THE WORKS OF
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
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The Family of Sidney Howard
Whisney

Born 1564. Charleton. She married Sam. Knip's School.
1574. 1583. Capt. Hirst

Probably - Francis Hirst burned as her in 1576. May have associated with Hirst.

1587. Immanuel in Uona.

Died probably early as college days.
THE WORKS OF
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

EDITED BY

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PREFACE

This volume is designed to furnish the student and the general reader with a serviceable edition of Marlowe's accepted writings. The text reproduces faithfully, it is believed, that of the most reliable version of each work, except as regards punctuation and capitalization. In the latter particulars it appears inconsistent with the requirements of conscientious editing to retain such errors as are due to the carelessness of the original compositor or to the limitations of the printer's fount used, but in making these necessary minor changes the text has in no sense been 'modernized'. Unmeaning irregularities in punctuation and in the use of capitals have been normalized, where the comfort of the enlightened reader seemed absolutely to demand it, but always in accordance with Elizabethan rather than Victorian principles. In many cases intelligibility clearly required the substitution of a full stop for a probably accidental comma, or the reverse; and it appeared unnecessary that the reader should be annoyed by such occasional, irregular spellings as 'tamburlaine' and 'zenocrate', merely because the printer of the first edition of the play in question was presumably insufficiently provided with capital T's and Z's.¹ No attempt has been made to introduce the modern symmetry and logical consistency in capitalization and pointing. Semicolons appear only in the rare cases where they are found in the old editions; the present-day distinctions between the uses of

¹ Every such deviation from the original has, however, been carefully noted by the editor and will be listed in the forthcoming editio major in an Appendix for the benefit of those who may wish to study the vagaries of Elizabethan typography. The matter does not in any way concern the appreciation of Marlowe.
commas and colons are not pressed too far; and the employment of the comma for elocutionary effect, to indicate a drop of the voice, has been retained. So, too, there has been no interference with the occasional practice of capitalizing common nouns or with the ordinary absence of capitals in proper adjectives. Errors in the division of lines have been corrected, but wherever the alteration amounts to much more than the mere substitution of a capital letter at the commencement of the line, the change is indicated in the critical apparatus. The long ‘s’ is not retained, and black letter type is supplanted by roman. Words printed in roman in a black-letter setting are here given in italic. All further deviations from the editio princeps of each play or poem are recorded in the footnotes, which give also the variant readings of the other early editions, as well as a selection of the more valuable modern emendations.

The apparatus criticus is comparatively simple. Each separate division of the book is preceded by a list of sigla, enumerating chronologically first the early editions, which determine the text, and then the more modern versions, which possess in themselves no authority, and finally giving in alphabetical order the names and works of critics who have offered conjectural emendations. Bibliographical completeness is attempted in the case of the early editions alone. Only such modern reprints and critical writings are mentioned as there has been occasion to cite in the footnotes. The basis of the text is always the edition named first in the list of sigla, which, wherever the relative dates of editions can be ascertained, is the oldest except in the single case of the song of the Passionate Shepherd.

Certain well-known abbreviations are used throughout the critical apparatus: Conj. before the name of an editor or critic indicates that the change in question was merely suggested, without being introduced into the text. Add. means that the word or passage referred to was first inserted
by the editor whose name follows; when such new matter appears in the present text, it is enclosed in angular brackets. The abbreviation etc. after an editor's name signifies that the reading has been adopted in all later editions. Exc. stands for 'except'. The note 'thirst Dyce to Bull.' means that the reading 'thirst' in place of 'thrust' appears in all the editions from that of Dyce to that of Bullen inclusive.

This volume contains the plays and poems which must at present be regarded as making up Marlowe's extant works. The epigrams of Sir John Davies and Chapman's continuation of Hero and Leander are also included because of their close historical connexion with genuine poems. For the purpose of distinction these non-Marlovian pieces are printed in small type, and the same device is used to mark the supplementary portions of Doctor Faustus first found in the editions of 1616 and 1663 respectively, though it is possible, and even probable, that a portion of the new matter of the 1616 version represents Marlowe's own work.

Two inconsiderable poems, printed by Dyce in his edition of Marlowe, have been omitted because the evidence in favour of their authenticity seems inadequate. A fourteen-line Latin epitaph on Sir Roger Manwood († 1592) is written in manuscript on the back of the title-page of a copy 1 of the 1629 edition of Hero and Leander, whence Dyce incorporated it on the ground that Manwood, who was of Kentish origin, may have been a patron of Marlowe, and that the unknown scribe in copying the epitaph into a work of Marlowe's (and Chapman's) meant to imply the former poet's authorship. This reasoning is on the face of it rather weak, and the fact that the book containing the epitaph was not in existence till thirty-six years after Marlowe's death might cast doubt on much stronger evidence.

Dyce also inserted into his edition a Dialogue in Verse,

1 Last heard of in the possession of Colonel W. F. Prideaux of Calcutta (1886).
consisting of about eighty lines, which Collier had first discovered and had printed in *The Alleyn Papers* (p. 8) from a single MS. folio at Dulwich College. This fragment, which is written in the MS. (Dulwich College MS. I. f 272) as prose and possesses neither any likeness to Marlowe's work nor any great poetic merit, has inscribed on the back in an unknown hand the words *Kitt Marlowe*. The folly of taking too seriously such vague hints, particularly in the case of suspected manuscripts like those at Dulwich, has often been made evident.

Only the most indispensable critical matter could be admitted into this volume. Each work is preceded by an introduction which sets forth briefly the facts of most importance and summarizes the editor's conclusions. For further details on all these points the reader must be referred to the library edition of Marlowe now in preparation. There will be found also the discussion of Marlowe's life and genius by Professor Raleigh, as well as the explanatory notes on the text and the investigation of Marlowe's claims to partial or complete authorship of *Henry VI, Titus Andronicus, The Taming of a Shrew, Lust's Dominion*, and the other supposititious works.

The editor feels himself greatly indebted for the loan of early Marlowe editions to the kindness of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Ellesmere, and the directors of numerous public and private libraries. He owes particular thanks for critical help and assistance to Professor Walter Raleigh, Mr. Percy Simpson, and Mr. J. Le Gay Brereton. To all of these and to others who have been generous of assistance he begs to offer his sincere acknowledgements, while awaiting the opportunity of a specific statement of indebtedness, along with bibliographical and textual details, in the forthcoming larger edition.

C. F. T. B.

*Cornell University, 1909.*
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Preface</td>
<td>iii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tamburlaine</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tamburlaine, Part II</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doctor Faustus</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Appendix to Doctor Faustus</em></td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Jew of Malta</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward II</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dido</td>
<td>387</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Massacre at Paris</td>
<td>440</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Appendix to The Massacre at Paris</em></td>
<td>483</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hero and Leander</td>
<td>485</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapman's Continuation of Hero and Leander</td>
<td>513</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyric Poems</td>
<td>549</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ovid's Elegies</td>
<td>553</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir John Davies's Epigrams</td>
<td>628</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The First Book of Lucan</td>
<td>642</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**TAMBURLAINE**

**Date.** The two parts of *Tamburlaine* are commonly ascribed to the years 1587 and 1588 respectively, and these dates are almost certainly correct, at least as regards theatrical presentation. It is possible that some portion of the first part may have been written during Marlowe's residence at Cambridge, but it can hardly have been acted on any stage before the poet came to London in 1586. The downward limit is fixed by a sneer of Robert Greene in the epistle to the gentlemen readers of *Perimedes the Blacke-Smith*, where he ridicules the popular tragedy of the time, 'daring God out of heauen with that Atheist *Tamburlan,*' and goes on to speak of the 'mad and scoffing poets, that haue propheticall spirits, as bred of *Merlin's* race, if there be anye in England that set the end of schollerisme in an English blanck verse...'. The first allusion is pretty clearly to Tamburlaine's speech in Act v of the second part (ll. 4290–4313), while the words 'Merlin's race' are a punning reference to 'Marlin', the common Elizabethan variant of Marlowe's name.

**Early editions and stage history.** *Tamburlaine* was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1590. The entry reads as follows: 'xiiij to die Augusti (1590) Richard Jones. Entred vnto him for his Copye The twooe commicall discourses of *Tomberlein* the Cithian shepparde vnder the handes of Master Abraham Hartewell, and the Wardens. vjd.' The two parts were issued together in octavo form in 1590, and again in 1592, the publisher in both cases being Jones, who takes occasion to announce in his epistle to the readers (cf. p. 7) that he has omitted 'some fond and friuolous Tестures'. How great these omissions were there is no likelihood of our learning. Certainly in their present form the two plays have little claim to the title of 'commicall discourses', even when we allow for Elizabethan roughness of definition.

Henslowe's diary records fifteen performances of Part I and seven performances of Part II between August 28, 1591.
1594, and November 13, 1595; the profits are in nearly every case large. From this and from the letter 'j' affixed to the notice of the first performance, it may be assumed that Tamburlaine had been to some extent re-written for revival in 1594-5 by the same company which had originally produced it—the Lord Admiral's or Henslowe's. The revised text seems never to have been printed. In 1605-6 Edward White printed a third edition, based on that of 1590; the two parts are here for the first time given separate title pages, and they were published in successive years. There is no reason to believe that any other text of Tamburlaine existed until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Bibliographers' allusions to a quarto of 1590, and to editions of 1593, 1597, and 1600 respectively, are not supported by any discoverable evidence, and the statements of all modern editors previous to A. Wagner (1885) contain inaccuracies.

Authorship. The two parts of Tamburlaine differ from all the other works of Marlowe here printed, in that there is no documentary evidence to establish their authenticity. The title pages of the three early editions bear no author's name, and it so happens that among the myriad allusions to these plays prior to the Restoration we find no pronouncement on the subject of their origin. A reference in Henslowe's Diary 2 to 'Marloes tambelan' turns out to be a flat forgery, another mention in the 'Gorgon' poems suffixed to Gabriel Harvey's New Letter of Notable Contents (1593) is much too obscure to prove anything, and the lines in Heywood's second Prologue to the Jew of Malta, 3 once taken as a statement of Marlowe's authorship of Tamburlaine, make in fact no such assertion.

That a young poet's first experiment in a not very aristocratic species of literature should go publicly unclaimed and unheralded, even after it had achieved success, is, of course, in the Elizabethan age the reverse of surprising. The fact has for us no earthly significance except that it explains what would otherwise be almost inexplicable, namely, the way in which Milton's blundering nephew, Edward Phillips, 4 came to ascribe the plays to Thomas Newton, author of a prose history touching the same events; and the repudiation of Marlowe's authorship in

3 Cf. p. 239, ll. 5-8.
4 Theatrwm Poetarum, 1675.
later years by Malone, Broughton, and the compiler of the first 1 collected edition of the poet's works. The question has now settled itself beyond the imaginable possibility of change, and the two parts of Tamburlaine will continue to head the list of Marlowe's writings, until we are able to establish the chronological priority of some other work of the same poet—Dido, for instance, or the Ovid translations. For the Marlovian authorship of Tamburlaine an almost overwhelming case could be made out, if need were, from circumstantial evidence alone, but there is no reason for resorting to such proof. The personality of the writer is everywhere apparent in these plays. We are not merely assured that no poet except Marlowe was desirous or capable, about 1587, of starting the dramatic and stylistic revolution which Tamburlaine inaugurated. We perceive also that the individual artistic development which we can trace backwards from Edward II to Dr. Faustus must inevitably have had its rise in Tamburlaine.

The dominant trait of Marlowe's genius is its youthfulness; and we approach nowhere else so near to the essential character of the poet as in these two early plays, which, if they did not actually begin his career of authorship, certainly introduced him first to public notice. To a higher degree perhaps than is usually apprehended our conception of Marlowe as a personal influence in poetry is derived from the enthusiastic lyrism of Tamburlaine, and it remains a very open question whether the gain in form and objectivity in the later dramas brings with it an altogether sufficient compensation for the decrease in boyish ideality.

Source. The question of the sources whence Marlowe derived his material for Tamburlaine has been much discussed, and is still not entirely solved. For the first part it seems clear that the poet was indebted primarily to the fourteenth chapter of the second part of Fortescue's Foreste, published in 1571, and again in 1576. Fortescue's book is a translation of Pedro Mexia's Silva de varia lection (1543), which in its turn is based largely, as regards the chapter in question, but by no means entirely, on the chronicle of Andreas Cambinus. A direct translation from the Italian of Cambinus by John Shute ² appears to have been entirely ignored by Marlowe, and there is no reason for

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1 1826.

² Two very notable Commentaries the one of the Originall of the Turcks and Empire of the house of Ottomanno . . . 1562.
assuming the poet’s acquaintance with George Whetstone’s condensed version of Fortescue in *The English Myrror*, 1586 (pp. 78–83). It would seem probable, however, that Thomas Newton’s *Notable History of the Saracens*, 1575, furnished Marlowe with a number of proper names and suggested the story of Sigismund in Part II, while Messrs. Herford and Wagner have shown that individual passages of Part I are taken in all probability from the Latin of Petrus Perondinus (1553).

The second part of *Tamburlaine* is confessedly an afterthought, not contemplated when the first part was written. It is mostly Marlowe’s invention. The story of Olympia, however, was taken, as Collier first pointed out, from Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, Bk. XXIX). It would be of interest to determine the precise channel through which this tale reached the dramatist; he may, of course, have known it in the Italian, but it is more likely that he read it in MS. in Sir John Harington’s translation, which after years of preparation was published in 1591. A similar instance of borrowing from a MS. source occurs at the end of the fourth act of Part II (ll. 4098–4103), where six lines are copied from the as yet unpublished *Fairy Queen*, and copied so carelessly as to leave a tell-tale Alexandrine in the midst of the usual pentameters of dramatic verse.

1 *Academy*, xxiv, pp. 265, 266.
Tamburlaine
the Great.

Who, from a Scythian Shepheard, by his rare and wondrous Conquests, became a most puissant and mighty Monarque.

And (for his tyranny, and terror in Warre) was tearmed, The Scourge of God.

Divided into two Tragicall Discourses, as they were sundrie times shewed upon Stages in the City of London.

By the right honorable the Lord Admyrall, his servants.

Now first, and newlie published.

LONDON.
Printed by Richard Iones: at the signe of the Rose and Crown neere Holborne Bridge, 1590.
1590 = Octavo edition of that year. B.L.
1592 = " " " " " B.L.
1605 = Quarto " " " B.L.

Rob. = (Robinson's) edition of Marlowe, 1826.

Dyce ¹ = Dyce's first edition of Marlowe, 1850.
Dyce ² = " revised " " " 1858, etc.
Cunn. = Cunningham's " " " 1870, etc.
Bull. = Bullen's " " " 1885.
Ellis = 'Mermaid' edition of Marlowe's best plays, 1887, etc.

T. B. = The present editor.


(b) Passages from the Works of Marlowe, Sydney, 1902.

Broughton = J. B.'s MS. notes in copy of Rob. (Brit. Mus. 11771 d).

Coll. = J. P. Collier's MS. notes in copy of Dyce ¹ (Brit. Mus. 11771 bbb 6).

Coll.² = J. P. C.'s Introduction to Coleridge, Seven Lectures on Shakespeare, 1856.

Cook = A. S. C. in Modern Language Notes, xxi. 112, 113.

Deighton = K. D., The Old Dramatists: Conjectural Readings, 1866.

Elze = K. E., Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists, 1889.

Fraser's Mag. = Unsigned article in Fraser's Town and Country Magazine, xlvi, pp. 221-34.


Schipper = J. S., De Versu Marlovii.
To the Gentlemen Readers: and others
that take pleasure in reading
Histories.

Gentlemen, and curteous Readers whosoever: I haue here published in print for your sakes, the two tragical Discourses of the Scythian Shepheard, Tamburlaine, that became so great a Conquerour, and so mightie a Monarque: My hope is, that they will be now no lesse acceptable vnto you to read after your serious affaires and studies, then they haue bene (lately) delightfull for many of you to see, when the same were shewed in London vpon stages: I haue (purposely) omitted and left out some fond and friuolous Iestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) far vnmeet for the matter, which I thought, might seeme more tedious vnto the wise, than any way els to be regarded, though (happly) they haue bene of some vaine conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what times they were shewed vpon the stage in their graced deformities: neuertheles now, to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it wuld prooue a great disgrace to so honorable & stately a historie: Great folly were it in me, to commend vnto your wisedomes, either the eloquence of the Authour that writ them, or the worthinesse of the matter it selfe; I therefore leaue vnto your learned censures, both the one and the other, and my selfe the poore printer of them vnto your most curteous and favouurable protection; which if you vouchsafe to accept, you shall euermore binde mee to imploy what travell and service I can, to the aduauncing and pleasur- ing of your excellent degree.

Yours, most humble at commaundement,

R. I. Printer
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Mycetes, King of Persia.
Cosroë, his brother.
Meander,
Theridamas,
Ortygius,
Ceneus,
Menaphon,
Tamburlaine, a Scythian shepherd.
Techelettes,
Usumcasane,
Bajazeth, emperor of the Turks.
King of Fez.
King of Morocco
King of Argier.

KING OF ARABIA.
Soldan of Egypt.
Governor of Damascus.
Agydas,
Magnetes, Median lords.
Capolin, an Egyptian.
Philemus, Bassoes, Lords, Citizens, Moors, Soldiers, and Attendants.
Zenocrate, daughter to the Soldan of Egypt.
Anippe, her maid.
Zabina, wife to Bajazeth.
Ebea, her maid.
Virgins of Damascus.¹

¹ Add. Dyce.
The Two Tragicall Discourses of Mighty Tamburlaine, the
Scythian Shepheard, &c.

The Prologue.

From iygging vaines of riming mother wils,
And such conceits as clownage keepes in pay,
Weele lead you to the stately tent of War,
Where you shall heare the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatning the world with high astounding tearms
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragicke glasse,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

Actus i. Scæna i.

Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius,
Ceneus, with others.

Mycetes.

Brother Cosroe, I find my selfe agreeu'd,
Yet insufficient to expresse the same:
For it requires a great and thundring speech:
Good brother tell the cause vnto my Lords,
I know you haue a better wit than I.

Cos. Vnhappie Persea, that in former age
Hast bene the seat of mightie Conquerors,
That in their prowesse and their pollicies,
Haue triumpht ouer Afrïke, and the bounds
Of Europe, wher the Sun dares scarce appeare,
For freezing meteors and coniealed colde:
Now to be rulde and governed by a man,
At whose byrth-day Cynthia with Saturne ioinde,
And Ioue, the Sun and Mercurie denied

Heading The two . . . Tamburlaine 1590: The first part of
the two . . . Tamburlaine 1592: The Tragicall Conquestes of
Tamburlaine 1605 8 you please] they passe conj. Coll.
Prol. i–8—i. 9–22
To shed their influence in his fickle braine,
Now Turkes and Tartars shake their swords at thee
Meaning to mangle all thy Provinces.

Mycet. Brother, I see your meaning well enough.
And thorough your Planets I perceiue you thinke,
I am not wise enough to be a kinge,
But I refer me to my noble men,
That knowe my wit, and can be witnesses:
I might command you to be slaine for this,
Meander, might I not?

Meand. Not for so small a fault my soueraigne Lord.

Mycet. I meane it not, but yet I know I might,
Yet liue, yea, liue, Mycetes wils it so:

Meander, thou my faithfull Counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceiued griefe,
Which is (God knowes) about that Tamburlaine,
That like a Foxe in midst of harvest time,
Dooth pray vpon my flockes of Passengers.
And as I heare, doth meane to pull my plumes,
Therefore tis good and meete for to be wise.

Meand. Oft haue I heard your Maiestie complain,
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdie Scythian thiefe,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis,
Treading by land vnto the Westerne Isles,
And in your confines with his lawlesse traine,
Daily commits inciuill outrages.
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophesies)
To raigne in Asia, and with barbarous Armes,
To make himselfe the Monarch of the East:
But ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant Ensigne in the Persean fields,
Your Grace hath taken order by Theridimas,
Chardg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him Captiue to your Highnesse throne.

Mycet. Ful true thou speakst, & like thy selfe my lord
Whom I may tearme a Damon for thy loue.
Therefore tis best, if so it lik you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paltrie Scythian.
How like you this, my honorable Lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution?
Cosr. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.
Myce. Then heare thy charge, valiant Theridimas

The chiefest Captaine of Myceles hoste,
The hope of Persea, and the verie legges
Whereon our state doth leane, as on a staffe,
That holds vs vp, and foiles our neighbour foes.
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foming galle with rage and high disdain,
Haue sworne the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go frowning fowrth, but come thou smyling home,
As did Sir Paris with the Grecian Dame,
Returne with speed, time passeth swift away,
Our life is fraile, and we may die to day.

Ther. Before the Moone renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not my Lord and gratious Soueraigne,
But Tamburlaine, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercie at your highnesse feet.

Myce. Go, stout Theridimas, thy words are swords
And with thy lookes thou conquerest all thy foes :
I long to see thee backe returne from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine,
All laden with the heads of killed men.
And from their knees, euen to their hoofes below,
Besmer’d with blood, that makes a dainty show.

The. Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leave.

Myc. Therid(amas) farewel ten thousand times. (Exit.
Ah, Menaphon, why staiest thou thus behind,
When other men prease forward for renowne:
Go Menaphon, go into Scythia,
And foot by foot follow Theridamas.

Cos. Nay, pray you let him stay, a greater (task)
Fits Menaphon, than warring with a Thiefe:
Create him Prorex of Africa,
That he may win the Babylonians hearts,
Which will reuolt from Persean gouernment,
Vnlesse they haue a wiser king than you.

Myc. Vnlesse they haue a wiser king than you?
These are his words, Meander set them downe

Cos. And ad this to them, that all Asia
Lament to see the follie of their King.

Myc. Well here I sweare by this my royal seat—
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Cos. You may doe well to kisse it then.
Myc. Embost with silke as best beseemes my state,
To be reueng'd for these contemptuous words.
O where is dutie and allegeance now?
Fled to the Caspean or the Ocean maine?
What, shall I call thee brother? No, a foe,
Monster of Nature, shame vnto thy stocke,
That dar'st presume thy Soueraigne for to mocke.
Meander come, I am abus'd Meander.

Exit.

Manent Cosroé & Menaphon.

Mena. How now my Lord, what, mated and amaz'd
To heare the king thus thr(e)aten like himselfe?
Cos. Ah Menaphon, I passe not for his threates,
The plot is laid by Persean Noble men,
And Captaines of the Medean garrisons,
To crowne me Emperour of Asia,
But this it is that doth excruciate
The verie substance of my vexed soule:
To see our neighbours that were woont to quake
And tremble at the Persean Monarkes name,
Now sits and laughs our regiment to scorne,
And that which might resolue me into teares:
Men from the farthest Equinoctiall line,
Haue swarm'd in troopes into the Eastern India:
Lading their shippes with golde and pretious stones:
And made their spoiles from all our prouinces.

Mena. This should intreat your highnesse to reioice,
Since Fortune giues you opportunity,
To gaine the tytle of a Conquerour,
By curing of this maimed Emperie.

Affrike and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your Dominions:
How easely may you with a mightie hoste,
Passe into Græcia, as did Cyrus once.
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Least you subdue the pride of Christendome?

Cos. But Menaph(on) what means this trumpets sound?
Mena. Behold, my Lord Ortigius, and the rest,
Bringing the Crowne to make you Emperour.
Enter Ortigius & Ceneus bearing a Crowne with others.

Ort. Magnificent and mightie Prince Cosroe,
We in the name of other Persean states,
And commons of this mightie Monarchie,
Present thee with th' Emperiall Diadem.

Cene. The warlike Souldiers, & the Gentlemen,
That heretofore haue fild Persepolis
With Affrike Captaines, taken in the field:
Whose ransome made them martch in coates of gold,
With costlie jewels hanging at their eares,
And shining stones 'pon their loftie Crestes,
Now liuing idle in the walled' townes,
Wanting both pay and martiall discipline,
Begin in troopes to threaten ciuill warre,
And openly exclaime against the King.
Therefore to stay all sodaine mutinies,
We will inuest your Highnesse Emperour:
Whereat the Souldiers will conceiue more ioy,
Then did the Macedonians at the spoile
Of great Darius and his wealthy hoast.

Cosr. Wei, since I see the state of Persea droope,
And languish in my brothers gouernment:
I willingly receiue th'emperiall crowne,
And vow to weare it for my countries good:
In spight of them shall malice my estate.

Ortyg. And in assurance of desir'd successe,
We here doo crowne thee Monarch of the East,
Emperour of Asia, and of Persea,
Great Lord of Medea and Armenia:
Duke of Affrica and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia,
East India and the late discovered Isles,
Chiefe Lord of all the wide vast Euxine sea,
And of the euer raging Caspian Lake:
Long liue Cosroe mighty Emperour.

Cos. And Ioue may neuer let me longer liue,
Then I may seeke to gratifie your Ioue,
And cause the souldiers that thus honour me,
To triumph ouer many Prouinces.
By whose desires of discipline in Armes,

143 + s. d. Ceneus] Conerus 1590-1605 157 the] their 1592
170 and of] and 1592 176 euer] river 1605 177 Prefix All
before this line 1605 182 of] and conj. Coll.
I. i. 144-182
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

I doubt not shortly but to raigne solemly, king,
And with the Armie of Theridamas,
Whether we presently will fle (my Lords)
To rest secure against my brothers force.

Ortyg. We knew my Lord, before we brought the crowne,
Intending your inuestion so neere
The residence of your dispised brother,
The Lords would not be too exasperate,
To injure or suppress your woorthy tytle.
Or if they would, there are in readines
Ten thousand horse to carie you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.

Cosr. I know it wel my Lord, & thanke you all.

Ortyg. Sound vp the trumpets then, God saue the King.

Exeunt.

Actus I. Scæna 2.

Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate: Techelles, Vsumcasane, other Lords and Souldiers laden with treasure.

Tam. Come lady, let not this appal your thoughts
The iewels and the treasure we haue tane
Shall be reseru'd, and you in better state,
Than if you were arriu'd in Siria.

Euen in the circle of your Fathers armes:
The mightie Souldan of Egyptia.

Zeno. Ah. Shepheard, pity my distressed plight,
(If as thou seem'st, thou art so meane a man)
And seeke not to inrich thy followers,
By lawlesse rapine from a silly maide,
Who traueljing with these Medean Lords
To Memphis, from my vncles country of Medea,
Where all my youth I haue bene gouerned,
Haue past the armie of the mightie Turke:
Bearing his priuie signet and his hand:
To safe conduct vs thorow Africa.

Mag(netes). And since we haue arriu'd in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We haue his highnesse letters to command
Aide and assistance if we stand in need.

190 Lord 1590, 1592 191 iniurie 1592, 1605 etc. 196 Prefix
All before God 1605 s.D. other] & other 1605. 207 Medean]
my uncle's Cunn. Medean Lords] Lords of Medea conj. Brennan
208 my vncles] his Cunn. of Medea omit conj. Brennan.

i. i. 183-196—ii. 197-216
Tam. But now you see these letters & commandes
Are countermanded by a greater man:
And through my prouinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightinesse,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But since I loue to liue at liberty,
As easely may you get the Souldans crowne,
As any prizes out of my precint.
For they are friends that help to weane my state,
Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it:
And must maintaine my life exempt from seruitude.
But tell me Maddam, is your grace betroth’d?
Zen. I am (my Lord,) for so you do import.
Tam. I am a Lord, for so my deeds shall prooue,
And yet a shepheard by my Parentage:
But Lady, this faire face and heauenly hew
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia:
And meanes to be a terroure to the world,
Measuring the limits of his Emperie
By East and west, as Phæbus doth his course:
Lie here ye weedes that I disdaine to weare,
This compleat armor, and this curtle-axe
Are adiuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.
And Maddam, whatsoeuer you esteeme
Of this successe, and losse vnvalued,
Both may inuest you Empresse of the East:
And these that seeme but silly country Swaines,
May haue the leading of so great an host,
As with their waight shall make the mountains quake,
Euen as when windy exhalations,
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.
Tec. As princely Lions when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their pawes, and threatening hearde of Beastes.
So in his Armour looketh Tamburlaine:
Me thinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning browes and fiery lookes,
Spurning their crownes from off their captiue heads.
Vsum. And making thee and me Techelles, kinges,
That euen to death will follow Tamburlaine.
Tam. Nobly resolu’d, sweet friends and followers,
These Lords (perhaps) do scorne our estimates:
And thinke we prattle with distempered spirits
But since they measure our deserts so meane,
That in conceit bear Empires on our speares.

I. ii. 217–260
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Affecting thoughts coequall with the cloudes, They shall be kept our forced followers, Till with their eies they view vs Emperours.

Zen. The Gods, defenders of the innocent, Will neuer prosper your intended driftes, That thus oppresse poore friendles passengers. Therefore at least admit vs libertie, Euen as thou hop'st to be eternized, By liuing Asias mightie Emperour.

Agid(as). I hope our Ladies treasure and our owne, May serue for ransome to our liberties : Returne our Mules and emptie Camels backe, That we may trauelle into Siria, Where her betrothed Lord Alcidamus, Expects th' arriuall of her highnesse person.

Mag. And wheresoeuer we repose our selues, We will report but well of Tamburlaine. Tamb. Disdaines Zenocrate to Hue with me ? Or you my Lordes to be my followers ? Thinke you I way this treasure more than you ? Not all the Gold in Indias welthy armes, Shall buy the meanest souldier in my traine. Zenocrate, louelier than the Loue of Ioue, Brighter than is the siluer Rhodope, Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hils, Thy person is more woorth to Tamburlaine, Than the possession of the Persean Crowne, Which gratious starres haue promist at my birth. A hundreth Tartars shall attend on thee, Mounted on Steeds, swifter than Pegasus. Thy Garments shall be made of Medean silke, Enchast with precious iuelles of mine owne : More rich and valurous than Zenocrates. With milke-white Hartes vpon an Iuorie sled, Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen Pooles, And scale the ysie mountaines lofty tops : Which with thy beautie will be soone resolu'd. My martiaall prises with fiue hundred men, Wun on the fiftie headed Vuolgas waues, Shall all we offer to Zenocrate, And then my selfe to faire Zenocrate.
Tech. What now? In loue?
Tam. Techelles, women must be flatered.
But this is she with whom I am in loue.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Newes, newes.
Tamb. How now, what's the matter?
Sould. A thousand Persean horsmen are at hand,
Sent from the King to over come vs all.
Tam. How now my Lords of Egypt & Zenocrate?
Now must your i ewels be restor'd againe:
And I that triumph so be over come.
How say you Lordings, Is not this your hope?
Agid. We hope your self wil willingly restore them.
Tamb. Such hope, such fortune haue the thousand horse.
Soft ye my Lords and sweet Zenocrate.
You must be forced from me ere you goe:
A thousand horsmen? We fiue hundred foote?
An ods too great, for vs to stand against:
But are they rich? And is their armour good?
Sould. Their plumed helmes are wrought with beaten
golde.
Their swords enameld, and about their neckes
Hangs massie chaines of golde downe to the waste,
In every part exceeding braue and rich.
Tam. Then shall we fight courageously with them,
Or looke you, I should play the Orator?
Tech. No: cowards and fainthearted runawaies,
Looke for orations when the foe is neere.
Our swordes shall play the Orators for vs.
Vsum. Come let vs meet them at the mountain foot,
And with a sodaine and an hot alarme
Driue all their horses headlong down the hill.
Tech. Come let vs martch.
Tam. Stay Techelles, aske a parlee first,

The Souldiers enter.

Open the Males, yet guard the treasure sure,
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflexions may amaze the Perseans.
And looke we friendly on them when they come:
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

But if they offer word or violence,
Weele fight fiue hundred men at armes to one.
Before we part with our possession.

And against the Generall we will lift our swords,
And either lanch his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chaine shall serue.

For Manacles, till he be ransom'd home.

Tech. I heare them come, shal we encounter them?

Tam. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foote.

My selfe will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter Theridamas with others.

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamberlaine?


Ther. Tamburileane? A Scythian Shepheard, so imbellished

With Natures pride, and richest furniture,
His looks do menace heauen and dare the Gods,
His fierie eies are fixt vpon the earth,
As if he now deuis'd some Stratageme:
Or meant to pierce Auernas darksome vaults,
To pull the triple headed dog from hell.

Tam. Noble and milde this Persean seems to be,

If outward habit judge the inward man.

Tech. His deep affections make him passionate.

Tam. With what a maiesty he rears his looks:

In thee (thou valiant man of Persea)
I see the folly of thy Emperour:
Art thou but Captaine of a thousand horse,
That by Characters grauen in thy browes,
And by thy martiall face and stout aspect,
Deseru'st to haue the leading of an hoste?

Forsake thy king and do but ioine with me
And we will triumph ouer all the world.

I hold the Fates bound fast in yron chaines,
And with my hand turne Fortunes wheel about,
And sooner shall the Sun fall from his Spheare,
Than Tamburlaine be slaine or overcome.

Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man at Armes,
Intending but to rase my charmed skin:
And Iowe himselfe will stretch his hand from heauen.

348 this] the 1605 Scythian] Scythian Shepherd conj. Dyce
362 thy] the 1605

1. ii. 338–375
To ward the blow, and shield me safe from harme.
See how he raines down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to giue my Souldiers pay,
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the Monark of the East,
He sends this Souldans daughter rich and braue,
To be my Queen and portly Emperesse.
If thou wilt stay with me, renowned man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prise,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martiall spoile
Of conquered kingdomes, and of Cities sackt.
Both we wil walke vpon the lofty cliffs,
And Christian Merchants that with Russian stems
Plow vp huge furrowes in the Caspian sea,
Shall vaile to vs, as Lords of all the Lake.
Both we will raigne as Consuls of the earth,
And mightie kings shall be our Senators.
Iowe sometime masked in a Shepheards weed,
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the heauens,
May we become immortall like the Gods.
Ioine with me now in this my meane estate,
(I cal it meane, because being yet obscure,
The Nations far remou'd admyre me not)
And when my name and honor shall be spread,
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
Or faire Boetes sends his cheerefull light,
Then shalt thou be Competitor with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his maiestie.

Ther. Not Hermes Prolocutor to the Gods,
Could vse perswasions more patheticall.

Tarn. Nor are Apollos Oracles more true,
Then thou shalt find my vaunts substantiall.

Tec. We are his friends, and if the Persean king
Should offer present Dukedomes to our state,
We thinke it losse to make exchange for that,
We are assured of by our friends successse.

Vsum. And kingdomes at the least we all expect,
Besides the honor in assured conquestes:
Where kings shall crouch vnto our conquering swords,
And hostes of souldiers stand amaz'd at vs,
When with their fearfull tongues they shall confesse
Thiese are the men that all the world admires.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Ther. What stronge enchantments tice my yeelding soule?
Ah, these resolued noble Scythians!
But shall I prooue a Traitor to my King?
Tam. No, but the trustie friend of Tamburlaine.
Ther. Won with thy words, & conquered with thy looks,
I yeeld my selfe, my men & horse to thee:
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintaines Theridamas.
Tam. Theridamas my friend, take here my hand.
Which is as much as if I swore by heauen,
And call'd the Gods to witnesse of my vow,
Thus shall my heart be still combinde with thine,
Vntill our bodies turne to Elements:
And both our soules aspire celestiall thrones.
Techelles, and Casane, welcome him.
Tech. Welcome renowned Persean to vs all.
Cas. Long may Theridamas remaine with vs.
Tam. These are my friends in whom I more reioice,
Than dooth the King of Persea in his Crowne:
And by the loue of Pyllades and Orestes,
Whose statues we adore in Scythia,
Thy selfe and them shall neuer part from me,
Before I crowne you kings in Asia.
Make much of them gentle Theridamas,
And they will neuer leaue thee till the death.
Ther. Nor thee, nor them, thrice noble Tamburlain
Shal want my heart to be with gladnes pierc'd
to do you honor and securitie.
Tam. A thousand thankes worthy Theridamas:
And now faire Madam, and my noble Lords,
If you will willingly remaine with me,
You shall haue honors, as your merits be:
Or els you shall be forc'd with slauerie.
Agid. We yeeld vnto thee happie Tamburlaine.
Tamb. For you then Maddam, I am out of doubt.
Zeno. I must be pleasde perforce, wretched Zenocrate.

Exeunt.
Actus 2. Scæna i.

Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with other Souldiers.

Cosroe. Thus farre are we towards Theridamas, 455
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forhead of his fortune,
Beares figures of renowne and myracle:
But tell me, that hast seene him, Menaphon,
What stature wields he, and what personage? 460

Mena. Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift vpwards and divine,
So large of lims, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly beare
Olde Atlas burthen, twixt his manly pitch,
A pearle more worth, than all the world is plaste:
Wherein by curious soueraintie of Art,
Are fixt his piercing instruments of sight:
Whose fiery cyrcles beare encompassed
A heauen of heauenly bodies in their Spheares:
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honor sits inuested royally:
Pale of complexion: wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with souerainty with loue of armes.
His lofty browes in foldes, do figure death,
And in their smoothnesse, amitie and life:
About them hangs a knot of Amber heire,
Wrapped in curles, as fierce Achilles was,
On which the breath of heauen delights to play,
Making it daunce with wanton maiestie:
His armes and fingers long and s(i)nowy,
Betokening valour and excesse of strength:
In euery part proportioned like the man,
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.

Cos. Wel hast thou pourtraid in thy tearms of life,
The face and personage of a woondrous man:
Nature doth striue with Fortune and his stars,
To make him famous in accomplisht woorth:
And well his merits show him to be made
His Fortunes maister, and the king of men,
That could persuade at such a sodaine pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand sworne and ouermatching foes:
Then when our powers in points of swords are join'd
And clos'de in compass of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the port be made,
That leads to Pallace of my brothers life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the princely Persean Diadem,
Shall ouerway his wearie witlesse head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,
In faire Persea noble Tamburlaine
Shall be my Regent, and remaine as King.

Ort. In happy hower we haue set the Crowne
Vpon your kingly head, that seeks our honor,
In ioyning with the man, ordain'd by heauen
To further euery action to the best.

Cen. He that with Shepheards and a little spoile,
Durst in disdaine of wrong and tyrannie,
Defend his freedome against a Monarchie:
What will he doe supported by a king?
Leading a troope of Gentlemen and Lords,
And stuff with treasur for his highest thoughts?

Cos. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.

Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlain and braue Theridamas
Haue met vs by the riuer Araris:
And all conioin'd to meet the witlesse King,
That now is marching neer to Parthia,
And with vnwilling souldiers faintly arm'd,
To seeke revenge on me and Tamburlaine.
To whom sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.

Mena. I will my Lord.

Act. 2. Scæna 2.

Mycetes, Meander, with other Lords and Souldiers.

Mycetes. Come my Meander, let vs to this geere,
I tel you true my heart is swolne with wrath,
On this same theeuish villaine Tamburlaine.
And of that false Cosroe, my traiterous brother.
Would it not grieue a King to be so abusde,
And haue a thousand horsmen tane away?

498 is] in 1605
II. i. 492-523—ii. 524-529
And which is worst to haue his Diadem
Sought for by such scalde knaues as loue him not?
I thinke it would: wel then, by heauens I sweare,
_Aurora_ shall not peepe out of her doores,
But I will haue _Cosroë_ by the head,
And kill proud _Tamburlaine_ with point of sword.
Tell you the rest (_Meander_) I haue said.

_Mean._ Then hauing past Armenian desarts now,
And pitcht our tents vnder the Georgean hilles,
Whose tops are couered with Tartarian thieues,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a pray:
What should we doe but bid them battaile straight,
And rid the world of those detested troopes?
Least if we let them lynger here a while,
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This countrie swarmes with vile outrageous men,
That liue by rapine and by lawlesse spoile,
Fit Souldiers for the wicked _Tamburlaine._
And he that could with gifts and promises
Inueigle him that lead a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith vnto his King,
Will quickly win such as are like himselfe.
Therefore cheere vp your mindes, prepare to fight.
_He_ that can take or slaughter _Tamburlaine_,
Shall rule the Prouince of _Albania._
Who brings that Traitors head _Theridamas_,
Shal haue a gouernment in _Modea_,
Beside the spoile of him and all his traine:
But if _Cosroë_ (as our Spials say,
And as we know) remaines with _Tamburlaine_,
His Highnesse pleasure is that he should liue,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenitie.

_A Spy._ An hundred horsmen of my company
Scowting abroad vpon these champion plaines,
Haue view'd the army of the Scythians,
Which make reports it far exceeds the Kings.

_Mean._ Suppose they be in number infinit,
Yet being void of Martiaall discipline,
All running headlong after greedy spoiles:

530 worse 1592, _Dyce to Bull._ 538 pitcht 1592, 1605: pitch 1590
547 the] that 1605 550 the King 1605 551 are] be 1592, _Dyce.
to Bull._ 557 Besides 1605 561 s.D. Enter a Spy add. _Dyce_
565 makes 1605 report 1592, 1605 etc. exc. _Wag._ 568 after
greedy] greedy after _cont._ _Dyce_1, _Dyce_2

II. ii. 530–568
And more regarding gaine than victory:
Like to the cruell brothers of the earth,
Sprong of the teeth of Dragons venoums,
Their carelesse swords shall lanch their fellowes throats
And make vs triumph in their ouerthrow.

Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say
That sprong of teeth of Dragons venoums? 575

Meand. So Poets say, my Lord.
Myce. And tis a pretty toy to be a Poet.
Wel, wel (Meander) thou art deeply read:
And hauing thee, I haue a iewell sure:
Go on my Lord, and giue your charge I say,
Thy wit will make vs Conquerors to day.

Mean. Then noble souldiers, to intrap these theeuers,
That liue confounded in disordered troopes,
If wealth or riches may preuaile with them,
We haue our Cammels laden all with gold:
Which you that be but common souldiers,
Shall fling in euery corner of the field:
And while the base borne Tartars take it vp,
You fighting more for honor than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy minded slaues.
And when their scattered armie is subdu'd:
And you march on their slaughtered carkasses,
Share equally the gold that bought their liues,
And liue like Gentlemen in Persea,
Strike vp the Drum and march corragiously,
Fortune her selfe dooth sit vpon our Crests.

Myc. He tells you true, my masters, so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not when Meand(er) speaks.

Exeunt.

Actus 2. Scæna 3.

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane,
Ortygius, with others.

Cosroe. Now worthy Tamburlaine, haue I reposde,
In thy approoued Fortunes all my hope,
What thinkst thou man, shall come of our attemptes?
For euem as from assured oracle,
I take thy doome for satisfaction.

Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit my Lord.
For Fates and Oracles (of) heauen haue sworne, 605
To roialise the deedes of Tamburlaine:
And make them blest that share in his attemptes.
And doubt you not, but if you fauour me,
And let my Fortunes and my valour sway
To some direction in your martiaall deeds,
The world will striue with hostes of men at armes
To swarme vnto the Ensigne I support.
The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said
To drinke the mightie Parthian Araris,
Was but a handful to that we will haue.
Our quiuering Lances shaking in the aire,
And bullets like Iowes dreadfull Thunderbolts,
Enrolde in flames and fiery smoldering mistes,
Shall threat the Gods more than Cyclopian warres,
Our Sun-bright armour as we march,
Weel chase the Stars from heauen, and dim their eies
That stand and muse at our admymred armes.

Therid. You see my Lord, what woorking woordes he hath.
But when you see his actions top his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth,
As I shall be commended and excusde
For turning my poore charge to his direction.
And these his two renowned friends my Lord,
Would make one thrust and striue to be retain’d
In such a great degree of amitie.

Tech. With dutie and with amitie we yeeld
Our vtmost seruice to the faire Cosroe.

Cos. Which I esteeme as portion of my crown.
Vsumcasane and Techelles both,
When she that rules in Rhamnis golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous Armes:
Shall make me solely Emperour of Asia,
Then shall your meeds and vallours be aduaunst
To roomes of honour and Nobilitie.

Tam. Then haste Cosroe to be king alone,
That I with these my friends and all my men,
May triumph in our long expected Fate.
The King your Brother is now hard at hand,
Meete with the foole, and rid your royall shoulders
Of such a burthen; as outwaies the sands
And all the craggie rockes of Caspea.

〈Enter a Messenger.〉

Mess. My Lord, we haue discovered the enemie
Ready to chardge you with a mighty armie.

Cos. Come, Tamburlain, now whet thy winged sword
And lift thy lofty arme into the cloudes,
That it may reach the King of Perseas crowne,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

Tam. See where it is, the keenest Cutle-axe,
That ere made passage thorow Persean Armes.
These are the wings shall make it flie as swift,
As dooth the lightening: or the breath of heauen,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.

Cos. Thy words assure me of kind successe:
Go valiant Souldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish King.

Tamb. Vsumcasane and Tachelles come,
We are enough to scarre the enemy,
And more than needes to make an Emperour. 〈Exeunt.〉

〈Scene IV.〉

To the Battaile, and Mycetes comes out alone with
his Crowne in his hand, offering to hide it.

Myc. Accurst be he that first inuented war,
They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,
How those were hit by pelting Cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quiuering Aspen leaf,
Fearing the force of Boreas boistrous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not giuen me wisedomes lore?
For Kings are clouts that euerie man shoots at,
Our Crowne the pin that thousands seek to cleaue.
Therefore in pollicie I thinke it good
To hide it close: a goodly Stratagem,
And far from any man that is a foole.

646 s.d. add. Dyce 656 or the breath] o'er the breadth conf.
Coll. 662 enough 1590, 1605; enow 1592 663 s.d. add. Rob.
Scene IV. add. Dyce 667 Stand] Stand those 1605
II. iii. 644-663—iv. 664-675
So shall not I be known, or if I bee,
They cannot take away my crowne from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlain.

Tam. What fearful coward stragling from the camp
When Kings themselfes are present in the field? 680
Myc. Thou liest.
Tam. Base villaine, darst thou giue the lie?
Myc. Away, I am the King: go, touch me not.
Thou breakst the law of Armes vnlesse thou kneele,
And cry me mercie, noble King. 685
Tam. Are you the witty King of Persea?
Myc. I marie am I: haue you any suite to me?
Tam. I would intreat you to speak but three wise wordes.
Myc. So I can when I see my time.
Tam. Is this your Crowne?
Myc. I, Didst thou euer see a fairer?
Tam. You will not sell it, wil ye?
Myc. Such another word, and I will haue thee executed.

Come giue it me.

Tam. No, I tooke it prisoner. 695
Myc. You lie, I gaue it you.
Tam. Then tis mine.
Myc. No, I meane, I let you keep it.
Tam. Wel, I meane you shall haue it againe.
Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,
Till I may see thee hem’d with armed men.
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mightie Tamburlaine. 〈Exit.〉
Myc. O Gods, is this Tamburlaine the thiefe,
I marueile much he stole it not away. 705

Sound trumpets to the battell, and he runs in.

〈Scene V.〉

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon, Meander,
Ortygius, Techelles, Vsumcasane, with others.

Tam. Holde thee Cosroe, weare two imperiall Crownes.
Thinke thee inuested now as royally,
Euen by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

As if as many kinges as could encompasse thee,  
With greatest pompe had crown'd thee Emperour.  

_Cosr._ So do I thrice renowned man at armes,  
And none shall keepe the crowne but _Tamburlaine_:  
Thee doo I make my Regent of Persea,  
And Generall Lieftenant of my Armies.

_Meander,_ you that were our brothers Guide,  
And chiefest Counsailor in all his acts,  
Since he is yeelded to the stroke of War,  
On your submission we with thanks excuse,  
And give you equall place in our affaires.

_Mean._ Most happy Emperour in humblest tearms  
I vow my seruice to your Maiestie,  
With vtmost vertue of my faith and dutie.

_Cosr._ Thanks good _Meander,_ then _Cosroe_ raign  
And gouerne Persea in her former pomp:  
Now send Ambassage to thy neighbor Kings,  
And let them know the Persean King is chang'd:  
From one that knew not what a King should do,  
To one that can commaund what longs thereto:  
And now we will to faire _Persepolis_,  
With twenty thousand expert souldiers.  
The Lords and Captaines of my brothers campe,  
With litle slaughter take _Meanders_ course,  
And gladly yeeld them to my gracious rule:  
_Ortigius_ and _Menaphon_, my trustie friendes,  
Now will I gratify your former good,  
And grace your calling with a greater sway.

_Ort._ And as we euer aimed at your behoofe,  
And sought your state all honor it deseru'd,  
So will we with our powers and our liues,  
Indeuor to preserue and prosper it.

_Cos._ I will not thank thee (sweet _Ortigius_)  
Better replies shall prooue my purposes.  
And now Lord _Tamburlaine_, my brothers Campe  
I leaue to thee, and to _Theridamas_,  
To follow me to faire _Persepolis_.  
Then will we march to all those Indian Mines,  
My witlesse brother to the Christians lost:  
And ransome them with fame and vsurie.  
And till thou ouertake me _Tamburlaine_,

II. v. 709-749
(Staying to order all the scattered troopes)
Farewell Lord Regent, and his happie friends,
I long to sit vpon my brothers throne.

  Mena. Your Maiestie shall shortly haue your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis.  Exeunt.


  Tamb. And ride in triumph through Persepolis?
Vsumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not braue to be a King, Techelles?
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

  Tech. O my Lord, tis sweet and full of pompe.

  Vsum. To be a King, is halfe to be a God.

  Ther. A God is not so glorious as a King:
I thinke the pleasure they enjoy in heauen
Can not compare with kingly ioyes in earth.
To weare a Crowne enchac'd with pearle and golde,
Whose vertues carie with it life and death,
To aske, and haue : commaund, and be obeied:
When looks breed loue, with lookes to gaine the prize.
Such power attractiue shines in princes eies.

  Tam. Why say Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?

  Ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can liue without it.

  Tam. What saies my other friends, wil you be kings?

  Tec. I, if I could with all my heart my Lord.

  Tam. Why, that's wel said Techelles, so would I,
And so would you my maisters, would you not?

  Vsum. What then my Lord?

  Tam. Why then Casane shall we wish for ought
The world affoords in greatest noueltie,
And rest attemplesse faint and destitute?
Me thinks we should not, I am strongly moo'd,
That if I should desire the Persean Crowne,
I could attaine it with a woondrous ease,
And would not all our soouldiers soone consent,
If we should aime at such a dignitie?

  Ther. I know they would with our perswasions.

  Tam. Why then Theridamas, Ile first assay,
To get the Persean Kingdome to my selfe:
Then thou for Parthia, they for Scythia and Medea.
And if I prosper, all shall be as sure,

753 Prefix Mean. 1592, Dyce to Bull.
II. v. 750–789
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

As if the Turke, the Pope, Afrike and Greece, 
Came creeping to vs with their crownes apeece. 

Tech. Then shall we send to this triumphing King, 
And bid him battell for his nouell Crowne? 

Vsum. Nay quickly then, before his roome be hot. 

Tam. Twil proue a pretie iest (in faith) my friends. 
The. A iest to chardege on twenty thousand men? 
I judge the purchase more important far. 
Tam. Iudge by thy selfe Theridamas, not me, 
For presently Techelles here shal haste, 
To bid him battaile ere he passe too farre, 
And lose more labor than the gaine will quight. 
Then shalt thou see the Scythian Tamburlaine, 
Make but a iest to win the Persean crowne. 
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee, 
And bid him turne his back to war with vs, 
That onely made him King to make vs sport. 
We will not steale vpon him cowardly, 
But giue him warning and more warriours. 
Haste the Techelles, we will follow thee. 
What saith Theridamas? 

Ther. Goe on for me. 


Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, with other Souldiers.

Cos. What means this diuelish shepheard to aspire 
With such a Giantly presumption, 
To cast vp hils against the face of heauen: 
And dare the force of angrie Jupiter. 
But as he thrust them vnderneath the hils, 
And prest out fire from their burning iawes: 
So will I send this monstrous slaue to hell, 
Where flames shall euer feed vpon his soule. 

Mean. Some powers diuine, or els infernall, mixt 
Their angry seeds at his conception: 
For he was neuer sprong of humaine race, 
Since with the spirit of his fearefull pride, 


II. v. 790-811—vi. 812-823
He dares so doubtlesly resolue of rule,  
And by profession be ambitious.  

    *Ort.* What God or Feend, or spirit of the earth,  
Or Monster turned to a manly shape,  
Or of what mould or mettel he be made,  
What star or state soeuer gouerne him,  
Let vs put on our meet incountring mindes,  
And in detesting such a diuelish Thiefe,  
In loue of honor & defence of right,  
Be arm’d against the hate of such a foe,  
Whether from earth, or hell, or heauen he grow.  

    *Cos.* Nobly resolu’d, my good *Ortygius.*  

And since we all haue suckt one wholsome aire  
And with the same proportion of Elements,  
Resolue, I hope we are resembled,  
Vowing our loues to equall death and life,  
Let’s cheere our souldiers to encounter him.  

That grieuous image of ingratitude:  
That fiery thirster after Soueraingtie:  
And burne him in the fury of that flame,  
That none can quence but blood and Emperie.  
Resolue my Lords and louing souldiers now,  
To saue your King and country from decay:  
Then strike vp Drum, and all the Starres that make  
The loathsome Circle of my dated life,  
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,  
That thus opposeth him against the Gods,  
And scornes the Powers that gouerne *Persea.*  

    *(Exeunt.)*

**Enter to the Battell, & after the battell, enter Cosroé wounded,**  
*Theridamas, Tamburlaine, Techelles, Vsumcasane,* with others.  

    *Cos.* Barbarous and bloody *Tamburlaine,*  
Thus to deprive me of my crowne and life.  
Treachorous and false *Theridamas,*  
Euen at the morning of my happy state,  
Scarce being seated in my royall throne,  
To worke my downfall and vntimely end.  
An vncouth paine torments my grieued soule,  
And death arrests the organe of my voice.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Who entring at the breach thy sword hath made, Sackes euery vaine and artier of my heart, Bloody and insatiate Tamburlain.

Tam. The thirst of raigne and sweetnes of a crown, That cause the eldest sonne of heauenly Ops, To thrust his doting father from his chaire, And place himselfe in the Emperiall heauen, Moou'd me to manage armes against thy state. What better president than mightie Ioue? Nature that fram'd vs of foure Elements, Warring within our breasts for regiment, Doth teach vs all to haue aspyring minds: Our soules, whose faculties can comprehend The wondrous Architecture of the world: And measure euery wandring plannets course, Still climing after knowledge infinite, And alwaies moouing as the restles Spheares, Wils vs to weare our selues and neuer rest, Vntill we reach the ripest fruit of all, That perfect blisse and sole felicitie, The sweet fruition of an earthly crowne.

Ther. And that made me to joine with Tamburlain, For he is grosse and like the massie earth, That mooues not vpwards, nor by princely deeds Doth meane to soare aboue the highest sort.

Tec. And that made vs the friends of Tamburlaine, To lift our swords against the Persean King.

Vsum. For as when Ioue did thrust old Saturn down, Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a Crowne: So do we hope to raign in Asia, If Tamburlain be plac'd in Persea.

Cos. The strangest men that euer nature made, I know not how to take their tyrannies. My bloodlesse body waxeth chill and colde, And with my blood my life slides through my wound. My soule begins to take her flight to hell, And sommons all my sences to depart: The heat and moisture which did feed each other, For want of nourishment to feed them both, Is drie and cold, and now dooth gastly death With greedy tallents gripe my bleeding hart, And like a Harpye tires on my life.
the Scythian Shepheard.

Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die,
And fearefull vengeance light vpon you both.

Tamburlaine takes the Crowne and puts it on.

Tam. Not all the curses which the furies breathe,
Shall make me leaue so rich a prize as this:

Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who thinke you now is king of Persea?

All. Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine.

Tamb. Though Mars himselfe the angrie God of armes,
And all the earthly Potentates conspire,
To dispossesse me of this Diadem:
Yet will I weare it in despight of them,
As great commander of this Easterne world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall raigne.

Al. Long liue Tamburlaine, and raigne in Asia.

Tamb. So, now it is more surer on my head,
Than if the Gods had held a Parliament:
And all pronouncst me king of Persea.

(Exeunt.)

Finis Actus 2.

Actus 3. Scena i.

Baiazeth, the kings of Fess, Moroco, and Argier, with others, in great pompe.

Baiazeth. Great Kings of Barbary, and my portly Bassoes,
We heare, the Tartars & the Easterne theeues
Vnder the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your Emperour:
And thinks to rouse vs from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.
You know our Armie is invincible:
As many circumsised Turkes we haue,
And warlike bands of Christians renied,
As hath the Ocean or the Terrene sea
Small drops of water, when the Moon begins
To ioine in one her semi-circled hornes:
Yet would we not be brau’d with forrain power,
Nor raise our siege before the Gretians yeeld,
Or breathles lie before the citie walles.

903 + s.d. Tamburlaine Dyce etc.: He 1590–1605
904 thy furies
1592 918 + s.d. Exeunt add. Rob. etc.
927 Christians renegadens or Christian renegades conj. Mitford
MARLOWE II. vi. 902–918—III. i. 919–933
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Fess. Renowned Emperour, and mighty Generall,
What if you sent the Bassoes of your guard, 935
To charge him to remaine in Asia,
Or els to threaten death and deadly armes,
As from the mouth of mighty Baiazeth.

Bai. Hie thee my Bassoe fast to Persea,
Tell him thy Lord the Turkish Emperour, 940
Dread Lord of Afrike, Europe and Asia,
Great King and conquerour of Grecia,
The Ocean, Terrene, and the cole-blacke sea,
The high and highest Monarke of the world,
Wils and commands (for say not I intreat) 945
Not once to set his foot in Afrrica,
Or spread his colours in Grecia,
Least he incurre the furie of my wrath.
Tell him, I am content to take a truce,
Because I heare he beares a valiant mind. 950
But if presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage Armes with me,
Then stay thou with him, say I bid thee so.
And if before the Sun haue measured heauen
With triple circuit thou regret vs not, 955
We meane to take his mornings next arise
For messenger, he will not be reclaim'd,
And meane to fetch thee in despight of him.

Bass. Most great and puisant Monarke of the earth,
Your Bassoe will accomplish your behest: 960
And show your pleasure to the Persean,
As fits the Legate of the stately Turk. Exit Bass.

Arg. They say he is the King of Persea.
But if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
Twere requisite he should be ten times more, 965
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

Bai. True (Argier) and tremble at my lookes.

Moro. The spring is hindred by your smothering host,
For neither rain can fall vpon the earth,
Nor Sun reflexe his vertuous beames thereon. 970
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

Bai. All this is true as holy Mahomet,
And all the trees are blasted with our breathes.
the Scythian Shepheard.

Fess. What thinks your greatnes best to be atchieu’d
In pursuit of the Cities ouerthrow?

Bai. I wil the captiue Pioners of Argier,
Cut of the water, that by leaden pipes
Runs to the citie from the mountain Carnon,
Two thousand horse shall forrage vp and downe,
That no reliefe or succour come by Land.
And all the sea my Gallies countermaund.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their Cannons mouth’d like Orcus gulfe
Batter the walles, and we will enter in:
And thus the Grecians shall be conquered.

Exeunt.


Agidas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with others.

(Agydas.) Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these vnquiet fits:
That worke such trouble to your woonted rest?
Tis more then pitty such a heauenly face
Should by hearts sorrow wax so wan and pale,
When your offensiue rape by Tamburlaine,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)
Hath seem’d to be digested long agoe.

Zen. Although it be digested long agoe,
As his exceeding fauours haue deseru’d,
And might content the Queene of heauen as well:
As it hath chang’d my first conceiu’d disdaine.
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts,
With ceaselesse and disconsolate conceits,
Which dies my lookes so liuelesse as they are,
And might, if my extreams had full euents,
Make me the gastly counterfeit of death.

Agid. Eternall heauen sooner be dissolu’d,
And all that pierceth Phoebus siluer eie,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate.

Zen. Ah, life and soule, still houer in his Breast,
And leave my body sencelesse as the earth.
Or els vnite you to his life and soule,
That I may liue and die with Tamburlaine.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

More honor and lesse paine it may procure,
To dy by this resolved hand of thine,
Than stay the torments he and heauen haue swore.
Then haste Agydas, and preuent the plagues:
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:
Go wander free from feare of Tyrants rage,
Remoued from the Torments and the hell:
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soule.
And let Agidas by Agidas die.
And with this stab slumber eternally.

Tech. Vsumcasane, see how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.

Vsum. Faith, and Techelles, it was manly done:
And since he was so wise and honorable,
Let vs affoord him now the bearing hence,
And craue his triple worthy buriall.

Tech. Agreed Casane, we wil honor him.

〈Exeunt, bearing out the body.〉


Tamburlain, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Theridamas,
Bassoe, Zenocrates, with others.

Tamburlaine. Bassoe, by this thy Lord and maister knowes,
I meane to meet him in Bithynia:
See how he comes! Tush. Turkes are ful of brags
And menace more than they can wel performe:
He meet me in the field and fetch thee hence?
Alas (poore Turke) his fortune is to weake,
T'incounter with the strength of Tamburlaine.
View well my Camp, and speake indifferently,
Doo not my captaines and my souldiers looke
As if they meant to conquer Affrica.

Bass. Your men are valiant but their number few,
And cannot terrefie his mightie hoste.
My Lord, the great Commander of the worlde,
Besides fifteene contributorie kings,
Hath now in armes ten thousand Ianisaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian Steeds.
Brought to the war by men of Tripoly.

1091 S.D. add. 1605 1098 + S.D. add. Dyce 1102 menace
meane 1605

III. ii. 1082-1098—iii. 1099-1115
Two hundred thousand footmen that haue seru'd
In two set battels fought in Grecia:
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons,
Withdraw as many more to follow him.

_Tech._ The more he brings, the greater is the spoile,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We meane to seate our footmen on their Steeds,
And rifle all those stately Ianiars.

_Tam._ But wil those Kings accompany your Lord?
_Bass._ Such as his Highnesse please, but some must stay
To rule the prouinces he late subdue.

_Tam._ Then fight couragiously, their crowns are yours.
This hand shal set them on your conquering heads:
That made me Emperour of _Asia._

_Vsum._ Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Westerne _Africa_ and _Greece:_
Yet we assure vs of the victorie.

_Ther._ Euen he that in a trice vanquish't two kings,
More mighty than the Turkish Emperour:
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered armie til they yeeld or die.

_Tamb._ Wel said _Theridamas,_ speake in that mood,
For Wil and Shall best fitteth _Tamburlain,_
Whose smiling stars giues him assured hope
Of martiall triumph, ere he meete his foes:
I that am tearmd the Scourge and Wrath of God,
The onely feare and terrour of the world,
Wil first subdue the Turke, and then inlarge
Those Christian Captiues, which you keep as slaues,
Burdening their bodies with your heauie chaines,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked rowe about the Terrene sea.
And when they chance to breath and rest a space,
Are punisht with Bastones so grieuously,
That they lie panting on the Gallies side,
And striue for life at euery stroke they giue.
These are the cruell pirates of _Argeire,_
That damned traine, the scum of _Africa,_
Inhabited with stragling Runnagates,
That make quick hauock of the Christian blood.

1120 seate] set 1592, _Dyce_, _Bull._
1140 giue 1592, _Dyce to Bull._
1149 breath and rest 1590, 1605, _Wag._: rest or breath 1592, _Rob. to Bull._
1151 they om. 1605

_III. iii. 1116-1156_
But as I liue that towne shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Affrica.

Enter Baiazeth with his Bassoes and contributorie
Kings. (Zabina and Ebea.)

Bai. Bassoes and Iainisaries of my Guard,
Attend vpon the person of your Lord,
The greatest Potentate of Africa.
Tam. Techelles, and the rest prepare your swordes.
I meane t'incounter with that Baiazeth.
Bai. Kings of Fesse, Moroccus and Argier,
He cals me Baiazeth, whom you call Lord.
Note the presumption of this Scythian slaue:
I tell thee villaine, those that lead my horse
Haue to their names tytles of dignity,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Baiazeth?
Tam. And know thou Turke, that those which lead my horse,
Shall lead thee Captiue thorow Affrica.
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?
Bai. By Mahomet, my Kinsmans sepulcher,
And by the holy Alcaron I sweare,
He shall be made a chast and lustlesse Eunuke,
And in my Sarell tend my Concubines:
And all his Captaines that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my Empresses,
Whom I haue brought to see their ouerthrow.
Tam. By this my sword that conquer'd Persea,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world:
I will not tell thee how Ile handle thee,
But every common souldier of my Camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.
Fess. What meanes the mighty Turkish Emperor
To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?
Moro. Ye Moores and valiant men of Barbary,
How can ye suffer these indignities?
Arg. Leaue words and let them feele your lances pointes,
Which glided through the bowels of the Greekes.
Bai. Wel said my stout contributory kings,
Your threefold armie and my hugie hoste,
Shall swallow vp these base borne Perseans.

1158 S.D. contributorie] his contributory 1605 Zabina and Ebea
add. Dyce 1163 to encounter 1592 1168 title 1605 1182
Ile] I will 1605 1185 the] this 1605 1188 ye] you 1605

III. iii. 1157-1193
the Scythian Shepheard.

Tech. Puissant, renowned and mighty Tamburlain,
Why stay we thus prolonging all their lies? 1195

Ther. I long to see those crownes won by our swords
That we may raigne as kings of Affrica.

Vsum. What Coward wold not fight for such a prize?
Tamb. Fight all courageously and be you kings.

I speake it, and my words are oracles. 1200

Bai. Zabina, mother of three brauer boies,
Than Hercules, that in his infantie
Did pass the iawes of Serpents venomous:
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike Lance,
Their shoulders broad, for complet armour fit,
Their lims more large and of a bigger size
Than all the brats yspring from Typhons loins:
Who, when they come vnto their fathers age,
Will batter Turrets with their manly fists.

Sit here vpon this royal chaire of state,
And on thy head weare my Emperiall crown,
Untill I bring this sturdy Tamburlain,
And all his Captains bound in captiue chaines.

Zab. Such good successe happen to Baiazeth.

Tamb. Zenocrate, the loueliest Maide aliue,
Fairer than rockes of pearle and pretious stone,
The onely Paragon of Tamburlaine,
Whose eies are brighter than the Lamps of heauen,
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony:
That with thy lookes canst cleare the darkened Sky:
And calme the rage of thundring Iupiter:

Sit downe by her: adorned with my Crowne,
As if thou wert the Empresse of the world.

Stir not Zenocrate vntill thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphant ouer him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as Vassals to thy feete.
Til then take thou my crowne, vaunt of my worth,
And manage words with her as we will armes.

Zen. And may my Loue, the king of Persea
Returne with victorie, and free from wound.

Bai. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for feare:
I haue of Turkes, Arabians, Moores and Iewes
Enough to ouer all Bythinia.

1195 all 1592, Rob. to Bull. 1197 raigne
1590, 1605, Wag.: rule 1592, Rob. to Bull.

III. iii. 1194–1235 c 3
Let thousands die, their slaughtered Carkasses
Shal serue for walles and bulwarkes to the rest:
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power
Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before:
If they should yeeld their necks vnto the sword,
Thy soldiers armes could not endure to strike
So many blowes as I haue heads for thee.
Thou knowest not (foolish hardy Tamburlaine)
What tis to meet me in the open field,
That leaue no ground for thee to march vpon.

Tam. Our conquering swords shall marshal vs the way
We vse to march vpon the slaughtered foe:
Trampling their bowels with our horses hooffes:
Braue horses, bred on the white Tartarian hils:
My Campe is like to Iulius Caesars Hoste,
That neuer fought but had the victorie:
Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war,
As these my followers willingly would haue:
Legions of Spirits fleeting in the aire,
Direct our Bullets and our weapons pointes
And make our strokes to wound the senselesse aire,
And when she sees our bloody Collours spread,
Then Victorie begins to take her flight,
Resting her selfe vpon my milk-white Tent:
But come my Lords, to weapons let vs fall.
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife and all.

Exit, with his followers.

Bai. Come Kings and Bassoes, let vs glut our swords
That thirst to drinke the feble Perseans blood.
Exit, with his followers.

Zab. Base Concubine, must thou be plac’d by me
That am the Empresse of the mighty Turke?
Zen. Disdainful Turkesse and vnreuerend Bosse,
Call’st thou me Concubine that am betroath’d
Vnto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?
Zab. To Tamburlaine the great Tartarian thiefe?
Zen. Thou wilt repent these lauish words of thine,
When thy great Bassoe maister and thy selfe

1242 thee] them Dyce 2
1249 the omit conj. Dyce: th’ Cunn.,
1240 Bull. 1256 our] your Dyce etc. air conj. Dyce 2: lure 1590, 1605:
1266 Bosse] Bassa conj. Mitford

III. iii. 1236–1271
Must plead for mercie at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your Aduocates.

Zab. And sue to thee? I tell thee shamelesse girle,
Thou shalt be Landresse to my waiting maid.

How lik'st thou her Ebea, will she serue?

Ebea. Madame, she thinks perhaps she is too fine.

But I shall turne her into other weedes,
And make her daintie fingers fall to worke.

Zen. Hearst thou Anippe, how thy drudge doth talk,
And how my slaue, her mistresse menaceth.

Both for their sausinesse shall be employed,
To dresse the common souldiers meat and drink.

For we will scorne they should come nere our selues.

Anip. Yet somtimes let your highnesse send for them
To do the work my chamber maid disdaines.

They sound the battell within, and stay.

Zen. Ye Gods and powers that goerne Persea:
And made my lordly Loue her worthy King:
Now strengthen him against the Turkish Baiazeth,
And let his foes like flockes of fearfull Roes,
Pursue by hunters, flie his angrie lookes,
That I may see him issue Conquerour.

Zab. Now Mahomet, solicit God himselfe,
And make him raine down murthering shot from heauen
To dash the Scythians braines, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage armes with him,
That offered ieweles to thy sacred shrine,
When first he war'd against the Christians.

To the battell againe.

Zen. By this the Turks lie weltring in their blood
And Tamburlaine is Lord of Africa.

Zab. Thou art deceiu'd, I heard the Trumpets sound,
As when my Emperour ouerthrew the Greeks:
And led them Captiue into Africa.
Straight will I vse thee as thy pride deserues:
Prepare thy selfe to liue and die my slaue.

Zen. If Mahomet should come from heauen and sweare,
My royall Lord is slaine or conquered,
Yet should he not perswade me otherwise,
But that he liues and will be Conquerour.

1273 aduocate 1605, Dyce to Bull. 1296 him] Baiazeth Wag.
1300 And] as 1605 1302 As] and 1605
III. iii. 1272-1309
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Baiazeth flies, and he pursues him. The battell short, and they enter, Baiazeth is overcome.

Tam. Now king of Bassoes, who is Conqueror? 1310
Bai. Thou, by the fortune of this damned foile,
Tam. Where are your stout contributorie kings?

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane.

Tech. We haue their crownes their bodies strowe the field.

Tam. Each man a crown? why kingly fought ifaith.
Deliever them into my treasurie. 1315
Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord His royall Crowne againe, so highly won.
Tam. Nay take the Turkish Crown from her, Zenocrate
And crowne me Emperour of Affrica. 1319
Zab. No Tamburlain, though now thou gat the best
Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Affrica.

Ther. Giue her the Crowne Turkesse you wer best.

He takes it from her, and giues it Zenocrate.

Zab. Iniurious villaines, thieues, runnagates,
How dare you thus abuse my Maistry?

Ther. Here Madam, you are Empresse, she is none. 1325
Tam. Not now Theridamas, her time is past:
The pillers that haue bolstered vp those tearmes,
Are falne in clusters at my conquering feet.

Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed.

Tam. Not all the world shall ransom Baiazeth. 1330
Bai. Ah faire Zabina, we haue lost the field.
And neuer had the Turkish Emperour
So great a foile by any forraine foe.
Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with ioy their superstitious belles:
And making bonfires for my ouerthrow.
But ere I die those foule Idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones,
For though the glorie of this day be lost,
Affrik and Greece haue garrisons enough 1340
To make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.

Tam. Those walled garrisons wil I subdue,
And write my selfe great Lord of Affrica:
So from the East vnto the furthest West,
Shall Tamburlain extend his puisant arme. 1345
The Galles and those pilling Briggandines,
That yeerely saile to the Venetian gulfe,
And houer in the straightes for Christians wracke,
Shall lie at anchor in the Isle Asant, 1350
Vntill the Persean Fleete and men of war,
Sailing along the Orientall sea,
Haue fetcht about the Indian continent:
Euen from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence vnto the straightes of Iubalter:
Where they shall meete, and joine their force in one, 1355
Keeping in aw the Bay of Portingale,
And all the Ocean by the British shore:
And by this meanes Ile win the world at last.

Bai. Yet set a ransome on me Tamburlaine.

Tam. What, thinkst thou Tamburlain esteems thy gold?
Ile make the kings of India ere I die, 1361
Offer their mines (to sew for peace) to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath:
Come bind them both and one lead in the Turke.
The Turkesse let my Loues maid lead away. 1365

They bind them.

Bai. Ah villaines, dare ye touch my sacred armes.
O Mahomet, Oh sleepie Mahomet.

Zab. O cursed Mahomet that makest vs thus
The slaues to Scythians rude and barbarous.

Tam. Come bring them in, & for this happy conquest
Triumph, and solemnize a martiall feast. 1371

Actus 4. Scæna 1.

Souldan of Egipt with three or four Lords, Capolin
(a Messenger.)

Souldan. Awake ye men of Memphis, heare the clange
Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Basiliskes,
That roaring, shake Damascus turrets downe.
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate, 1375
The Souldans daughter for his Concubine,
And with a troope of theeues and vagabondes,

III. iii. 1345-1371—IV. i. 1372-1377
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Baiazeth flies, and he pursues him. The battell short, and they enter, Baiazeth is overcame.

Tam. Now king of Bassoes, who is Conqueror? 1310
Bai. Thou, by the fortune of this damned foile, Tam. Where are your stout contributorie kings?

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Tam. Each man a crown? why kingly fought ifaith. Deliuer them into my treasurie. 1315
Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord His royall Crowne againe, so highly won.

Tam. Nay take the Turkish Crown from her, Zen(ocrate) And crowne me Emperor of Affrica. 1319
Zab. No Tamburlain, though now thou gat the best Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Affrica.

Ther. Giue her the Crowne Turkesse you wer best.

He takes it from her, and giues it Zenocrate.

Zab. Iniurious villaines, thieues, runnagates, How dare you thus abuse my Maiesty? 1325

Ther. Here Madam, you are Empresse, she is none. Tam. Not now Theridamas, her time is past:
The pillers that haue bolstered vp those tearmes, Are falne in clusters at my conquering feet.

Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed.

Tamb. Not all the world shall ransom Baiazeth. 1330 Bai. Ah faire Zabina, we haue lost the field. And neuer had the Turkish Emperour
So great a foile by any forraine foe. Now will the Christian miscreants be glad, Ringing with ioy their superstitious belles:
And making bonfires for my ouerthrow. But ere I die those foule Idolaters Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones, For though the glorie of this day be lost, Afrik and Greece haue garrisons enough 1340 To make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.

Tam. Those walled garrisons wil I subdue, And write my selfe great Lord of Affrica:
So from the East vnto the furthest West, 1309 s.D. short] is short 1605 1311 foil conj. Dyce¹, Dyce² etc.: soile 1590-1605 1344 farthest 1605

III. iii. 1310-1344
Shall Tamburlain extend his puisant arme. 1345
The Galles and those pillying Briggandines,
That yeerely saile to the Venetian gulfe,
And houer in the straightes for Christians wracke,
Shall lie at anchor in the Isle Asant,
Vntill the Persean Fleete and men of war, 1350
Sailing along the Orientall sea,
Haue fetcht about the Indian continent:
Euen from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence vnto the straightes of Iubalter:
Where they shall meete, and ioine their force in one, 1355
Keeping in aw the Bay of Portingale,
And all the Ocean by the British shore:
And by this meanes Ile win the world at last.
Bai. Yet set a ransome on me Tamburlaine.
Tam. What, thinkst thou Tamburlain esteems thy gold?
Ile make the kings of India ere I die, 1361
Offer their mines (to sew for peace) to me,
And dig for treasure, to appease my wrath:
Come bind them both and one lead in the Turke.
The Turkesse let my Loues maid lead away. 1365
They bind them.
Bai. Ah villaines, dare ye touch my sacred armes.
O Mahomet, Oh sleepie Mahomet.
Zab. O cursed Mahomet that makest vs thus
The slaues to Scythians rude and barbarous.
Tam. Come bring them in, & for this happy conquest
Triumph, and solemnize a martiall feast. 1371
Exeunt. Finis Actus tertii.

Actus 4. Scæna 1.

Souldan of Egipt with three or four Lords, Capolin
(a Messenger.)

Souldan. Awake ye men of Memphis, heare the clange
Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Basiliskses,
That roaring, shake Damascus turrets downe.
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate, 1375
The Souldans daughter for his Concubine,
And with a troope of theeues and vagabondes,

1368 makes 1605 1371 martiall] materiall 1605 s.d. a Mes-
senger add. Dyce etc.

III. iii. 1345–1371—IV. i. 1372–1377
Hath spread his collours to our high disgrace:
While you faint-hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowrie bankes of Nile,
As Crocodiles that vnaffrighted rest,
While thundring Cannons rattle on their Skins.

Mess. Nay (mightie Souldan) did your greatnes see
The frowning lookes of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terrour and imperious eies,
Commandes the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royall majesty.

Soul. Villain, I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine
As monstrous as Gorgon, prince of Hell,
The Souldane would not start a foot from him.
But speake, what power hath he?

Mess. Mightie Lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their pransing Steeds, disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground.
Fiue hundred thousand footmen threatening shot,
Shaking their swords, their speares and yron bilts,
Enuironing their Standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood.
Their warlike Engins and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.

Soul. Nay could their numbers counteruail the stars
Or euer drisling drops of Aprill showers,
Or withered leaues that Autume shaketh downe:
Yet would the Souldane by his conquering power,
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should liue to rue their fall.

Cap. So might your highnesse, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royall hoste.
But Tamburlaine, by expedition
Aduantage takes of your vnreadiness.

Soul. Let him take all th'advantages he can,
Were all the world conspird to fight for him,
Nay, were he Deuill, as he is no man,
Yet in reuenge of faire Zenocrate,
Whom he detaineth in despight of vs,
This arme should send him downe to Erebus,
To shroud his shame in darknes of the night.

1389 Gorgon] the Gorgon Rob. 1403 euer om. 1592 1407 should] shal 1592 1412 th'] the 1605 1414 Deuill 1590: Deul 1592: the deuill 1605

iv. i. 1378-1418
the Scythian Shepheard.

Mess. Pleadeth your mightinesse to understand,
His resolution far exceedeth all:
The first day when he pitcheth downe his tentes,
White is their hew, and on his siluer crest
A snowy Feather spangled white he beares,
To signify the mildnesse of his minde,
That satiate with spoile refuseth blood:
But when Aurora mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture,
Then must his kindled wrath bee quencht with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage armes:
But if these threats mooue not submission,
Black are his collours, blacke Paulion,
His speare, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And Jetty Feathers menace death and hell.
Without respect of Sex, degree or age,
He raceth all his foes with fire and sword.

Soul. Mercilesse villaine, Pesant ignorant,
Of lawfull armes, or martiall discipline:
Pillage and murder are his vsuall trades.
The slaue vsurps the glorious name of war.
See Capolin the faire Arabian king,
That hath bene disapointed by this slaue
Of my faire daughter, and his princely Loue:
May haue fresh warning to go war with vs,
And be reueng’d for her dispar(a)dgement.

(Exeunt.)

Actus 4. Scæna 2.

Tamburlain, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, Zenocrate,
Anippe, two Moores drawing Baiazeth in his cage, and
his wife following him.

Tamb. Bring out my foot-stoole.

They take him out of the cage.

Bai. Ye holy Priests of heauenly Mahomet,
That sacrificing slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his Altars with your purple blood:
Make heauen to frowne and euery fixed starre
To sucke vp poison from the moorish Fens,
And poure it in this glorious Tyrants throat.

1444 + s.d. add. Dyce 1445 s.d. him] Bajazeth Dyce 1451
it om. 1592, Wag.

IV. i. 1419-1444—ii. 1445-1451
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Tam. The chiefest God first mooer of that Spheare, Enchac’d with thousands euer shining lamps, Will sooner burne the glorious frame of Heauen, Then it should so conspire my ouerthrow. But Villaine, thou that wishest this to me, Fall prostrate on the Iowe disdainefull earth, And be the foot-stoole of great Tamburlain, That I may rise into my royall throne.

Bai. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword, And sacrifice my heart to death and hell, Before I yeeld to such a slauey.

Tam. Base villain, vassall, slaue to Tamburlaine: Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground, That beares the honor of my royall waight. Stoop villaine, stoope, stoope for so he bids, Or scattered like the lofty Cedar trees, Strooke with the voice of thundring Jupiter.

Bai. Then as I look downe to the damned Feends, Feends looke on me, and thou dread God of hell, With Eban Scepter strike this hatefull earth, And make it swallow both of vs at once.

He gets vp vpon him to his chaire.

Tam. Now cleare vp vp vpon him to his chaire. Their Scourge and Terrour treade on Emperours. Smile Stars that raign’d at my natiuity: And dim the brightnesse of their neighbor Lamps, Disdaine to borrow light of Cynthia, For I the chieuest Lamp of all the earth, First rising in the East with milde aspect, But fixed now in the Meridian line, Will send vp fire to your turning Spheres, And cause the Sun to borrowe light of you. My sword stroke fire from his coat of steele, Euen in Bythinia, when I took this Turke:

As when a fiery exhalation
Wrap’t in the bowels of a freezing cloude,
Fighting for passage, make(s) the Welkin cracke,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth.  
But ere I march to wealthy Persea,  
Or leave Damascus and th' Egyptian fields,  
As was the fame of Clymenes brain-sicke sonne,  
That almost brest the Axeltree of heauen,  
So shall our swords, our lances and our shot  
Fill all the aire with fiery meteors.  
Then when the Sky shal waxe as red as blood,  
It shall be said, I made it red my selfe,  
To make me think of nought but blood and war.  

Zab. Vnworthy king, that by thy crueltie,  
Vnlawfully vsurpest the Persean seat:  
Dar'st thou that never saw an Emperour,  
Before thou met my husband in the field,  
Being thy Captiue, thus abuse his state,  
Keeping his kingly body in a Cage,  
That roofses of golde, and sun-bright Pallaces,  
Should haue prepar'd to entertaine his Grace?  
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,  
Whose feet the kings of Africa haue kist.

