

Omnes. A match:

The Tragedy of

2. Ile begin to you, braue Sir; bee proud to make him happy by your liberality, whose tongue vouchsafes now to petition was neuer heard before lesse then to command: I am a souldier by profession, a gentleman by birth, and an officer by place, whose pouerty blushes to be the cause that so high a vertue should descend to the pity of your charity.

1. In any case keepe your high stile, it is not charity to shame any man, much lesse a vertue of your eminence, wherefore preferue your worth, and i'le, preferue my mony.

3. You perswade, you are shallow, giue way to merit, ah by the bread of good man, thou hast a bonny countenance and a blith, promising mickle good to a sicker wombe, that has trod a long and a soare ground to meete with friends that wil owe much to thy reuerence, when they shall heare a thy courtesie to their wandring cuntryman.

1. You that will vse your friends so hardly to bring them in debt Sir, will deserue worse of a stranger, wherefore pead one, pead on I say.

4. It is the wealth must doo't I see, comrade man of vrship, *St. Tavy* bee her patron, the gods of the mountaines keepe her cow and her cupboord, may shee neuer want the greene of the leeke, nor the fat of the onion, if she part with her bounties to him that is a great deale away from her cozines, and has too big suites in law to recouer her heritage.

1. Pardon me Sir, I will haue nothing to do with your suites, it comes within the statute of maintenance: home to your coznes and sowe garlicke and hempseede, the one will stop your hunger, the other end your suites. *gamma wash comrade, gamma wash.*

4. Foote he'le hoord all for himselfe.

Viry. Yes, let him; now comes my turne. i'le see if hee can answer me: saue you Sir, they say you haue that I want, mony.

1. And that you are like to want, for ought I perceauce yet.

Viry. Stand, deliuer.

1. Foote what meane you, you will not robbe the Exchecker?

Viry. Do you prate?

1. Hold, hold, here captaine.

3. Why I could haue done this before you.

3. And I.

4. And I.

Viry.

Thierry and Theodoret.

Vitry. You haue done this, braue man be proud to make him happy, by the bread of god man thou hast a bony countenance, comrade man of vrship, *St. Tany* be her patron, out vpon you, you vncurried colts, walking cans that haue no soules in you, but a little rosin, to keepe your ribs sweete, and hold in liquor.

Omnes. Why, what would you haue vs to do Captaine?

Dentry. Beg, beg, and keepe Constables waking, weare out stockes and whipcord, mander for butter milke, die of the iandize, yet haue the cure about you, lice, large lice, begot of your owne dust, and the heate of the bricke-kills; may you starue, and feare of the gallowes which is a gentle consumption too't, only preferre it; or may you fall vpon your feare, and bee hanged for selling those purses to keepe you from famine whose monies my valour empties, and bee cast without other euidence; here is my fort, my castle of defence, who comes by shall pay me tolle, the first purse is your mittimus slates.

2. The purse, foote we'le share in the mony Captaine, if any come within a furlong of our fingers.

4. Did you doubt but wee could steale as well as your selfe, did not I speake welch?

3. We are theeues from our cradells, and will die so.

Vitry. Then you will not beg againe.

Omnes. Yes, as you did, stand, and deliuer.

2. Harke, here comes handsell, 'tis a trade quickly set vp, and as soone cast downe.

Dentry. Haue goodnesse in your minds varlets, and too't like men; he that has more mony then we; cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no law for spoyling the enemy.

3. You need not instruct vs farther, your example pleads enough.

Dentry. Disperse your selues, and as their company is, fall on.

2. Come, there are a band of em, i'le charge single. *Exit*

Enter Protaldye.

souldiers.

Prot. 'Tis wonderfull darke, I haue lost my man, and dare not call for him, lest I should haue more followers then I would pay wage too; what throws an I in, in this trauaile? these bee honorable aduentures; had-I that honest blood in my veines againe

Queene,

The Tragedy of

Queene, that your feates and these frights haue draind from me, honor should pull hard ere it drew mee into these brakes.