Tech. You must devise some torment worsse, my Lord  
To make these captiues reine their lauish tongues.  

Tam. Zenocrates, looke better to your slaue.  
Zen. She is my Handmaids slaue, and she shal looke  
That these abuses flow not from her tongue:  
Chide her Anippe.  

Anip. Let these be warnings for you then my slaue,  
How you abuse the person of the king:  
Or els I sweare to haue you whipt stark nak'd.  

Bai. Great Tamburlaine, great in my overthrow,  
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,  
For treading on the back of Baiazeth,  
That should be hersed on fower mightie kings.  

Tam. Thy names and tytles, and thy dignities  
Are fled from Baiazeth, and remaine with me,  
That will maintaine it against a world of Kings.  
Put him in againe.  

Bai. Is this a place for mighty Baiazeth?  
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus.  

Tam. There whiles he liues, shal Baiezeth be kept,

1490 to] on 1605 1493 Clymenes 1592, Dyce etc.: Clymeus 1590, 1605 1494 brent] burnt 1605 1514 from] in 1592 1516 for you then] then for you 1605, Dyce 1523 dignitie 1605 1526 S.D. add. Dyce 1529 while 1605

IV. ii, 1490-1529
And where I goe be thus in triumph drawne:
And thou his wife shalt feed him with the scraps
My seruitures shall bring the from my boord.
For he that giues him other food than this:
Shall sit by him and starue to death himselfe.
This is my minde, and I will haue it so.

Not all the Kings and Emperours of the Earth:
If they would lay their crownes before my feet,
Shall ransome him, or take him from his cage.
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlain,
Euen from this day to Platoes wondrous yeare,
Shall talke how I haue handled Baiazeth.
These Mores that drew him from Bythinia,
To faire Damascus, where we now remaine,
Shall lead him with vs wheresoere we goe.

Now may we see Damascus lofty towers,
Like to the shadowes of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grac’d the Memphion fields:
The golden stature of their feathered bird
That spreads her wings vpon the citie wals,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot.
The townes-men maske in silke and cloath of gold,
And every house is as a treasurie.
The men, the treasure, and the towne is ours.

Ther. Your tentes of white now pitch’d before the gates
And gentle flags of amitie displaid,
I doubt not but the Gouernour will yeeld,
Offering Damascus to your Maiesty.

Tam. So shall he haue his life, and all the rest.
But if he stay vntil the bloody flag
Be once aduanc’d on my vermilion Tent,
He dies, and those that kept vs out so long.
And when they see me march in black aray,
With mournfull streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that citie all the world contain’d,
Not one should scape: but perish by our swords.

Zen. Yet would you haue some pitie for my sake,
Because it is my countries, and my Fathers.

Tam. Not for the world Zenocrate, if I haue sworn:
Come bring in the Turke.

Exeunt.
the Scythian Shepheard.

Act. 4. Scæna 3.

Souldane, Arabia, Capoline, with stream[ing] collors and Souldiers.

Souldan. Me thinks we mustch as Meliager did, Environed with braue Argolian knightes:
To chace the saugge Cal(i)donian Boare,
Or Cephalus with lustie Thebane youths
Against the Woolfe that angrie Themis sent,
To waste and spoile the sweet Aonian fieldes.
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of Rapine, Pyracie, and spoile,
The Scum of men, the hate and Scourge of God,
Raues in Egyptia, and annoyeth vs.
My Lord it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A sturdy Felon and a base-bred Thiefe,
By murder raised to the Persean Crowne,
That dares controll vs in our Territories.
To tame the pride of this presumptuous Beast,
Ioyne your Arabians with the Souldans power:
Let vs vnite our royall bandes in one,
And hasten to remooue Damascus siege.
It is a blemish to the Maiestie
And high estate of mightie Emperours,
That such a base vsurping vagabond
Should braue a king, or weare a princely crowne.

Ara. Renowmed Souldane, haue ye lately heard
The ouerthrow of mightie Baiazeth,
About the confines of Bythinia?
The slauerie wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turke and his great Emperesse?

Soul. I haue, and sorrow for his bad successe:
But noble Lord of great Arabia,
Be so perswaded, that the Souldan is
No more dismaide with tidings of his fall,
Than in the hauen when the Pilot stands
And viewes a strangers ship rent in the winds,
And shiuered against a craggie rocke,
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,
A sacred vow to heauen and him I make,
Confirming it with Ibis holy name,

1570 + s.d. streaming 1605 etc.: streaming 1590, 1592 1573
Calcedonian 1605 1574 lustie om. 1605 1582 and om. 1592
1587 bandes] handes 1605

IV. iii. 1571-1607
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hower, 
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong 
Vnto the hallowed person of a prince, 
Or kept the faire Zenocrate so long, 
As Concubine, I feare to feed his lust. 

Ara. Let griefe and furie hasten on reuenge, 
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feele 
Such plagues as heauen and we can poure on him. 
I long to breake my speare vpon his crest, 
And prooue the weight of his victorious arme: 
For Fame I feare hath bene too prodigall 
In sounding through the world his partiall praise. 

Soul. Capolin, hast thou suruaid our powers. 

Cap. Great Emperours of Egypt and Arabia, 
The number of your hostes vnited is, 
A hundred and fifty thousand horse, 
Two hundred thousand foot, braue men at armes, 
Couragious and full of hardinesse: 
As frolike as the hunters in the chace 
Of sausage beastes amid the desart woods. 

Arab. My mind presageth fortunate successe, 
And Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee 
The vttter ruine of thy men and thee. 

Soul. Then reare your standardes, let your sounding 
Drummes 
Direct our Soul'diers to Damascus walles. 
Now Tamburlaine, the mightie Soul'dane comes, 
And leads with him the great Arabian King, 
To dim thy basenesse and obscurity, 
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoile, 
To race and scatter thy inglorious crue, 
Of Scythians and slauiish Persians. 

Exeunt.


The Banquet, and to it commeth Tamburlain al in scarlet, 
Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, the Turke, with others.

Tamb. Now hang our bloody collours by Damascus, 
Reflexing hewes of blood vpon their heads, 1640

1608 the hower] and houre 1605 1625 and om. 1605 1635 thy basenesse and] the basnesse of 1605 Scena 4 1605: Scæna 5 1590, 1592

iv. iii. 1608–1638—iv. 1639–1640.
While they walke quivering on their citie walles,
Halfe dead for feare before they feele my wrath:
Then let vs freely banquet and carouse
Full bowles of wine vnto the God of war,
That means to fill your helmets full of golde:
And make Damascus spoiles as rich to you,
As was to Iason Colchos golden fleece.
And now Baiazeth, hast thou any stomache?

Bai. I, such a stomache (cruel Tamburlane)
as I could willingly feed vpon thy blood-raw hart.

Tam. Nay, thine owne is easier to come by, plucke out
that, and twil serue thee and thy wife: Wel Zenocrate,
Techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.

Bai. Fall to, and neuer may your meat digest.
Ye Furies that can maske inuisible,
Due to the bottome of Auernas poole,
And in your hands bring hellish poison vp,
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlain.
Or winged snakes of Lerna cast your stings,
And leaue your venoms in this Tyrants dish.

Zab. And may this banquet prooue as omenous,
As Prognes to th' adulterous Thracian King,
That fed vpon the substance of his child.

Zen. My Lord, how can you suffer these
Outragious curses by these slaues of yours?

Tam. To let them see (diuine Zenocrate)
I glorie in the curses of my foes,
Hauing the power from the Emperiall heauen,
To turne them al vpon their proper heads.

Tech. I pray you give them leave Madam, this speech
is a goodly refreshing to them.

Ther. But if his highnesse would let them be fed, it
would doe them more good.

Tam. Sirra, why fall you not too, are you so daintily
brought vp, you cannot eat your owne flesh?

Bai. First legions of deuils shall teare thee in peeces.

Vsum. Villain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest?

Tam. O let him alone: here, eat sir, take it from my
swords point, or Ile thrust it to thy heart.

He takes it and stamps vpon it.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Ther. He stamps it vnder his feet my Lord. 1680
Tam. Take it vp Villaine, and eat it, or I will make thee slice the brawnes of thy armes into carbonadoes, and eat them.

Vsu. Nay, twere better he kild his wife, & then she shall be sure not to be staru’d, & he be prouided for a moneths victuall before hand. 1686
Tam. Here is my dagger, dispatch her while she is fat, for if she liue but a while longer, shee will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not bee woorth the eating.

Ther. Doost thou think that Mahomet wil suffer this? 1690
Tech. Tis like he wil, when he cannot let it.
Tam. Go to, fal to your meat: what not a bit? belike he hath not bene watered to day, giue him some drinke.

They giue him water to drinke, and he flings it on the ground.

Faste and welcome sir, while hunger make you eat. How now Zenocrate, dooth not the Turke and his wife make a goodly showe at a banquet ? 1697
Zen. Yes, my Lord.
Ther. Me thinks, tis a great deale better than a consort of musicke. 1700
Tam. Yet musicke woulde doe well to cheare vp Zeno-

They giue him water to drinke, and he flings it on the ground.

Zenocrate: pray thee tel, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt haue a song, the Turke shall straine his voice: but why is it?
Zen. My lord, to see my fathers towne besieg’d,
The countrie wasted where my selfe was borne,
How can it but afflict my verie soule?
If any loue remaine in you my Lord,
Or if my loue vnto your majesty
May merit fauour at your highnesse handes,
Then raise your siege from faire Damascus walles,
And with my father take a frindly truce.

Tamb. Zenocrate, were Egypt Ioues owne land,
Yet would I with my sword make Ioue to stoope.
I will confute those blind Geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding Regions which I meane to trace,
And with this pen reduce them to a Map,
Calling the Prouinces, Citties and townes
After my name and thine Zenocrate:

1682 slice] fleece 1605 1688 fall] not fall 1605

IV. iv. 1680–1720
Here at Damascus will I make the Point
That shall begin the Perpendicular.
And wouldst thou haue me buy thy Fathers loue
With such a losse? Tell me Zenocrate?

Zen. Honor still waight on happy Tamburlaine:
Yet giue me leaue to plead for him my Lord.

Tam. Content thy selfe, his person shall be safe,
And all the friendes of faire Zenocrate,
If with their lines they will be pleasde to yeeld,
Or may be forc'd to make me Emperour.

For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.

Feed you slaue, thou maist thinke thy selfe happie to be
fed from my trencher.

My empty stomacke ful of idle heat,
Drawes bloody humours from my feeble partes,
Preseruing life, by hastening cruell death.
My vaines are pale, my sinowes hard and drie,
My iointes benumb'd, vnlesse I eat, I die.

Zab. Eat Baiazeth. Let vs liue in spite of them, looking
some happie power will pitie and inlarge vs.

Tam. Here Turk, wilt thou haue a cleane trencher?

Bai. I Tyrant, and more meat.

Tam. Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating
will make you surfeit.

Ther. So it would my lord, specially hauing so smal
a walke, and so litle exercise.

Enter a second course of Crownes.

Tam. Theridamas, Techelles and Casane, here are the
cates you desire to finger, are they not?

Ther. I (my Lord) but none saue kinges must feede with
these.

Tech. Tis enough for vs to see them, and for Tambur-
laine onely to enioy them.

Tam. Wel, here is now to the Souldane of Egypt, the
King of Arabia, and the Gouernour of Damascus. Now take
these three crownes, and pledge me, my contributorie
Kings. I crowne you here (Theridamas) King of Argier:
Techelles King of Fesse, and Vsumcasane, King of Morocus.
How say you to this (Turke) these are not your contributorie
kings.

Bai. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Tam. Kings of Argier, Morocus, and of Fesse:
You that haue martcht with happy Tamburlaine,
As far as from the frozen place of heauen,
Vnto the watry mornings ruddy bower,
And thence by land vnto the Torrid Zone,
Deserue these tytles I endow you with
By valour: and by magnanimity.
Your byrthes shall be no blemish to your fame,
For vertue is the fount whence honor springs,
And they are worthy she inuesteth kings.

Ther. And since your highnesse hath so well vouchsaft,
If we deserue them not with higher meeds
Then erst our states and actions haue retain'd,
Take them away againe and make vs slaues.

Tam. Wel said Theridamas, when holy Fates
Shall stablish me in strong Egyptia,
We meane to trauelie to th'Anta(r)tique Pole,
Conquering the people vnderneath our feet,
And be renown'd, as neuer Emperours were.
Zenocrate, I will not crowne thee yet,
Vntil with greater honors I be grac'd.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus 5. Scæna i.

The Gouernour of Damasco, with three or foure Citizens, and foure Virgins with branches of Laurell in their hands.

Gouernour. Stil dooth this man or rather God of war,
Batter our walles, and beat our Turrets downe.
And to resist with longer stubbornesse,
Or hope of rescue from the Souldans power,
Were but to bring our wilfull overthrow,
And make vs desperate of our threatned liues:
We see his tents haue now bene altered,
With terrours to the last and cruelst hew:
His cole-blacke collours euery where adaunst,
Threaten our citie with a generall spoile:
And if we should with common rites of Armes,
Offer our safeties to his clemencie,

1763 place] plage Dyce* to Bull. 1764 bower 1605: hower 1590,
1592 1767 valour Rob. etc.: value 1590-1605 1769 whence]
where 1605 1774 againe om. 1605 1777 th'] the 1605
iv. iv. 1761-1781—v. i. 1782-1793
I feare the custome proper to his sword,
Which he observes as parcell of his fame,
Intending so to terrifie the world,
By any innouation or remorse,
Will neuer be dispenc'd with til our deaths.
Therfore, for these our harmlesse virgines sakes,
Whose honors and whose liues relie on him:
Let vs haue hope that their vnspotted praier
Their blubbered cheekes and hartie humble mones
Will melt his furie into some remorse:
And vse vs like a louing Conquerour.

Virg. If humble suites or imprefcations,
(Vttered with teares of wretchednesse and blood,
Shead from the heads and hearts of all our Sex,
Some made your wiues, and some your children)
Might haue intreated your obdurate breasts,
To entertaine some care of our securities,
Whilest only danger beat vpon our walles,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death
Had neuer bene erected as they bee,
Nor you depend on such weake helps as we.

Go. Wel, lonely Virgins, think our countries care,
Our loue of honor loth to be enthral'd
To forraine powers, and rough imperious yokes:
Would not with too much cowardize or feare,
Before all hope of rescue were denied,
Submit your selues and vs to seruitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our owne,
Your honors, liberties and liues were weigh'd
In equall care and ballance with our owne,
Endure as we the malice of our stars,
The wrath of Tamburlain, and power of warres,
Or be the means the ouerweighing heauens
Haue kept to quallifie these hot extreames.
And bring vs pardon in your cheerfull lookes.

2. Virg. Then here before the maiesty of heauen,
And holy Patrones of Egyptia,
With knees and hearts submissiue we intreate
Grace to our words and pitie to our lookes
That this deuise may prooue propitious,
And through the eies and eares of Tamburlaine,
Conuey euents of mercie to his heart:

1799 sake 1605 1810 cares 1592 1814 help 1605 1825 powers 1605
Graunt that these signes of victorie we yeeld
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrowes of his browes,
And shadow his displeased countenance,
With happy looks of ruthe and lenity.

Leaue vs my Lord, and louing countrimen,
What simple Virgins may perswade, we will.

Go. Farewell (sweet Virgins) on whose safe return
Depends our citie, libertie, and liues.

Exeunt (all except the Virgins.)

Actus 5. Scæna 2.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasan, with others:
Tamburlaine all in blacke, and verie melancholy.

Tamb. What, are the Turtles fraide out of their neastes?
Alas poore fooles, must you be first shal feele
The sworne destruction of Damascus.
They know my custome: could they not as well
Haue sent ye out, when first my milkwhite flags
Through which sweet mercie*threw her gentle beams
Reflexing them on your disdainfull eies:
As now when furie and incensed hate
Flings slaughtering terrour from my coleblack tents,
And tels for trueth, submissions comes too late.

i. Virgin. Most happy King and Emperour of the earth,
Image of Honor and Nobilitie,
For whome the Powers diuine haue made the world,
And on whose throne the holy Graces sit,
In whose sweete person is compriz’d the Sum
Of natures Skill and heauenly maifestie,
Pittie our plightes, O pitie poore Damascus:
Pitie olde age, within whose siluer haires
Honor and reuerence euermore haue raign’d,
Pitie the mariage bed, where many a Lord
In prime and glorie of his louing joy
Embraceth now with teares of ruth and blood,
The iealous bodie of his fearfull wife,

1844 s.d. all . Virgins add. Dyce 1847 Damascus walls Bull.
1592, Dyce to Bull. 1851 Reflexing] Reflexed
As] and 1605 1852 1853 tent 1605 1854 submission Rob. etc. exc.
Bull. 1866 of ruth and] and ruth of 1605

v. i. 1836-1844—ii. 1845-1867
Whose cheekes and hearts so punisht with conceit,
To thinke thy puisant neuer staied arme
Will part their bodies, and preuent their soules
From heauens of comfort, yet their age might beare,
Now waxe all pale and withered to the death,
As well for griefe our ruthlesse Gouernour
Haue thus refusde the mercie of thy hand,
(Whose scepter Angels kisse, and Furies dread)
As for their liberties, their loues or liues.
O then for these, and such as we our selues,
For vs, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That neuer nourisht thought against thy rule,
Pitie, O pitie, (sacred Emperour)
The prostrate service of this wretched towne.
And take in signe thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereto ech man of rule hath giuen his hand,
And wisht as worthy subjectts happy meanes,
To be inuesters of thy royall browes,
Euen with the true Egyptian Diadem.

Tam. Virgins, in vaine ye labour to preuent
That which mine honor sweares shall be perform’d:
Behold my sword, what see you at the point?
Virg. Nothing but feare and fatall steele my Lord.
Tam. Your fearfull minds are thicke and mistie then,
For there sits Death, there sits imperious Death,
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I am pleasde you shall not see him there,
He now is seated on my horsmens speares:
And on their points his fleshesse bodie feedes.
Techelles, straight goe charge a few of them
To chardge these Dames, and shew my seruant death,
Sitting in scarlet on their armed speares.

Omnes. O pitie vs.
Tam. Away with them I say and shew them death.

They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my Martiall observauations,
For all the wealth of Gehons golden waues,
Or for the loue of Venus, would she leaue
The angrie God of Armes, and lie with me.
They haue refusde the offer of their liues,
And know my customes are as peremptory
As wrathfull Planets, death, or destinie.

Enter Techelles.

What, haue your horsmen shewn the virgins Death?  
  Tech. They haue my Lord, and on Damascus wals
  Haue hoisted vp their slaughtered carcases.
  Tam. A sight as baneful to their soules I think
As are Thessalian drugs or Mithradate.
But goe my Lords, put the rest to the sword.

Ah faire Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate,
Faire is too foule an Epithite for thee,
That in thy passion for thy countries loue,
And feare to see thy kingly Fathers harme,
With haire discheweld wip' st thy watery cheeks:
And like to Flora in her mornings pride,
Shaking her siluer treshes in the aire,
Rain'st on the earth resolved pearle in showers,
And sprinklest Saphyrs on thy shining face,
Wher Beauty, mother to the Muses sits,
In silence of thy solemn Euenings walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The Moone, the Planets, and the Meteors light.
There Angels in their christal armours fight
A doubtfull battell with my tempted thoughtes,
For Egypts freedom and the Souldans life:
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrowes lay more siege vnto my soule,
Than all my Army to Damascus walles.
And neither Perseans Soueraign, nor the Turk
Troubled my sences with conceit of foile,
So much by much, as dooth Zenocrate.
What is beauty saith my sufferings then?
If all the pens that euer poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their maisters thoughts,
And euer sweetnes that inspir'd their harts,
Their minds, and muses on admypred theames: 
If all the heauenly Quintessence they still 
From their immortall flowers of Poesy, 
Wherein as in a myrrour we perceiue 
The highest reaches of a humaine wit. 
If these had made one Poems period 
And all combin'd in Beauties worthinessse, 
Yet should ther houver in their restlesse heads, 
One thought, one grace, one woonder at the least, 
Which into words no vertue can digest: 
But how vnseemly is it for my Sex 
My discipline of armes and Chiualrie, 
My nature and the terrour of my name, 
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint? 
Saue onely that in Beauties iust applause, 
With whose instinct the soule of man is toucht, 
And euery warriour that is rapt with loue, 
Of fame, of valour, and of victory 
Must needs haue beauty beat on his conceites, 
I thus conceiuing and subduing both 
That which hath st(o)opt the tempest of the Gods, 
Euen from the fiery spangled vaile of heauen, 
To feel the lovely warmth of shepheards flames, 
And martch in cottages of strowed weeds, 
Shal giue the world to note for all my byrth, 
That Vertue solely is the sum of glorie, 
And fashions men with true nobility. 
Who's within there?

Enter two or three.

Hath Baiazeth bene fed to day? 
An. I, my Lord. 
Tamb. Bring him forth, & let vs know if the towne be ransackt.

1953 least] last conj. Broughton 1965-8 Insert these lines between 
1960 and 1961 conj. Mitford 1965 stopt Dyce etc.: stopt 1590- 
Fraser's Mag., Brereton: chiefest Dyce to Wag.: topmost conj. 
Deighton 1966 fiery spangled 1590, 1592: spangled firie 1605: 
lovely] lowly conj. Coll., Cunn., Bull., Brereton 1968 marcht 1590- 
1605: mask conj. Broughton, Dyce to Wag.: match conj. Fraser's 
Mag., Brereton cottages] coatches 1605 cottages of strowed] 
cottagers' off-strowed conj. Broughton of] on conj. Cook weeds] 
reeds Dyce etc. 1974 Prefix An.] Attend. Dyce

V. ii. 1945-1976
Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasan & others.

Tech. The town is ours my Lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest, and of spoile is offered vs.

Tam. Thats wel Techelles, what's the newes?

Tech. The Souldan and the Arabian king together 1980
March on vs with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with vs.

Tam. No more there is not I warrant thee Techelles.

They bring in the Turke.

Ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs saue the reuerend Souldans life,
For faire Zenocrine, that so laments his state.

Tam. That will we chiefly see vnto, Theridamas.

For sweet Zenocrine, whose worthinesse
Deserves a conquest ouer euery hart:
And now my footstoole, if I loose the field,
You hope of libertie and restitution:
Here let him stay my maysters from the tents,
Till we haue made vs ready for the field.
Pray for vs Bajazeth, we are going.

Bai. Go, neuer to returne with victorie:
Millions of men encompasse thee about,
And gore thy body with as many wounds.
Sharpe forked arrows light vpon thy horse:
Furies from the blacke Cocitus lake,
Breake vp the earth, and with their firebrands,
Enforce thee run vpon the banefull pikes.
Volleyes of shot pierce through thy charmed Skin,
And euery bullet dipt in poisoned drugs,
Or roaring Cannons seuer all thy joints,
Making thee mount as high as Eagles soare.

Zab. Let all the swords and Lances in the field,
Stick in his breast, as in their proper roomes,
At euery pore let blood comme dropping foorth,
That lingring paines may massacre his heart,
And madnesse send his damned soule to hell.

Bai. Ah faire Zabina, we may curse his power,
The heauens may frowne, the earth for anger quake,
But such a Star hath influence in his sword,
As rules the Skies, and countermands the Gods,
More than Cymerian Stix or Distinie:
And then shall we in this detested guyse,
With shame, with hungar, and with horror aie
Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughtes,
And haue no hope to end our extasies.

Zab. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No Feend, no Fortune, nor no hope of end
To our infamous monstrous slaueries?
Gape earth, and let the Feends infernall view,
A hell, as hoplesse and as full of feare
As are the blasted banks of Erebus:
Where shaking ghosts with euer howling grones,
Houer about the vgly Ferriman,
To get a passage to Elisian.

Why should we liue, O wretches, beggars, slaues,
Why liue we Baiazeth, and build vp neasts,
So high within the region of the aire,
By liuing long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorne
The former triumphes of our mightines,
In this obscure infernall seruitude?

Bai. O life more loathsome to my vexed thoughts,
Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian Snakes,
Which fils the nookes of Hell with standing aire,
Infecting all the Ghosts with curelesse griefs:
O dreary Engines of my loathed sight,
That sees my crowne, my honor and my name,
Thrust vnder yoke and thraldom of a thiefe.
Why feed ye still on daies accursed beams,
And sink not quite into my tortur'd soule?
You see my wife, my Queene and Emperesse,
Brought vp and propped by the hand of fame,
Queen of fifteene contributory Queens,
Now throwen to roomes of blacke abiection,
Smear'd with blots of basest drudgery:
And Villanesse to shame, disdaine, and misery:
Accursed Baiazeth, whose words of ruth,
That would with pity chear Zabinas heart:
And make our soules resolue in ceasles teares,

2017 aie] aye 1605: live Rob.: stay Dyce etc. 2024 A Rob. etc.:
As 1590-1605 2028 Elysium Rob. to Bull. 2036 thought 1605
2043 ye] you 1605 2048 abiection 1590, Rob. etc.: obiection
1592, 1605 2051 ruth] truth 1605
v. ii. 2014-2053
Sharp hunger bites vpon and gripes the root:
From whence the issues of my thoughts doe break.
O poore Zabina, O my Queen, my Queen,
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To coole and comfort me with longer date,
That in the shortned sequel of my life,
I may poure forth my soule into thine armes,
With words of loue: whose moaning entercourse
Hath hetherto bin staid, with wrath and hate
Of our expreslesse band inflctions.

Zab. Sweet Baiazeth, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or sparke of breath
Can quench or coole the torments of my griefe.

She goes out.

Bai. Now Baiazeth, abridge thy banefull daies,
And beat thy braines out of thy conquer’d head:
Since other meanes are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest Lamp of euerliuing loue,
Accursed day infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endles night,
And shut the windowes of the lightsome heauens.
Let vgly darknesse with her rusty coach
Engyrte with tempests wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with neuer fading mistes:
And let her horses from their nostrels breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful full thunderclaps:
That in this terroure Tamburlaine may liue,
And my pin’d soule resolu’d in liquid ay(re),
May styl excruciat his tormented thoughts.
Then let the stony dart of senselesse colde,
Pierce through the center of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life.

He brains himself against the cage.

Enter Zabina.

Zab. What do mine eies behold, my husband dead?
His Skul al ruin in twain, his braines dasht out?
The braines of Baiazeth, my Lord and Soueraigne?
O Baiazeth, my husband and my Lord,

2068 thy braines 1590, 1592, Cunn. to Wag.: the braines 1605,
Rob., Dyce 2071 everlasting 1605 2081 ayre 1605 etc.: ay
1590, 1592

v. ii. 2054-2089
O Baiazet, O Turk, O Emperor, giue him his liquor? Not I; bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him againe, teare me in peeces, giue me the sworde with a ball of wildefire vpon it. Downe with him, downe with him. Goe to my child, away, away, away. Ah, saue that Infant, saue him, saue him.  I, euens I speake to her, the Sun was downe. Streamers white, Red, Blacke, here, here, here. Fling the meat in his face. Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine, Let the sooldiers be buried. Hel, death, Tamburlain, Hell, make ready my Coch, my chaire, my jewels, I come, I come, I come.

_She runs against the Cage and braines her selfe._

(Enter) Zenocrate wyth Anippe.

_Zen._ Wretched Zenocrate, that liuest to see, Damascus' walles di'd with Egyptian blood, Thy Fathers subjectes and thy countrimen: Thy streetes strowed with disseuered jointes of men, And wounded bodies gasping yet for life.

But most accurst, to see the Sun-bright troope Of heavenly vyrgins and vnspotted maides, Whose lookes might make the angry God of armes, To breake his sword, and mildly treat of loue, On horsmens Lances to be hoisted vp,

And guiltlesly endure a cruell death. For every fell and stout Tartarian Stead, That stampt on others with their thundring hooues When al their riders chargd'd their quiuering speares Began to checke the ground, and rain themselues:

Gazing vpon the beautie of their lookes:
Ah Tamburlaine, wert thou the cause of this That tearn'st Zenocrate thy dearest loue?
Whose liuës were dearer to Zenocrate Than her owne life, or ought saue thine owne loue.

But see another bloody spectacle. Ah wretched eies, the enemies of my hart, How are ye glutted with these grieuous obiects, And tell my soule mor tales of bleeding ruth?

See, se Anippe if they breathe or no.

_Anip._ No breath nor sence, nor motion in them both.
Ah Madam, this their slauery hath Enforc'd,
And ruthlesse cruelty of Tamburlaine.

Zen. Earth cast vp fountaines from thy entralles,
And wet thy cheeks for their vntimely deathes:
Shake with their waight in signe of feare & griefe:
Blush heauen, that gaue them honor at their birth,
And let them die a death so barbarous.
Those that are proud of fickle Empery,
And place their chiefest good in earthly pompe:
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse.
Ah Tamburlaine, my loue, sweet Tamburlaine,
That fights for Scepters and for slippery crownes,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse,
Thou that in conduct of thy happy stars,
Sleep'st euery night with conquest on thy browes,
And yet wouldst shun the wauering turnses of war.
In feare and feeling of the like distresse,
Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse.
Ah myghty loue and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my Loue, oh pardon his contempt,
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pitie,
And let not conquest ruthlesly pursuewe Be equally against his life incenst,
In this great Turk and haplesse Emperesse.
And pardon me that was not moou'd with ruthe,
To see them liue so long in misery:
Ah what may chance to thee Zenocrate?

Anip. Madam content your self and be resolu'd,
Your Loue hath fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turne her wheele no more,
As long as life maintaines his mighty arme,
That fights for honor to adorne your head.

Enter a Messenger (Philemus).

Zen. What other heauie news now brings Philemus?

Phi. Madam, your father and th' Arabian king,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as Turnus gainst Eneas did,
Armed with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battaile gainst my Lord the King.

Zen. Now shame and duty, loue and feare presents
A thousand sorrowes to my Martyred soule:

2129 thy] thine 1605 2138 fightst 1605, Dyce etc. 2142
warres 1605 2147 respect of] respective conj. Broughton 2158
s.d. a Messenger] Philemus Dyce etc.
Whom should I wish the fatall victory,  
When my poore pleasures are deuided thus,  
And rackt by dutie from my cursed heart:  
My father and my first betrothed loue,  
Must fight against my life and present loue:  
Wherin the change I vse condemns my faith,  
And makes my deeds infamous through the world.  
But as the Gods to end the Troyans toile,  
Preuented Turnus of Lauinia,  
And fatally enrich Eneas loue,  
So for a finall Issue to my grieves,  
To pacifie my countrie and my loue,  
Must Tamburlaine by their resistlesse powers,  
With vertue of a gentle victorie,  
Conclude a league of honor to my hope,  
Then as the powers deuine haue preordainde,  
With happy safty of my fathers life,  
Send like defence of faire Arabia.

They sound to the battaile. And Tamburlaine enjoyes the victory, after Arabia enters wounded.

Ar. What cursed power guides the murthering hands,  
Of this infamous Tyrants soouldiers,  
That no escape may saue their enemies:  
Nor fortune keep them selues from victory.  
Lye down Arabia, wounded to the death,  
And let Zenocrates faire eies beholde  
That as for her thou bearst these wretched armes,  
Euen so for her thou diest in these armes:  
Leauing thy blood for witnesse of thy loue.  
Zen. Too deare a witnesse for such loue my Lord.  
Behold Zenocrate, the cursed obiect  
Whose Fortunes neuer mastered her grieves:  
Behold her wounded in conceit for thee,  
As much as thy faire body is for me.  
Ar. Then shal I die with full contented heart,  
Hauing beheld deuine Zenocrate,  
Whose sight with ioy would take away my life,  
As now it bringeth sweetnesse to my wound,  
If I had not bin wounded as I am.  
Ah that the deadly panges I suffer now,  
Would lend an howers license to my tongue:  
To make discourse of some sweet accidents
Haue chanc'd thy merits in this worthles bondage.
And that I might be priuy to the state,
Of thy deseru'd contentment and thy loue:
But making now a vertue of thy sight,
To driue all sorrow from my fainting soule:
Since Death denies me further cause of ioy,
Depriu'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desired hand shall close mine eies.

Enter Tamburlain leading the Souldane, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, with others.

Tam. Come happy Father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Souldans name:
Though my right hand haue thus enthralled thee
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free,
She that hath calmde the furie of my sword,
Which had ere this bin bathde in streames of blood,
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.
Zen: O sight thrice welcome to my ioiful soule,
To see the king my Father issue safe,
From dangerous battel of my conquering Loue.
Soul. Wel met my only deare Zenocrate,
Though with the losse of Egypt and my Crown.
 Tam. Twas I my lord that gat the victory,
And therfore grieue not at your ouerthrow,
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And ad more strength to your dominions
Than euer yet confirm'd th' Egyptian Crown.
The God of war resignes his roume to me,
Meaning to make me Generall of the world,
Loue viewing me in armes, lookes pale and wan,
Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.
Where ere I come the fatall sisters sweat,
And griesly death by running to and fro,
To doo their ceassles homag to my sword:
And here in Affrick where it seldom raines,
Haue swelling cloudes drawn from wide gasping woundes,
Bene oft resolu'd in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at euery drop it drinks:
Millions of soules sit on the bankes of Styx.

2217 haue] hath 1605
.2235 should] shall 1605
2241 wide-gaping Dyce
Waiting the back returne of Charons boat,  
Hell and Elisian swarne with ghosts of men,  
That I haue sent from sundry foughten fields,  
To spread my fame through hell and vp to heauen:  
And see my Lord, a sight of strange import,  
Emperours and kings lie breathlesse at my feet,  
The Turk and his great Emperesse as it seems,  
Left to themselues while we were at the fight,  
Haue desperatly dispatcht their slauish liues:  
With them Arabia too hath left his life,  
Al sights of power to grace my victory:  
And such are obiects fit for Tamburlaine,  
Wherein as in a mirrour may be scene,  
His honor, that consists in sheading blood,  
When men premise to manage armes with him.  

Soul. Mighty hath God & Mahomet made thy hand  
(Renowmed Tamburlain) to whom all kings  
Of force must yeeld their crownes and Emperies,  
And I am pleasde with this my ouerthrow:  
If as beseeemes a person of thy state,  
Thou hast with honor vsde Zenocrate.  

Tamb. Her state and person wants no pomp you see,  
And for all blot of foule inchastity,  
I record heauen, her heauenly selfe is cleare:  
Then let me find no further time to grace  
Her princely Temples with the Persean crowne:  
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait:  
And haue bene crown’d for prooued worthynesse,  
Euen by this hand that shall establish them,  
Shal now, adjoyning al their hands with mine,  
Inuest her here my Queene of Persea.  
What saith the noble Souldane and Zenocrate?  
Soul. I yeeld with thanks and protestations  
Of endlesse honor to thee for her loue.  

Tamb. Then doubt I not but faire Zenocrate  
Will soone consent to satisfy vs both.  
Zen. Els should I much forget my self, my Lord.  
Ther. Then let vs set the crowne vpon her head,  
That long hath lingred for so high a seat.  
Tech. My hand is ready to performe the deed,  
For now her mariage time shall worke vs rest.  
Vsum. And her’s the crown my Lord, help set it on.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Tam. Then sit thou downe divine Zenocrate, And here we crowne thee Queene of Persea, And all the kingdomes and dominions That late the power of Tamburlaine subdewed: As Iuno, when the Giants were supprest, That darted mountaines at her brother Ioue: So lookes my Loue, shadowing in her brows Triumphes and Trophees for my victories: Or as Latonas daughter bent to armes, Adding more courage to my conquering mind. To gratifie the sweet Zenocrate, Egyptians, Moores and men of Asia, From Barbary vnto the Westerne Indie, Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy Syre. And from the boundes of Affrick to the banks Of Ganges, shall his mighty arme extend. And now my Lords and louing followers, That purchac’d kingdomes by your ma(r)tiall deeds, Cast off your armor, put on scarlet roabes. Mount vp your royall places of estate, Enuironed with troopes of noble men, And there make lawes to rule your prouinces: Hang vp your weapons on Alcides poste, For Tamburlaine takes truce with al the world. Thy first betrothed Loue, Arabia, Shall we with honor (as beseeemes) entombe, With this great Turke and his faire Emperesse: Then after all these solemne Exequies, We wil our rites of-mariage solemnize.

Finis Actus quinti & ultimi huius primae partis.

2298 the] thee Dyce
2299 the] thee Dyce
2300 the] thee Dyce, Cunn., Wag.
2305 the] thee Dyce, Cunn., Wag.
2310 post] posts Dyce, Cunn., Wag.
2313 as] as best 1592
2316 rites conf. Mitford, Dyce etc. : celebrated rites 1590-1605, Rob.
2315 + Finis . . partis] Finis 1605

v. ii. 2288–2316
Samuel Adams Part 2 - treats the tragedy of the struggle
Tamburlaine the Greate.

With his impassionate furie, for the death of his Lady and Loue faire Zenocrate: his forme of exhortation and discipline to his three Sonnes, and the manner of his owne death.

The second part.

LONDON
Printed by E.A., for Ed. White, and are to be solde at his Shop neere the little North doore of Saint Paules Church at the Signe of the Gun.
1606.
1590 = Octavo edition of that year. B. L.
1592 = Octavo B. L.
1606 = Quarto B. L.

Rob. = (Robinson's) edition of Marlowe, 1826.

Dyce \{ 
Dyce¹ = Dyce's first edition of Marlowe, 1850.
Dyce² = revised Octavo, 1858, etc.

Cunn. = Cunningham's edition, 1870, etc.


Ellis = 'Mermaid' edition of Marlowe's best plays, 1887, etc.

T. B. = The present editor.

(b) Passages from the Works of Marlowe (Sydney, 1902).

Broughton = J. B's MS. notes in copy of Rob. (Brit. Mus. 11771 d).

Coll. = J. P. Collier's MS. notes in copy of Dyce¹ (Brit. Mus. 11771 bbb 6).

Coll.² = J. P. C's Introduction to Coleridge, Seven Lectures on Shakespeare, 1856.

Cook = A. S. C. in Modern Language Notes, xxi. 112, 113.


Elze = K. E., Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists, 1889.

Fraser's Mag. = Unsigned article in Fraser's Town and Country Magazine, xlvii, pp. 221-34.


Schipper = J. S., De Versu Marlovit.
THE SECOND PART OF

The bloody Conquests

of mighty Tamburlaine.

With his impassionate fury, for the death of
his Lady and loue, faire Zenocrate: his fourme
of exhortation and discipline to his three
sons, and the maner of his own death.

The Prologue.

The generall welcomes Tamburlain receiu'd,
When he arrived last vpon our stage,
Hath made our Poet pen his second part,
Whe'r death cuts off the progres of his pomp,

Heading. With his maner of his own death om. 1606 2318 our J the 1606

Prol. 2317–2320

1 Add. Dyce.
And murderous Fates throwes al his triumphs down.
But what became of faire Zenocrate,
And with how manie cities sacrifice
He celebrated her sad funerall,
Himselfe in presence shal unfold at large.

Actus i. Scæna i.

Orcanes, king of Natolia, Gazellus, vice-roy of Byron,
Vribassa, and their traine, with drums and trumpets.

Orcanes.
Egregious Viceroyes of these Eastern parts
Plac’d by the issue of great Baiazeth
And sacred Lord the mighty Calapine:
Who liues in Egypt, prisoner to that slawe,
Which kept his father in an yron cage:
Now haue we martcht from faire Natolia
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius banks,
Our warlike hoste in compleat armour rest,
Where Sigismond the king of Hungary
Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What? Shall we parle with the Christian,
Or crosse the streame, and meet him in the field?

Byr. King of Natolia, let vs treat of peace,
We all are glutted with the Christians blood,
And haue a greater foe to fight against,
Proud Tamburlaine, that now in Asia,
Neere Guyrons head doth set his conquering feet,
And means to fire Turky as he goes:
Gainst him my Lord must you addresse your power.

Vribas. Besides, king Sigismond hath brought from
Christendome,
More then his Camp of stout Hungarians,
Sclauonians, Almans, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
That with the Holbard, Lance, and murthering Axe,
Will hazard that we might with surety hold.

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Christendome,
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More then his Camp of stout Hungarians,
Sclauonians, Almans, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
That with the Holbard, Lance, and murthering Axe,
Will hazard that we might with surety hold.
Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Gyants as big as hugie Polypheme:
Millions of Souldiers cut the Artick line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these Armes,
Our Turky blades shal glide through al their throats,
And make this champion mead a bloody Fen.
Danubius stream that runs to Trebizon,
Shall carie wrapt within his scarlet waues,
As martiall presents to our friends at home
The slaughtered bodies of these Christians.
The Terrene main wherein Danubius fals,
Shall by this battell be the bloody Sea.
The wandring Sailers of proud Italy,
Shall meet those Christians fleeing with the tyde,
Beating in heaps against their Argoses,
And make faire Europe mounted on her bull,
Trapt with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight and weare a woful mourning weed.