Deuitry. Who goes there?

Prot. Hey ho, here's a pang of preferment.

Deuit. Hart, who goes there?

Prot. He that has no hart to your acquaintance, what shall I do with my iewells, and my letter, my cod-peece, that's to loose, good, my boots, who ist that spoke to me, here's a friend?

Deuit. We shal find that presently, stand, as you loue safety stand.

Prot. That vnlucky word of standing, has brought mee to all this, hold or I shall neuer stand you.

Deuitry. I should know that voice, deliuer.

Enter souldiers.

Prot. All that I haue is at your seruice gentlemen, and much good may it do you.

Deuitry. Zones downe with him, do you prate?

Prot. Keepe your first word as you are gentlemen, and let me stand, alas what do you meane?

2. To tie you to vs Sir, bind you in the knot of friendship.

Prot. Alas Sir, all the physicke in *Europe* cannot bind me.

Deuit. You shold haue iewels about you, stones, precious stones.

1. Captaine away, there's company within hearing, if you stay longer we are surpris'd.

Deuitry. Let the diuell come, i'le pillage this frigot a little better yet.

2. Foote we are lost, they are vpon vs.

Deuitry. Ha, vpon vs, make the least noyse, 'tis thy parting gaspe.

3. Which way shall she make Sir?

Deuitry. Euery man his owne; do you heare, only bind mee before you go, and when the companie's past, make to this place againe, this karuell should haue better lading in him, you are slow, why do you not tie harder?

1. You are sure enough I warrant you Sir.

Deuitry. Darknesse befriend you, away.

Exit souldiers:

Prot. What Tyrants haue I met with, they leaue mee alone in the darke; yet would not haue me cry. I shall grow wondrous melancholy if I stay long here without company; I was wont to
get

Thierry and Theodoret:

get a nap with saying my prayers, i'll see if they will worke vpon me now; but then if I should talke in my sleepe, and they heare me, they would make a recorder of my windpipe, slit my throate: heauen be prais'd, I heare some noyse, it may bee new purchase, and then I shall haue fellows.

Denis. They are gone past hearing, now to taske *Denitry*, helpe, helpe, as you are men helpe, some charitable hand, relieue a poore distressed miserable wretch; theeues, wicked theeues haue rob'd me, bound me.

Prot. Foote would they had gag'd you too, your noyse will betray vs, and fetch em againe.

Denis. What blessed tongue spake to mee, where, where are you Sir?

Prot. A plague of your bawling throate, we are well enough, if you haue the grace to be thankfull for't, do but snore to mee, and 'tis as much as I desire, to passe away time with till morning, then talke as loude as you please Sir, I am bound not to stirre, wherefore lie still and snore I say.

Denis. Then you haue met with theeues too I see?

Prot. And desire to meete with no more of em.

Denis. Alas what can we suffer more? they are far enough by this time; haue they not all, all that we haue Sir?

Prot. No by my faith haue they not Sir, I gaue em one tricke to boote, for their learning, my bootes Sir, my bootes, I haue sau'd my stocke, and my iewells in them, and therefore desire to heare no more of them.

Denis. Now blessing on your wit Sir, what a dull slaue was I, dreamt not of your conueiance? helpe to vnbind me Sir, and i'll vndo you, my life for yours no worse theefe then my selfe meetes you againe this night.

Prot. Reach me thy hands.

Denis. Here Sir, here, I could beate my braines out, that could not thinke of bootes, bootes Sir, wide top bootes, I shall loue em the better whilst I liue, but are you sure your iewells are here Sir?

Prot. Sure saist thou? ha, ha, ha.

Denis. So ho, illo ho. *Within souldiers.* Here Captaine, here.

Prot. Foote what do you meane Sir?

Enter souldiers.