Byr. Yet stout Orcanes, Prorex of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath mustred all his men,
Marching from Cairon northward with his camp,
To Alexandria, and the frontier townes,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land:
Tis requisit to parle for a peace
With Sigismond the king of Hungary:
And saue our forces for the hot assaults
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

Orc. Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said:
My realme, the Center of our Empery
Once lost, All Turkie would be ouerthrowne:
And for that cause the Christians shall haue peace.
Slauonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes
Feare not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine,
Nor he but Fortune that hath made him great.
We haue reuolted Grecians, Albanees,
Cicilians, Iewes, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
Natolians, Soriants, blacke Egyptians,
Illirians, Thracians, and Bythinians,
Enough to swallow forcelesse Sigismond

2354 cut the] out of 1606 2383 Almain Rutters, Russ conj. Coll.
and black 1606 2389 Illirians 1606: Illicians 1590, 1592 Between
2388 and 2389 ed. 1606 inserts: FRED. And we from Europe to the
same intent which is really l. 2443 and is there missing in ed. 1606
Yet scarce enough t'encounter Tamburlaine.  
He brings a world of people to the field,  
From Scythia to the Orientall Plage  
Of India, wher raging Lanchidol  
Beates on the regions with his boysterous blowes,  
That never sea-man yet discovered:  
All Asia is in Armes with Tamburlaine,  
Euen from the midst of fiery Cancers Tropick,  
To Amazonia vnder Capricorne.  
And thence as far as Archipellago,  
All Affrike is in Armes with Tamburlaine.  
Therefore Viceroies the Christians must haue peace.


Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwine, and their traine with drums and trumpets.

Sigis. Orcanes (as our Legates promist thee)  
Wee with our Peeres haue crost Danubius stream  
To treat of friendly peace or deadly war:  
Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans vsde  
I here present thee with a naked sword.  
Wilt thou haue war, then shake this blade at me,  
If peace, restore it to my hands againe:  
And I will sheath it to conforme the same.  

Orc. Stay Sigismond, forgetst thou I am he  
That with the Cannon shooke Vienna walles,  
And made it dance vpon the Continent:  
As when the massy substance of the earth,  
Quierer about the Axeltree of heauen.  
Forgetst thou that I sent a shower of dartes  
Mingled with powdered shot and fethered steele  
So thick vpon the blink-ei’d Burghers heads,  
That thou thy self, then County-Pallatine,  
The king of Boheme, and the Austrich Duke,  
Sent Herralds out, which basely on their knees  
In all your names desirde a truce of me?  
Forgetst thou, that to haue me raise my siege,  
Wagons of gold were set before my tent:  
Stampt with the princely Foule that in her wings  

2393 Plage] Place 1606  
2402 Viceroie 1592, Dyce to Bull.  
2415 Quivers Rob. to Bull.  

I. i. 2391–2402—ii. 2403–2425
Caries the fearfull thunderbolts of Ioue,  
How canst thou think of this and offer war?  
   Sig. Vienna was besieg'd, and I was there,  
Then County-Pallatine, but now a king:  
And what we did, was in extremity:  
   But now Orcanes, view my royall hoste,  
That hides these plaines, and seems as vast and wide,  
As dooth the Desart of Arabia  
To those that stand on Badgeths lofty Tower,  
Or as the Ocean to the Traueiler  
That rests vpon the snowy Appenines:  
And tell me whether I should stoope so low,  
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king?  
   Byr. Kings of Natolia and of Hungarie,  
We came from Turky to confirme a league,  
And not to dare ech other to the field:  
A friendly parle might become ye both.  
   Fred. And we from Europe to the same intent,  
Which if your General refuse or scorne,  
Our Tents are pitcht, our men stand in array,  
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.  
   Nat. So prest are we, but yet if Sigismond  
Speake as a friend, and stand not vpon tearmes,  
Here is his sword, let peace be ratified  
On these conditions specified before,  
Drawen with aduise of our Ambassadors.  
   Sig. Then here I sheath it, and giue thee my hand,  
Neuer to draw it out, or manage armes  
Against thy selfe or thy confederates:  
But whilst I liue will be at truce with thee.  
   Nat. But (Sigismond) confirme it with an oath,  
And sweare in sight of heauen and by thy Christ.  
   Sig. By him that made the world and sau'd my soule  
The sonne of God and issue of a Mayd,  
Sweet Iesus Christ, I sollemnly protest,  
And vow to keepe this peace inuiolable.  
   Nat. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,  
Whose holy Alcaron remaines with vs,  
Whose glorious body when he left the world,  
Closde in a coffyn mounted vp the aire,  
And hung on stately Mecas Temple rooфе,
The bloody Conquests of

I sweare to keepe this truce inviolable:
Of whose conditions, and our solemnne othes
Sign'd with our handes, each shal retaine a scrowle:
As memorable witnesse of our league.

Now Sigismond, if any Christian King
Encroche upon the confines of thy realme,
Send woord, Orcanes of Natolia
Confirm'd this league beyond Danubius streame,
And they will (trembling) sound a quicke retreat,
So am I fear'd among all Nations.

Sig. If any heathen potentate or king
Inuade Natolia, Sigismond will send
A hundred thousand horse train'd to the war,
And backt by stout Lanceres of Germany,
The strength and sinewes of the imperiall seat.

Nat. I thank thee Sigismond, but when I war
All Asia Minor, Africa, and Greece
Follow my Standard and my thundring Drums:
Come let vs goe and banquet in our tents:
I will dispatch chiefe of my army hence
To faire Natolia, and to Trebizon,
To stay my comming gainst proud Tamburlaine.
Freend Sigismond, and peeres of Hungary,
Come banquet and carouse with vs a while,
And then depart we to our territories.

Exeunt.

Actus I. Scæna 3.

Callapine with Almeda, his keeper.

Callap. Sweet Almeda, pity the ruthfull plight
Of Callapine, the sonne of Basazeth,
Born to be Monarch of the Western world:
Yet here detain'd by cruell Tamburlaine.

Alm. My Lord I pitie it, and with my heart
Wish your release, but he whose wrath is death,
My soueraigne Lord, renowned Tamburlain,
Forbids you further liberty than this.

Cal. Ah were I now but halfe so eloquent
To paint in woords, what Ile perfourme in deeds,
I know thou wouldst depart from hence with me.

Al. Not for all Afrike, therefore mooue me not.
Cal. Yet heare me speake my gentle Almeda.

Exeunt.

I. ii. 2467-2491—iii. 2492-2504
Al. No speach to that end, by your fauour sir.

Cal. By Cario runs.

Al. No talke of running, I tell you sir.

Cal. A little further, gentle Almeda.

Al. Wel sir, what of this?

Cal. By Cario runs to Alexandria Bay,

Darotes streams, wherin at anchor lies
A Turkish Gally of my royall fleet,
Waiting my comming to the riuver side,
Hoping by some means I shall be releast,
Which when I come aboord will hoist vp saile,
And soon put foorth into the Terrene sea:
Where twixt the Isles of Cyprus and of Crete,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arriue.
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more
Vpon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many crownes of burnisht gold,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command,
A thousand Gallies man’d with Christian slaues
I freely giue thee, which shall cut the straights,
And bring Armados from the coasts of Spaine,
Fraughted with golde of rich America:
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
Skilful in musicke and in amorous laies:
As faire as was Pigmalions Iuory gyrl,
Or louely Io metamorphosed.
With naked Negros shall thy coach be drawen,
And as thou rid’st in triumph through the streets,
The pauement vnderneath thy chariot wheels
With Turky Carpets shall be couered:
And cloath of Arras hung about the walles,
Fit obiects for thy princely eie to pierce,
A hundred Bassoes cloath’d in crimson silk
Shall ride before the on Barbarian Steeds:
And when thou goest, a golden Canapie
Enchac’d with pretious stones, which shine as bright
As that faire vail that couers all the world:
When Phaebus leaping from his Hemi-Spheare,
Discendeth downward to th’ Antipodes.
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.

Alm. How far hence lies the Galley, say you?

Cal. Sweet Almeda, scarce halfe a league from hence.

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2505, 2510 Cairo] Cairo Rob. to Bull. 2511 stream Dyce * 2525 from] to 1592
The bloody Conquests of

Alm. But need we not be spied going aboard?
Cal. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill
And crooked bending of araggy rock,
The sailes wrapt vp, the mast and tacklings downe,
She lies so close that none can find her out.

Alm. I like that well: but tel me my Lord, if I should
let you goe, would you bee as good as your word? Shall
I be made a king for my labour?
Cal. As I am Callapine the Emperour,
And by the hand of Mahomet I sweare,
Thou shalt be crown'd a king and be my mate.

Alm. Then here I sweare, as I am Almeda,
Your Keeper vnder Tamburlaine the great,
(For that's the style and tytle I haue yet)
Although he sent a thousand armed men
To intercept this haughty enterprize,
Yet would I venture to conduct your Grace,
And die before I brought you backe again.

Cal. Thanks gentle Almeda, then let vs haste,
Least time be past, and lingring let vs both.

Alm. When you will my Lord, I am ready.

Cal. Euen straight: and farewell cursed Tamburlaine.
Now goe I to reuenge my fathers death.

Exeunt.

Actus i. Scæna 4.

Tamburlaine with Zenocrate, and his three sonnes, Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus, with drummes and trumpets.

Tamb. Now, bright Zenocrate, the worlds faire eie,
Whose beames illuminate the lamps of heauen,
Whose cheerful looks do cleare the clowdy aire
And cloath it in a christall liuerie,
Now rest thee here on faire Larissa Plaines,
Where Egypt and the Turkish Empire parts,
Betweene thy sons that shall be Emperours,
And euery one Commander of a world.

Zen. Sweet Tamburlain, when wilt thou leaue these
armes
And saue thy sacred person free from scathe:
And dangerous chances of the wrathfull war.

Tam. When heauen shal cease to mooue on both the poles
& when the ground wheron my souldiers march
Shal rise aloft and touch the horned Moon,

i. iii. 2547-2569—iv. 2570-2583
And not before my sweet Zenocrates: Sit vp and rest thee like a lovely Queene. So, now she sits in pompe and maiestie: When these my sonnes, more precious in mine eies Than all the wealthy kingdomes I subdued: Plac'd by her side, looke on their mothers face. But yet me thinks their looks are amorous, Not martiaall as the sons of Tamburlaine. Water and ayre being simbolisde in one Argue their want of courage and of wit, Their haire as white as milke and soft as Downe, Which should be like the quilles of Porcupines, As blacke as Ieat, and hard as Iron or steel, Bewraies they are too dainty for the wars. Their fingers made to quauer on a Lute, Their armes to hang about a Ladies necke: Their legs to dance and caper in the aire: Would make me thinke them Bastards, not my sons, But that I know they issued from thy wombe, That neuer look'd on man but Tamburlaine.

Zen. My gratious Lord, they haue their mothers looks But when they list, their conquering fathers hart: This lovely boy the yongest of the three, Not long agoe bestrid a Scythian Steed: Trotting the ring, and tilting at a gloue: Which when he taintted with his slender rod, He raign'd him straight and made him so curuet, As I cried out for feare he should haue falne.

Tam. Wei done my boy, thou shalt haue shield and lance Armour of profe, horse, helme, & Curlte-axe And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe, And harmellesse run among the deadly pikes. If thou wilt loue the warres and follow me, Thou shalt be made a King and raigne with me, Keeping in yron cages Emperours. If thou exceed thy elder Brothers worth, And shine in compleat vertue more than they, Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed Shall issue crowned from their mothers wombe. Cel. Yes father, you shall see me if I liue, Haue vnder me as many kings as you, And martch with such a multitude of men, As all the world shall tremble at their view.

2594 and] as 1606 2626 shall] should 1606

i. iv. 2584–2626
Tam. These words assure me boy, thou art my sonne; When I am old and cannot mannage armes, Be thou the scourge and terroure of the world. Amy. Why may not I my Lord, as wel as he, Be tearmd the scourge and terroure of the world? Tam. Be al a scourge and terror to the world, Or els you are not sons of Tamburlaine. Cal. But while my brothers follow armes my lord Let me accompany my gratious mother, They are enough to conquer all the world And you haue won enough for me to keep. Tam. Bastardly boy, sprong from some cowards loins: And not the issue of great Tamburlaine, Of all the prouinces I haue subdued Thou shalt not haue a foot, vnlesse thou beare A mind corragious and inuincible: For he shall weare the crowne of Persea, Whose head hath deepest scarres, whose breast most woundes, Which being wroth, sends lightning from his eies, And in the furrowes of his frowning browes, Harbors reuenge, war, death and cruelty: For in a field whose superficies Is couered with a liquid purple veile, And sprinkled with the braines of slaughtered men, My royal chaire of state shall be aduanc'd: And he that meanes to place himselfe therein Must armed wade vp to the chin in blood. Zen. My Lord, such speeches to our princely sonnes, Dismaies their mindes before they come to prooue The wounding troubles angry war affoords. Cel. No Madam, these are speeches fit for vs, For if his chaire were in a sea of blood, I would prepare a ship and saile to it, Ere I would loose the tytle of a king. Amy. And I would striue to swim through pooles of blood, Or make a bridge of murthered Carcases, Whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turks, Ere I would loose the tytle of a king. Tam. Wel louely boies, you shal be Emperours both
Stretching your conquering armes from east to west:
And sirha, if you meane to weare a crowne,
When we shall meet the Turkish Deputie
And all his Viceroyes, snatch it from his head,
And cleave his Pericranion with thy sword.

Cal. If any man will hold him, I will strike,
And cleave him to the channell with my sword.

Tamb. Hold him, and cleave him too, or I cleave thee
For we will march against them presently.

Theridamas, Techeles, and Casane

Promist to meet me on Larissa plaines
With hostes apeece against this Turkish crue,
For I haue sworne by sacred Mahomet,
To make it sworne of my Empery,
The trumpets sound Zenocrate, they come.

Actus i. Scena 5.

Enter Theridamas, and his traine with Drums
and Trumpets.

Tamb. Welcome Theridamas, king of Argier.

Ther. My Lord the great and mighty Tamburlain,
Arch-Monarke of the world, I offer here,
My crowne, my selfe, and all the power I haue,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.

Tam. Thanks good Theridamas.

Ther. Vnder my collors march ten thousand Greeks
And of Argier and Affriks frontier townes,
Twice twenty thousand valiant men at armes,
All which haue sworne to sacke Natolia:
Fiue hundred Briggandines are vnder saile,
Meet for your servise on the sea, my Lord,
That lanching from Argier to Tripoly,
Will quickly ride before Natolia:
And batter downe the castles on the shore.

Tam. Wel said Argier, receiue thy crowne againe.

Actus i. Scena 6.

Enter Techeles and Vsumcasane together.

Tamb. Kings of Morocus and of Fesse, welcome
Vsu. Magnificent & peerlesse Tamburlaine,
I and my neighbor King of Fesse haue brought

i. iv. 2666—2680—vi. 2697—2699
To aide thee in this Turkish expedition,
A hundred thousand expert souldiers:
From *Azamor* to *Tunys* neare the sea,
Is *Barbary* vnpeopled for thy sake,
And all the men in armour vnder me,
Which with my crowne I gladly offer thee.

*Tam.* Thanks king of *Morocus*, take your crown again.

*Tech.* And mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly God,
Whose lookes make this inferiour world to quake,
I here present thee with the crowne of *Fesse*,
And with an hoste of Moores trainde to the war,
Whose coleblacke faces make their foes retire,
And quake for feare, as if infernall *Ioue*
Meaning to aid thee in these Turkish armes,
Should pierce the blacke circumference of hell,
With vgly Furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits:
From strong *Tesella* vnto *Biledull*,
All *Barbary* is vnpeopled for thy sake.

*Tam.* Thanks king of *Fesse*, take here thy crowne again.

Your presence (louing friends and fellow kings)
Makes me to surfet in conceiuing ioy,
If all the christall gates of *Ioues* high court
Were opened wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and maiesty of heauen,
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plaines a while,
And after martch to Turky with our Campe,
In number more than are the drops that fall
When *Boreas* rents a thousand swelling clouds.
And proud *Orcanes* of *Natolia*,
With all his viceroies shall be so affraide,
That though the stones, as at *Deucalions* flood,
Were turnde to men, he should be overcome:
Such lauish will I make of Turkish blood,
That *Ioue* shall send his winged Messenger
To bid me sheath my sword, and leaue the field:
The Sun vnable to sustaine the sight,
Shall hide his head in *Thetis* watery lap,
And leaue his steeds to faire *Bootes* charge:
For halfe the world shall perish in this fight:

2710 warres 1606 2712 if if the 1606 2713 thee Rob.: them 1590-1606 these 1606 etc.: this 1590, 1592
I. vi. 2700-2740
But now my friends, let me examine ye,
How haue ye spent your absent time from me?

Vsum. My Lord our men of Barbary haue martcht
Foure hundred miles with armour on their backes,
And laine in leagre fifteene moneths and more,
For since we left you at the Souldans court,
We haue subdude the Southerne Guallatia,
We kept the narrow straight of Gibraller,
And made Canarea cal vs kings and Lords,
Yet neuer did they recreatethemselues,
Or cease one day from war and hot alarms,
And therefore let them rest a while my Lord.

Tamb. They shal Casane, and tis time yfaith.
Tech. And I haue martch'd along the riuers Nile,
To Machda, where the mighty Christian Priest
Cal'd Iohn the great, sits in a milk-white robe,
Whose triple Myter I did take by force,
And made him sweare obedience to my crowne.
From thence vnto Cazates did I martch,
Wher Amazonians met me in the field:
With whom (being women) I vouchsaft a league,
And with my power did march to Zansibar
The Westerne part of Affrike, where I view'd
The Ethiopan sea, riuers and lakes:
But neither man nor child in al the land:
Therfore I tooke my course to Manico,
Where vnresisted I remou'd my campe:
And by the coast of Byather at last,
I came to Cubar, where the Negros dwell,
And conquering that, made haste to Nubia,
There hauing sackt Borno the Kingly seat,
I took the king, and lead him bound in chaines
Vnto Damasco, where I staid before.

Tamb. Well done Techelles: what saith Theridamas?

Ther. I left the confines and the bounds of Affrike
And made a voyage into Europe,
Where by the riuers Tyros I subdew'd
Stoka, Padalia, and Codemia.
Then crost the sea and came to Oblia,
And Nigra Silua, where the Deuils dance,
Which in despight of them I set on fire:
From thence I crost the Gulfe, call’d by the name
*Mare magiore*, of th’ inhabitantes:
Yet shall my souldiers make no period
Vntill *Natolia* kneele before your feet.

*Tamb.* Then wil we triumph, banquet and carouse,
Cooke shall haue pensions to prouide vs cates,
And glut vs with the dainties of the world,
*Lachrima Christi* and Calabrian wines
Shall common Souldiers drink in quaffing boules,
I, liquid golde when we haue conquer’d him,
Mingled with corall and with orient pearle:
Come let vs banquet and carrouse the whiles.

*Finis Actus primi.*

**Actus 2. Scena i.**

*Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwine, with their traine*

*Sigis.* Now say my Lords of *Buda* and *Bohemia*,
What motion is it that inflames your thoughts,
And stirs your valures to such soddaine armes?

*Fred.* Your Maiesty remembers I am sure
What cruell slaughter of our Christian bloods,
These heathnish Turks and Pagans lately made,
Betwixt the citie *Zula* and *Danubius,*
How through the-midst of *Verna* and *Bulgaria*
And almost to the very walles of *Rome,*
They haue not long since massacred our Camp.
It resteth now then that your Maiesty
Take all aduantages of time and power,
And worke reuenge vpon these Infidels:
Your Highnesse knowes for *Tamburlaines* repaire,
That strikes a terrour to all Turkish hearts,* Natolia* hath dismiss the greatest part
Of all his armie, pitcht against our power
Betwixt *Cutheia* and *Orminius* mount:
And sent them marching vp to *Belgasar,*
*Acantha, Antioch,* and *Caesaria,*
To aid the kings of *Soria* and *Jerusalem.*

Now then my Lord, aduantage take hereof,
And issue sodainly vpon the rest:

2793 orient Rob. etc.: orientall 1590-1606
2816 hereof] thereof
1592, Rob. to Bull.
That in the fortune of their overthrow,
We may discourage all the pagan troope,
That dare attempt to war with Christians.

_Sig._ But cals not then your Grace to memorie
The league we lately made with king _Orcanes_,
Confirm'd by oth and Articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our trueths?
This should be treacherie and violence,
Against the grace of our profession.

_Bald._ No whit my Lord: for with such Infidels,
In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
We are not bound to those accomplishments,
The holy lawes of Christendome inioine:
But as the faith which they prophanely plight
Is not by necessary pollycy,
To be esteem'd assurance for our selues,
So what we vow to them should not infringe
Our liberty of armes and victory.

_Sig._ Though I confesse the othes they vndertake,
Breed litle strength to our securitie,
Yet those infrirmities that thus defame
Their faiths, their honors, and their religion,
Should not giue vs presumption to the like.
Our faiths are sound, and must be consumate,
Religious, righteous, and inuiolate.

_Fred._ Assure your Grace tis superstition
To stand so strictly on dispensiue faith:
And should we lose the opportunity
That God hath giuen to venge our Christians death
And scourge their foule blasphemous Paganisme,
As fell to _Saule_, to _Balaam_, and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at Gods command,
So surely will the vengeance of the highest
And iealous anger of his fearefull arme
Be pour'd with rigour on our sinfull heads,
If we neglect this offered victory.

_Sig._ Then arme my Lords, and issue sodainly,
Giuing commandement to our generall hoste,
With expedition to assaile the Pagan,
And take the victorie our God hath giuen.
Actus 2. Scæna 2.

Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa with their traine.

Orcanes. Gazellus, Vribassa, and the rest, Now will we march from proud Orminus mount To faire Natolia, where our neighbour kings Expect our power and our royall presence, T'遭遇 with the cruell Tamburlain, That nigh Larissa swaies a mighty hoste, And with the thunder of his martial tooles Makes Earthquakes in the hearts of men and heauen. 2865 Gaz. And now come we to make his sinowes shake, With greater power than erst his pride hath felt, An hundred kings by scores wil bid him armes, And hundred thousands subject to each score : Which if a shower of wounding thunderbolts Should breake out off the bowels of the clowdes And fall as thick as haile vpon our heads, In partiall aid of that proud Scythian, Yet should our courages and steeled crestes, And numbers more than infinit of men, Be able to withstand and conquer him. Vrib. Me thinks I see how glad the christian King Is made, for ioy of your admitted truce : That could not but before be terrified: With vnacquainted power of our hoste. 2880

Enter a messenger.

Mess. Arme dread Soueraign and my noble Lords. The treacherous army of the Christians, Taking aduantage of your slender power, Comes marching on us, and determines straight, To bid vs battaile for our dearest liues. 2885 Orc. Traitors, villaines, damned Christians. Haue I not here the articles of peace, And solemne covenants we haue both confirm'd, He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet ? Gaz. Hel and confusion light vpon their heads, That with such treason seek our ouerthrow, And cares so litle for their prophet Christ.

2864 martial] materiall 1592 2869 And] An Cunn. thousand Cunn., Wag. 2878 your] our 1606, Dycs II. ii. 2858–2892
Orc. Can there be such deceit in Christians,
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God?
Then if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ:
If he be son to everliuing Ioue,
And hath the power of his outstretched arme,
If he be jealous of his name and honor,
As is our holy prophet Mahomet,
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And witnesse of thy servants periury.
Open thou shining vaile of Cynthia
And make a passage from the imperiall heauen
That he that sits on high and neuer sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscripitable,
But euery where fils every Continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigor,
May in his endlesse power and puritie
Behold and venge this Traitors periury.
Thou Christ that art esteem’d omnipotent,
If thou wilt prooue thy selfe a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithfull hearts,
Be now reueng’d vpon this Traitors soule,
And make the power I haue left behind
(Too little to defend our guiltlesse liues)
Sufficient to discomfort and confound
The trustlesse force of those false Christians.
To armes my Lords, on Christ still let vs crie,
If there be Christ, we shall haue victorie.

(Exeunt.)

Sound to the battell, and Sigismond comes out wounded.

Sig. Discomfited is all the Christian hoste,
And God hath thundered vengeance from on high,
For my accurst and hatefull periurie.
O iust and dreadfull punisher of sinne,
Let the dishonor of the paines I feele,
In this my mortall well deserued wound,
End all my penance in my sodaine death,
And let this death wherein to sinne I die,
Conceiue a second life in endlesse mercie.

2903 + s.d. He tears to pieces the articles of peace add. Dyce
2922 Christians 1606

II. ii. 2893–2930
Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa, with others.

Or. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or Mahomet hath bene my friend.

Gaz. See here the periu'd traitor Hungary,
Bloody and breathlesse for his villany.

Orc. Now shall his barbarous body be a pray
To beasts and foules, and al the winds shall breath
Through shady leaues of eyuer sencelesse tree,
Murmures and hisses for his hainous sin.
Now scaldes his soule in the Tartarian streames,
And feeds vpon the banefull tree of hell,
That zoacum, that fruit of bytternesse,
That in the midst of fire is ingraft,
Yet flourisheth as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damned Feends,
The Dyuils there in chaines of quencelesse flame,
Shall lead his soule through Orcus burning gulfe :
From paine to paine, whose change shall neuer end :
What saiest thou yet Gazellus to his foile :
Which we referd to iustice of his Christ,
And to his power, which here appeares as full
As raies of Cynthia to the clearest sight ?

Gaz. Tis but the fortune of the wars my Lord,
Whose power is often prou'd a myracle.

Orc. Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honoured,
Not dooing Mahomet an injurie,
Whose power had share in this our victory :
And since this miscreant hath disgrac'd his faith,
And died a traitor both to heauen and earth,
We wil both watch and ward shall keepe his trunke
Amidst these plaines, for Foules to pray vpon.

Go Vribassa, giue it straight in charge.

Vri. I will my Lord.

Exit Vrib.

Orc. And now Gazellus, let vs haste and meete
Our Army and our brother of Ierusalem,
Of Soria, Trebizon and Amasia,
And happily with full Natolian bowles
Of Greekish wine now let vs celebrate
Our happy conquest, and his angry fate.

Exeunt.
The Arras is drawen, and Zenocrate lies in her bed of state,
Tamburlaine sitting by her: three Phisitians about her bed, tempering potions. Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, and the three sonnes.

Blacke is the beauty of the brightest day,
The golden balle of heauens eternal fire,
That danc'd with glorie on the siluer waues:
Now wants the fewell that enflamde his beames
And all with faintnesse and for foule disgrace,
He bindes his temples with a frowning cloude,
Ready to darken earth with endlesse night:
Zenocrate that gaue him light and life,
Whose eies shot fire from their Iuory bowers,
And tempered euery soule with liuely heat,
Now by the malice of the angry Skies,
Whose iealousie admits no second Mate,
Drawes in the comfort of her latest breath
All dasled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walles of heauen,
As Centinels to warne th' immortall soules,
To entertaine deuine Zenocrate.

Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaslesse lamps
That gently look'd vpon this loathsome earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heauens
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
The christall springs whose taste illuminates
Refined eies with an eternall sight,
Like tried siluer runs through Paradice
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
The Cherubins and holy Seraphins
That sing and play before the king of kings,
Vse all their voices and their instruments
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
And in this sweet and currious harmony,
The God that tunes this musicke to our soules:
Holds out his hand in highest maiesty
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.

Then let some holy trance conuay my thoughts,
Vp to the pallace of th'imperiall heauen:
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the daies of sweet Zenocrate:
Phisitions, wil no Phisicke do her good?
Phis. My Lord, your Maiesty shall soone perceiue:
And if she passe this fit, the worst is past.
Tam. Tell me, how fares my faire Zenocrate?
Zen. I fare my Lord, as other Emperesses,
That when this fraile and transitory flesh
Hath suckt the measure of that vitall aire
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wanes with enforst and necessary change.
Tam. May neuer such a change transfourme my loue
In whose sweet being I repose my life,
Whose heauenly presence beautified with health,
Gives light to Phæbus and the fixed stars,
Whose absence makes the sun and Moone as darke
As when opposde in one Diamiter
Their Spheares are mounted on the serpents head,
Or els descended to his winding traine:
Liue still my Loue and so conserue my life,
Or dieng, be the author of my death.
Zen. Liue still my Lord, O let my soueraigne liue,
And sooner let the fiery Element
Dissolue, and make your kingdome in the Sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty:
For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happinnesse
And hope to meet your highnesse in the heauens,
Turn'd to dispaire, would break my wretched breast,
And furie would confound my present rest.
But let me die my Loue, yet let me die,
With loue and patience let your true loue die:
Your griefe and furie hurtes my second life,
Yet let me kisse my Lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my Lord.
But since my life is lengthened yet a while,
Let me take leaue of these my louing sonnes,
And of my Lords whose true nobilitie
Haue merited my latest memorie:
Sweet sons farewell, in death resemble me,
And in your lines your fathers excellency.  
Some musicke, and my fit will cease my Lord.  

They call musicke.

Tam. Proud furie and intollerable fit,  
That dares torment the body of my Lorne,  
And scourge the Scourge of the immortall God:  
Now are those Spheres where Cupid vsde to sit,  
Wounding the world with woonder and with lone;  
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death:  
Whose darts do pierce the Center of my soule.  
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heamen,  
And had she liu'd before the siege of Troy,  
Hellen, whose beauty sommond Greece to armes,  
And drew a thousand ships to Temodes,  
Had not bene nam'd in Homer's Iliads:  
Her name had bene in every line he wrote:  
Or had those wanton Poets, for whose byrth  
Olde Rome was proud, but gasde a while on her,  
Nor Lesbia, nor Corrinna had bene nam'd,  
Zenocrate had bene the argument  
Of every Epigram or Eligie.

The musicke sounds, and she dies.

Tam. What, is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword,  
And wound the earth, that it may cleane in twaine, And we descend into th'infernall vaults,  
To haile the fatall Sisters by the haire,  
And throw them in the triple mote of Hell,  
For taking hence my faire Zenocrate.  
Casane and Theridamas to armes,  
Raise Canaliers higher than the clouds,  
And with the cannon breake the frame of heamen,  
Batter the shining pallace of the Sun,  
And shiver all the starry firmament:  
For amorous lone hath snatcht my lone from hence, Meaning to make her stately Queen of heamen.  
What God so enuer holds thee in his armes,  
Giving thee Nectar and Ambrosia,  
Behold me here divine Zenocrate,  
Raning, impatient, desperate and mad,  
Breaking my steel'd lance, with which I burst  
The rusty beames of Iamus Temple doores,
Letting out death and tyrannising war:
To march with me vnder this bloody flag,
And if thou pitiest Tamburlain the great,
Come downe from heauen and liue with me againe.

Tamb. Ah good my Lord be patient, she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her liue,
If woords might serue, our voice hath rent the aire,
If teares, our cies haue watered all the earth:
If griefe, our murthered harts haue straind forth blood.
Nothing preuailes, for she is dead my Lord.

Tam. For she is dead? thy words doo pierce my soule.
Ah sweet Theridamas, say so no more,
Though she be dead, yet let me think she liues,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her:
Where ere her soule be, thou shalt stay with me:
Embalm'd with Cassia, Amber Greece and Myrre,
Not lapt in lead but in a sheet of gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interr'd.
Then in as rich a tombe as Mausolus,
We both will rest and haue one Epitaph
Writ in as many seuerall languages,
As I haue conquered kingdomes with my sword.
This cursed towne will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereft me of my Loue:
The houses burnt, wil looke as if they mourn'd
And here will I set vp her stature,
And marcht about it with my mourning campe,
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.

The Arras is drawen.

Actus 3. Scena i.

Enter the kings of Trebisond and Soria, one bringing a sword,
& another a scepter: Next Natolia and Jerusalem with
the Emperiall crowne: After Calapine, and after him
other Lordes: Orcanes and Jerusalem crowne him and
the other give him the scepter.

Orca. Calepinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son and
successiue heire to the late mighty Empourer Baiazeth, by

[Notes and marginalia are present in the image but not transcribed here.]
the aid of God and his friend Mahomet, Emperour of Natolia, Jerusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmonia and al the hundred and thirty Kingdomes late contributory to his mighty father. Long liue Callepinus, Emperour of Turky.

Cal. Thrice worthy kings of Natolia, and the rest, I will requite your royall gratitudes With all the benefits my Empire yeelds: And were the sinowes of th’imperiall seat So knit and strengthened, as when Baiazeth My royall Lord and father fild the throne, Whose cursed fate hath so dismemberd it, Then should you see this Thiefe of Scythia, This proud vsurping king of Persea, Do vs such honor and supremacie, Bearing the vengeance of our fathers wrongs, As all the world should blot our dignities Out of the booke of base borne infamies. And now I doubt not but your royall cares Hath so prouided for this cursed foe, That since the heire of mighty Baiazeth (An Emperour so honoured for his vertues) Reuiues the spirits of true Turkish heartes, In grievous memorie of his fathers shame, We shall not need to nourish any doubt, But that proud Fortune, who hath followed long The martiall sword of mighty Tamburlaine, Will now retaine her olde inconstancie, And raise our honors to as high a pitch In this our strong and fortunate encounter. For so hath heauen prouided my escape, From al the crueltie my soule sustaund, By this my friendly keepers happy meanes, That Ioue surcharg’d with pity of our wrongs, Will pour it downe in showers on our heads: Scourging the pride of cursed Tamburlain.  

Orc. I haue a hundred thousand men in armes, Some, that in conquest of the periur’d Christian, Being a handfull to a mighty hoste, Thine them in number yet sufficient, To drinke the riuier Nile or Euphrates, And for their power, ynow to win the world.

3124 Fates 1606 3129 our] his Dyce, Bull. 3135 of] of all 1592, Dyce to Bull. 3141 honour 1606 3150 in] in the 1592 MARLOWE III. i. 3113-3154 E
The bloody Conquests of

Ier. And I as many from Jerusalem,
Iudea, Gaza, and Scalonians bounds,
That on mount Sinay with their ensignes spread,
Looke like the parti-coloured cloudes of heauen,
That shew faire weather to the neighbor morn.

Treb. And I as many bring from Trebizon,
Chio, Famastro, and Amasia,
All bording on the Mare-maior sea:
Riso, Sancina, and the bordering townes,
That touch the end of famous Euphrates,
The cursed Scythian sets on all their townes,
And vow to burne the villaines cruell heart.

Sor. From Soria with seuenty thousand strong,
Tane from Aleppo, Soldino, Tripoly,
And so vnto my citie of Damasco,
I march to meet and aide my neigbor kings,
All which will ioine against this Tamburlain,
And bring him captive to your highnesse feet.

Orc. Our battaile then in martiall maner pitcht,
According to our ancient vse, shall beare
The figure of the semi-circled Moone:
Whose hornes shall sprinkle through the tainted aire,
The poisoned braines of this proud Scythian.

Cal. Wel then my noble Lords, for this my friend,
That freed me from the bondage of my foe:
I think it requisite and honorable,
To keep my promise, and to make him king,
That is a Gentleman (I know) at least.

Alm. That’s no matter sir, for being a king, for Tamburlain came vp of nothing.
Ier. Your Maiesty may choose some pointed time,
Perfourming all your promise to the full:
Tis nought for your maiesty to giue a kingdome.

Cal. Then wil I shortly keep my promise Almeda.

Alm. Why, I thank your Maiesty.

Exeunt.

Tamburlaine with Vsumcasane, and his three sons, foure bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, and the drums sounding a dolefull march, the Towne burning.

Tamb. So, burne the turrets of this cursed towne, Flame to the highest region of the aire:
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
That being fiery meteors, may presage,
Death and destruction to th'inhabitants. 3195
Ouer my Zenith hang a blazing star,
That may endure till heauen be dissolu’d,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threatning a death and famine to this land,
Flieng Dragons, lightning, fearfull thunderclaps, 3200
Sindge these fair plaines, and make them seeme as black
As is the Island where the Furies maske
Compast with Lethe, Styx and Phlegeton,
Because my deare Zenocrate is dead.

Cal(yphas). This Piller plac’d in memorie of her, 3205
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ
This towne being burnt by Tamburlaine the great,
Forbids the world to build it vp againe.

Amy(ras). And here this mournful streamer shal be plac’d
Wrought with the Persean and Egyptian armes 3210
To signifie she was a princesse borne,
And wife vnto the Monarke of the East.

Celib(inus). And here this table as a Register
Of all her vertues and perfections.

Tamb. And here the picture of Zenocrate, 3215
To shew her beautie, which the world admyr’d,
Sweet picture of diuine Zenocrate,
That hanging here, wil draw the Gods from heauen:
And cause the stars fixt in the Southern arke,
Whose louely faces neuer any viewed, 3220
That haue not past the Centers latitude,
As Pilgrimes trauelle to our Hemi-spheare,
Onely to gaze vpon Zenocrate.
Thou shalt not beautifie Larissa plaines,
But keep within the circle of mine armes. 3225
At euery towne and castle I besiege,
Thou shalt be set vpon my royall tent.
And when I meet an armie in the field,
Those looks will shed such influence in my campe,
As if Bellona, Goddess of the war
Threw naked swords and sulphur bals of fire,
Vpon the heads of all our enemies.
And now my Lords, aduance your speares againe,
Sorrow no more my sweet Casane now:
Boyes leaue to mourne, this towne shall euer mourne,
Being burnt to cynders for your mothers death.

Cal. If I had wept a sea of teares for her,
It would not ease the sorrow I sustaine.
Amy. As is that towne, so is my heart consum'd,
With griefe and sorrow for my mothers death.

Cel. My mothers death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.
Tamb. But now my boies, leaue off, and list to me,
That meane to teach you rudiments of war:
Ile haue you learne to sleepe vpon the ground,
March in your armour throwe watery Fens,
Sustaine the scortching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst right adiuncts of the war.
And after this, to scale a castle wal,
Besiege a fort, to vndermine a towne,
And make whole cyties caper in the aire.
Then next, the way to fortifie your men,
In champion grounds, what figure serues you best,
For which the quinque-angle fourme is meet,
Whereas the Fort may fittest be assailde,
And sharpest where th'assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deepe, the Counterscarps
Narrow and steepe, the wals made high and broad,
The Bulwarks and the rampiers large and strong,
With Caualieros and thicke counterforts,
And roome within to lodge sixe thousand men
It must haue priuy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch.
It must haue high Argins and couered waies
To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
And Parapets to hide the Muscatters:

3229 Those Dyce etc.: Whose 1590-1606 3238 sorrows 1592,
Rob. to Bull. 3248 thirst 1606 etc.: cold 1590, 1592 3254 which
Rob. etc.: with 1590-1606 3258 the] and 1606
III. ii. 3227-3267.
Casemates to place the great Artillery,  
And store of ordinance that from every flank  
May scour the outward curtaines of the Fort,  
Dismount the Cannon of the aduerse part,  
Murther the Foe and saue their walles from breach.  
When this is learn'd for service on the land,  
By plain and easie demonstration,  
Ile teach you how to make the water mount,  
That you may dryfoot martch through lakes & pooles,  
Deep riuers, hauens, creekes, and litle seas,  
And make a Fortresse in the raging waues,  
Inuincible by nature of the place.  
When this is done, then are ye soildiers,  
And worthy sonnes of Tamburlain the great.  

Cal. My Lord, but this is dangerous to be done,  
We may be slaine or wounded ere we learne.  

Tam. Villain, art thou the sonne of Tamburlaine,  
And fear'st to die, or with a Curtle-axe  
To hew thy flesh and make a gaping wound ?  
Hast thou beheld a peale of ordinance strike  
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,  
Whose shattered lims, being tost as high as heauen,  
Hang in the aire as thicke as sunny motes,  
And canst thou Coward stand in feare of death ?  
Hast thou not scene my horsmen charge the foe,  
Shot through the armes, cut ouerthwart the hands,  
Dieng their lances with their streaming blood,  
And yet at night carrouse within my tent,  
Filling their empty vaines with aierly wine,  
That being concocted, turnes to crimson blood,  
And wilt thou shun the field for feare of woundes ?  
View me thy father that hath conquered kings,  
And with his hoste martch round about the earth,  
Quite voide of skars, and cleare from any wound,  
That by the warres lost not a dram of blood,  
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.  

He cuts his arme.
A wound is nothing be it nere so deepe,
Blood is the God of Wars rich liuery.
Now look I like a soouldier, and this wound
As great a grace and maiesty to me,
As if a chaire of gold enamiled,
Enchac'd with Diamondes, Saphyres, Rubies
And fairest pearle of welthie India
Were mounted here vnder a Canapie :
And I sat downe, cloth'd with the massie robe,
That late adorn'd the Affrike Potentate,
Whom I brought bound vnto Damascus walles.

Come boyes and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now my boyes, what think you of a wound ?
   Cal. I know not what I should think of it. Me thinks
tis a pitifull sight.
   Cel. Tis nothing : giue me a wound father.
   Amy. And me another my Lord.
   Tam. Come sirra, giue me your arme.
   Cel. Here father, cut it brauely as you did your own.
   Tam. It shall suffice thou darst abide a wound.
My boy, thou shalt not loose a drop of blood,
Before we meet the armie of the Turke.
But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadlesse of blowes, of bloody wounds and death:
And let the burning of Larissa wals,
My speech of war, and this my wound you see
Teach you my boyes to beare courageous minds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine.
Vsumcasane now come let vs martch
Towards Techelles and Theridamas,
That we haue sent before to fire the townes,
The towers and cities of these hatefull Turks,
And hunt that Coward, faintheart, runaway,
With that accursed traitor Almeda,
Til fire and sword haue found them at a bay.