Denis. A tricke to boote, say you; heere you dull slaues, purchase,

The Tragedy of

chafe, purchase, the soule of the rocke, diamonds, sparkling diamonds.

Prota. I am betraide, lost, past recouery lost, as you are men.

Deuitry. Nay Rooke, since you will be prating, we'le share your carion with you, haue you any other conueiance now Sir?

1. Foote here are letters, epistles, familiar epistles, we'le see what treasure is in them, they are seal'd sure.

Pro. Gentlemen, as you are gentlemen spare my letters, and take all willingly, all:ile giue you a release, a generall release, and meete you here to morrow with as much more.

Deuit. Nay, since you haue your trickes, and your conueiances, we will not leaue a wrinkle of you vnsearcht.

Prot. Harke, there comes company, you will be betraide, as you loue your safeties beate out my braines, I shall betray you else.

Deuitry. Treason, vnheard of treason, monstrous, monstrous villanies.

Prot. I confesse my selfe a traytor, shew your selues good subjects, and hang me vp for't.

1. If it be treason, the discouery will get our pardon Captaine.

Deuitry. Would we were all lost, hang'd, quarter'd, to saue this one, one innocent prince; *Thierry's* poyson'd, by his mother poyson'd, the Mistris to this stallion, who by that poyson ne're shall sleepe againe.

2. Foote let vs mince him by piecemeale, tell he eate himselfe vppe.

3. Let vs dig out his heart with needles, and halfe broile him, like a mussell.

Prot. Such another and I preuent you, my blood's settled already.

Deuitry. Here's that shall remoue it, toade, viper; drag him vnto *Martell*, vnnaturall parricide, cruell, bloody woman.

Ommes. On you dogfish, leech, caterpillar.

Deuit. A longer sight of him will make my rage turne pittie, and with his suddaine end preuent reuenge, and torture, wicked, wicked *Brunhals*.

Exit.

Enter Bawdber, and 3 Courtiers.

1. Not sleepe at all, no meanes.

2. No art, can do it.

Bawdb.

Tbierry and Theodore:

Bawdb. I will assure you he can sleepe no more
Then a hooded hawke, a centinell to him,
Or one of the citty Constables are tops.

3, How came he so?

Bawdb. They are too wise that dare know
Somethings amisse, heauen helpe all. 1. What cures has he?

Bawdb. Armies of those we call phisitians, some with glisters,
Some with lettice caps, some posset drinckes, some pills,
Twenty consulting here about a drench,
As many here to blood him;

Then comes a Don of *Spaine*, and he prescribes
More cooling opium then would kill a turke,
Or quench a whore ith dogdayes; after him

A wise Italian, and he cries, tie vnto him
A woman of fourescore, whose bones are marble,
Whose bloud snow water, not so much heate about her
As may conceiue a prayer: after him

An English Doctor, with a bunch of pot hearbes;
And he cries out Endisse and suckery,
With a few mallow rootes and butter milke,
And talkes of oyle made of a churchmans charity,
Yet still he wakes.

1. But your good honor
Has a prayers in store if all should faile.

Bawdb. I could haue prayed, and handsomely,
But age and an ill memory:

3. Has spoyl'd your primmer.

Bawdb. Yet if there be a man of faith i' the Court,
And can pray for a pension.

Enter Tbierry, on a bed, with Doctors and attendants.

2. Here's the King Sir,
And those that will pray without pay.

Bawdb. Then pray for me too.

1. *Doct.* How does your grace now feele your selfe?

Thier. What's that?

1. *Doct.* Nothing at all Sir, but your fancy:

Thier. Tell me,

Can euer these eyes more shut vp in slumbers,
Assure my soule there is sleepe? is there night

The Tragedy of

And rest for humane labors? do not you
And all the world as I do, out stare time,
And liue like funerall lampes neuer extinguisht?
Is there a graue, and do not flatter me,
Nor feare to tell me truth; and in that graue
Is there a hope I shall sleepe, can I die,
Are not my miseries immortal? o
The happinesse of him that drinckes his water
After his weary day, and sleepest for euer,
Why do you crucifie me thus with faces,
And gaping strangely vpon one another,
When shall I rest?