   Vsu. I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,
That hath betraied my gracious Soueraigne,
That curst and damned Traitor Almeda.
   Tam. Then let vs see if coward Calapine
Dare leuie armes against our puissance,
That we may tread vpon his captiue necke,  
And treble all his fathers slaueries. 

Exeunt.


Techelles, Theridamas and their traine.

Therid. Thus hauee wee martcht Northwarde from Tamburlaine,  
Vnto the frontier point of Soria:  
And this is Balsera their chiefest hold,  
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.  

Tech. Then let vs bring our light Artillery,  
Minions, Fauknets, and Sakars to the trench,  
Filling the ditches with the walles wide breach,  
And enter in, to seaze vpon the gold:  
How say ye Souldiers, Shal we not?  

Soul. Yes, my Lord, yes, come lets about it.  

Ther. But stay a while, summon a parle, Drum,  
It may be they will yeeld it quietly,  
Knowing two kings, the friends to Tamburlain,  
Stand at the walles, with such a mighty power.

Summon the battell. Captaine with his wife and sonne.

Cap. What requier you my maisters?  

Ther. Captaine, that thou yeeld vp thy hold to vs.  

Cap. To you? Why, do you thinke me weary of it?  

Tech. Nay Captain, thou art weary of thy life, If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlain.  

Ther. These Pioners of Argier in Affrica,  
Euen in the cannons face shall raise a hill  
Of earth and fagots higher than thy Fort,  
And ouer thy Argins and couered waies  
Shal play vpon the bulwarks of thy hold  
Volleies of ordinance til the breach be made,  
That with his ruine fils vp all the trench.  
And when we enter in, not heauen it selfe  
Shall ransome thee, thy wife and family.  

Tech. Captaine, these Moores shall cut the leaden pipes,
That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle walles:
That no supply of victuall shall come in,
Nor (any) issue forth, but they shall die:
And therefore Captaine, yeeld it quietly.

Cap. Were you that are the friends of Tamburlain
Brothers to holy Mahomet himselfe,
I would not yeeld it: therefore doo your worst.
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and undermine,
Cut off the water, all convoiues that can,
Yet I am resolute, and so farewell.

(Exeunt.)

Ther. Pioners away, and where I stuck the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed:
Cast vp the earth towards the castle wall,
Which til it may defend you, labour low:
And few or none shall perish by their shot.

Pion. We will my Lord. 

Exeunt.

Tech. A hundred horse shall scout about the plaines
To spie what force comes to relieue the holde.
Both we (Theridamas) wil intrench our men,
And with the Iacobs staffe measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will carie full point blancke vnto their wals.

Ther. Then see the bringing of our ordinance
Along the trench into the battery,
Where we will haue Gabions of sixe foot broad,
To saue our Cannoniers from musket shot,
Betwixt which, shall our ordinance thunder foorth,
And with the breaches fall, smoke, fire, and dust,
The cracke, the Ecchoe and the souldiers crie
Make deafe the aire, and dim the Christall Sky.

Tech. Trumpets and drums, alarum presently,
And souldiers play the men, the hold is yours.

(Exeunt.)

3381 any add. Rob. 3382 quietly] quickly 1606 3383 you
3384 to] of 1592, Rob., Dyce, Bull.
3385 that can] that come Rob.: you can Cunn. 3388 I am] am I
1606 s.d. add. Rob. 3403 into] vnto 1606 3404 gabions
(Scene 4.)

Enter the Captaine with [Olympia] his wife and sonne.

Olym. Come good my Lord, & let vs haste from hence
Along the caue that leads beyond the foe,
No hope is left to saue this conquered hold.

Cap. A deadly bullet gliding through my side,
Lies heavy on my heart, I cannot liue.
I feele my liuer pierc'd and all my vaines,
That there begin and nourish euery part,
Mangled and torne, and all my entrals bath'd
In blood that staineth from their orifex.

Farewell sweet wife, sweet son farewell, I die.

Olym. Death, whether art thou gone that both we liue ?
Come back again (sweet death) & strike vs both:
One minute end our daies, and one sepulcher
Containe our bodies: death, why comm'st thou not ?

Wel, this must be the messenger for thee.
Now vgly death stretch out thy Sable wings,
And carie both our soules, where his remaines.
Tell me sweet boie, art thou content to die ?

These barbarous Scythians full of cruelty,
And Moores, in whom was never pitie found,
Will hew vs peecemeale, put vs to the wheele,
Or els inuent some torture worse than that,
Therefore die by thy louing mothers hand,
Who gently now wil lance thy Iuory throat,
And quickly rid thee both of paine and life.

Son. Mother dispatch me, or Ile kil my selfe,
For think ye I can liue, and see him dead ?
Giu me your knife, (good mother) or strike home:
The Scythians shall not tyrannise on me.

Sweet mother strike, that I may meet my father.

She stabs him.

Olym. Ah sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,
Intreat a pardon of the God of heauen,
And purge my soule before it come to thee.
The bloody Conquests of

Enter Theridamas, Techelles and all their traine.

Ther. How now Madam, what are you doing? 3445
Olim. Killing my selfe, as I haue done my sonne,
Whose body with his fathers I haue burnt,
Least cruell Scythians should dismember him.
Tech. Twas brauely done, and like a souldiers wife.
Thou shalt with vs to Tamburlaine the great,
Who when he heares how resolute thou wert,
Wil match thee with a viceroy or a king.
Olym. My Lord deceast, was dearer vnto me,
Than any Viceroy, King or Emperour,
And for his sake here will I end my daies. 3455
Ther. But Lady goe with vs to Tamburlaine,
And thou shalt see a man greater than Mahomet,
In whose high lookes is much more maiesty
Than from the Concaue superficies
Of Ioues vast pallace the imperiall Orbe,
Vnto the shining bower where Cynthia sits,
Like louely Thetis in a Christall robe:
That treadeth Fortune vnderneath his feete,
And makes the mighty God of armes his slaue:
On whom death and the fatall sisters waite,
With naked swords and scarlet liueries:
Before whom (mounted on a Lions backe)
Rhamnusia beares a helmet ful of blood,
And strowes the way with braines of slaughtered men:
By whose proud side the vgly furies run,
Harkening when he shall bid them plague the world.
Ouer whose Zenith cloth'd in windy aire,
And Eagles wings jo'ned to her feathered breast,
Fame houereth, sounding of her golden Trumpe:
That to the aduerser poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of heauen,
The name of mightie Tamburlain is spread:
And him faire Lady shall thy eies behold.
Come.
Olim. Take pitie of a Ladies ruthfull teares,
That humbly craues vpon her knees to stay,
And cast her bodie in the burning flame,
That feeds vpon her sonnes and husbands flesh.
Tech. Madam, sooner shall fire consume vs both,
Then scorch a face so beautiful as this,
In frame of which, Nature hath shewed more skill,
Than when she gaue eternall Chaos forme,
Drawing from it the shining Lamps of heauen.

_Ther._ Madam, I am so far in loue with you,
That you must goe with vs, no remedy.

_Olin._ Then carie me I care not where you will,
And let the end of this my fatall iourney,
Be likewise end to my accursed life.

_Tech._ No Madam, but the beginning of your ioy,
Come willinglie, therfore.

_Ther._ Souldiers now let vs meet the Generall,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the army of the Turke.
The gold, the siluer, and the pearle ye got,
Rifling this Fort, deuide in equall shares:
This Lady shall haue twice so much againe,
Out of the coffers of our treasurie.

_Exeunt._

_Actus 3. Scæna 5._

_Callepine, Orcanes, Ierusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Almeda,_
_with their traine (and Messenger)._ 

_Messenger._ Renowmed Emperour, mighty Callepine,
Gods great lieftenant ouer all the world:
Here at Alepo with an hoste of men
Lies Tamburlaine, this king of Persea:
In number more than are the quyuering leaues
Of Idas forrest, where your highnesse hounds,
With open crie pursues the wounded Stag:
Who meanes to gyrt Natolias walles with siege,
Fire the towne and ouerrun the land.

_Cal._ My royal army is as great as his,
That from the bounds of Phrigia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waues,
Couers the hils, the valleies and the plaines.
Viceroies and Peeres of Turky play the men,
Whet all your swords to mangle Tamburlain,
His sonnes, his Captaines and his followers,  
By Mahomet not one of them shal liue.  
The field wherin this battaile shall be fought,  
For euer terme, the Perseans sepulchre,  
In memorie of this our victory.  

Orc. Now, he that cals himself the scourge of Ioue,  
The Emperour of the world, and earthly God,  
Shal end the warlike progresse he intends,  
And trauiele hedlong to the lake of hell:  
Where legions of deuils (knowing he must die  
Here in Natolia, by your highnesse hands)  
All brandishing their brands of quenchlesse fire,  
Streching their monstrovs pawes, grin with their teeth,  
And guard the gates to entertaine his soule.  

Cal. Tel me Viceroies the number of your men,  
And what our Army royall is esteem’d.  

Ier. From Palestina and Ierusalem,  
Of Hebrewes, three score thousand fighting men  
Are come since last we shewed your maiesty.  

Orc. So from Arabia desart, and the bounds  
Of that sweet land, whose braue Metropolis  
Reedified the faire Semyramis,  
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,  
Since last we numbred to your Maiesty.  

Treb. From Trebizon in Asia the lesse,  
Naturalized Turks and stout Bythinians  
Came to my bands full fifty thousand more,  
That fighting, knowes not what retreat doth meane,  
Nor ere returne but with the victory,  
Since last we numbred to your maiesty.  

Sor. Of Sorians from Halla is repair’d  
And neighbor cities of your highnesse land,  
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,  
Since last we numbred to your maistie:  
So that the Army royall is esteem’d  
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.  

Callep. Then welcome Tamburlaine vnto thy death.  
Come puissant Viceroies, let vs to the field,  
(The Perseans Sepulchre) and sacrifice  
Mountaines of breathlesse men to Mahomet,
Who now with Ioue opens the firmament,
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

**Tamburlaine with his three sonnes, Vsumcasane with other.**

*Tam.* How now Casane? See a knot of kings, 3560
Sitting as if they were a telling ridles.

*Vsu.* My Lord, your presence makes them pale and wan.
Poore soules they looke as if their deaths were neere.

*Tamb.* Why, so he is Casane, I am here,
But yet Ile saue their liues and make them slaues. 3565
Ye petty kings of Turkye I am come,
As Hector did into the Grecian campe,
To ouerdare the pride of Gracia,
And set his warlike person to the view
Of fierce Achilles, riuall of his fame. 3570
I doe you honor in the simile,
For if I should as Hector did Achilles,
(The worthiest knight that euer brandisht sword)
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
And fly my gloue as from a Scorpion.

*Orc.* Now thou art fearfull of thy armies strength,
Thou wouldst with ouermatch of person fight,
But Shepheards issue, base borne Tamburlaine,
Thinke of thy end, this sword shall lance thy throat. 3580

*Tamb.* Villain, the shepheards issue, at whose byrth
Heauen did affoord a gratious aspect,
And ioin'd those stars that shall be opposite,
Euen till the dissolution of the world,
And neuer meant to make a Conquerour,
So famous as is mighty Tamburlain:
Shall so torment thee and that Callapine,
That like a roguish runaway, suborn'd
That villaine there, that slaue, that Turkish dog,
To false his seruice to his Soueraigne, 3590
As ye shall curse the byrth of Tamburlaine.

*Cal.* Raile not proud Scythian, I shall now reuenge
My fathers vile abuses and mine owne.

*Ter.* By Mahomet he shal be tied in chaines,
Rowing with Christians in a Brigandine,
About the Grecian Isles to rob and spoile:

3559 S.D. others 1592 3563 death Cunn. 3564 Why]
And Rob., Cunn., Bull he it 1606, Rob. 3586 is] the 1606

III. v. 3558–3596
And turne him to his ancient trade againe.
Me thinks the slaue should make a lusty theefe.
   Cal. Nay, when the battaile ends, al we wil meet,
And sit in councell to inuent some paine,
That most may vex his body and his soule.
   Tam. Sirha, Callapine, Ile hang a clogge about your necke
for running away againe, you shall not trouble me
thus to come and fetch you.
But as for you (Viceroy) you shal haue bits,
And hardnest like my horses, draw my coch:
And when ye stay, be lasht with whips of wier,
Ile haue you learene to feed on prouander,
   And in a stable lie vpon the planks.
   Orc. But Tamburlaine, first thou shalt kneele to vs
And humbly craue a pardon for thy life.
   Treb. The common soulidiers of our mighty hoste
Shal bring thee bound vnto the Generals tent.
   Sor. And all haue jointly sworne thy cruell death,
Or bind thee in eternall torments wrath.
   Tam. Wel sirs, diet your selues, you knowe I shall haue
occasion shortly to iourney you.
   Cel. See father, how Almeda the Taylor lookes vpon vs.
   Tam. Villaine, traitor, damned fugitiue,
Ile make thee wish the earth had swallowed thee:
Goe villaine, cast thee headlong from a rock,
Or rip thy bowels, and rend out thy heart,
T' appease my wrath, or els Ile torture thee,
Searing thy hatefull flesh with burning yrons,
And drops of scalding lead, while all thy joints
Be rackt and beat asunder with the wheele,
For if thou liuest, not any Element
Shal shrowde thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.
   Cal. Wel, in despight of thee he shall be king:
Come Almeda, receiue this crowne of me.
I here inuest thee king of Ariadan,
Bordering on Mare Roso neere to Meca.
   Or. What, take it man.
   Al. Good my Lord, let me take it.
   Cal. Doost thou aske him leaue? Here, take it.
Tam. Go too sirha, take your crown, and make vp the halfe dozen. So sirha, now you are a king you must giue armes.

Or. So he shal, and weare thy head in his Scutchion.

Tamb. No, let him hang a bunch of keies on his standard, to put him in remembrance he was a Tailor, that when I take him, I may knocke out his braines with them, and lock you in the stable, when you shall come sweating from my chariot.

Treb. Away, let vs to the field, that the villaine may be slaine.

Tamb. Sirha, prepare whips, and bring my chariot to my Tent: For as soone as the battaile is done, Ie ride in triumph through the Camp.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, and their traine.

How now ye pety kings, loe, here are Bugges
Wil make the haire stand vpright on your heads,
And cast your crownes in slaery at their feet.
Welcome Theridamas and Techelles both,
See ye this rout, and know ye this same king?

Tamb. I, my Lord, he was Calapines keeper.

Tamb. Wel, now you see hee is a king, looke to him Theridamas, when we are fighting, least hee hide his crowne as the foolish king of Persea did.

Sor. No Tamburlaine, hee shall not be put to that Exigent, I warrant thee.

Tam. You knowe not sir:
But now my followers and my louing friends,
Fight as you euer did, like Conquerours,
The glorie of this happy day is yours:
My sterne aspect shall make faire Victory,
Houering betwixt our armies, light on me,
Loden with Lawrell wreathes to crowne vs all.

Tech. I smile to think, how when this field is fought,
And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat
With carrieng pearle and treasure on their backes.

Tamb. You shall be princes all immediatly:
Come fight ye Turks, or yeeld vs victory.

Or. No, we wil meet thee slauish Tamburlain.

Exeunt.
Actus 4. Scæna I.

Alarme: Amyras and Celebinus issues from the tent where Caliphas sits a sleepe.

(Amyras.) Now in their glories shine the golden crownes Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns That halfe dismay the majesty of heauen: Now brother, follow we our fathers sword, That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts, And cuts down armies with his conquering swings.

Cel. Call foorth our laisie brother from the tent, For if my father misse him in the field, Wrath kindled in the furnace of his breast, Wil send a deadly lightening to his heart.

Amy. Brother, ho, what, giuen so much to sleep You cannot leave it, when our enemies drums And ratling cannons thunder in our eares Our proper ruine, and our fathers foile?

Cal. Away ye fools, my father needs not me, Nor you in faith, but that you wil be thought More childish valourous than manly wise: If halfe our campe should sit and sleepe with me, My father were enough to scar the foe: You doo dishonor to his majesty, To think our helps will doe him any good.

Amy. What, dar'st thou then be absent from the fight, Knowing my father hates thy cowardise, And oft hath warn'd thee to be stil in field, When he himselfe amidst the thickest troopes Beats downe our foes to flesh our taintlesse swords.

Cal. I know sir, what it is to kil a man, It works remorse of conscience in me, I take no pleasure to be murtherous, Nor care for blood when wine wil quench my thirst.

Cel. O cowardly boy, fie for shame, come foorth. Thou doost dishonor manhood, and thy house.

Cal. Goe, goe tall stripling, fight you for vs both, And take my other toward brother here, For person like to prooue a second Mars,
Twill please my mind as wel to heare both you
Haue won a heape of honor in the field,
And left your slender carkasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company.

Amy. You wil not goe then?
Cal. You say true.

Amy. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona mundi,
That fill the midst of farthest Tartary,
Turn’d into pearle and proffered for my stay,
He comes and findes his sonnes haue had no shares
In all the honors he propos’d for vs.

Cal. Take you the honor, I will take my ease,
My wisedome shall excuse my cowardise:
I goe into the field before I need?

Alarme, and Amy. and Celeb. run in.

The bullets fly at random where they list.
And should I goe and kill a thousand men,
I were as soone rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far than he that neuer fights.
And should I goe and do nor harme nor good,
I might haue harme, which all the good I haue
Ioin’d with my fathers crowne would neuer cure.
Ile to cardes: Perdicas.

(Enter Perdicas.)

Perd. Here my Lord.
Cal. Come, thou and I wil goe to cardes to driue away the time.

Per. Content my Lord, but what shal we play for?
Cal. Who shal kisse the fairest of the Turkes Con-cubines first, when my father hath conquered them.

Per. Agreed yfaith.

They play.

Cal. They say I am a coward, (Perdicas) and I feare as litle their tara, tantaras, their swordes or their cannons, as I doe a naked Lady in a net of golde, and for feare I should be affraid, would put it off and come to bed with me.
The bloody Conquests of

Per. Such a feare (my Lord) would neuer make yee retire. 3745

Cal. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battaile once, to trie my valour.

Alarime.

What a coyle they keepe, I beleue there will be some hurt done anon amongst them.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Tamburlain, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Amyras, Celebinus, leading the Turkish kings.

Tam. See now ye slaues, my children stoops your pride And leads your glories sheep-like to the sword. 3751
Bring them my boyes, and tel me if the warres Be not a life that may illustrate Gods,
And tickle not your Spirits with desire Stil to be train'd in armes and chialry ?

Amy. Shal we let goe these kings again my Lord To gather greater numbers gainst our power, That they may say, it is not chance doth this, But matchlesse strength and magnanimitie ?

Tamb. No, no Amyras, tempt not Fortune so, Cherish thy valour stil with fresh supplies : And glut it not with stale and daunted foes. But wher's this coward, villaine, not my sonne, But traitor to my name and maiesty.

He goes in and brings him out.

Image of sloth, and picture of a slaue, 3765
The obloquie and skorne of my renowne,
How may my hart, thus fired with mine eies, Wounded with shame, and kill'd with discontent,
Shrowd any thought may holde my striuing hands From martiall iustice on thy wretched soule. 3770

Ther. Yet pardon him I pray your Maiestie.

Tech. & Vsu. Let al of vs intreat your highnesse pardon.

Tam. Stand vp, ye base vnworthy souldiers,
Know ye not yet the argument of Armes ?

Amy. Good my Lord, let him be forgiuen for once, 3775
And we wil force him to the field hereafter.

Tam. Stand vp my boyes, and I wil teach ye arms,
And what the iealousie of warres must doe.  
O Samarcanda, where I breathed first,
And ioy'd the fire of this martiall flesh,
Blush, blush faire citie, at thine honors foile,
And shame of nature which Iaertis streame,
Embracing thee with deepest of his loue,
Can neuer wash from thy distained bровes.
Here loue, receive his fainting soule againe,
A Forme not meet to giue that subiect essence,
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine,
Wherein an incorporeall spirit mooues,
Made of the mould whereof thy selfe consists,
Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to leuie power against thy throne,
That I might mooue the turning Sphareas of heauen,
For earth and al this aery region
Cannot containe the state of Tamburlaine.

(Stabs Calyphas.)

By Mahomet, thy mighty friend I sweare,
In sending to my issue such a soule,
Created of the massy dregges of earth,
The scum and tartar of the Elements,
Wherein was neither corrage, strength or wit,
But follie, sloth, and damned idlenesse:
Thou hast procur'd a greater enemie,
Than he that darted mountaines at thy head,
Shaking the burthen mighty Atlas beares:
Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the aire,
Cloth'd with a pitchy cloud for being scene.
And now ye cankred curres of Asia,
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the Sun.
Now you shal feele the strength of Tamburlaine,
And by the state of his supremacie,
Approoue the difference twixt himself and you.

Ore. Thou shewest the difference twixt our selues and thee
In this thy barbarous damned tyranny.

Ier. Thy victories are growne so violent,
That shortly heauen, fild with the meteors
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies haue made,
Will pour down blood and fire on thy head:
Whose scalding drops wilt pierce thy seething braines,
And with our bloods, revenge our bloods on thee.

Tamb. Villaines, these terrours and these tyrannies
(If tyrannies wars justice ye repute)
I execute, enioin'd me from aboue:
To scourge the pride of such as heauen abhors,
Nor am I made Arch-monark of the world,
Crown'd and invested by the hand of Ioue,
For deeds of bounty or nobility:
But since I exercise a greater name,
The Scourge of God and terrour of the world,
I must apply my selfe to fit those tearmes,
In war, in blood, in death, in crueltie,
And plague such Pesants as resist in me
The power of heauens eternall majesty.

Theridamas, Techetles, and Casane,
Ransacke the tents and the pavilions
Of these proud Turks, and take their Concubines,
Making them burie this effeminate brat,
For not a common Souldier shall defile
His manly f ingers with so faint a boy.
Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
And Ile dispose them as it likes me best,
Meane while take him in.

Soul. We will my Lord.

<Exeunt with the body of Calyphas.>

Ier. O damned monster, nay a Feend of Hell,
Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
Nor yet imposd with such a bitter hate.

Orc. Reuenge it Radamanth and Bacus,
And let your hates extended in his paines,
Expell the hate wherewith he paines our soules.

Treb. May neuer day giue vertue to his eies,
Whose sight composde of furie and of fire
Doth send such sterne affections to his heart.

Sor. May neuer spirit, vaine or Artier feed
The cursed substance of that cruel heart,
But (wanting moisture and remorsefull blood)
Drie vp with anger, and consume with heat.


iv. i. 3817–3855
**Tam.** Wel, bark ye dogs. Ile bridle al your tongues
And bind them close with bits of burnisht steele,
Downe to the channels of your hatefull throats,
And with the paines my rigour shall inflict,
Ile make ye roare, that earth may eccho foorth
The far resounding torments ye sustaine,
As when an heard of lusty Cymbrian Buls,
Run mourning round about the Femals misse,
And stung with furie of their following,
Fill all the aire with troubous bellowing:
I will with Engines, neuer exercise,
Conquer, sacke, and ytterly consume
Your cities and your golden pallaces,
And with the flames that beat against the clowdes
Incense the heauens, and make the starres to melt,
As if they were the teares of Mahomet
For hot consumption of his countries pride:
And til by vision, or by speach I heare
Immortall Ioue say, Cease my Tamburlaine,
I will persist a terroure to the world,
Making the Meteors, that like armed men
Are seene to march vpon the towers of heauen,
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And breake their burning Lances in the aire,
For honor of my woondrous victories.
Come bring them in to our Paullion.

**Exeunt.**

### Actus 4. Scæna 2.

**Olympia alone.**

(Olympia.) Distrest Olympia, whose weeping cies
Since thy arriuall here beheld no Sun,
But closde within the compasse of a tent,
Hath stain’d thy cheeke, & made thee look like death,
Deuise some meanes to rid thee of thy life,
Rather than yeeld to his detested suit,
Whose drift is onely to dishonor thee.
And since this earth, dew’d with thy brinish teares,
Affoords no hearbs, whose taste may poison thee,
Nor yet this aier, beat often with thy sighes,

3860 ye] you 1606  3881 into 1606  3883 beheld 1590, Rob.,
conj. Dyce, Wag.: beholde 1592, 1606, Dyce to Bull.  3884 a] the
1592, Rob., Cunn.

iv. i. 3856–3881—ii. 3882–3891
Contagious smels, and vapors to infect thee,
Nor thy close Caue a sword to murther thee,
Let this inuention be the instrument.

Enter Theridamas.

The. Wel met Olympia, I sought thee in my tent
But when I saw the place obscure and darke,
Which with thy beauty thou wast woont to light,
Enrag’d, I ran about the fields for thee,
Supposing amorous Ioue had sent his sonne,
The winged Hermes, to conuay thee hence:
But now I finde thee, and that feare is past.
Tell me Olympia, wilt thou graunt my suit?

Olym. My Lord and husbandes death, with my sweete sons,
With whom I buried al affections,
Saue griefe and sorrow which torment my heart,
Forbids my mind to entertaine a thought
That tends to loue, but meditate on death,
A fitter subject for a pensiue soule.

Ther. Olympia, pitie him, in whom thy looks
Haue greater operation and more force
Than Cynthia in the watery wildernes,
For with thy view my ioyes are at the full,
And eb againe, as thou departst from me.

Olim. Ah, pity me my Lord, and draw your sword,
Making a passage for my troubled soule,
Which beates against this prison to get out,
And meet my husband and my louing sonne.

Ther. Nothing, but stil thy husband and thy sonne?
Leaue this my Loue, and listen more to me,
Thou shalt be stately Queene of faire Argier,
And cloth’d in costly cloath of massy gold,
Vpon the marble turrets of my Court
Sit like to Venus in her chaire of state,
Commanding all thy princely eie desires,
And I will cast off armes and sit with thee,
Spending my life in sweet discourse of loue.

Olym. No such discourse is pleasant in mine eares,
But that where euery period ends with death,
And euery line begins with death againe:
I cannot loue to be an Emperesse.
Ther. Nay Lady, then if nothing wil preuaile, Ile vse some other means to make you yeeld, Such is the sodaine fury of my loue, I must and wil be pleasde, and you shall yeeld: Come to the tent againe.

Olym. Stay good my Lord, and wil you saue my honor, Ile giue your Grace a present of such price, As all the world cannot affoord the like.

Ther. What is it?

Olym. An ointment which a cunning Alcumist Distilled from the purest Balsamum, And simplest extracts of all Minerals, In which the essentiall fourme of Marble stone, Tempered by science metaphisicall, And Spels of magicke from the mouthes of spirits, With which if you but noint your tender Skin, Nor Pistol, Sword, nor Lance can pierce your flesh.

Ther. Why Madam, thinke ye to mocke me thus palpably?

Olim. To prooue it, I wil noint my naked throat, Which when you stab, looke on your weapons point, And you shall se't rebated with the blow.

Ther. Why gaue you not your husband some of it, If you loued him, and it so precious?

Olym. My purpose was (my Lord) to spend it so, But was preuented by his sodaine end. And for a present easie proofe hereof, That I dissemble not, trie it on me.

Ther. I wil Olympia, and will keep it for The richest present of this Easterne world.

She noints her throat.

Olym. Now stab my Lord, and mark your weapons point That wil be blunted if the blow be great.

Ther. Here then Olympia.

(Stabs her.)

What, haue I slaine her? Villaine, stab thy selfe: Cut off this arme that murthered my Loue: In whom the learned Rabies of this age Might find as many woondrous myracles,
As in the Theoria of the world.
Now Hell is fairer than Elisian,
A greater Lamp than that bright eie of heauen,
From whence the starres doo borrow all their light,
Wanders about the black circumference,
And now the damned soules are free from paine,
For every Fury gazeth on her lookes:
Infernall Dis is courting of my Loue,
Inuenting maskes and stately showes for her,
Opening the doores of his rich treasurie,
To entertaine this Queene of chastitie,
Whose body shall be tomb'd with all the pompe
The treasure of my kingdome may affoord.
Exit, taking her away.

Actus 4. Scæna 3.

Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot by Trebizon and Soria
with bittes in their mouthes, reines in his left hand, in
his right hand a whip, with which he scourgeth them.
Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, Amyras, Cele-inus: Natolia, and Ierusalem led by with fiue or
six common souldiers.

Tam. Holla, ye pampered Iades of Asia:
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And haue so proud a chariot at your heeles,
And such a Coachman as great Tamburlaine?
But from Asphaltis, where I conquer'd you,
To Byron here where thus I honor you?
The horse that guide the golden eie of heauen,
And blow the morning from their nosterils,
Making their fiery gate aboue the cloudes,
Are not so honoured in their Gouernour,
As you (ye slaues) in mighty Tamburlain.
The headstrong Iades of Thrace, Alcides tam'd,
That King Egeus fed with humaine flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdew'd with valour more diuine,
Than you by this vnconquered arme of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shal be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drinke in pailes the strongest Muscadell:
If you can liue with it, then liue, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking cloudes:
If not, then dy like beasts, and fit for nought
But perches for the black and fatal Rauens.
Thus am I right the Scourge of highest Ioue,
And see the figure of my dignitie,
By which I hold my name and majesty.

Ami. Let me haue coach my Lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawn with these two idle kings.

Tam. Thy youth forbids such ease my kingly boy,
They shall to morrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow kings may be refresht.

Orc. O thou that swaiest the region vnder earth,
And art a king as absolute as Ioue,
Come as thou didst in fruitfull Scicilie,
Suruaieng all the glories of the land:
And as thou took'st the faire Proserpina,
Ioying the fruit of Ceres garden plot,
For loue, for honor, and to make her Queene,
So for iust hate, for shame, and to subdew
This proud contemner of thy dreadfull power,
Come once in furie and suruay his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.

Ther. Your Maiesty must get some byts for these,
To bridle their contemtuous cursing tongues,
That like vnruuly neuer broken Iades,
Breake through the hedges of their hateful mouthes,
And passe their fixed boundes exceedingly.

Tech. Nay, we wil break the hedges of their mouths
And pul their kicking colts out of their pastures.

Vsu. Your Maiesty already hath devise
come a meane, as fit as may be to restraine
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.

Cel. How like you that sir king? why speak you not?

Ier. Ah cruel Brat, sprung from a tyrants loines,
How like his cursed father he begins,
To practize tauntes and bitter tyrannies?

Tam. I Turke, I tel thee, this same Boy is he,
That must (aduaunst in higher pompe than this)
Rifle the kingdomes I shall leaue vnsackt.
If Ioue esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me to match the faire Aldeboran,
Aboue the threefold Astracisme of heauen,
Before I conquere all the triple world.
Now fetch me out the Turkish Concubines,
I will prefer them for the funerall
They haue bestowed on my abortiue sonne.

The Concubines are brought in.

Where are my common souldiers now that fought
So Lion-like vpon Asphaltis plaines?
    Soul. Here my Lord.
    Tam. Hold ye tal souldiers, take ye Queens apeeece
(I meane such Queens as were kings Concubines)
    Tam. Take them, deuide them and their iewels too,
    Soul. And let them equally serue all your turnes.
    Tam. Brawle not (I warne you) for your lechery,
    Soul. For euery man that so offends shall die.
    Orc. Inurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame
The hatefull fortunes of thy victory,
To exercise vpon such guiltlesse Dames
    Tam. Liue continent then (ye slaues) and meet not me
With troopes of harlots at your sloothful heeles.
    Lad. O pity vs my Lord, and saue our honour.
    Tam. Are ye not gone ye villaines with your spoiles?

They run away with the Ladies.
    Ier. O mercilesse infernall cruelty.
    Tam. Saue your honours? twere but time indeed,
Lost long before you knew what honour meant.
    Ther. It seemes they meant to conquer vs my Lord,
And make vs ieasting Pageants for their Trulles.
    Tam. And now themselues shall make our Pageant,
And common souldiers iest with all their Truls,
    Tam. Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoiles,
    Ther. Till we prepare our marctch to Babylon,
Whether we next make expedition.
    Tech. Let vs not be idle then my Lord,
But presently be prest to conquer it.
    Tam. We wil Techelles, forward then ye Iades:
Now crowch ye kings of greatest Asia,
And tremble when ye heare this Scourge wil come,
That whips downe cities, and controwleth crownes,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store.  

The Euxine sea North to Natolia,
The Terrene west, the Caspian north north-east,
And on the south Senus Arabicus,
Shal al be loden with the martiall spoiles
We will conuay with vs to Persea.
Then shal my native city Samarcanda
And christall waues of fresh Laerlis streame,
The pride and beautie of her princely seat,
Be famous through the furthest continents,
For there my Pallace royal shal be plac’d:
Whose shyning Turrets shal dismay the heauens,
And cast the fame of Ilions Tower to hell.
Thorow the streets with troops of conquered kings,
Ile ride in golden armour like the Sun,
And in my helme a triple plume shal spring,
Spangled with Diamonds dancing in the aire,
To note me Emperour of the three fold world,
Like to an almond tree ymounted high,
Vpon the lofty and celestiall mount,
Of euer greene Selinus queintly dect
With bloomes more white than Hericinas browes,
Whose tender blossoms tremble euery one,
At euery little breath that thorow heauen is blowen:
Then in my coach like Saturnes royal son,
Mounted his shining chariot, gilt with fire,
And drawn with princely Eagles through the path,
Pau’d with bright Christall, and enchac’d with starres,
When all the Gods stand gazing at his pomp.
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
Vntil my soule disseuered from this flesh,
Shall mount the milk-white way and meet him there.
To Babylon my Lords, to Babylon.

Finis Actus quarti.
Actus 5. Scæna i.

Enter the Gouernour of Babylon vpon the walles with (Maximus and) others.

Gouer. What saith Maximus?
Max. My Lord, the breach the enimie hath made
Gives such assurance of our ouerthrow,
That little hope is left to saue our liues,
Or hold our citie from the Conquerours hands.
Then hang out flagges (my Lord) of humble truce,
And satisfie the peoples generall praiers,
That Tamburlains intollerable wrath
May be supprest by our submission.

Gou. Villaine, respects thou more thy slauish life,
Than honor of thy countrie or thy name?
Is not my life and state as deere to me,
The citie and my native countries weale,
As any thing of price with thy conceit?
Haue we not hope, for all our battered walles,
To liue secure, and keep his forces out,
When this our famous lake of Limnasphaltis
Makes walles a fresh with euery thing that falles
Into the liquid substance of his streame,
More strong then are the gates of death or hel?
What faintnesse should dismay our courages,
When we are thus defenc’d against our Foe,
And haue no terrour but his threatening lookes?

Enter another, kneeling to the Gouernour.

(Citizen.) My Lord, if euer you did deed of ruth,
And now will work a refuge to our liues,
Offer submission, hang vp flags of truce,
That Tamburlaine may pitie our distresse,
And vse vs like a louing Conquerour,
Though this be held his last daies dreadfull siege,
Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,
Whose state he euer pitied and relieu’d:
Wil get his pardon if your grace would send.
Gouer. How is my soule environed,
And this eternisde citie Babylon,
Fill'd with a packe of faintheart Fugitiues,
That thus intreat their shame and seruitude?

Another. My Lord, if euer you wil win our hearts, 4150
Yeeld vp the towne, saue our wifes and children:
For I wil cast my selfe from off these walles,
Or die some death of quickest violence,
Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.

Gouer. Villaines, cowards, Traitors to our state, 4155
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of Hel,
That legions of tormenting spirits may vex
Your slauish bosomes with continuall paines,
I care not, nor the towne will neuer yeeld
As long as any life is in my breast.

Enter Theridamas and Techelles, with other souldiers.

(Theridamas.) Thou desperate Gouernour of Babylon,
To saue thy life, and vs a litle labour,
Yeeld speedily the citie to our hands,
Or els be sure thou shalt be forc'd with paines,
More exquisite than euer Traitor felt.

Gou. Tyrant, I turne the traitor in thy throat,
And wil defend it in despight of thee.
Call vp the souldiers to defend these wals.

Tech. Yeeld foolish Gouernour, we offer more
Than euer yet we did to such proud slaues,
As durst resist vs till our third daies siege:
Thou seest vs prest to giue the last assault,
And that shal bide no more regard of parlie.

Gou. Assault and spare not, we wil neuer yeeld.

Alarme, and they scale the walles.

Enter Tamburlain, (drawn in his chariot by the kings of Trebizon and Soria; Amyras, Celebinus, Usumcasane; Orcanes king of Natolia, and the king of Ierusalem, led by soldiers; and others.)

Tam. The stately buildings of faire Babylon,

4146 How] Alas (or Ay me) how conj. Wag. environed with cares conj. Broughton, Bull. : environed with grief conj. Dyce 1 4150 Prefix Sec. Cit. Dyce you ye 1592, Rob., Cunn. 4151 saue 1606 etc. 4161 Prefix add. Rob. 4168-4224 These lines are missing from the Bodleian copy of 1590, owing to the loss of leaf 'K 3'. Text follows Chatsworth copy. 4174 s.d. drawn . and others Dyce etc.: with Vsumcasane, Amyras, and Celebinus, with others, the two spare kings 1590-1606

v. i. 4146-4175
Whose lofty Pillers, higher than the cloudes,
Were woont to guide the seaman in the deepe,
Being caried thither by the cannons force,
Now fill the mouth of Limnasphaltes lake,
And make a bridge vnto the battered walles.

Where Belus, Ninus and great Alexander
Have rode in triumph, triumphs Tamburlaine,
Whose chariot wheeles haue burst th' Assirians bones,
Now in the place where faire Semiramis,
Courted by kings and peeres of Asia,
Hath trode the Measures, do my souldiers march,
And in the streets, where braue Assirian Dames
Haue rid in pome like rich Saturnia,
With furious words and frowning visages,
My horsmen brandish their vnruuly blades.

Enter Theridamas and Techelles bringing the Gouvernor of Babylon.

Who haue ye there my Lordes?

Ther. The sturdy Gouernour of Babylon,
That made vs all the labour for the towne,
And vsde such slender reckning of your majesty.

Tam. Go bind the villaine, he shall hang in chaines,
Vpon the ruines of this conquered towne.
Sirha, the view of our vermilion tents,
Which threatned more than if the region
Next vnderneath the Element of fire,
Were full of Commets and of blazing stars,
Whose flaming traines should reach down to the earth
Could not affright you, no, nor I my selfe,
The wrathfull messenger of mighty Ioue,
That with his sword hath quail'd all earthly kings,
Could not persuade you to submission,
But stil the ports were shut : villaine I say,
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,
The triple headed Cerberus would howle,
And wake blacke Ioue to crouch and kneele to me,
But I haue sent volleies of shot to you,
Yet could not enter till the breach was made.

Gou. Nor if my body could haue stopt the breach,
Shouldst thou haue entred, cruel Tamburlaine:

4195 of] for 1606 4205 quell'd Rob. 4210 wake] make 1606,
Dyce*, Wag.

v. i. 4176-4214
Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yeeld,
Nor yet thy selfe, the anger of the highest,
For though thy cannon shooke the citie walles,
My heart did neuer quake, or corrage faint.

_Tam._ Wel, now Ile make it quake, go draw him vp,
Hang him vp in chaines vpon the citie walles,
And let my souldiers shoot the slaue to death.

_Gouern._ Vile monster, borne of some infernal' hag,
And sent from hell to tyrannise on earth,
Do all thy wurst, nor death nor Tamburlaine,
Torture or paine can daunt my dreadlesse minde.

_Tam._ Vp with him then, his body shalbe scard.

_Gou._ But Tamburlain, in Lymnasphaltis lake,
There lies more gold than Babylon is worth,
Which when the citie was besieg'd I hid,
Saue but my life and I wil giue it thee.

_Tam._ Then for all your valour, you would saue your life.
Where about lies it?

_Gou._ Vnder a hollow bank, right opposite
Against the Westerne gate of Babylon.

_Tam._ Go thither some of you and take his gold,
The rest forward with execution.
Away with him hence, let him speake no more:
I think I make your courage something quaile.
When this is done, we'll martch from Babylon,
And make our greatest haste to Persea:
These Iades are broken winded, and halfe tyr'd,
Vnharnesse them, and let me haue fresh horse:
So, now their best is done to honour me,
Take them, and hang them both vp presently.

_Tre._ Vild Tyrant, barbarous bloody Tamburlain.

_Tamb._ Take them away Theridamas, see them dispatcht.

_Ther._ I will my Lord.

(Exit with the Kings of Trebizon and Soria.)

_Tam._ Come Asian Viceroies, to your taskes a while
And take such fortune as your fellowes felt.

_Orc._ First let thy Scythyan horse teare both our limmes
Rather then we should draw thy chariot,
And like base slaes abiect our princely mindes
To vile and ignominious seruitude.

_Ier._ Rather lend me thy weapon Tamburlain,
That I may sheath it in this breast of mine,
A thousand deathes could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this dooth vexe our soules.
Amy. They will talk still my Lord, if you doe not bridle
them.
Tam. Bridle them, and let me to my coach.
They bridle them.

(The Governor of Babylon appears hanging in chains on the
walls. Re-enter Theridamas.)

Amy. See now my Lord how braue the Captaine hangs.
Tam. Tis braue indeed my boy, wel done,
Shoot first my Lord, and then the rest shall follow.
Ther. Then haue at him to begin withall.

Theridamas shootes.

Gou. Yet saue my life, and let this wound appease
The mortall furie of great Tamburlain.
Tam. No, though Asphaltis lake were liquid gold,
And offer'd me as ransome for thy life,
Yet shouldst thou die, shoot at him all at once.

They shoote.

So now he hangs like Bagdets Gouernour,
Hauing as many bullets in his flesh,
As there be breaches in her battered wall.
Goe now and bind the Burghers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the cities lake:
Tartars and Perseans shall inhabitt there,
And to command the citie, I will build

A Cytadell, that all Affrica
Which hath bene subject to the Persean king,
Shall pay me tribute for, in Babylon.

Tech. What shal be done with their wiues and children
my Lord.

Tam. Techelles, drowne them all, man, woman, and
child,
Leaue not a Babylonian in the towne.

Tech. I will about it straight, come Souldiers. Exit.

Tam. Now Casane, wher's the Turkish Alcaron,
And all the heapes of supersticious bookes,
Found in the Temples of that Mahomet,
Whom I haue thought a God? they shal be burnt.

4259+s.d. The. Theridamas add. Dyce. 4276 Cytadell] lofty
v. i. 4255-4287
Cas. Here they are my Lord.

Tam. Wel said, let there be a fire presently.  

(They light a fire.)

In vaine I see men worship Mahomet.

My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell,
Slew all his Priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
And yet I liue vnought by Mahomet:
There is a Gcd full of reuenging wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,
Whose Scourge I am, and him will I obey
So Casane, fling them in the fire.

(They burn the books.)

Now Mahomet, if thou haue any power,
Come downe thy selve and worke a myracle,
Thou art not worthy to be worshipped,
That suffers flames of fire to burne the writ
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.
Why send'st thou not a furious whyrlwind downe,
To blow thy Alcaron vp to thy throne,
Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himselfe,
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlain,
That shakes his sword against thy maiesty,
And spurns the Abstracts of thy foolish lawes.
Wel soldiery, Mahomet remains in hell,
He cannot heare the voice of Tamburlain,
Seeke out another Godhead to adore,
The God that sits in heauen, if any God,
For he is God alone, and none but he.

(Re-enter Techelles.)

Tech. I haue fulfil'd your highnes wil, my Lord,
Thousands of men drown'd in Asphaltis Lake,
Haue made the water swell aboue the bankes,
And fishes fed by humaine carkasses,
Amasde, swim vp and downe vpon the waues,
As when they swallow Assafitida,
Which makes them fleet aloft and gaspe for aire.

Tam. Wel then my friendly Lordes, what now remains
But that we leaue sufficient garrison
And presently depart to Persea,
To triumph after all our victories.  

_Ther._ I, good my Lord, let vs in hast to Persea,  
And let this Captaine be remou'd the walles,  
To some high hill about the citie here.  

_Tam._ Let it be so, about it souldiers:
But stay, I feele my selfe distempered sudainly.  

_Tech._ What is it dares distemper Tamburlain?  

_Tam._ Something Techelles, but I know not what,
But foorth ye vassals, what so ere it be,
Sicknes or death can neuer conquer me.  

_Exeunt._

_Actus 5. Scæna 2._

_Enter Callapine, Amasia, with drums and trumpets._

_Callap._ King of Amasia, now our mighty hoste,
Marcheth in _Asia maior_, where the streames,  
Of _Euphrates_ and _Tigris_ swiftly runs,
And here may we behold great Babylon,
Circled about with _Limnasphalit_ Lake,
Where _Tamburlaine_ with all his armie lies,
Which being faint and weary with the siege,
Wee may lie ready to encounter him,
Before his hoste be full from Babylon,
And so reuenge our latest grieuous losse,
If God or _Mahomet_ send any aide.  

_Ama._ Doubt not my lord, but we shal conquer him.
The Monster that hath drunke a sea of blood,
And yet gapes stil for more to quench his thirst,
Our Turkish swords shal headlong send to hell,
And that vile Carkasse drawne by warlike kings,
The Foules shall eate, for neuer sepulchre
Shall grace that base-borne Tyrant _Tamburlaine._

_Call._ When I record my Parents slauishe life,
Their cruel death, mine owne captiuity,
My Viceroyes bondage vnder _Tamburlaine_,
Me thinks I could sustaine a thousand deaths,
To be reueng'd of all his Villanie.
Ah sacred _Mahomet_, thou that hast seene
Millions of Turkes perish by _Tamburlaine_,
Kingdomes made waste, braue cities sackt & burnt,  

4325 in om. 1606  4332 so ere] soeuer 1606  4337 may we] we  
may 1606, Rob., Cunn.  4351 that] this 1592, Dyce to Bull.  

v. i. 4323-4333—ii. 4334-4359
And but one hoste is left to honor thee:
Aid thy obedient seruant Callapine,
And make him after all these ouerthrowes,
To triumph ouer cursed Tamburlaine.

AMA. Feare not my Lord, I see great Mahomet
Clothed in purple clowdes, and on his head
A Chaplet brighter than Apollos crowne,
Marching about the ayer with armed men,
To ioine with you against this Tamburlaine.
Renoumed Generall, mighty Callapine,
Though God himselfe and holy Mahomet,
Should come in person to resist your power,
Yet might your mighty hoste encounter all,
And pull proud Tamburlaine vpon his knees,
To sue for mercie at your highnesse feete.

CAL. Captaine, the force of Tamburlaine is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismaide the world,
Are greatest to discourage all our drifts,
Yet when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
She waines againe, and so shall his I hope,
For we haue here the chiefe selected men
Of twenty seuerall kingdomes at the least:
Nor plowman, Priest, nor Merchant staiies at home,
All Turkie is in armes with Callapine,
And neuer wil we sunder camps and armes,
Before himselfe or his be conquered.
This is the time that must eternize me,
For conquering the Tyrant of the world.
Come Souldiers, let vs lie in wait for him
And if we find him absent from his campe,
Or that it be reioin’d again at full,
Assaile it and be sure of victorie.

Exeunt.

Actus 5. Scæna 3.

Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane.

(Theridamas.) Weepe heauens, and vanish into liquid teares,
Fal starres that gourne his nativity,
And sommon al the shining lamps of heauen
to cast their bootlesse fires to the earth,

4393 Prefix om. r590-r606
v. ii. 4360-4392—iii. 4393-4396
And shed their feble influence in the aire,
Muffle your beauties with eternall clowdes,
For hell and darknesse pitch their pitchy tentes,
And Death with armies of Cymerian spirits
Gives battle gainst the heart of Tamburlaine.
Now in defiance of that woonted loue,
Your sacred vertues pour'd vpon his throne,
And made his state an honor to the heauens,
These cowards invisiblie assaile hys soule,
And threaten conquest on our Soueraigne:
But if he die, your glories are disgrac'd,
Earth droopes and saies, that hell in heauen is plac'd.

Tech. O then ye Powers that sway eternal seates,
And guide this massy substance of the earthe,
If you retaine desert of holinesse,
As your supreame estates instruct our thoughtes,
Be not inconstant, carelesse of your fame,
Beare not the burthen of your enemies ioyes,
Triumphant in his fall whom you aduaunst,
But as his birth, life, health and maiesty
Were strangely blest and governed by heauen,
So honour heauen til heauen dissolved be,
His byrth, his life, his health and maiesty.

Cas. Blush heauen to loose the honor of thy name,
To see thy foot-stoole set vpon thy head,
And let no basenesse in thy haughty breast,
Sustaine a shame of such inexcellence:
To see the deuils mount in Angels throanes,
And Angels diue into the pooles of hell.
And though they think their painfull date is out,
And that their power is puissant as Ioues,
Which makes them manage armes against thy state,
Yet make them feele the strength of Tamburlain,
Thy instrument and note of Maiesty,
Is greater far, than they can thus subdue,
For if he die, thy glorie is disgrac'd,
Earth droopes and saies that hel in heauen is plac'd.

(Enter Tamburlaine, drawn by the captive kings; Amyras, Celebinus, Physicians.)

Tam. What daring God torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine,
Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
That have bene tearmd the terrour of the world? *Techelles* and the rest, come take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul,
Come let vs march against the powers of heauen,
And set blacke streamers in the firmament,
To signifie the slaughter of the Gods.
Ah friends, what shal I doe? I cannot stand,
Come let us march against the powers of heauen,
And set blacke streamers in the firmament,
To signifie the slaughter of the Gods.
Ah friends, what shal I doe?

Ther. Ah friends, what shal I doe?
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul,
And cannot last, it is so violent.

Tarn. Not last Techelles, no, for I shall die.
See where my slaeue, the vglie monster death
Shaking and quiuering, pale and wan for feare,
Stands aiming at me with his murthering dart,
Who flies away at euery glance I giue,
And when I look away, comes stealing on:
Villaine away, and hie thee to the field,
I and myne armie come to lode thy barke
With soules of thousand mangled carkasses.
Looke where he goes, but see, he comes againe
Because I stay. Techelles let vs march,
And weary Death with bearing soules to hell.

Phi. Pleaseth your Maiesty to drink this potion,
Which wil abate the furie of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits gouerne you.

Tam. Tell me, what think you of my sicknes now?

Phi. I view'd your vrine, and the hypostasis
Thick and obscure doth make your danger great,
Your vaines are full of accidentall heat,

And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine,
That have bene tearmd the terrour of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul,
Come let us march against the powers of heauen,
And set blacke streamers in the firmament,
To signifie the slaughter of the Gods.
Ah friends, what shal I doe? I cannot stand,
Come carie me to war against the Gods,
That thus inuie the health of Tamburlaine.

Theridamas, haste to the court of Ioue,
Will him to send Apollo hether straight,
To cure me, or Ie fetch him downe my selfe.

Tech. Sit stil my gratious Lord, this grieue wil cease,
And cannot last, it is so violent.

Tarn. Not last Techelles, no, for I shall die.
See where my slaeue, the vglie monster death
Shaking and quiuering, pale and wan for feare,
Stands aiming at me with his murthering dart,
Who flies away at euery glance I giue,
And when I look away, comes stealing on:
Villaine away, and hie thee to the field,
I and myne armie come to lode thy barke
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And weary Death with bearing soules to hell.

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Which wil abate the furie of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits gouerne you.

Tam. Tel me, what think you of my sicknes now?

Phi. I view'd your vrine, and the hypostasis
Thick and obscure doth make your danger great,
Your vaines are full of accidentall heat,
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried, 
The *Humidum* and *Calor*, which some holde 
Is not a parcell of the Elements, 
But of a substance more diuine and pure, 
Is almost cleane extinguished and spent, 
Which being the cause of life, imports your death. 
Besides my Lord, this day is Critical, 
Dangerous to those, whose Chriss is as yours: 
Your Artiers which alongst the vaines conuey 
The liuely spirits which the heart ingenders 
Are partcht and void of spirit, that the soule 
Wanting those Organnons by which it mooues, 
Can not indure by argument of art, 
Yet if your maisters may escape this day, 
No doubt, but you shall soone recouer all. 

_Tam._ Then will I comfort all my vital parts, 
And liue in spight of death aboue a day. 

_Alarme within._

(Enter a Messenger.)

_Mess._ My Lord, yong _Callapine_ that lately fled from 
your maisters, hath nowe gathered a fresh Armie, and 
hearing your absence in the field, offers to set vpon vs 
presently.

_Tam._ See my Phisitions now, how _Iowe_ hath sent 
A present medicine to recure my paine: 
My looks shall make them flie, and might I follow, 
There should not one of all the villaines power 
Liue to giue offer of another fight.

_Vsum._ I joy my Lord, your highnesse is so strong, 
That can endure so well your royall presence, 
Which onely will dismay the enemy. 

_Tam._ I know it wil _Casane_: draw you slaues, 
In spight of death I will goe show my face. 

_Alarme, Tamb. goes in, and comes out againe with al the rest._

Thus are the villaines, cowards fled for feare, 
Like Summers vapours, vanisht by the Sun, 
And could I but a while pursue the field, 
That _Callapine_ should be my slaeue againe.

---

4488 those Organnons] these organisms Rob. 
Messenger add. Dyce 4496 vpon] on 1592 
Dyce* to Bull. 4493 s.d. Enter a 
4508 villain Rob.,

V. iii. 4477–4511
But I perceiue my martial strength is spent,
In vaine I striue and raile against those powers,
That meane t'inuest me in a higher throane,
As much too high for this disdainfull earth.
Gieue me a Map, then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these my boies may finish all my wantes.

One brings a Map.

Here I began to marcht towards Persea,
Along Armenia and the Caspian sea,
And thence vnto Bythinia, where I tooke
The Turke and his great Empresse prisoners,
Then martcht I into Egypt and Arabia,
And here not far from Alexandria,
Whereas the Terren and the red sea meet,
Being distant lesse than ful a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channell to them both,
That men might quickly saile to India.
From thence to Nubia neere Borno Lake,
And so along the Ethiopian sea,
Cutting the Tropicke line of Capricorne,
I conquered all as far as Zansibar.
Then by the Northerne part of Africa,
I came at last to Gracia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will,
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
Backward and forwards nere five thousand leagues.
Looke here my boies, see what a world of ground
Lies westward from the midst of Cancers line,
Vnto the rising of this earthly globe,
Whereas the Sun declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antypodes:
And shall I die, and this vncconquered?
Loe here my sonnes, are all the golden Mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia, and the world beside,
And from th' Antartique Pole, Eastward behold
As much more land, which neuer was descried,
Wherein are rockes of Pearle, that shine as bright
As all the Lamps that beautifie the Sky,
And shall I die, and this vncconquered?
Here lovingly boies, what death forbids my life,
That let your liues command in spight of death.

Amy. Alas my Lord, how should our bleeding harts
Wounded and broken with your Highnesse grieue,
Retaine a thought of ioy, or sparke of life?
Your soul giues essence to our wretched subjects,
Whose matter is incorporat in your flesh.

Cel. Your paines do pierce our souls, no hope surviues,
For by your life we entertaine our liues.

Tam. But sons, this subject not of force enough,
To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
Must part, imparting his impressions,
By equall portions into both your breasts:
My flesh deuided in your precious shapes,
Shal still retaine my spirit, though I die,
And liue in all your seedes immortally:
Then now remooue me, that I may resigne
My place and proper tytle to my sonne:
First take my Scourge and my imperiall Crowne,
And mount my royall chariot of estate,
That I may see the crowne’d before I die.
Help me (my Lords) to make my last remooue.

 Ther. A woful change my Lord, that daunts our thoughts,
More than the ruine of our proper soules.

Tam. Sit vp my sonne, let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy fathers majestie.

They crowne him.

Ami. With what a flinty bosome should I ioy
The breath of life, and burthen of my soule,
If not resolu’d into resolued paines,
My bodies mortified lineaments
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierc’d with the ioy of any dignity?
O father, if the vnrelenting cares
Of death and hell be shut against my praier,
And that the spightfull influence of heaven
Denie my soule fruition of her ioy,
How should I step or stir my hatefull feete,
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that onely striues to die,
And plead in vaine, vnpleasing soueraintie.
Tam. Let not thy loue exceed thyne honor sonne,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimitie,
That nobly must admit necessity:
Sit vp my boy, and with those silken raines,
Bridle the steeled stomackes of those Iades.
Ther. My Lord, you must obey his majesty,
Since Fate commands, and proud necessity.
Amy. Heauens witnes me, with what a broken hart
And damned spirit I ascend this seat,
And send my soule before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony.
Tam. Now fetch the hearse of faire Zenocrate,
Let it be plac'd by this my fatall chaire,
And serve as parcell of my funerall.
Cas. Then feeles your majesty no soueraigne ease,
Nor may our hearts all drown'd in teares of blood,
Ioy any hope of your recovery?
Tam. Casane no, the Monarke of the earth,
And eielesse Monster that torments my soule,
Cannot behold the teares ye shed for me,
And therefore stil augments his cruelty.
Tech. Then let some God oppose his holy power,
Against the wrath and tyranny of death,
That his teare-thyrsty and vnquenched hate
May be vpon himselfe reuerberate.

They bring in the hearse.
Tam. Now eies, inioy your latest benefite,
And when my soule hath vertue of your sight,
Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
And glut your longings with a heauen of ioy.
So, raigne my sonne, scourge and controle those slaes
Guiding thy chariot with thy Fathers hand.
As precious is the charge thou vndertak'st
As that which Clymenes brainsicke sonne did guide,
When wandring Phoebus Iuory cheeks were scortcht
And all the earth like Ætna breathing fire:
Be warn'd by him, then learne with awfull eie
To sway a throane as dangerous as his:
For if thy body thriue not full of thoughtes

4590-4629
The bloody Conquests of mighty Tamburlaine

As pure and fiery as Phyleus beames,
The nature of these proud rebelling Iades
Wil take occasion by the slenderest haire,
And draw thee peecemeale like Hyppolitus,
Through rocks more steepe and sharp than Caspian cliftes.
The nature of thy chariot wil not beare
A guide of baser temper than my selfe,
More then heauens coach, the pride of Phaeton
Farewel my boies, my dearest friends, farewell,
My body feele, my soule dooth weepe to see
Your sweet desires depriu’d my company,
For Tamburlaine, the Scourge of God must die.

Amy. Meet heauen & earth, & here let al things end,
For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And heauen consum’d his choisest liuing fire.
Let earth and heauen his timelesse death deplore,
For both their woorths wil equall him no more.

FINIS

4633 thee] mee 1606
4634 cliftes]cliffs Dyce to Bull.: clefts
conf. Coll.

v. iii. 4630–4646
DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Date. The position of Doctor Faustus as the immediate successor of Tamburlaine in the series of Marlowe's works is well established by the testimony of metre and dramatic structure. External evidence verifies the conclusions of literary criticism and points with tolerable certainty to the winter of 1588/9 as the date of the play's completion. The allusions to the 'fiery keele at Antwarpes bridge' (l. 124) and to the Duke of Parma as oppressor of the Netherlands (l. 121) determine the extreme limits of composition—1585 and 1590 respectively. A more exact terminus a quo is furnished by the date of the second part of Tamburlaine, which belongs almost certainly to 1588, and presumably to the earlier part of the year. On the other hand, it is probable from what we know of the procedure of ballad writers of the time that the 'ballad of the life and deathe of Doctor Ffaustus the great Cungerer', which was licensed on the last day of February, 1588/9 was inspired by the successful production of the play, and it is practically certain that the latter must have been acted before November 6, 1589, when the company which produced it had been silenced by the Lord Mayor on complaint of the Master of the Revels.¹

Stage history and early editions. Henslowe's Diary mentions twenty-four performances of Doctor Faustus by the Lord Admiral's Company between September 30, 1594, and January 5, 1596/7. In October, 1597, it was produced once again by the Lord Admiral's and Lord Pembroke's players in conjunction, this time apparently without any profits. The first recorded presentation, however, brought Henslowe in the unusually large sum of £3 12s., from which, as well as from the number of performances, it must be inferred that the piece was then a novelty, though Henslowe does not mark it as a 'new' play. The probability is that it had been acted during 1589, till the inhibition of the players, and was next brought before the public five

years later, when the Admiral's men reappeared in London, in 1594, with Henslowe as their manager.

On January 7, 1600/1, 'a booke called the plaie of Doctor Faustus' was entered for publication by Thomas Bushell, and it is likely that an edition was issued the same year, though no copy is apparently extant. All the early editions of Faustus are of excessive rarity. The oldest now known was published by Bushell in 1604, a unique copy being preserved in the Bodleian. Under date of September 13, 1610, the Stationers' Register records the transfer of copyright in Doctor Faustus from Bushell to John Wright, who had already in 1609 published an edition of the play, now known from two exemplars, and who issued the next six editions, dated respectively 1611, 1616, 1619, 1620, 1624, 1631. Of the last-named texts all except that of 1631 appear to exist in unique copies. In 1663 the play was again published, this time in an excessively maimed and corrupted state.

Text and Authorship. The quartos of 1604-31 present Faustus in two very different shapes. The more original type is represented by the editions of 1604, 1609, and 1611; those of 1616 to 1631 offer a text which has been amplified to the extent of one-half the original, while the old matter has been in some cases omitted, and in others completely recast. With the question of the relation of the two texts is bound up the further question, What part of each version is to be ascribed to Marlowe? Both points have been much discussed, and the credible evidence is too scanty to justify dogmatic assertion. There seems, however, at present to be small warrant for the belief that the 1616 edition contains any matter by Marlowe not found in the earlier versions, with the exception of a few single lines (e.g. 835, 836), which may have been in the problematical 1601 text, and were possibly omitted by the negligence of the compositor of the 1604 edition. The other changes of the later texts—which consist in the bowdlerizing of certain 'atheistical' passages, the addition of a number of crude scenes taken mostly from the prose Faustbook, and the expansion of a few brief speeches into longer passages of tolerable blank verse—all these changes are sufficiently accounted for by Henslowe's memorandum of the payment of £4 on November 22, 1602, to William Birde and Samuel Rowley 'for ther adicyones in doctor fostes'. Four pounds is most ample payment, at Henslowe's rate, for all the new passages in the 1616 edition, and there appears to
be nothing in any of these passages, with the exception of the few scattered lines already referred to, which is beyond the capacity of Rowley, or suggests the authorship of Marlowe.

The text of 1604–11 is almost certainly that prepared for publication, and perhaps published, by Thomas Bushell in 1601, before Birde and Rowley’s alterations had been made. The views of nearly all critics concerning this earlier text appear to have been coloured, perhaps unconsciously, by the well-known forgery in Henslowe’s Diary, which professes to record a payment to Dekker in 1597 for additions to Faustus. It is morally certain that no such additions were made at that time, and there seems no reason to imagine that the 1604 text is anything else than Marlowe’s original version of 1588/9, debased by a dozen years of theatrical manipulation and by careless printing. The blank verse is occasionally faulty, and it is very likely that some of the comic matter, like that omitted by the publisher of Tamburlaine (cf. p. 7, ll. 8 ff.), represents the improvisation of the company’s clown. It is evident enough, for example, that the author of ll. 904–6 totally failed to understand Marlowe’s conception of the effects of conjuring as Mephistopheles explains it in ll. 281–9. Yet with all its corruptions the text of 1604 is probably the most faithful representative extant of Marlowe’s manuscript, and it is the principle of the present editor to follow that edition, relegating to an Appendix the probably spurious additions and revisions of 1616.

The edition of 1663 varies greatly from all the others, and has no authority. Several weak comic insertions appear, the most notable being in large measure plagiarized from the Jew of Malta. This edition carries to a ridiculous degree the prudery of the version of 1616–31. Lines and phrases alluding to the deity, to eternal punishment, or to religious scepticism are ruthlessly expunged. It may well be that the text was prepared for acting by strolling companies during the Commonwealth period. We know that Mucedorus and other plays were so acted in defiance of Puritan regulations, and such an origin would account for the extraordinary efforts of the editor to remove all moral grounds of offence.

1 For proof of the occasional superiority of the 1616 readings, cf. F. S. Boas, Taming of a Shrew, (1908), pp. 91, 92.
Source. The material out of which Marlowe constructed his tragedy of *Doctor Faustus* comes ultimately from the German *Faustbuch*, or 'Historia von D. Johann Fausten', published at Frankfort-on-the-Main by Johann Spies in 1587. The particular channel through which Marlowe became acquainted with the story has been the subject of much debate; it has been argued both that he knew the original German text and that his information was drawn from the verbal reports of actors newly returned from theatrical tours in Germany. It seems now certain, however, that Marlowe's only source was an English translation of the 1587 *Faustbuch*, published probably in 1588. It is true that no copy of so early an edition of the translation has so far been discovered, but the earliest extant issue—that of 1592—bears a very close resemblance to Marlowe's text, and is shown not to be the *editio princeps* by the words on the title page: 'Newly imprinted, and in convenient places imperfect matter amended.' Further proof of the same point has been collected by Dr. H. Logeman. 1

The English translation was used not only by Marlowe himself, but also by the elaborators of the 1616 text. The play, however, contains much for which the translation furnished no suggestion. Thus the good and evil angels are an addition of Marlowe, and only the barest hint for the mask of the seven deadly sins can be found in the prose history.

The Stationers' Register, under date of October 16, 1609, records the transfer of copyright in a work called 'Doctor Faustus the 2 parte' from Mistress Burby to Master Welby. Nothing appears to be known of the book in question. As a sequel to the play of *Faustus* is hardly imaginable, it is probable that the title is that of one of the numerous continuations of the Faustus-Wagner history.

THE TRAGICALL HISTORY OF D. FAUSTUS.

As it hath bene ACTED by the Right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham his servants.

Written by Ch. Marl.

LONDON
Printed by V. S. for Thomas Bussell. 1604.
1604 = Quarto edition of that year. B.L.
1609 = " " " " " B.L.
1611 = " " " " " B.L.
1616 = " " " " " B.L.
1619 = " " " " " B.L.
1620 = " " " " " B.L.
1624 = " " " " " B.L.
1631 = " " " " " B.L.
1663 = " " " " " B.L.


Dyce

Dyce 1 = Dyce’s first edition of Marlowe, 1850.
Dyce 2 = Dyce’s revised edition of Marlowe, 1858, etc.

Cunn. = Cunningham’s edition of Marlowe, 1870, etc.
Ward = Ward’s edition of Doctor Faustus, 1878, etc.
Ellis = ‘Mermaid’ edition of Marlowe’s best plays, 1887, etc.


T. B. = The present editor.

Baker = H. T. B. in Modern Language Notes, xxi. 86, 87.
Brennan = C. B. in Anglia, Beiblatt 1905, 208.
Breton = J. Le G. B., " " " 204.
Broughton = J. B.’s MS. notes in copy of Rob. B.M. 11771 d.
Crossley = J. C., quoted by Dyce.
Dünzb = H. D. in Anglia, i. 44-54.
Koeppel = E. K.’s conjectures, quoted by Brey.
Logeman = H. L., Faustus Notes, 1898.
Mitford = J. M. in Gentleman’s Magazine, Jan., 1841.
Tancock = O. W. T. in Notes and Queries, 5th Series, xi. 324, 325.
**The tragical Historic of Doctor Faustus**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(The ACTORS Names</th>
<th>Duke and Dutches of Saxonie.</th>
<th>Mustapher.</th>
<th>Two Caleph.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bad Angell.</td>
<td>Solameire the Em-perour and Empery.</td>
<td>Horse-courser.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Three Scholers.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Hostie. (sic)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Seven Deadlie Sines.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Majecane.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Lucifer, Belzebub, three Divels more.</td>
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**(DRAMATIS PERSONÆ (for the text of 1604))**

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<th>THE POPE.</th>
<th>ROBIN.</th>
<th>MEPHISTOPHILIS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.</td>
<td>RALPH.</td>
<td>GOOD ANGEL.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.</td>
<td>VINTNER.</td>
<td>EVIL ANGEL.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUKE OF VANHOLT.</td>
<td>HORSE-COURSER.</td>
<td>THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAUSTUS.</td>
<td>A KNIGHT.</td>
<td>DEVILS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VALDES,</td>
<td>AN OLD MAN.</td>
<td>SPIRITS IN THE SHAPES OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, OF HIS PARMOUR, AND OF HELEN.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORNELIUS, friends to Faustus.</td>
<td>SCHOLARS, FRIARS, AND ATTENDANTS.</td>
<td>CHORUS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WAGNER, servant to Faustus.</td>
<td>DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLOWN.</td>
<td>LUCIFER.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BELZEBUB.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**(DRAMATIS PERSONÆ (for the text of 1616))**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THE POPE.</th>
<th>WAGNER, servant to Faustus.</th>
<th>HOSTESS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.</td>
<td>CLOWN.</td>
<td>LUCIFER.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RAYMOND, KING OF HUNGARY.</td>
<td>ROBIN.</td>
<td>BELZEBUB.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUKE OF SAXONY.</td>
<td>DICK.</td>
<td>MEPHISTOPHILIS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRUNO.</td>
<td>VINTNER.</td>
<td>GOOD ANGEL.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUKE OF VANHOLT.</td>
<td>HORSE-COURSER.</td>
<td>EVIL ANGEL.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARTINO.</td>
<td>CARTER.</td>
<td>THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FREDERICK, gentle-men.</td>
<td>AN OLD MAN.</td>
<td>DEVILS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BENVOLIO.</td>
<td>SCHOLARS, CARDINALS, ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS, BISHOPS, MONKS, FRIARS, SOLDIERS, AND ATTENDANTS.</td>
<td>SPIRITS IN THE SHAPES OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, OF HIS PARMOUR, OF DARIAIS, AND OF HELEN.</td>
</tr>
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</tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

1 Add. 1663.  
2 Add. Dyce.
The tragicall Historie of Doctor Faustus

Enter Chorus.

(Chor.) Not marching now in fields of Thracimene, Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians, Nor sporting in the dalliance of loue, In courts of Kings where state is ouerturnd, Nor in the Pompe of proud audacious deedes, Intends our Muse to daunt his heauenly verse: Onely this (Gentlemen) we must performe, The forme of Faustus fortunes good or bad. To patient Judgements we appeale our plaude, And speake for Faustus in his infancie:

Now is he borne, his parents base of stocke, In Germany, within a towne calld Rhodes: Of riper yeeres to Wertenberg he went, Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him vp. So soone hee profites in Diuinitie, The fruitfull plot of Scholerisme grac't, That shortly he was grac't with Doctors name, Excelling all, whose sweete delight disputes In heauenly matters of Theologie, Till swolne with cunning, of a selfe conceit, His waxen wings did mount aboue his reach, And melting heauens conspirde his ouerthrow.

For falling to a diuielish exercise, And glutted now with learnings golden gifts,
He surffets vpon cursed Negromancy.
Nothing so sweete as magicke is to him
Which he preferres before his chiefest blisse,
And this the man that in his study sits. 

Exit.

Enter Faustus in his Study.

Faustus. Settle thy studies Faustus, and beginne
To sound the deapth of that thou wilt professe:
Hauing commende, be a Diuine in shew,
Yet leuell at the end of every Art,
And liue and die in Aristolles workes:
Sweete Analutikes tis thou hast rauisht me,
Bene disserere est finis logices,
Is to dispute well, Logickes chiefest end,
Affoords this Art no greater myracle?
Then reade no more, thou hast attaind the end:
A greater subiect fitteth Faustus wit,
Bid on cai me on farewell, Galen come:
Seeing, vbi desinit philosophus, vbi incipit medicus.
Be a physition Faustus, heape vp golde,
And be eternizde for some wondrous cure.
Summum bonum medicincz sanitas,
The end of physicke is our bodies health:
Why Faustus, hast thou not attaind that end?
Is not thy common talke sound Aphorisms?
Are not thy billes hung vp as monuments,
Whereby whole Citties haue escapt the plague,
And thousand despreate maladies beene easde,
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Wouldst thou make man to liue eternally?
Or being dead, raise them to life againe?
Then this profession were to be esteemd.
Physicke farewell, where is Iustinian?
Si vna eadem(ue) res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A pretty case of paltry legacies:

25 vpon] on the 1619-63  28 + Act the First. Scene I. add. Rob. :  
Scene I Ward, Bull.  34 Anulatikes 1604: Analytic conj. Dyce 
38 the] that 1616-63  40 on cai me on Bull. etc.: Oncaymaeon 
1604: Oeconomy 1609-31: Oeconomy 1663  Galen] and Galen 
1616-63  41 om. 1616-63  47 om. 1616-63 sound] found 
Dyce, Cunn., Bull.  50 thousand] diuers 1619-63 easde] cur’d 
1616-63  52 Couldst 1616-63 man] men 1611-63  53 them] 
men 1620-63  55+S.D. Reads add. Dyce  58 pretty] petty 
1616-63  58+S.D. Reads add. Dyce 

25-58
Exhaereditare filium non potest pater nisi:
Such is the subject of the institute
And universal body of the law:
His study fitts a mercenary drudge,
Who aimes at nothing but externall trash,
Too sereule and illiberall for me:
When all is done, Diuinitie is best.

Stipendium peccati mors est: ha, Stipendium, &c.
The reward of sinne is death: thats hard.
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas.
If we say that we haue no sinne,
We deceiue our selues, and there is no truth in vs.

Why then belike
We must sinne, and so consequently die.
I, we must die an everlasting death:
What doctrine call you this, Che sera, sera,
What wil be, shall be? Diuinitie, adieu,
These Metaphisickes of Magicians,
And Negromantike bookees are heauenly:
Lines, circles, scenes, letters and characters:
I, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence
Is promised to the studious Artizan?
All things that mooue betwenee the quiet poles
Shalbe at my commaund, Emperours and Kings
Are but obeyd in their seuerall prouinces:
Nor can they raise the winde, or rend the cloudes
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as farre as doth the minde of man.
A sound Magician is a mighty god:
Heere Faustus trie thy braines to gaine a deitie.

Enter Wagner.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The Germaine Valdes, and Cornelius,  
Request them earnestly to visite me.  
Wag. I wil sir.  
Fau. Their conference will be a greater help to me, Than all my labours, plodde I nere so fast.  

_Enter the good Angell and the euill Angell._  

_Good A._ O Faustus, lay that damned booke aside, 
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soule, 
And heape Gods heauy wrath vpon thy head. 
Reade, reade the scriptures, that is blasphemy.  

_Euill An._ Go forward Faustus in that famous art, 
Wherein all natures treasury is containd: 
Be thou on earth as _Ioue_ is in the skie, 
Lord and commaundre of these Elements. 

Fau. How am I glutted with conceit of this? 
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please, 
Resolue me of all ambiguities, 
Performe what desperate enterprise I will? 
Ile haue them flye to _India_ for gold, 
Ransacke the Ocean for orient pearle, 
And search all corners of the new found world 
For pleasant fruites and princely delicates: 
Ile haue them reade mee straunge philosophie, 
And tell the secrets of all foraine kings, 
Ile haue them wall all _Iermany_ with brasse, 
And make swift _Rhine_ circle faire _Wertenberge._ 
Ile haue them fill the publike schooles with silk, 
Wherewith the students shalbe brauely clad: 
Ile leuy soulidiers with the coyne they bring, 
And chase the Prince of _Parma_ from our land, 
And raigne sole king of all our prouinces: 
Yea stranger engines for the brunt of warre, 
Then was the fiery keele at _Antwarpes_ bridge, 
Ile make my seruile spirits to inuent: 
Come Germaine Valdes and Cornelius, 
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Enter Valdes and Cornelius.

Valdes, sweete Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words haue woon me at the last,
To practise Magicke and concealed arts:
Yet not your words onely, but mine owne fantasie,
That will receiue no obiect for my head,
But ruminates on Negromantique skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both Law and Phisicke are for pettie wits,
Diuinitie is basest of the three,
Vnpleasant, harsh, contemptible and Wilde,
Tis Magicke, Magicke that hath rauisht mee.

Then gentle friends ayde me in this attempt,
And I that haue with concise sylogismes
Graueld the Pastors of the Germaine Church,
And made the flowring pride of Wertenberge
Swarme to my Problemes as the infernall spirits
On sweet Museuus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadowes made all Europe honor him.

Vald. Faustus,
These bookes, thy wit and our experience
Shall make all nations to canonize vs,
As Indian Moores obey their Spanish Lords,
So shall the subiects of euery element
Be alwaies servicable to vs three.
Like Lyons shall they guard vs when we please,
Like Almaine Rutters with their horsemens staues,
Or Lapland Gyants trotting by our sides,
Sometimes like women, or vnwedded maides,
Shadows more beautie in their ayrie browes,
Then has the white breasts of the queene of Loue:
From Venice shall they dregge huge Argoces,
And from America the golden fleece,
That yearely stuffes olde Philips treasury,
If learned Faustus will be resolute.
Fau. Valdes as resolute am I in this
As thou to liue, therefore object it not.
Corn. The myracles that Magicke will performe,
Will make thee vow to studie nothing else.
He that is grounded in Astrologie,
Inricht with tongues, well seenie in minerals,
Hath all the principles Magicke doth require,
Then doubt not (Faustus) but to be renownmd,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Then herefore the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can drie the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all forraine wrackes,
I, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massie entrailes of the earth.
Then tell me Faustus, what shal we three want?
Fau. Nothing Cornelius. O this cheares my soule,
Come shewe me some demonstrations magicall,
That I may coniure in some lustie groue,
And haue these ioyes in full possession.
Val. Then haste thee to some solitary groue,
And beare wise Bacons and Albanus workes,
The Hebrew Psalter, and new Testament,
And whatsoeuer else is requisit
Wee will enforce thee ere our conference cease.
Cor. Valdes, first let him know the words of art,
And then all other ceremonies learnd,
Faustus may trie his cunning by himselfe.
Val. First Ile instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter then I.
Fau. Then come and dyne with me, and after meate
Weele canuas euery quidditie thereof:
For ere I sleepe Ile trie what I can do,
This night Ile coniure though I die therefore. Exeunt.

Enter two Schollers.

1. Sch. I wonder whats become of Faustus, that was
wont to make our schooles ring with sic probo.
2. Sch. That shall we know, for see here comes his boy.
Enter Wagner.

1. Sch. How now sirra, wheres thy maister?
   Wag. God in heauen knowes.

2. Why, dost not thou know?
   Wag. Yes I know, but that followes not.

1. Go too sirra, leave your eating, and tell vs where hee is.
   Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you being licentiate should stand vpon't, therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

2. Why, didst thou not say thou knewst?
   Wag. Haue you any witnesse on't?

1. Yes sirra, I heard you.
   Wag. Aske my fellow if I be a thiefe.

2. Well, you will not tell vs.
   Wag. Yes sir, I will tell you, yet if you were not dunces you would neuer aske me such a question, for is not he corpus naturale, and is not that mobile? then wherefore should you ask me such a question? but that I am by nature fleagmaticke, slowe to wrath, and prone to leachery (to loue I would say), it were not for you to come within fortie foote of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hang'd the next Sessions. Thus hauing triumphed ouer you, I will set my countnance like a precisian, and begin to speake thus: truly my deare brethren, my maister is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine if it could speake, it would enforce your worshipes, and so the Lord blesse you, preserve you, and keepe you my deare brethren, my deare brethren.

Exit.

1. Nay then I feare he is falne into that damned art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2. Were he a stranger, and not aliend to me, yet should I grieue for him: but come let vs go and informe the
Rector, and see if hee by his graue counsaile can reclaime him.

1. O but I feare me nothing can reclaime him.
2. Yet let vs trie what we can do.

Exeunt.

Enter Faustus to coniure.

Fau. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth, Longing to view Orions drisling looke, Leapes from th' antartike world into the skie, And dimmes the welkin with her pitchy breath: Faustus, begin thine incantations, And trie if diuels will obey thy hest, Seeing thou hast prayde and sacrific'd to them. Within this circle is Iehouahs name, Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd The breuiated names of holy Saints, Figures of euery adiunct to the heauens, By which the spirits are inforst to rise, Then feare not Faustus, but be resolute, And trie the uttermost Magicke can performe. Sint mihi dei acherontis propitij, valeat numen triplex Iehouae, ignei, aerij, aquatici spiritus saluete, Orientis princeps Belsibub, inferni ardentis monarcha & demi-gorgon, propitiamus vos, vt appareat & surgat Mephostophilis: quid tu moraris? per Iehouam, gehennam & consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signimque crucis quod nunc facio, & per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephostophilis.
Enter a Diuell.

I charge thee to returne and chaunge thy shape,
Thou art too vgly to attend on me,
Goe and returne an old Franciscan Frier,
That holy shape becomes a diuell best.

Exit diuell.

I see theres vertue in my heauenly words,
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephostophilis?
Such is the force of Magicke and my spels.
No Faustus, thou art Coniurer laureate
That canst commaund great Mephostophilis,
Quin regis Mephostophilis fratris imagine.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Me. Now Faustus, what wouldst thou haue me do ?
Fau. I charge thee wait vpon me whilst I liue,
To do what euer Faustus shall commaund,
Be it to make the Moone drop from her spheare,
Or the Ocean to ouerwhelme the world.

Me. I am a seruant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leaue,
No more then he commaunds must we performe.

Fau. Did not he charge thee to appeare to mee ?
Me. No, I came now hither of mine owne accord.

Fau. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee ? speake.
Me. That was the cause, but yet per accident,
For when we heare one racke the name of God,
Abiure the scriptures, and his Sauiour Christ,
Wee flye, in hope to get his glorious soule,
Nor will we come, vnlesse he vse such meanes
Whereby he is in danger to be damnd:
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abiure the Trinitie,
And pray deuoutly to the prince of hell.

Fau. So Faustus hath
Already done, & holds this principle,

There is no chiefe but onely Belsibub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himselfe,
This word damnation terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elizium.

His ghost be with the olde Philosophers,
But leauing these vaine trifles of mens soules,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy Lord ?

Me. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Fau. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once ?

Me. Yes Faustus, and most dearely lou'd of God.

Fau. How comes it then that he is prince of diuels ?

Me. O by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heauen.

Fau. And what are you that liue with Lucifer ?

Me. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for euer damnd with Lucifer.

Fau. Where are you damn'd ?

Me. In hell.

Fau. How comes it then that thou art out of hel ?

Me. Why this is hel, nor am I out of it :
Thinkst thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal ioyes of heauen,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hels,
In being depriv'd of euerlasting blisse ?
O Faustus, leaue these friuolous demaunds,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soule.