2. *Dock.* O Sir, be patient.

Thier. Am I not patient? haue I not endur'd
More then a maingy dog among your dossed?
Am I not now your patient? yee can make
Vnholefome fooles sleepe for a garded foote-cloth;
Whores for a hot sin offering; yet I must craue
That feede ye, and protect ye, and proclame ye,
Because my powre is far about your searching,
Are my diseases so? can ye cure none
But those of equall ignorance, dare ye kill me?

1. *Dock.* We do beseech your grace be more reclam'd,
This talke doth but distemper you.

Thier. Well, I will die
In spight of all your potions; one of you sleepe,
Lie downe and sleepe here, that I may behold
What blessed rest it is my eyes are robde of:
See, he can sleepe, sleepe any where, sleepe now,
When he that wakes for him can neuer slumber,
Is't not a dainty ease?

2. *Dock.* Your grace shall feele it.

Thier. O neuer I, neuer, the eyes of heauen
See but their certaine motions, and then sleepe,
The rages of the *Ocean* haue their slumbers,
And quiet siluer calmes; each violence
Crownes in his end a peace, but my fixt fires
Shall neuer, neuer set, who's that?

Enter Martell, Brumbals, Denitry, souldiers.

Mart. No woman,
Mother of mischiefe, no, the day shall die first,
And all good things liue in a worse then thou art,

E're

T'hierry and T'heodoret.

Ere thou shalt sleepe, doest thou see him?

Brun. Yes, and curse him,
And all that loue him foole, and all liue by him.

Mart. Why art thou such a monster?

Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knaue to aske me?

Mart. Hope of hell,
By this faire holy light, and all his wrongs
Which are about thy yeares, almost thy vices,
Thou shalt not rest, not feele more what is pittie,
Know nothing necessary, meete no society,
But what shall curse and crucifie thee, feele in thy selfe
Nothing but what thou art, bane, and bad conscience,
Till this man rest; but for whose reuerence
Because thou art his mother, I would say
Whore, this shall be, do ye nod? ile waken ye.
With my swords point.

Brun. I wish no more of heauen,
Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger
To torture thee.

Mart. See, she that makes you see Sir,
And to your misery still see, your mother,
The mother of your woes Sir, of your waking,
The mother of your peoples cries, and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother:

Thier. Phisitians, halfe my state to sleepe an houre now;
Is it so mother?

Brun. Yes it is so sonne;
And were it yet againe to do, it should be.

Mart. She nods againe, swing her.

Thier. But mother,
For yet I loue that reuerence, and to death
Dare not forget you haue bin so; was this,
This endless misery, this curelesse malice,
This snatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crownde with eternall time are proud to finishe,
Done by your will?

Brun. It was, and by that will.

Thier. O mother, do not lose your name, forget not

The touch of nature in you, tendernes

The Tragedy of

'Tis all the souie of woman, all the sweetenesse;
Forget not I beseech you what are children,
Nor how you are gron'd for vm, to what loue
They are borne inheritors, with what care kept,
And as they rise to ripenesse still remember
How they impe out your age; and when time calls you,
That as an Autum flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang like penons.

Brun. Holy foole,
Whose patience to preuent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of punishments, or feares,
Or what I ought to be, but what I am,
A woman in her liberall will defecad,
In all her greatnesse crost, in pleasure blasted,
My angers haue bin laught at, my ends slighted,
And all those glories that had crown'd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blasted vertue to be scatter'd,
I am the fruitfull mother of these angers,
And what such haue done, reade, and know thy ruine.

Thier. Heauen forgieue you.

Mart. She tells you true, for millions of her mischiefes
Are now apparent, *Protaldye*, we haue taken
Anequall agent with her, to whose care
After the damnde defeate on you, she trusted

Enter Messenger.

The bringing in of *Leonor* the bastard
Sonne to your murder'd brother; her phisician
By this time is attacht to that dam'd diuell.

Messen. 'Tis like he will be so, for ere we came,
Fearing an equall iustice for his mischiefes,
He drench't himselfe.

Brun. Hee did like one of mine thine.

Thier. Must I still see these miseries, no night
To hide me from their horrors, that *Protaldye*
See iustice fall vpon.

Brun. Now I could sleepe too.

Enter Ordella.

Mart. Ile giue you yet more poppy, bring the Lady
And heauen in her embraces; giue him quiet
Madam, ynuaille your selfe.

Ordella. I do forgieue you,

And

Thierry and Theodores.

And though you fought my blood, yet ile pray for you,

Brun. Art thou aliue? *Mart.* Now could you sleepe.

Brun. For euer:

Mart. Go carry her without winke of sleepe, or quiet,
Where her strong knaue *Protaldye's* broke oth wheee,
And let his cries and rores be musicke to her,

I meane to waken her. *Thier.* Do her no wrong:

Mart. Nor right as you loue iustice.

Brun. I will thinke,
And if there be new curses in old nature;

I haue a soule dare send vm.

Mart. Keepe her waking:

Exit Brunhals:

Thier. What's that appeares so sweetely? there's that face.

Mart. Be moderate Lady.

Thier. That angells face.

Mart. Go nearer:

Thier. *Martell*, I cannot last long, see the soule,
I see it perfectly of my *Ordella*,
The heauenly figure of her sweetenes there,
Forgiue me gods, it comes, diuineft substance,
Kneele, kneele, kneele euery one, Saint of thy face,
If it be for my cruelty thou comest,
Do ye see her hoe?

Mart. Yes fir, and you shall know her.

Thier. Downe, downe againe, to be reueng'd for blood,
Sweete spirit I am ready, she smiles on me,
O blessed signe of peace.

Mart. Go neerer Lady.

Ordella. I come to make you happy.

Thierry. Heare you that firs?

She comes to crowne my soule: away, get sacrifice
Whilst I with holy honors:

Mart: She's aliue Sir.

Thierry. In euerlasting life I know it, friend,
O happy, happy soule.

Ordella. Alas I liue Sir
A mortall woman still.

Thierry. Can spirits weepe too?

Mart: She is no spirit Sir, pray kisse her; Lady,
Be very gentle to him.

Thier. Stay, she is warme,
And by my life the same lips tell me brightnesse;

Are

The Tragedy of

Are you the same *Ordella* still?

Mart. The same Sir,

Whom heauens and my good angell staid from ruine.

Thier. Kisse me agen. *Ordell.* The same still, still your seruant.

Thier. 'Tis she, I know her now *Martell*; sit downe sweete,

O blest and happiest woman, a dead slumber

Begins to creepe vpon me, o my ieuell!

Enter Messenger, and Memberge.

Ordella. O sleepe my Lord.

Thier. My ioyes are too much for me.

Messen. *Brunbalt* impatient of her constraint to see

Protaldie tortur'd, has chokt her selfe.

Mart. No more, her sinnes go with her.

Thier. Loue I must die, I faint, close vp my glasses.

1. *Doct.* The Queene faints too, and deadly.

Thier. One dying kisse.

Ordella. My last Sir, and my dearest, and now

Close my eyes too.

Thier. Thou perfect woman,

Martell, the kingdome's yours, take *Memberge* to you,

And keepe my line aliue; nay weepe not Lady,

Take me, I go.

Ordella. Take me too, farwell honor.

dies both.

2. *Doct.* They are gone for euer.