Fau. What, is great Mephastophilis so passionate,
For being depriv'd of the ioyes of heauen ?

Learne thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorne those ioyes thou neuer shalt possesse.
Go beare those tidings to great Lucifer,
Seeing Faustus hath incurrd eternall death,
By desprate thoughts against Ioues deitie :

Say, he surrenders vp to him his soule,
So he will spare him 24. yeeres,
Letting him liue in al voluptuousnesse,
Hauing thee euer to attend on me,
To giue me whatsoeuer I shall aske,
To tel me whatsoeuer I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and ayde my friends,
And alwayes be obedient to my wil:
Goe and returne to mighty Lucifer,
And meete mee in my study at midnight,
And then resolue me of thy maisters minde.

Me. I wil Faustus.

Exit.

Fau. Had I as many soules as there be starres,
Ide giue them al for Mephastophilis:
By him Ile be great Empour of the world,
And make a bridge through the moouing ayre,
To passe the Ocean with a band of men,
Ile ioyne the hills that binde the Affricke shore,
And make that land continent to Spaine,
And both contributory to my crowne:
The Empour shal not liue but by my leaue,
Nor any Potentate of Germany:
Now that I haue obtaind what I desire,
Ile liue in speculation of this Art,
Til Mephastophilis returne againe.

Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Sirra boy, come hither.

Clo. How, boy? sownns boy, I hope you haue seene many boyes with such pickadevaunts as I haue. Boy, quotha?

Wag. Tel me sirra, hast thou any commings in?

Clo. I, and goings out too, you may see else.

Wag. Alas poore slaue, see how pouerty iesteth in his nakednesse, the vilaine is bare, and out of seruice, and so hungry, that I know he would giue his soule to the Diuel for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood rawe.

Clo. How, my soule to the Diuel for a shoulder of...
mutton though twere blood rawe? not so good friend, burladie I had neede haue it wel roasted, and good sawce to it, if I pay so deere.

Wag. Wel, wilt thou serue me, and Ie make thee go like Qui mihi discipulus?

Clo. How, in verse?

Wag. No sirra, in beaten silke and staues acre.

Clo. How, how, knaues acre? I, I thought that was al the land his father left him: Doe yee heare, I would be sorie to robbe you of your liuing.

Wag. Sirra, I say in staues acre.

Clo. Oho, oho, staues acre, why then belike, if I were your man, I should be ful of vermine.

Wag. Why now sirra thou art at an houres warning whensoeuer or wheresoever the diuell shall fetch thee.

Clo. No, no, here take your gridirons againe.

Wag. Truly Ie none of them.

Clo. Truly but you shall.

Wag. Beare witnesse I gaue them him.

Clo. Beare witnesse I giue them you againe.

Wag. Well, I will cause two diuels presently to fetch thee away. Baliol and Belcher.

Clo. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and Ie knocke them, they were neuer so knockt since they were diuels. Say I should kill one of them what would
The tragicall History of

folkes say? do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop, hee has kild the diuell: so I should be cald kill diuell all the parish ouer.

Enter two diuells, and the clowne runnes vp and downe crying.


Clow. What, are they gone? a vengeance on them, they haue vile long nailes: there was a hee diuell and a shee diuell. Ile tell you how you shall know them: all hee diuels has hornes, and all shee diuels has clifts and clouen feete.

Wag. Well sirra follow me.

Clo. But do you hear? if I should serue you, would you teach me to raise vp Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turne thy selfe to any thing, to a dogge, or a catte, or a mouse, or a ratte, or any thing.

Clo. How? a Christian fellow to a dogge or a catte, a mouse or a ratte? no, no sir, if you turne me into any thing, let it be in the likenesse of a little pretie frisking flea, that I may be here and there and euery where. O Ile tickle the pretie wenches plackets, Ile be amongst them ifaith.

Wag. Wel sirra, come.

Clo. But do you heare Wagner?

Wag. How Baltioll and Belcher.

Clo. O Lord, I pray sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleepe.

Wag. Vilaine, call me Maister Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixt vpon my right heele, with quasi vestigias nostras insistere. Exit.

Clo: God forgiue me, he speakes Dutch fustian: well, Ile folow him, Ile serue him, thats flat. Exit.

Enter Faustus in his Study.

Fau. Now Faustus must thou needes be damnd, And canst thou not be saued?
What bootes it then to thinke of God or heauen?

404 the diuell] that diuell 1611
405 S.D. crying 1604: the Stage 1609, 1611
420 little om. 1609, 1611
430 vestigis nostris Dyce*
432+ Act II. add. 1663: Act the Second,
Scene I. Rob., Cunn., Wag.: Scene V. Ward, Bull., Brey.
damnd] lost 1663
434 And om. 1616-63
435 of] on 1616-63
God or om. 1663
Away with such vaine fancies and despaire,  
Despaire in God, and trust in Belsabub:  
Now go not backeward: no Faustus, be resolute,  
Why wauerest thou? O something soundeth in mine eares:  
Abiure this Magicke, turne to God againe.  
I and Faustus wil turne to God againe.  
To God? he loues thee not,  
The god thou seruest is thine owne appetite,  
Wherein is fixt the loue of Belsabub.  
To him Ile build an altare and a church,  
And offer luke warme blood of new borne babes.

Enter good Angell, and Euill.

Good Angel. Sweet Faustus, leaue that execrable art.  
Fau. Contrition, prayer, repentance: what of them?  
Good Angel. O they are meanes to bring thee vnto heauen.  
Euill Angel. Rather illusions, fruites of lunacy,  
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.  
Good Angel. Sweet Faustus, thinke of heauen, and heauenly things.  
Euill Angel. No Faustus, thinke of honor and (of) wealth.  
Exeunt.

Fau. Of wealth,  
Why the signory of Emden shalbe mine,  
When Mephostophilus shal stand by me,  
What God can hurt thee Faustus? thou art safe,  
Cast no more doubts: come Mephostophilus,  
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer:  
Ist not midnight? come Mephostophilus,  
Venl, venl Mephostophile.
The tragicall History of

Enter Meph:

Now tel (me), what sayes Lucifer thy Lord?

Me: That I shal waite on Faustus whilst he liues,
So he wil buy my seruice with his soule.

Fau: Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee. 465
Me: But Faustus, thou must bequeathe it solemnely,
And write a deede of gift with thine owne blood,
For that security craues great Lucifer:
If thou deny it, I wil backe to hel.

Fau: Stay Mephistophilus, and tel me, what good
Wil my soule do thy Lord?

Me: Inlarge his kingdome.

Fau: Is that the reason he temptes vs thus?
Me: Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Fau: (Why,) haue you any paine that tortures others?
Me: As great as haue the humane soules of men: 476
But tel me Faustus, shal I haue thy soule,
And I wil be thy slaue, and waite on thee,
And giue thee more than thou hast to aske.

Fau: I Mephistophilus, I giue it thee.

Me: Then stabbe thine arme couragiously,
And binde thy soule, that at some certaine day
Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne,
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Fau: Loe Mephistophilus, for loue of thee,
I cut mine arme, and with my proper blood
Assure my soule to be great Lucifers,
Chiefe Lord and regent of perpetuall night.
View heere the blood that trickles from mine arme,
And let it be propitious for my wish.


462-490
Meph: But Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deede of gift.
Fau. I, so I will, but Mephistophillus,
My bloud conieales and I can write no more.
Me. Ile fetch thee fier to dissolve it straight. Exit.
Fau. What might the staying of my bloud portend?
Is it vnwilling I should write this bill?
Why streames it not, that I may write afresh?
Faustus giues to thee his soule: ah there it stayde,
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soule thine owne?
Then write againe, Faustus giues to thee his soule. 501

Enter Mephistophilis with a chafier of coles.
Me. Heres fier, come Faustus, set it on.
Fau. So now the bloud begins to cleare againe,
Now will I make an ende immediately.
Me. O what will not I do to obtaine his soule? 505
Fau. Consummatum est, this Bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arme?
Homo fuge, whither should I flie?
If vnto God hee'le throwe thee downe to hell,
My sences are deceiu'd, here's nothing writ.
I see it plaine, here in this place is writ,
Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus flye.
Me. Ile fetch him somewhat to delight his minde. Exit.

Enter (Mephistophilis) with diuels, giving crownes and rich apparrell to Faustus, and daunce, and then depart.

Fau. Speake Mephistophilis, what meanes this shewe?

491 thou must om. 1616-63 492 Write it] write it down Wag.,
ending l. 491 493 will] do 1616-63 S.D. Writes add. Dyce after 
will 497 this] the 1663 499 ah] O 1616-63 500 not 
thy soule] it not 1663 501 soule om. 1624-63 501 S.D. 
a chafier of coles] the Chafer of Fire 1616-63 502 Heres fier, come 
Faustus 1604-11: See Faustus here is fire 1616-63: Come Faustus, 
here is fier Brey. 504 + S.D. Writes add. Dyce 505 O om. 
1616-63 not I] I not 1609, 1611 obtaine] attaine 1619 his 
soule] this man 1663 S.D. Aside add. Dyce 507 his soule] him-
self 1663 508 mine] my 1609, 1611 509 should] shall 1631, 
1663 510 God] heauen 1616-63 thee 1604-11: me 1616-63, 
Dyce etc. 512 I see] O yes, I see 1616-63 here in this place] 
euen heere 1616-63 514 + S.D. Aside and then exit Dyce 
Mephistophilis add. Dyce with diuels] Deuils 1616-63 and daunce] 
they dance 1616-63 S.D. Enter Mephostophilis add. 1616-63 
after depart 515 What meanes this shew? speake Mephosto-
philis 1616-63

MARLOWE 491-515 G
Me. Nothing Faustus, but to delight thy minde withall, 517
And to shewe thee what Magicke can performe.

Fau. But may I raise vp spirits when I please?

Me. I Faustus, and do greater things then these.

Fau. Then thereis inough for a thousand soules. 520

Here Mephostophilis receiue this scrowle.
A deede of gift of body and of soule:
But yet conditionally, that thou performe
All articles prescrib’d betweene vs both.

Me. Faustus, I sweare by hel and Lucifer 525
To effect all promises betweene vs made.

Fau. Then heare me reade them: on these conditions
following.

First, that Faustus may be a spirit in forme and substance.
Secondly, that Mephostophilis shall be his servant, and at
his commaund. 530

Thirdly, that Mephostophilis shall do for him, and bring
him whatsoever.

Fourthly, that hee shall be in his chamber or house invisibles.
Lastly, that hee shall appeare to the said John Faustus, at
all times, in what forme or shape soeuer he please. 535

I John Faustus of Wertenberge, Doctor, by these presents,
do giue both body and soule to Lucifer prince of the East,
and his minister Mephostophilis, and furthermore graunt
unto them, that 24. yeares being expired, the articles above
written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said
John Faustus body and soule, flesh, bloud, or goods, into
their habitation wheresoever. 542

By me Iohn Faustus.

Me. Speake Faustus, do you deliuer this as your deede ?

516 withall om. 1616-63, Wag., Brey. 517 to shewe thee| let
thee see 1616-63 518 vp] such 1616-63 520 om. 1616-63 521 Here] Then 1616-63 this scrowle om. 1624-63 522 A]
This 1663 of body .. soule om. 1663 524 articles pre-
scrib’d 1604-11: Covenants and Articles 1616-63 526 made]
both 1616-63 527 Prefix Fau.] Meph. Faustus 1663 them] it
Mephostophilis 1616-63 s.d. Reads add. Dyce after them 529,
530 at his commaund] be by him commanded 1616-63 532
whatsoever] whatsoever he requireth 1663, Rob., Cunn.: whatsoever
he desires Dyce, Bull., Ward 533 his chamber or house] house
or chamber 1663 535 forme or shape 1604: forme and shape
1609, 1611: shape and forme 1616-63 536 Wittenberg 1616-63
537 both body and soule] my self 1663 539 24.] foure and
twentie 1616-63 the] and these 1616-63 540 written] written
being 1616-63 541 body and soule om. 1663 flesh, bloud, or
goods 1604-11: flesh, bloud 1616, 1619: flesh and blood 1620-63

516-544
Doctor Faustus

Faustus. I, take it, and the diuell giue thee good on’t.

Me. Now Faustus aske what thou wilt.

Faustus. First will I question with thee about hell,
Tel me, where is the place that men call hell?

Me. Vnder the heauens.

Faustus. I, but where about?

Me. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur’d and remaine for euer.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib’d
In one selfe place, for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, must we euer be:
And to conclude, when all the world dissolues,
And evry creature shalbe purified,
All places shall be hell that is not heauen.

Faustus. Come, I thinke hell’s a fable.

Me. I, thinke so still, till experience change thy minde.

Faustus. Why? thinkest thou then that Faustus shall bee damn’d?

Me. I, of necessitie, for here’s the scrowle,
Wherein thou hast giuen thy soule to Lucifer.

Faustus. I, and body too, but what of that?

Thinkst thou that Faustus is so fond,
That after this life there is any paine?
Tush, these are trifles and meere olde wiues tales.

Me. But Faustus, I am an instance to proue the contrary,
For I am damnd, and am now in hell.

Faustus. How? now in hell? nay and this be hell,
Ile willingly be damnd here: what walking, disputing, &c.
But leauing off this, let me haue a wife, the fairest maid

in Germany, for I am wanton and lascious, and can not live without a wife.

Me. How, a wife? I prithee Faustus talke not of a wife.

Fau. Nay sweete Mephistophilis fetch me one, for I will haue one.

Me. Well thou wilt haue one, sit there till I come, Ile fetch thee a wife in the diuels name.

Enter (Mephistophilis) with a diuell drest like a woman, with fier workes.

Me: Tel (me) Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Fau: A plague on her for a hote whore.

Me: Tut Faustus, Marriage is but a ceremoniall toy, If thou louest me, thinke (no) more of it. He cull thee out the fairest curtezans, And bring them eu'ry morning to thy bed. She whome thine eie shall like, thy heart shal haue, Be she as chaste as was Penelope, As wise as Saba, or as beautiful As was bright Lucifer before his fall. Hold, take this booke, peruse it thorowly, The iterating of these lines brings golde, The framing of this circle on the ground, Brings whirlewindes, tempests, thunder and lightning. Pronounce this thrice deuoutly to thy selfe, And men in armour shal appeare to thee, Ready to execute what thou desirst.

Fau: Thankes Mephostophilus, yet faine would I haue
a booke wherein I might beholde al spels and incantations, that I might raise vp spirits when I please.  
Me: Here they are in this booke. There turne to them.  
Fau: Now would I have a booke where I might see al characters and planets of the heauens, that I might knowe their motions and dispositions.  
Me: Heere they are too. Turne to them.  
Fau: O thou art deceived.  
Me: Tut I warrant thee. Turne to them. (Exeunt.)

(Enter Faustus in his Study, and Mephastophilis.)

Fau: When I behold the heauens, then I repent, And curse thee wicked Mephastophilus, Because thou hast depriv'd me of those ioyes.  
Me: Why Faustus, Thinkst thou heauen is such a glorious thing? I tel thee tis not halfe so faire as thou, Or any man that breathes on earth.  
Fau: How proouest thou that?  
Me: It was made for man, therefore is man more excellent.  
Fau: If it were made for man, twas made for me: I wil renounce this magick, and repent.

Enter good Angel, and euill Angel.  

Good An: Faustus, repent, yet God wil pitty thee.
The tragicall History of

Euill An: Thou art a spirite, God cannot pitty thee.
Fau: Who buzzeth in mine eares I am a spirite? Be I a diuel, yet God may pitty me, I God wil pitty me, if I repent.
Euill An: I but Faustus neuer shal repent.

Exeunt (Angels.)

Fau: My hearts so hardned I cannot repent, Scarse can I name saluation, faith, or heauen, But feareful ecchoes thunders in mine eares, Faustus, thou art damn’d, then swordes and kniues, Poyson, gunnes, halters, and invenomd Steele Are layde before me to dispatch my selfe, And long ere this I should have slaine my selfe, Had not sweete pleasure conquerd deepe dispaire. Haue not I made blinde Homer sing to me Of Alexanders loue, and Enons death, And hath not he that built the walles of Thebes, With rauishing sound of his melodious harp Made musicke with my Mephastophilis? Why should I dye then, or basely dispaire? I am resolu’d Faustus shal neuer repent. Come Mephastophilis, let vs dispute againe, And argue of diuine Astrologie.

Tel me, are there many heauens aboue the Moone? Are all celestiall bodies but one globe, As is the substance of this centricke earth?

Me: As are the elements, such are the spheares, Mutually folded in each others orbe, And Faustus,
All jointly moue vpon one axletree, Whose terminine is tearmd the worlds wide pole, Nor are the names of Saturne, Mars, or Jupiter Faind, but are erring starres.
Doctor Faustus

Fau. But tell me, haue they all one motion?
both situ & tempore.

Me. All ioynthly moue from East to West in 24. hours
upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion upo
the poles of the Zodiak.

Fau. Tush, these slender trifles Wagner can decide,
Hath Mephostophilus no greater skill?
Who knowes not the double motion of the plannets?
The first is finisht in a naturall day,
The second thus, as Saturne in 30. yeares, Jupiter in 12.,
Mars in 4., the Sunne, Venus, and Mercury in a yeare: the
Moone in 28. dayes. Tush, these are fresh mens supposi-
tions, but tell me, hath euery sphære a dominion or
Intelligentia?

Me. I.

Fau. How many heauens or sphères are there?

Me. Nine, the seuen planets, the firmament, and the
imperiall heauen.

Fau. Well, resolue me in this question, why haue wee
not coniunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipsis, all at one
time, but in some yeares we haue more, in some lesse?

Me. Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.

Fau. Well, I am answered, tell me who made the world?

Me. I will not.

Fau. Sweete Mephostophilus, tell me.

Me. Moue me not, for I will not tell thee.

Fau. Villaine, haue I not bound thee to tel me any
thing?

Me. I, that is not against our kingdome, but this is.

Thinke thou on hell Faustus, for thou art damnd.

Fau. Thinke Faustus vpon God that made the world.
Me. Remember this.  
Fau. I, goe accursed spirit to vgly hell,  
Tis thou hast damn’d distressed Faustus soule:  
Ist not too late?  

Enter good Angell and euill.

Euill A. Too late.  
Good A. Neuer too late, if Faustus can repent.  
Euill A. If thou repent diuels shall teare thee in peeces.  
Good A. Repent, & they shall neuer race thy skin.  

Exeunt (Angels).

Faustus. Ah Christ my Saviour,  
Seeke to saue distressed Faustus soule.

Enter Lucifer, Belsabub, and Mephistophilus.

Lucifer. Christ cannot saue thy soule, for he is iust,  
Theres none but I haue intrest in the same.  
Faustus. O who art thou that lookst so terrible?  
Lucifer. I am Lucifer, And this is my companion Prince in hel.  
Faustus. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,  
And Faustus vowes neuer to looke to heauen,  
Neuer to name God, or to pray to him,  
To burne his Scriptures, slay his Ministers,  
And make my spirites pull his churches downe.

690 s.d. follows 685 Ward Enter good Angel and euil Angel  
1611: Enter the two Angels 1616-63  
692 can] will 1616-63  
693 shall] will 1616-63  
694 race 1604-11: raise 1616-20: raze 1624, Dyce to Bull.: rase 1631, 1663  
695 Ah] O 1616-63  
my Souiour repeated 1616-63  
696 Seeke] Helpe 1616-37: Seek thou  
conj. Dyce  
695, 696 Christ.. soule] help distressed Faustus 1663  
697 Christ] He 1663  
699 terribly 1616-63  
702 away om. 1616-63, Wag., Brey.  
thy soule] thee 1663  
703-6 This speech is divided in Qq 1616-63 into five: thus, Belz. We are come  
to tell thee thou dost inuire vs.  
Lucifer. Thou calst on Christ (heaven 1663) contrary to thy promise. Belz, Thou should’st not thinke  
on God (heaven 1663).  
Lucifer. Thinke on the deuill. Belz. And his dam to.  
705 of . . of 1604, 1609: of . . on 1611  
709-11 om. 1616-63
Lu: Do so, and we will highly gratifie thee: Faustus, we are come from hel to shew thee some pastime: sit downe, and thou shalt see al the seauen deadly sinnes appeare in their proper shapes.

Fau: That sight will be as pleasing vnto me, As paradise was to Adam, the first day Of his creation.

Lu: Talke not of paradise, nor creation, but marke this shew: talke of the diuel, and nothing else: come away.

Enter the seauen deadly sinnes.

Now Faustus, examine them of their seueral names and dispositions.

Fau: What art thou? the first.

Pride. I am Pride, I disdaine to haue any parents, I am like to Ouid's flea, I can creepe into every corner of a wench, sometimes like a periwig, I sit vpon her brow, or like a fan of feathers, I kisse her lippes, indeede I doe, what doe I not? but fie, what a scent is here? Ile not speake an other word, except the ground were perfumde and couered with cloth of arras.


Coue: I am Couetousnes, begotten of an olde churle, in an olde leathere bag: and might I haue my wish, I would desire, that this house, and all the people in it were turned to golde, that I might locke you vppe in my good chest: O my sweete golde.


Wrath: I am Wrath, I had neither father nor mother, I leapt out of a lions mouth, when I was scarce half an houre olde, and euer since I haue runne vp and downe the worlde, with this case of rapiers wounding my selfe, when I had no body to fight withal: I was borne in hel, and looke to it, for some of you shalbe my father.

Fau: What art thou? the fourth.

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a Chimney-sweeper, and an Oyster wife: I cannot reade, and therefore wish al bookes were burnt: I am leane with seeing others eate. O that there would come a famine through all the worlde, that all might die, and I liue alone, then thou shouldest see how fatt I would be: but must thou sit and I stand? come downe with a vengeance.


Glut: Who I sir? I am Gluttony: my parents are al dead, and the diuel a penny they haue left me, but a bare pention, and that is 30. meales a day, and tenne beauers, a small trifle to suffice nature. O I come of a royall parentage, my grandfather was a gammon of bacon, my grandmother a hogs head of Claret-wine: My godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring, and Martin Martlemas-biefe. O but my godmother she was a jolly gentlewoman, and welbeloved in euery good towne and Citie: her name was mistresse Margery March-beere: now Faustus, thou hast heard all my Progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Fau. No, Ile see thee hanged, thou wilt eat vp all my victualls.


737-765.
Glut. Then the diuell choake thee.


Sloth. I am sloath, I was begotten on a sunny banke, where I haue laine euer since, and you haue done me great injury to bringe me from thence: let me be carried thither againe by Gluttony and Leachery. Ile not speake an other word for a Kings raunsome.

Fau. What are you mistresse minkes? the seuenth and last.

Lechery. Who I sir? I am one that loues an inch of raw Mutton better then an ell of fride stock-fish, and the first letter of my name beginnes with leachery.

Lu. Away, to hel, to hel.

Fau. O this feedes my soule.

Lu. Tut Faustus, in hel is al manner of delight.

Fau. O might I see hel, and returne againe, how happy were I then?

Lu. Thou shalt, I wil send for thee at midnight, in mean time take this booke, peruse it thowly, and thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.

Fau. Great thankes mighty Lucifer, This wil I keepe as chary as my life.

Lu. Farewel Faustus, and thinke on the diuell.

Fau. Farewel great Luciter: come Mephastophilis.

Exeunt omnes.
Enter Wagner solus.

Wag. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of Astronomy,
Grauen in the booke of Ioues hie firmament,
Did mount himselfe to scale Olympus top,
Being seated in a chariote burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoky dragons neckes:
He now is gone to prooue Cosmography,
And as I guesse, wil first arine at Rome,
To see the Pope, and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
That to this day is highly solemnized.  Exit Wagner

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilus.

Fau. Hauing now, my good Mephistophilus,
Past with delight the stately towne of Trier,
Inuirond round with ayrie mountaine tops,
With walles of flint, and deepe intrenched lakes,
Not to be wonne by any conquering prince,
From Paris next coasting the Realme of France,
Wee sawe the riuer Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose bankes are set with groues of fruitful vines.
Then vp to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings faire and gorgeous to the eye,
The streetes staight forth, and pau’d with finest bricke,
Quarters the towne in foure equiuolence.

792-802 This passage occurs twice in Qq 1616-63: once by mistake before l. 612 (cf. note to ll. 598-611) and again in this place, with the addition of 14 new lines. For the elaborated version cf. Appendix, pp. 197, 8  S.D. enter Wagner solus 1604-11, 1616-63, first draft: Enter the Chorus 1616-24, second draft: Enter Chorus 1631, 1663, second draft: Act the Third. Enter Chorus Rob., Cunn. 792 Learned om. Wag. 792-3 one line 1616-63, Wag. 793 know] find 1616-63, second draft 795 himselfe] him vp 1616-24, second draft : vp 1631, second draft : om. 1663, second draft 796 Being seated] Where sitting 1616-63, second draft 797 yoky] yoaked 1624, first draft, 1616-63, second draft 797 + Thirteen lines inserted 1616-63, second draft 798 + That measures costs, and kingdomes of the earth add. 1616-63, second draft 802 That to 1604-11, 1616, first draft: That on 1619-63, first draft: The which 1616-63, second draft highly om. 1631, 1663, first draft 802 S.D. Wagner om. 1616-63, second draft 802 + Act III. add. 1663: Act the Third. Scene I. Rob., Cunn., Wag. : Scene VII. Ward, Bull., Brey. The entire scene to l. 904 has been rewritten by the editor of ed. 1663. For the scene as it there appears cf. Appendix, pp. 198-202. 805 round om. 1624, 1631 811 vp to] vnto 1620-31 814 om. 1616-31 four equiuolence 1604, 1609: forme equiuolent 1611 792-814
There sawe we learned Maroes golden tombe,
The way he cut an English mile in length, 
Thorough a roke of stone in one nights space. 
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest, 
In one of which a sumptuous Temple stands, 
That threat's the starres with her aspiring toppe. 
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time, 
But tell me now, what resting place is this? 
Hast thou as erst I did command, 
Conducted me within the walles of Rome? 

Me. Faustus, I haue, and because we wil not be vn-
prouided, I haue taken vp his holinesse priuy chamber 
for our vse.

Fau. I hope his holinesse will bid vs welcome.

Me. Tut, tis no matter man, weele be bold 
with his goode cheare,

And now my Faustus, that thou maist perceiue 
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,

Know that this Citie stands vpon seuen hilles, 
That vnderprops the groundworke of the same, 

(Just through the midst runnes flowing Tylers strame, 
With winding bankes that cut it in two parts,) 
Ouer the which foure stately bridges leane, 
That makes safe passage to each part of Rome. 
Vpon the bridge call'd Ponto Angelo, 
Erected is a Castle passing strong, 
Within whose walles such store of ordonance are, 
And double Canons, fram'd of carued brasse, 
As match the dayes within one compleate yeare, 
Besides the gates and high piramides, 
Which Iulius Caesar brought from Africa.
The tragicall History of

Fau. Now by the kingdomes of infernall rule,
Of Styx, Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of euer-burning Phlegiton I sweare,
That I do long to see the monuments
And scituation of bright splendent Rome,
Come therefore, lets away.

Me. Nay Faustus stay, I know youd faine see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
Where thou shalt see a troupe of bald-pate Friers,
Whose summun bonum is in belly-cheare.

Fau. Well, I am content, to compasse then some sport,
And by their folly make vs merriment.

Me. So Faustus, now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discerned.

Sound a Sonnet, enter the Pope and the Cardinall of
Lorraine to the banket, with Friers attending.

Pope. My Lord of Lorraine, wilt please you draw neare.

Fau. Fall too, and the diuel choake you and you spare.

Pope. How now, whose that which spake? Friers looke about.

Fri. Heere's no body, if it like your Holynesse.

Pope. My Lord, here is a daintie dish was sent me from
the Bishop of Millaine.

Fau. I thanke you sir.

Pope. How now, whose that which snatcht the meat

from me? will no man looke? My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinall of Florence.

Fau. You say true, Ile hate.  

(Snatches the dish.)

Pope. What againe? my Lord Ile drinke to your grace.

Fau. Ile pledge your grace.  

(Snatches the cup.)

Lor. My Lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of Purgatory come to begge a pardon of your holinesse.

Pope. It may be so, Friers prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost: once againe my Lord fall too.

The Pope crosseth himselfe.

Fau. What, are you crossing of your selfe?  

Well vse that tricke no more, I would advisue you

Crosse againe.

Fau. Well, theres the second time, aware the third.

I giue you faire warning.

Crosse againe, and Faustus hits him a boxe of the eare, and they all runne away.

Fau. Come on Mephastophilis, what shall we do?  

Me. Nay I know not, we shalbe curst with bell, booke, and candle.

Fau. How? bell, booke, and candle, candle, booke, and bell,

Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

Anon you shal heare a hogge grunt, a calfe bleate, and an asse braye, because it is S. Peters holy day.


871-890
Enter all the Friers to sing the Dirge.

Frier. Come brethren, let's about our businesse with good devotion.

Sing this. Cursed be hee that stole away his holinesse meate from the table.—maledicat dominus.

Cursed be hee that strooke his holinesse a blowe on the face. maledicat dominus.

Cursed be he that tooke Frier Sandelo a blow on the pate. male, &c.

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy Dirge. male, &c.

Cursed be he that tooke away his holinesse wine. maledicat dominus.

Et omnes sancti, Amen.

(Mephistophilis and Faustus) beate the Friers, and fling fier-workes among them, and so Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

When Faustus had with pleasure tane the view Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings, Hee stayde his course, and so returned home, Where such as beare his absence, but with grieve, I meane his friends and nearest companions, Did gratulate his safetie with kinde words, And in their conference of what befell, Touching his iourney through the world and ayre, They put forth questions of Astrologie, Which Faustus answerd with such learned skill, As they admirde and wondred at his wit. Now is his fame spread forth in euery land, Amongst the rest the Emperour is one, Carolus the fift, at whose pallace now Faustus is feasted mongst his noble men.
What there he did in triall of his art, I leaue vntold, your eyes shall see performd. Exit.

Enter Robin the Ostler with a booke in his hand.

Robin. O this is admirable! here I ha stolne one of doctor Faustus conjuring books, and ifaith I meane to search some circles for my owne vse: now wil I make al the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure starke naked before me, and so by that meanes I shal see more than ere I felt, or saw yet.

Enter Rafe calling Robin.

Rafe. Robin, prethee come away, theres a Gentleman tarries to haue his horse, and he would haue his things rubd and made cleane: he keepes such a chafing with my mistris about it, and she has sent me to looke thee out: prethee come away.

Robin. Keepe out, keep out, or else you are blowne vp, you are dismembred Rafe: keepe out, for I am about a roaring peece of worke.

Rafe. Come, what doest thou, with that same booke thou canst not reade?

Robin. Yes, my maister and mistris shal finde that I can reade, he for his forehead, she for her priuate study: shee's borne to beare with me, or else my Art failes.

Rafe. Why Robin what booke is that?

Robin. What booke? why the most intollerable booke for conjuring that ere was inuented by any brimstone diuel.

Rafe. Canst thou coniure with it?

Robin. I can do al these things easily with it: first, I can make thee druncke with ipocrase at any taberne in Europe for nothing, that's one of my conjuring workes.

Rafe. Our maister Parson says that nothing.

Robin. True Rafe, and more Rafe, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchin maide, then turne her and wind hir to thy owne vse, as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Rafe. O braue Robin, shal I haue Nan Spit, and to mine owne vse? On that condition Ile feede thy diuel with horse-bread as long as he liues, of free cost.

Robin. No more sweete Rafe, letts goe and make cleane
The tragical History of our bootes which lie foule vpon our handes, and then to our conjuring in the diuels name. 

Exeunt.

Enter Robin and Rafe with a silver Goblet.

Robin. Come Rafe, did not I tell thee, we were for euer made by this doctor Faustus booke? ecce signum, heeres a simple purchase for horse-keepers, our horses shal eate no hay as long as this lasts.

Enter the Vintner.

Rafe. But Robin, here comes the vintner.

Robin. Hush, Ile gul him supernaturally: Drawer, I hope al is payd, God be with you: come Rafe.

Vintn. Soft sir, a word with you, I must yet haue a goblet payde from you ere you goe.

Robin. I a goblet Rafe, I a goblet? I scorne you: and you are but a &c. I a goblet? search me.

Vintn. I meane so sir, with your fauor. (Searches Robin.)

Robin. How say you now?

Vintner. I must say somewhat to your felow, you sir.

Rafe. Me sir, me sir, search your fill:

(Vintner searches him.)

now sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vintner. Wel, tone of you hath this goblet about you.

Ro. You lie Drawer, tis afore me (Aside): sirra you, Ile teach ye to impeach honest men: stand by, Ile scowre you for a goblet, stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzabub: looke to the goblet Rafe. (Aside to Ralph.)

Vintner. What meane you sirra?

Robin. Ile tell you what I meane. He reads.

Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon: nay Ile tickle you Vintner, looke to the goblet Rafe. Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu Mephostophilis, &c.

Enter Mephostophilis: sets squibs at their backes: they runne about.


957+Scene IX. Ward, Bull. In Qq 1616-63 this scene to l. 1006 is entirely rewritten. No verbal resemblance except at ll. 994-6. For the version of 1616-63 cf. Appendix, pp. 208, 209 961 s.d. the om. 1616-63, Dyce to Bull. s.d. follows supernaturally Dyce to Bull. 969+, 972+, 976+, 979+s.d. add. Dyce 984 s.d. backes] backs, and then exit Dyce

956-986
Rafe. Peccatum peccatorum, heeres thy goblet, good Vintner.  
Robin. Misericordia pro nobis, what shal I doe? good diuel, forgiue me now, and Ile neuer rob thy Library more.

Enter to them Meph.

Meph. Monarch of hel, vnder whose blacke suruey Great Potentates do kneele with awful feare, Vpon whose altars thousand soules do lie, How am I vexed with these vilaines charmes? From Constantinople am I hither come, 995
Onely for pleasure of these damned slaues.  
Robin. How, from Constantinople? you haue had a great iourney, wil you take sixe pence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone? 999
Me. Wei villaines, for your presumption, I transforme thee into an Ape, and thee into a Dog, and so be gone. Exit. 
Rob. How, into an Ape? thats braue, He haue fine sport with the boyes, He get nuts and apples enow.
Rafe. And I must be a Dogge.
Robin. Ifaith thy head wil neuer be out of the potage pot.

Enter Emperour, Faustus, and a Knight, with Attendants.

Em. Maister doctor Faustus, I haue heard strange report of thy knowledge in the blacke Arte, how that none in my Empire, nor in the whole world can compare with thee, for the rare effects of Magicke: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whome thou canst accomplish what thou list: this therefore is my request, that thou let me see some proove of thy skil, that mine eies may be witnesses to confirme what mine eares haue heard reported, and here I sweare to thee, by the honor of mine Imperial

988 s.d. add. Dyce 991 Monarch] Before this line Qq 1604-11 wrongly insert two lines of prose, which all editors omit, Vanish vilaines, th'one like an Ape, an other like a Beare, the third an Asse, for doing this enterprise. 994 with 1604-11: by 1616-63 these 1604, 1616-63: this 1609-11 995 am .. come] haue they brought me now 1616-63 1005 be om. 1609, 1611 1006+ Qq 1616-63 add. a new scene of 49 lines <Act III> Scene IV. Rob., Cunn. Cf. Appendix, pp. 210, 211 (ll. 1007-1055) 1006+ +Act the Fourth. Scene I. Rob., Cunn.: Scene X Ward, Bull., Brey. 1007-1105 Rewritten and expanded Qq 1616-63. Cf. Appendix, pp. 211-214 (ll. 1056-1178). No verbal similarity between the two texts except at ll. 1094-1101 1007 reports 1609, 1611 1014 my eares 1609, 1611 987-1015
crowne, that what euer thou doest, thou shalt be no wayes prejudiced or indamaged.

Knight. Ifaith he lookes much like a conjurer.  
Fau. My gratious Soueraigne, though I must confesse 
my selfe farre inferior to the report men haue published, 
and nothing answerable to the honor of your Imperial 
maiesty, yet for that loue and duety bindes me therevnto, 
I am content to do whatsoever your maiesty shall com-
mand me.

Em. Then doctor Faustus, marke what I shall say.  
As I was sometime solitary set, 
Within my Closet, sundry thoughts arose, 
About the honour of mine auncestors, 
Howe they had wonne by prowesse such exploits, 
Gote such riches, subdued so many kinldomes, As we that do succeede, or they that shal 
Hereafter possesse our throne, shal 
(I feare me) neuer attaine to that degree 
Of high renowne and great authoritie, 
Amongst which kings is Alexander the great, 
Chiefe spectacle of the worldes preheminence, 
The bright shining of whose glorious actes 
Lightens the world with his reflecting beames, 
As when I heare but motion made of him, 
It grieues my soule I neuer saw the man: 
If therefore thou, by cunning of thine Art, 
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below, 
Where lies intombde this famous Conquerour, 
And bring with him his beauteous Paramour, 
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire 
They vsde to weare during their time of life, 
Thou shalt both satisfie my iust desire, 
And giue me cause to praise thee whilst I liue.

Fau: My gratious Lord, I am ready to accomplish your 
request, so farre forth as by art and power of my spirit 
I am able to performe. 
Knight. Ifaith thats iust nothing at all.  
Fau. But if it like your Grace, it is not in my abilitie 
to present before your eyes the true substantiall bodies 
of those two deceased princes which long since are con-
sumed to dust.
Knight. I mary, master doctor, now there is a signe of grace in you, when you wil confess the truth.  

Aside.  

Fau: But such spirites as can liuely resemble Alexander and his Paramour, shal appeare before your Grace, in that manner that they best liued in, in their most flourishing estate, which I doubt not shal sufficiently content your Imperiall majesty.  

Em. Go to, maister Doctor, let me see them presently.  

Kn. Do you heare maister Doctor ? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the emperor ?  

Fau. How then sir ?  

Kn. Ifaith thats as true as Diana turnd me to a stag.  

Fau: No sir, but when Acteon died, he left the hornes for you: Mephostophilis be gone.  

Kn. Nay, and you go to conjuring, Ile be gone. Exit Kn:  

Fau. Ile meete with you anone for interrupting me so: heere they are, my gratious Lord.  

Enter Meph: with Alexander and his paramour.  

Emp. Maister Doctor, I heard this Lady while she liu’d had a wart or moale in her necke, how shal I know whether it be so or no ?  

Fau: Your highnes may boldly go and see. Exit Alex:  

Emp: Sure these are no spirites, but the true substantiall bodies of those two deceased princes.  

Fau: Wilt please your highnes now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late ?  

Emp: One of you call him forth.  

Enter the Knight with a paire of hornes on his head.  

Emp. How now sir Knight ? why I had thought thou hadst beene a batcheler, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only giues thee hornes, but makes thee weare them: feele on thy head.  

Kn: Thou damned wretch, and execrable dogge, Bred in the concave of some monstrous rocke: How darst thou thus abuse a Gentleman ?  

Vilaine I say, vndo what thou hast done.  

Fau: O not so fast sir, theres no haste: but good, are you remembred how you crossed me in my conference with the emperour ? I thinke I haue met with you for it.
Emp: Good Maister Doctor, at my intreaty release him, he hath done penance sufficient.

Fau: My Gratious Lord, not so much for the injury hee offred me heere in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this iniurious knight, which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his hornes: and sir knight, hereafter speake well of Scholers: Mephistophilis, transforme him strait. Now my good Lord hauing done my duety, I humbly take my leaue.

Emp: Farewel maister Doctor, yet ere you goe, Expect from me a bounteous reward. Exit Emperour.

Fau: What horse-courser, you are wel met. Hors: Do you heare sir? I haue brought you forty dollers for your horse.

Fau: I cannot sel him so: if thou likst him for fifty, take him.

Hors: Alas sir, I haue no more, I pray you speake for me.

Me: I pray you let him haue him, he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor childe.

Fau: Wel, come giue me your money, my boy wil deliuer him to you: but I must tel you one thing before you haue him, ride him not into the water at any hand.

Hors: Why sir, wil he not drinke of all waters?

Fau: O yes, he wil drinke of al waters, but ride him not into the water, ride him ouer hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Hors: Wel sir, Now am I made man for euer, Ile not leaue my horse for fortie: if he had but the qualitie of hey ding, ding, hey, ding, ding, Ide make a braue liuing on him; hee has a buttocke as slicke as an Ele: wel god buy sir, your boy wil deliuer him me: but hark ye sir, if my horse be sick, or ill at case, if I bring his water to you, youle tel me what it is. Exit Horsecourser.

Fau. Away you villaine: what, doost thinke I am a horsedocter? What art thou Faustus but a man con-demnd to die?

Thy fatall time doth drawe to finall ende, Dispaire doth drue distrust vnto my thoughts, Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe: Tush, Christ did call the theifie vpon the Crosse, Then rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit.

Sleepe in his chaire.

Enter Horsecourser all wet, crying.

Hors. Alas, alas, Doctor Fustian quoth a, mas, Doctor Lopus was neuer such a Doctor, has giuen me a purgation, has purg'd me of fortie Dollers, I shall neuer see them more: but yet like an asse as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water; now,


1125–1153
I thinking my horse had had some rare qualitie that he
would not haue had me knowne of, I like a ventrous youth,
rid him into the deepe pond at the townes ende. I was no
sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanisht
away, and I sat vpon a bottle of hey, never so neare drown-
ing in my life: but Ie seeke out my Doctor, and haue my
fortie dollers againe, or Ie make it the dearest horse: O
yonder is his snipper snapper: do you heare? you, hey,
passe, where's your maister?