Mart. The peace of happy soules go after vm,

Bear vnto their last beds, whilst I study

A tombe to speake their loues; whilst old Time lasteth,

I am your King in sorrowes.

Omnes. We your subiects.

Mart. *Deniry*, for your seruice be neere vs,

Whip out these instruments of this mad mother

From Court, and all good people; and because

She was borne noble, let that title find her

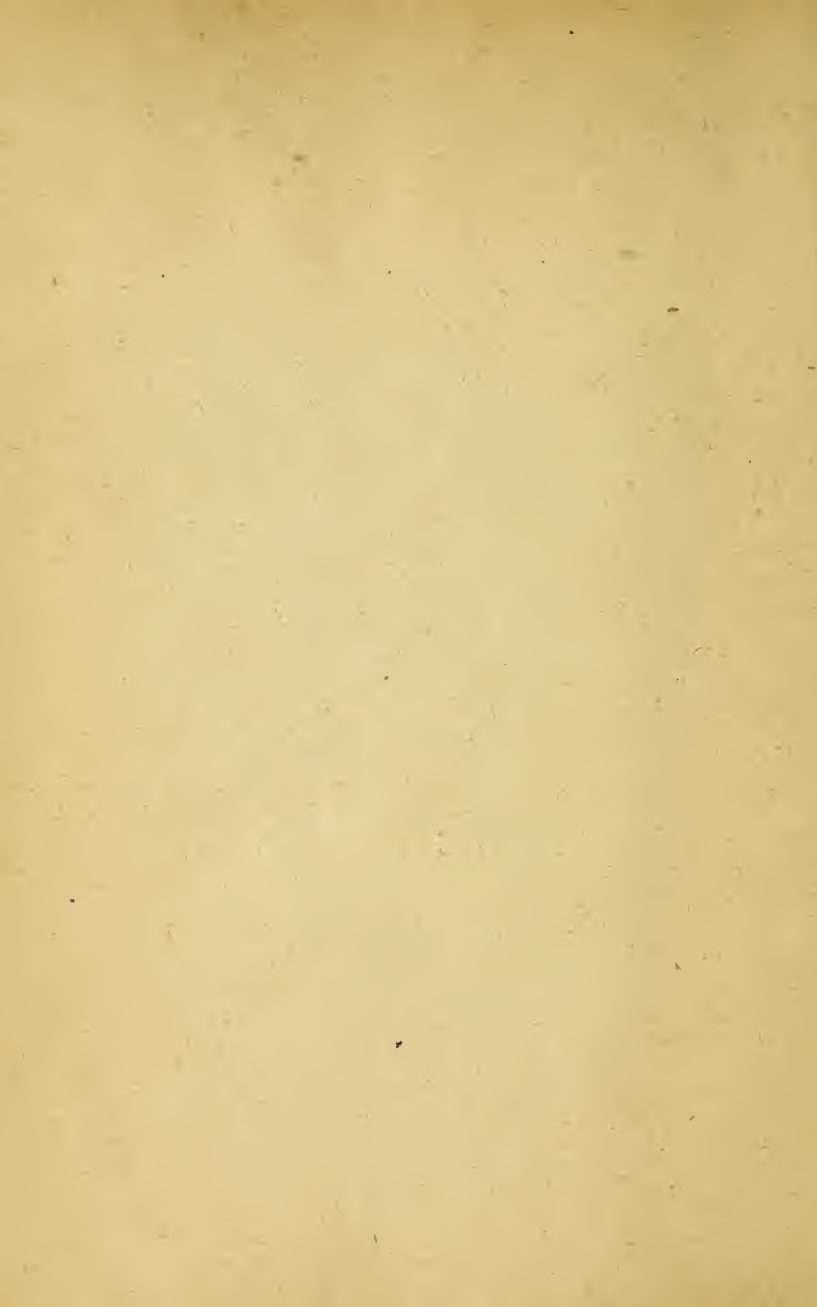
A priuate graue, but neither tonge, nor honor:

And now leade on, they that shall read this story,

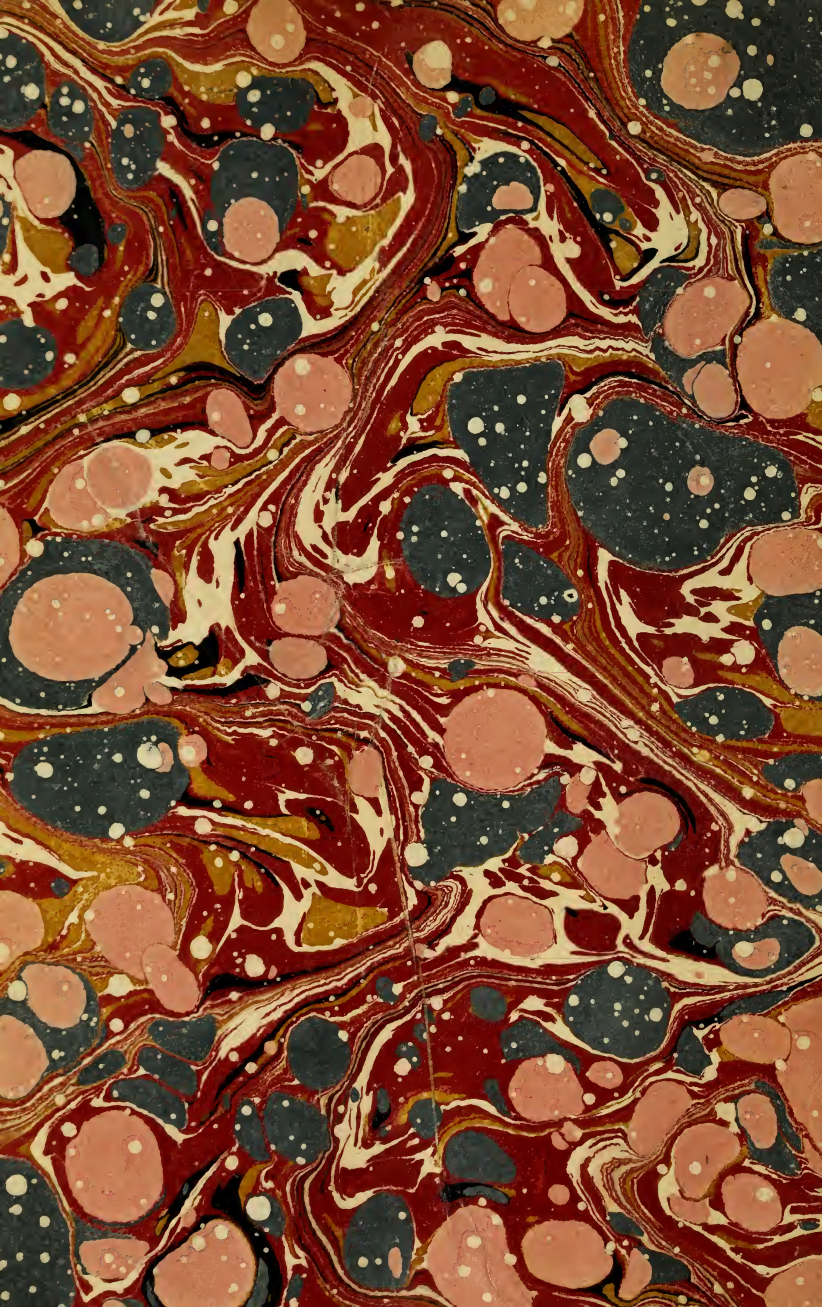
Shall find that vertue liues in good, not glory. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

b







THE
TRAGEDY
OF THIERRY KING OF
France, and his Brother
Theodoret.

As it was diuerse times acted at the Blacke-
Friers by the Kings Maiesties
Seruants. *pd*



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