Me. Why sir, what would you? you cannot speake with
him.

Hors. But I wil speake with him.
Me. Why hee's fast asleepe, come some other time.
Hors. Ile speake with him now, or Ile breake his glasse-
windowes about his eares.
Me. I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.
Hors. And he haue not slept this eight weekes Ile speake
with him.
Me. See where he is fast asleepe.
Hors. I, this is he. God saue ye maister doctor, maister
docter, maister doctor Fustian, fortie dollers, fortie dollers
for a bottle of hey.
Me. Why, thou seest he heares thee not.
No, will you not wake? Ile make you wake ere I goe.

Pull him by the legge, and pull it away.
Alas, I am vndone, what shall I do?
Fau. O my legge, my legge, helpe Mephistophilis, call
the Officers, my legge, my legge.
Me. Come villaine to the Constable.
Hors. O Lord sir, let me goe, and Ile giue you fortie
dollers more.
Me. Where be they?
Hors. I haue none about me, come to my Oastrie, and
Ile giue them you.
Me. Be gone quickly. Horsecourser runnes away.
Fau. What is he gone? farwel he, Faustus has his legge
againe, and the Horsecourser, I take it, a bottle of hey for
his labour; wel, this tricke shal cost him fortie dollers
more.

1159 in my] in al my 1609, 1611 1169 this 1604, 1611 : these
1609 1170 this 1604, 1611 : these 1609 1173 ye] you 1611

1154-1192
Enter Wagner.

How now Wagner, what's the newes with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat you your company.

Fau. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning, come Mephistophilis, let's away to him.

Enter to them the Duke, and the Dutches, the Duke speakes.

Du: Beleeue me maister Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Fau: My gratious Lord, I am glad it contents you so wel: but it may be Madame, you take no delight in this. I haue heard that great bellied women do long for some dainties or other, what is it Madame? tell me, and you shal haue it.

Dutch. Thankes, good maister doctor, And for I see your curteous intent to pleasure me, I wil not hide from you the thing my heart desires, and were it nowe summer, as it is January, and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meate then a dish of ripe grapes.

Fau: Alas Madame, thats nothing, Mephistophilis, be gone. Were it a greater thing then this, so it would content you, you should haue it.

Enter Mephosto: with the grapes.

Here they be madam, wilt please you taste on them?

Du: Beleeue me master Doctor, this makes me wonder aboue the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you shuld come by these grapes.

Fau: If it like your grace, the yeere is diuided into twoo circles ouer the whole worlde, that when it is heere winter with vs, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as

1193 what's the 1604-11: what 1616-63 1194 Sir] If it please you 1616-63 1195 After company 1616-63 add and hath sent some of his men to attend you with provision fit for your iourney 1196 Vanholt's 1616-63 1197 to] and one to 1616-63 1198 Mephistophilis, let's om. 1616-63 to him om. 1616-63 1198+ New scene of 56 lines add. 1616-63; cf. Appendix, pp. 219-220(l. 1255) 1198+ Scene XII add. Ward, Bull., Brey. 1199-1237 Expanded 1616-63 to 124 lines. Occasional verbal resemblance between the two texts. For version of 1616-63 cf. Appendix, pp. 220 (l. 1256)-224 1210 ripe om. 1609, 1611 1193-1222
in India, Saba, and farther countries in the East, and by means of a swift spirit that I haue, I had them brought hither, as ye see: how do you like them Madame, be they good?

Dut: Beleeue me Maister doctor, they be the best grapes that ere I tasted in my life before.

Fau: I am glad they content you so Madam.

Du: Come Madame, let vs in, where you must wel reward this learned man for the great kindnes he hath shewed to you.

Dut: And so I wil my Lord, and whilst I liue, Rest beholding for this curtesie.

Fau: I humbly thanke your Grace.

Du: Come, maister Doctor follow vs, and receiue your reward. 

Enter Wagner solus.

Wag. I thinke my maister meanes to die shortly, For he hath giuen to me al his goodes, And yet me thinkes, if that death were neere, He would not banquet, and carowse, and swill Amongst the Students, as euen now he doth, Who are at supper with such belly-cheere, As Wagner nere beheld in all his life. See where they come: belike the feast is ended. (Exit.)

Enter Faustus with two or three Schollers (and Mephistophilis).

i. Sch. Maister Doctor Faustus, since our conference about faire Ladies, which was the beutifust in all the world, we haue determined with our selues, that Helen of Greece was the admirablest Lady that euer liued: therefore master Doctor, if you wil do vs that favor, as to let vs see that peerlesse Dame of Greece, whome al the world admires for mastey, wee should thinke our selues much beholding vnto you.

Fau. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfained,
And Faustus custome is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that pearlesse dame of Greece,
No otherwaies for pompe and maiestie,
Then when sir Paris crost the seas with her,
And brought the spoiles to rich Dardania.
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

Musicke sounds, and Helen passeth ouer the Stage.

2. Sch. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for maiestie.
3. Sch. No maruel tho the angry Grecesc pursude
With tenne yeares warre the rape of such a queene,
Whose heauenly beauty passeth all compare.

1. Since we haue seene the pride of natures workes,
And onely Paragon of excellence,

Enter an old man.

Let vs depart, and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus euermore.

Fau. Gentlemen farwel, the same I wish to you.

Exeunt Schollers.

Old. Ah Doctor Faustus, that I might preuaile,
To guide thy steps vnto the way of life,
By which sweete path thou maist attaine the golc
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest.
Breake heart, drop bloud, and mingle it with teares,
Teares falling from repentant heauinesse

1254-62 Prose 1604-11: corr. 1616-63
1254-5 One line 1616-63: corr. Dyce
1256 And 1604: om. 1609, 1611: It is not 1616-63
is not om. 1616-63
1257 request 1609-63, Wag.
1259 otherwise 1616-63
and] or 1616-63
1262 S.D. sounds . Helen]
sound, Mephosto. brings in Hellen, she 1616-63
Before this speech Qq 1616-63 insert, 2. Was this faire Hellen, whose admired worth Made Greece with ten yeares warres afflict poore Troy?
Prefix 2. Sch.] 3. 1616-63
wit] will 1631, 1663 praise] worth
1616-63
1265-7 om. 1616-63
1268 Since]
Now 1616-63
worke 1616-63
1269 om. 1616-63
1270 Let . . depart] Wee'l take our leaues 1616-63
1272 I wish] wish I 1616-63
1273-84 Entirely rewritten 1616-63;
cf. p. 226
1277-84 Baker suggests that these lines be given to Faustus

1254-1278
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthinesse,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soule
With such flagitious crimes of hainous sinnes,
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercie Faustus of thy Saviour sweete,
Whose bloud alone must wash away thy guilt.

Fau. Where art thou Faustus? wretch what hast thou done?

Damnd art thou Faustus, damnd, dispaire and die.
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voyce
Sayes, Faustus come, thine houre is come,
And Faustus will come to do thee right.

Mepha. giveth him a dagger.

Old. Ah stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps,
I see an Angell houers ore thy head,
And with a violl full of precious grace,
Offers to powre the same into thy soule,
Then call for mercie and auoyd dispaire.

Fau. Ah my sweete friend, I feele
Thy words to comfort my distresed soule,
Leaue me a while to ponder on my sinnes.

Old. I goe sweete Faustus, but with heauy cheare,
Fearing the ruine of thy hopelesse soule. (Exit.)

Fau. Accursed Faustus, where is mercie now?
I do repent, and yet I do dispaire:
Hell striues with grace for conquest in my breast,
What shal I do to shun the snares of death?

Me. Thou traitor Faustus, I arrest thy soule
For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,
Reuolt, or Ile in pece-meale teare thy flesh.

Fau: Sweete Mephistophilis, intreate thy Lord
To pardon my vniust presumption,
And with my blood againe I wil confirme
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Me. Do it then quickly, with vnfained heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

Fau: Torment sweete friend, that base and crooked age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hel affoords.

Me: His faith is great, I cannot touch his soule,
But what I may afflict his body with,
I wil attempt, which is but little worth.

Fau: One thing, good servuant, let me craue of thee,
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,
That I might haue vnto my paramour,
That heauenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweete embraces may extinguish cleane
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keepe mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Me. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shalbe performde in twinkling of an eie.

Enter Helen.

Fau: Was this the face that lancht a thousand shippes?
And burnt the toplesse Towres of Ilium?
Sweete Helen, make me immortall with a kisse:

(Kisses her.)

Her lips suckes forth my soule, see where it flies:
Come Helen, come giue mee my soule againe.
Here wil I dwel, for heauen be in these lips,
And all is drosse that is not Helena:
I wil be Paris, and for loue of thee,
Insteede of Troy shal Wertenberge be sackt,
And I wil combate with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy colours on my plumed Crest:
Yea I wil wound Achillis in the heele,

1310 The 1616-63 1311, 1313 Prefixes om. 1616-31
1311 quickly 1604-11: Faustus 1616-63 1312 dangers 1616-63
1313 crooked age] aged man 1616-63 1315 torment 1616, 1619
1317 may 1604-16: om. 1619-24: can 1631, 1663 1321 might]
may 1616-63 1323 embraces 1616-63 cleare] cleare 1616-63
1324 These] Those 1616-63, Dyce 1325 mine 1604: my 1609-63
oath 1604-11: vow 1616-63 1326 Faustus om. 1616-63 thou
shall] my Faustus shall 1616-63 1327 + S.D. Enter Hellen
again, passing ouer betweene two Cupids 1616-63 1330 + S.D.
add. 1663 1331 sucke 1616-63 flies Ward 1333 be] is
1616-63 1334 S.D. om. 1616-63: follows 1347 Dyce to Bull,
1336 Wittenberg 1616-63
And then returne to Helen for a kisse.
O thou art fairer then the euening aire,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres,
Brighter art thou then flaming Jupiter,
When he appeared to haplesse Semele,
More louely then the monarke of the skie
In wanton Arethusaes azurde armes,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Exeunt.

Old man. Accursed Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soule excludst the grace of heauen,
And fleist the throne of his tribunall seate.

Enter the Diuelleres.

Sathan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shal try my faith,
My faith, vile hel, shal triumph ouer thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heauens smiles
At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorne.

Hence hel, for hence I flie vnto my God.

Exeunt.

Enter Faustus with the Schollers.

Fau: Ah Gentlemen!
  1. Sch: What ailes Faustus?
  Fau: Ah my sweete chamber-fellow! had I liued with thee, then had I liued stil, but now I die eternally: looke, comes he not? comes he not?
  2. Sch: What meanes Faustus?
  3. Scholler. Belike he is growne into some sickenesse by being ouer solitary.
  1. Sch: If it be so, weele haue Physitians to cure him: tis but a surffet, neuer feare man.
  Fau: A surffet of deadly sinne that hath damnd both body and soule.
2. Sch. Yet Faustus, looke vp to heauen, remember gods mercies are infinite.

Fau. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned. The Serpent that tempted Eue may be sau'd, but not Faustus: Ah Gentlemen, heare me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pants and quiuers to remember that I haue beene a student here these thirty yeeres, O would I had neuer seene Wertenberge, neuer read booke: and what wonders I haue done, al Germany can witnes, yea all the world, for which Faustus hath lost both Germany, and the world, yea heauen it selfe, heauen the seate of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdome of ioy, and must remaine in hel for euer, hel, ah hel for euer, sweete friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hel for euer ?

3. Sch. Yet Faustus call on God.

Fau. On God whome Faustus hath abiuurde, on God, whome Faustus hath blasphemed: ah my God, I woulde weeppe, but the diuell drawes in my teares. Gush forth bloud, instedte of teares, yea life and soule. Oh he stays my tong, I would lift vp my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them.

All. Who Faustus ?

Fau. Lucifer and Mephistophilis.

Ah Gentlemen ! I gaue them my soule for my cunning.

All. God forbid.

Fau. God forbade it indeede, but Faustus hath done it: for vaine pleasure of 24. yeares hath Faustus lost eternall ioy and felicitie. I writ them a bill with mine owne bloud, the date is expired, the time wil come, and he wil fetch mee.

1. Schol. Why did not Faustus tel vs of this before, that Diuines might haue prayed for thee ?

Fau. Oft haue I thought to haue done so, but the diuell

1369-70 remember . . are] and remember mercy is 1616-63
1371-2 The . . Faustus om. 1663 1373 Ah] O 1616-63 me om.
1616 1374 pant & quiuer 1616-63 1376 neuer] nere 1619-63
Wittenberg 1616-63 1379-81 heauen the seate . . ioy om. 1663
1381 ah] O 1616-63 1384 Prefix 2. 1616-63 God] Heaven
1663 1385 On God om. 1663 on God om. 1663 1386
ah] O 1616-31 ah . . God om. 1663 1388 yea . . soule
om. 1663 1389-90 them . . them] 'em . . 'em 1616-63
1394 God 1604-11: O God 1616-31: Heaven 1663 1395 God]
Heaven 1663 1396 for] for the 1616-63 24.] foure and
twenty 1616-63 1398 the time wil come] this is the time 1616-63

1369-1402
threatened to teare mee in peeces, if I namde God, to fetch both body and soule, if I once gaue eare to diuinitie: and now tis too late: Gentlemen away, lest you perish with me.

2. Sch. O what shal we do to (saue) Faustus? Faustus. Talke not of me, but saue your selues, and depart.

3. Sch. God wil strengthen me, I wil stay with Faustus.

1. Sch. Tempt not God, sweete friend, but let vs into the next roome, and there pray for him.

Fau. I, pray for me, and what noyse soeuer yee heare, come not vnto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2. Sch. Pray thou, and we wil pray that God may haue mercy vpon thee.

Fau. Gentlemen farewel, if I Hue til morning, He visite you: if not, Faustus is gone to hel.

All. Faustus, farewel. Exeunt Sch.

O He leape vp to my God: who pulles me downe?

See see where Christs blood streames in the firmament.

One drop would saue my soule, halfe a drop, ah my Christ. Ah rend not my heart for naming of my Christ, Yet wil I call on him: oh spare me Lucifer!


1403-1435
Where is it now? tis gone: And see where God
Stretcheth out his arme, and bends his irefull browes:
Mountaines and hilles, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.
No, no.
Then wil I headlong runne into the earth:
Earth gape. O no, it wil not harbour me:
You starres that raigned at my natuuitie,
Whose influence hath alotted death and hel,
Now draw vp Faustus like a foggy mist,
Into the intrailes of yon labring cloude,
That when you vomite foorth into the ayre,
My limbes may issue from your smoaky mouthes,
So that my soule may but ascend to heauen:
Ah, halfe the houre is past: The watch strikes.

Twil all be past anone:
Oh God,
If thou wilt not haue mercy on my soule,
Yet for Christs sake, whose bloud hath ransomd me,
Impose some end to my incessant paine.

Let Faustus liue in hel a thousand yeeres,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sau’d.
O no end is limited to damned soules,
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?
Or, why is this immortall that thou hast?
Ah Pythagoras metemsu costs,
This soule should flie from me, and I be changde
Vnto some brutish beast: al beasts are happy,
For when they die,
Their soules are soone dissolud in elements,
But mine must liue still to be plagde in hel:
Curst be the parents that ingendred me:

No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprinude thee of the ioyes of heauen:

The clocke striketh twelue.


MARLOWE I436-I469
The tragicall History of Doctor Faustus.

O it strikes, it strikes: now body turne to ayre, 1470
Or Lucifer wil beare thee quicke to hel:

Thunder and lightning.

O soule, be changde into little water drops,
And fal into the Ocean, nere be found:
My God, my God, looke not so fierce on me:

Enter diuels.

Adders, and Serpents, let me breathe a while: 1475
Vgly hell gape not, come not Lucifer,
Ile burne my bookes, ah Mephastophilis. (Exeunt with him.

Enter Chorus.

(Chor.) Cut is the branch that might haue growne ful straight,
And burned is Apolloes Laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone, regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Onely to wonder at vnlawful things,
Whose deepenesse doth intise such forward wits,
To practise more than heauenly power permits. 1485

Terminat hora diem, Terminat Author opus.

1470 O om. 1616-63  1471 S.D. om. 1616-63  1472 little]
small 1616-63  1474 My God, my God] O mercy heauen 1616-63
1474 S.D. Thunder, and enter the deuils after 1473 1616-63  1477
ah] Oh 1616-63  1477 S.D. Exeunt 1616: om. 1619-63  1477
+18 new lines add. 1616-63; cf. Appendix, p. 229 1485 + FINIS
add. 1611-63

1470-1485
APPENDIX TO DR. FAUSTUS

Instead of ll. 351-432, the quartos of 1616-63 have the following:

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Come hither sirra boy. 351
Clo. Boy? O disgrace to my person: Zounds boy in your face, you haue seene many boyes with beards, I am sure.
Wag. Sirra, hast thou no commings in?
Clo. Yes, and goings out too, you may see sir. 355
Wag. Alas poore slaue, see how pouerty iests in his nakednesse, I know the Villaines out of seruice, and so hungry, that I know he would giue his soule to the deuill for a shoulder of Mutton, tho it were bloud raw.
Clo. Not so neither; I had need to haue it well rosted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so deere, I can tell you. 361
Wag. Sirra, wilt thou be my man and waite on me? and I will make thee go, like Qui mihi discipulus.
Clo. What, in Verse?
Wag. No slaue, in beaten silke, and staues-aker. 365
Clo. Staues-aker? that's good to kill Vermine: then, belike if I serue you, I shall be lousy.
Wag. Why so shalt be, whether thou dost it or no: for sirra, if thou dost not presently bind thy selfe to me for seuen yeares, I'le turne all the lice about thee into Familiars, and make them tare thee in peeces. 371
Clo. Nay sir, you may saue your selfe a labour, for they are as familiar with me, as if they payd for their meate and drinke, I can tell you.
Wag. Well sirra, leaue your iesting, and take these Guilders. 376
(Gives money.)
Clo. Yes marry sir, and I thanke you to.
Wag. So, now thou art to bee at an howres warning, whensoeuer, and wheresoever the deuill shall fetch thee.
Clo. Here, take your Guilders, I'le none of 'em.
Wag. Not I, thou art prest, prepare thy selfe, for I will presently raise vp two deuils to carry thee away: Banio, Belcher.

Appendix to Dr. Faustus.


Enter 2 devils.

Wag. How now sir, will you serue me now?
Clow. I good Wagner, take away the deuill then.
Wag. Spirits away; now sirra follow me.
Clow. I will sir; but hearke you Maister, will you teach me this conjuring Occupation?
Wag. I sirra, I'le teach thee to turne thy selfe to a Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat, or any thing.
Clow. A Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat? O braue Wagner.
Wag. Villaine, call me Maister Wagner, and see that you walke attentiuely, and let your right eye be alwaies Diametrally fixt vpon my left heele, that thou maist, Quasi vestigiis nostris insistere.
Clow. Well sir, I warrant you.

Exeunt.

After line 791, Qq 1616-63 insert the following scene not found in Qq 1604-11:

Enter the Clowne.

(Clown.) What Dick, looke to the horses there till I come againe. I haue gotten one of Doctor Faustus coniuring bookes, and now we'le haue such knauery, as't passes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. What Robin, you must come away & walk the horses.
Rob. I walke the horses? I scorn't 'faith, I haue other matters in hand, let the horses walk themselues and they will.
(Reads) A perse a, t. h. e the: o per se o deny orgon, gorgon: keepe further from me O thou illiterate, and vnlearned Hostler.
Dick. 'Snayles, what hast thou got there, a book? why thou canst not tell ne're a word on't.
Rob. That thou shalt see presently: keep out of the circle, I say, least I send you into the Ostry with a vengeance.
Dick. That's like 'faith: you had best leaue your foolery, for an my Maister come, he'le conjure you 'faith.
Rob. My Maister conjure me? I'le tell thee what, an my Maister come here, I'le clap as faire a paire of horns on's head as e're thou sawest in thy life.
Dick. Thou needst not do that, for my Mistresse hath done it. 811

Rob. I, there be of vs here, that haue waded as deepe into matters, as other men, if they were disposed to talke.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneake vp and downe after her for nothing. But I prethee tell me, in good sadnesse Robin, is that a coniuring booke? 816

Rob. Do but speake what thou hast me to do, and I'le do't: If thou't dance naked, put off thy cloathes, and I'le coniure thee about presently: Or if thou't go but to the Ta-uerne with me, I'le give thee white wine, red wine, claret wine Sacke, Muskadine, Malmesey and Whippincrust, hold belly hold, and wee'le not pay one peny for it. 822

Dick. O braue, prethee let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

Rob. Come then let's away. Exeunt.

Immediately after the last line above (825), Qq 1616-63 print the following expanded version of the Chorus's (or Wagner's) speech. For the briefer form in which the speech occurs in Qq 1604-11 and, by mistake, at an earlier point in Qq 1616-63, cf. p. 172.

Enter the Chorus.

(Chorus.) Learned Faustus to find the secrets of Astronomy, Grauen in the booke of Ioues high firmament, 827
Did mount him vp to scale Olimpus top.
Where sitting in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoked Dragons neckes; 830
He viewes the cludes, the Planets, and the Starres,
The Tropick Zones, and quarters of the skye,
From the bright circle of the horned Moone,
Euen to the height of Primum Mobile:
And whirling round with this circumference, 835
Within the concaue compasse of the Pole,
From East to West his Dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight daies did bring him home againe.
Not long he stayed within his quiet house,
To rest his bones after his weary toyle, 840
But new exploits do hale him out agen,
And mounted then vpon a Dragons backe,
That with his wings did part the subtle aire:
He now is gone to proue Cosmography,
That measures costs, and kingdomes of the earth: 845
And as I guesse will first arrriue at Rome,
Appendix to Dr. Faustus.

To see the Pope and manner of his Court,  
And take some part of holy Peters feast,  
The which this day is highly solemnized.  

Exit.

Instead of ll. 803-904, the edition of 1663 inserts the following new scene, partly plagiarized from the Jew of Malta:

ACT. III.

Enter Faustus and Mephostophilis.

Faust. Now,  
Mephostophilis  
Having past with delight the famous  
Town of Tyre, environ'd round with Aiery  
Mountain tops: we came to Rome, where  
There is a Bridge cal'd Ponto Angelo, upon which  
There is erected as many Cannons as there is  
Days in a compleat year, besides the Gates  
And high Piramides, which Julius Caesar  
Brought from Africa.

Meph. Having now Faustus past with delight  
The famous City of Rome, and all the  
Monuments of Antiquity: our next shall be  
To see the Sultans Court, and what  
Delight great Babylon affords. This day  
The Soldan with his Bashawes holds a  
Solemne Feast for his late Victory,  
Obtain'd against the Christians: wee'l be  
His guests, and though unbidden, bring no  
Stooles with us: come stand by,  
And thou shalt (see) the(m) come immediately.

Faust. Thou knowst my good Mephostophilis,  
Within eight dayes we view'd the face of  
Heaven, Earth, and Hell, so high our dragons  
Sord into the skie, that looking downwards,  
The Earth appear'd to me in quantity  
No bigger then my hand.  
Then in this shew let me an actor be,  
That the proud Turk may Faustus cunning see.  

Meph. Faustus I will, but first stay  
And view their triumphs as they passe this way,  
And then devise what mischief best contents  
Thy mind: be cunning in thy art to crosse  
Their mirth, or dash the pride of their  
Solemnty, to clap huge horns upon his  
Bashawes head, or any villany thou canst  
Devise, and I'le perform it Faustus. Hark they come,  
This day shall make thee admir'd in Babylon.

Faust. One thing more my good Mephostophilis.  
Let me intreat of thee that Faustus may  
Delight his mind, and through their follies cause  

827 Sword 1663
Appendix to Dr. Faustus.

Some mirth: so charm me, I may appear
Invisible to all are here, and doe
What ere I please, unseen of any.
Meph. Faustus I will kneel down,
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charm thee with this Magick wand.
Take this girdle, thou shalt appear
Invisible to all are here;
The Planets seven, and the gloomy Air,
Hell, and the furies forked haer,
Pluto's blew fire, and Heccats tree,
With Magick charmes so compasse thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

Now Faustus for all their tricks, do what
Thou wilt, thou shalt not be deceiv'd of any.
Faust. Thanks Mephostophilis.

Now Bashawes take heed
Lest Faustus make your shaven pates to bleed.

Enter Salomaine and two Bashawes.

Solo. Welcome Mephostophilis from the siege of Malta,
And though we use no great familiarity
Towards our Vassals, but with severe looks
Maintain the reverence due to the Ottoman
Family, and so strike terrou in our subjects
Hearts: yet since the fates have so much
Favour'd us, as we have gain'd that proud
Rebellious town, that refus'd payment of our
Yearly tribute: we will recreate your wearied
Limbs: and pass the time with you my Lords in
Mirth, and to increase our joyes the more, Caleph from
You, let us here the story of Malta's siege.

Ca. Dread Soveraigne,
We no sooner there arrived, but of the
Governour, in your most Royal name, we
Demanded the ten months tribute left
Vnpaid: they desir'd time to make collection
Amongst the inhabitants of the Malta for it.
A moneth we granted, in which time
They seis'd on half the Estates of all
The Jews amongst them;
The time for truce alotted, scarce expir'd,
Arriv'd Martine Belbosco out of Spaine, who
With great promises of his Masters aid,
Incourag'd those of Malta not to render
Their promis'd tribute, but defend themselves;
They follow'd his advice, and made him general,
Who with those Malta Knights and lusty Seamen,
So valiantly the Sea and Coast defended,
That all our force in vain had been employ'd,
Had not an unexpected chance reliev'd us.
Mustapha may it please you finish the story,
For I was sent upon another design,
You know it better.

Mus. One morning as our scouts reliev'd our watch,
Hard by the City walls they found a body
Senseless, and speechless, yet gave some sign
Of life remaining in it: after some time
Spent in recovering to himself, he did
Confesse he was a Jew o'th town, who
To revenge some wrongs done him by
The Christians, would shew us how to
Enter to the town, and in short time
Make us masters of it: he therefore led our
Scouts through a vault, and rose with them in the
Middle of the town, open'd the gates for us to
Enter in, and by that means the place
Became our own.

Solo. Most grateful news.

Calph. Go call the Emperesse.

In the mean time prepare a banquet,
She shall partake with us in our joy and mirth,
It is too solitary to be alwaies pind up
In the Saralious solentary lodgings:
The greatest Princes are of humane mold,
No bow so good, but if still bent
Will break.—Welcome my dearest,
Whose soft embraces my wearied limbs refresh,
The pleasures we have receiv'd through this
The Christians overthow, invites us sweet
To make a day of joy and triumph, which
Caus'd us, dearest, desire thy company.

Emp. Great Solomaine,
The glory of the Ottomans,
My dear and honoured Lord,
Thus low your handmaid returns your
Highnesse thanks, that you wo'd be pleas'd to
Admit your humble Vassal to partake
Of your Joies, and the cause on't.
Mahomet preserve your Majesty,
And grant you may obtain
Many such victories.

Faust. An excellent beautie this Mephostophilis,
I must needs have a touch at her lips.

Mep. Do Faustus, enjoy thy wish, glut thy selfe
With pleasure whilst time and occasion permits.

Emp. Mahomet defend me.

What's that, that wisht to touch me?

Faust. Only a friend of yours inamour'd with
Your beautie Ladie.

906 Scouts T.B.: Stote 1663 917 still] steel 1663 920 this
T.B.: the 1663
Appendix to Dr. Faustus.

Solo. You seem discontented, or else amaz'd
At some strange accident: what i' st
Offends you sweet? come drink of this Cordial
To revive thee.

Faust. Though I must confess I have no great need
Of cordial waters, yet i'le drink it, because
It came from an Empresses hand:
Here Solomaine, here's to thee, and all thy mens
Confusion.

Solo. Hell, Furies, traytors look about,
See what tis that thus disturbs our mirth, and tell me
Dogs, or by our holy Prophets tomb I swear
Ye all shall die the miserablest death, that
Ever witty cruelty invented: how my soul is
Tortur'd with these villainous charms: some
Musick there to moderate these passions in
My breast: ha! do devils haunt my Palace,
Or are they come to celebrate such meetings
As the Christians use?
I'le find the cause of all these strange events,
And by our counter charmes cross their intents.
Call our Majecian forth, and let him bring
Such necessaries as his Art requires, to force
An answer from this infernal fiend,
That does disturb our mirth.

Meph. Faustus stand by, and give me leave to act
My part: we spirits take no pleasure in wine,
Or women, all our delights to hurt and torture
Men, which i'le perform on his majecian.
Vnless he serve a power above me, as we
Have order in our confusion, and different degrees
Amongst us, I'le carry him away out of
His circle, and throw him down into some
Stinking puddle.

Faust. Why, but tell me Mephostophilis, dar'st thou
Attempt to venter on a man in his circle?

Meph. Because thou art ours and sold to Lucifer, and I
Have promis'd to serve thee faithfully, I'le not
Conceal the secrets of our state from thee, thou darling
Of great Lucifer: know all those rights and
Spells which mortals use to make us rise,
Appear visible, answer to their demands,
Fulfill their wills, and execute their malice on
Their enemies, are very fables, forg'd at first
In hell, and thrust on credulous mortals
To deceive 'm.
Nor is there such a power in signes and words, to
Make us to obey, that rule the elements, and in a
Moment, if we had but leave, would turn the
World to a confus'd nothing. 'Tis true we seem
To come constrain'd, and by the power of their Charmes: but are more willing to be imploy'd to Hurt and kill mankind, then they are willing to engage Vs in their service, and wheresoe'r we find one bent to our Familiarity, we fly then willingly to catch him.

996 Faust. Thanks good Mephostophilis for this discovering Of your misery.

Solo. Majecian shew thy skill, and by thy art inquire What it is that thus disturbs our mirth, and then Command it forthwith to depart.

Conju. I obey your Royal pleasure.

Within my circle here I stand,
And in my hand, this silver wand
Arm'd with the potent hell gods names
At which fiends tremble midst the flames.
By fat of infants newly kill'd,
And blood by cruel mothers spill'd,
By Pluto's love to Proserpine,
Which made his Hell-hood sigh and whine,
By Minos and by Æ(æ)cus,
By Radament and Serberus,
I do conjure you hellish spirits,
That the infernal vaul(t)es inherits;
Send from your sootty palace hither,
One of your train to tell me whether
He that disturbs the Emperours feast,
Be a Devil, or a Ghost from hell releast.

Meph. A devil.

Conju. Thy name? who sent for thee? why dost not Shew thy self? scornst thou my charmes,
Which heretofore made thee fly as swift
As lightning to obey my hest? i'le torture thee For this contempt of me, and sink thee to the Bottom of the Seas, or bind thee in the deserts of Arrabia a thousand years to punish thy disobedience.

Meph. Will you so aud(æ)cious mortal? nay now you move Me, and because your fears have made you stone cold, I'le warm you for your threatening me with water, And for fear you should get a Feavour by this Vnwonted fire, in the next pond you come at, I quench your heat.


Sollo. Come my dearest, thy life is worth all ours. Exeunt.

For li. 854–904 in Qq 1604–11, the editions of 1616–31 substitute the following greatly expanded passage:
The which, in state and high solemnity,
This day is held through Rome and Italy,

855

1009 Plato's 1663 1025 bind thee T.B.: blind them 1663
854 in state and 1619–31: this day with 1616
In honour of the Popes triumphant victory.

Faust. Sweete Mephosto(philis,) thou pleasest me:
Whilst I am here on earth, let me be cloyd
With all things that delight the heart of man.

My four and twenty yeares of liberty
I'le spend in pleasure and in daliance,
That Faustus name, whilst this bright frame doth stand,
May be admired through the furthest Land.

Meph. 'Tis well said Faustus, come then stand by me
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

Faust. Nay stay my gentle Mephostophilis,
And grant me my request, and then I go.

Thou know'st within the compasse of eight daies,
We view'd the face of heauen, of earth and hell.
That looking downe the earth appear'd to me,
No bigger then my hand in quantity.

There did we view the Kingdomes of the world,
And what might please mine eye, I there beheld.

Then in this shew let me an Actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus cunning see.

Meph. Let it be so my Faustus, but first stay,
And view their triumphs, as they passe this way.
And then devise what best contents thy minde,
By cunning in thine Art to crosse the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this solemnity ;
To make his Monkes and Abbots stand like Apes,
And point like Antiques at his triple Crowne :
To beate the beads about the Friers Pates,
Or clap huge hornes, vpon the Cardinals heads :
Or any villany thou canst devise,
And I'le performe it Faustus: heark they come:
This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

Enter the Cardinals and Bishops,
some bearing Crosiers, some the Pillars, Monkes and Friers,
singing their Procession: Then the Pope, and Raymond King
of Hungary, with Bruno led in chaines.

Pope. Cast downe our Foot-stoole.

Ray. Saxon Bruno stoope,
Whilst on thy backe his hollinesse ascendes
Saint Peters Chaire and State Pontificall.

Bru. Proud Lucifer, that State belongs to me :
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

Pope. To me and Peter, shalt thou grouelling lie,
Appendix to Dr. Faustus.

And crouch before the Papall dignity:
Sound Trumpets then, for thus Saint Peters Heire,
From Bruno's backe, ascends Saint Peters Chaire.

A Flourish while he ascends.

Thus, as the Gods creepe on with feete of wool,
Long ere with Iron hands they punish men,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.
Lord Cardinals of France and Padua,
Go forth-with to our holy Consistory,
And read amongst the Statutes Decretall,
What by the holy Councell held at Trent,
The sacred Sinod hath decreed for him,
That doth assume the Papall gouernment,
Without election, and a true consent:
Away and bring vs word with speed.

1 Card. We go my Lord.  Exeunt Cardinals.

Pope. Lord Raymond,
Faust. Go hast thee gentle Mephostophilis,
Follow the Cardinals to the Consistory;
And as they turne their superstitious Bookes,
Strike them with sloth, and drowsy idlenesse;
And make them sleepe so sound, that in their shapes,
Thy selfe and I, may parly with this Pope:
This proud confronter of the Emperour,
And in despite of all his Holinesse
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And beare him to the States of Germany.

Meph. Faustus, I goe.

Faust. Dispatch it soone,
The Pope shall curse that Faustus came to Rome.

Exit Faustus and Meph.

Bruno. Pope Adrian let me haue some right of Law,
I was elected by the Emperour.

Pope. We will depose the Emperour for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him;
Both he and thou shalt stand excommunicate,
And interdict from Churches priuiledge,
And all society of holy men:
He growes to proud in his authority,
Lifting his loftie head aboue the clouds,
And like a Steeple ouer-peeres the Church.

But wee'le pul downe his haughty insolence:
And as Pope Alexander our Progenitour,
Trode on the neck of Germane Fredericke,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise;

902 om. 1619-31  904 our] the 1619-31  918 this 1616:
the 1619-31  926 some om. 1620-31  930 shalt 1616, 1619:
shall 1620-31
That Peters heires should tread on Emperours, And walke vpon the dreadfull Adders backe, Treading the Lyon, and the Dragon downe, And fearelesse spurne the killing Basiliske: So will we quell that haughty Schismatique; And by authority Apostolical! Depose him from his Regall Gouernment.

Brv. Pope Iulius swore to Princely Sigismond, For him, and the succeeding Popes of Rome, To hold the Emperours their lawfull Lords.

Pope. Pope Iulius did abuse the Churches Rites, And therefore none of his Decrees can stand. Is not all power on earth bestowed on vs? And therefore tho we would we cannot erre. Behold this Siluer Belt whereto is fixt Seuen golden seales fast sealed with seuen seales, In token of our seuen-fold power from heauen, To binde or loose, lock fast, condemne, or judge, Resigne, or seale, or what so pleaseth vs. Then he and thou, and all the world shall stoope, Or be assured of our dreadfull curse, To light as heauy as the paines of hell.

Enter Faustus and Mephosto. like the Cardinals.

Meph. Now tell me Faustus, are we not fitted well? Faust. Yes Mephosto, and two such Cardinals Ne're seru'd a holy Pope, as we shall do. But whilst they sleepe within the Consistory, Let vs salute his reuerend Father-hood. Ray. Behold my Lord, the Cardinals are return'd. Pope. Welcome graue Fathers, answere presently, What haue our holy Councell there decreed, Concerning Bruno and the Emperour, In quittance of their late conspiracie. Against our State, and Papall dignitie?

Faust. Most sacred Patron of the Church of Rome, By full consent of all the Synod Of Priests and Prelates, it is thus decreed: That Bruno, and the Germane Emperour Be held as Lollords, and bold Schismatiques, And proud disturbers of the Churches peace. And if that Bruno by his owne assent, Without inforcement of the German Peeres, Did seeke to weare the triple Dyadem, And by your death to clime S. Peters Chaire, The Statutes Decretall haue thus decreed, He shall be straignt condemne'd of heresie, And on a pile of Fagots burnt to death.

955 golden Lockes conj. Brereton 963 Mephostophilis 1620–31
969 hath 1620–31 974 Synod conj. Dyce
Pope. It is enough: here, take him to your charge,
And beare him straignt to Ponto Angelo,
And in the strongest Tower inclose him fast.
To morrow, sitting in our Consistory,
With all our Colledge of graue Cardinals,
We will determine of his life or death.
Here, take his triple Crowne along with you,
And leave it in the Churches treasury.
Make haste againe, my good Lord Cardinalls,
And take our blessing Apostolicall.

Meph. So, so, was neuer Diuell thus blest before.

Faust. Away sweet Mephosto, be gone,
The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon.

Ex. Fa. & Mep. (with Bruno.)

Pope. Go presently, and bring a banket forth,
That we may solemnize S. Peters feast,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,
Drinke to our late and happy victory.

Exeunt.

A Senit while the Banquet is brought in; and then Enter Faustus and Mephostophilis in their owne shapes.

Meph. Now Faustus, come prepare thy selfe for mirth,
The sleepy Cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And on a proud pac'd Steed, as swift as thought,
Flies ore the Alpes to fruitfull Germany,
There to salute the wofull Emperour.

Faust. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to day,
That slept both Bruno and his crowne away,
But now, that Faustus may delight his minde,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephostophilis, so charme me here,
That I may walke inuisible to all,
And doe what ere I please, vnseeene of any.

Meph. Faustus thou shalt, then kneele downe presently,
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charme thee with this Magicke wand,
First weare this girdle, then appeare
Inuisible to all are here:
The Planets seuen, the gloomy aire,
Hell and the Furies forked haire,
Pluto's blew fire, and Hecat's tree
With Magicke spels so compasse thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

So Faustus, now for all their holinesse,
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Ponte Dyce etc. his] this 1620-31 Mephostophilis 1631 S.D. with Bruno add. Dyce 1602+(Act III.)
1006 on] one 1631 1013 Mephostophilis 1620-31
Faust. Thankes Mephostophilis; now Friers take heed, 
Lest Faustus make your shauen crownes to bleed. 
Meph. Faustus no more: see where the Cardinals come. 

Enter Pope and all the Lords. Enter the Cardinals 
with a Booke. 

Pope. Welcome Lord Cardinals: come sit downe, 
Lord Raymond, take your seate, Friers attend, 
And see that all things be in readinesse, 
As best beseeemes this solemnne festiual. 
1. Card. First, may it please your sacred Holinesse, 
To view the sentence of the reuerend Synod, 
Concerning Bruno and the Emperour. 
Pope. What needs this question? Did I not tell you, 
To morrow we would sit i'th Consistory, 
And there determine of his punishment? 
You brought vs word euen now, it was decreed, 
That Bruno and the cursed Emperour 
Were by the holy Councell both condemn'd 
For lothed Lollords, and base Schismatiques: 
Then wherefore would you haue me view that booke? 
1. Card. Your Grace mistakes, you gaue vs no such charge. 
Ray. Deny it not, we all are witnesses 
That Bruno here was late deliuered you, 
With his rich triple crowne to be reseru'd, 
And put into the Churches treasury. 
Amb. Card. By holy Paul we saw them not. 
Pope. By Peter you shall dye, 
Vnlesse you bring them forth immediatly: 
Hale them to prison, lade their limbes with gyues: 
False Prelates, for this hatefull treachery, 
Curst be your soules to hellish misery. 

(Exeunt Attendants with the two Cardinals.) 

Faust. So, they are safe: now Faustus to the feast, 
The Pope had neuer such a frolicke guest. 
Pope. Lord Archbishop of Reames, sit downe with vs. 
Bish. I thanke your Holinessse. 
Faust. Fall to, the Diuell choke you an you spare. 
Pope. Who's that spoke? Friers looke about, 
Lord Raymond pray fall too, I am beholding 
To the Bishop of Millaine, for this so rare a present. 
Faust. I thanke you sir. (Snatches the dish.) 
Pope. How now? who snatch't the meat from me! 
Villaines why speake you not? 
My good Lord Archbishop, heres a most daintie dish, 
Was sent me from a Cardinall in France.

1028 Mephostophilis 1631 
1033 be] are 1631 
1052 
you] ye 1631 
1054 to] forth to 1620-31 
1056 S.D. add. 
Dyce 1059-1096 These lines are a free adaptation of Qq 1604-11, 
Il. 863-890.
Faust. I'll haue that too. (Snatches the dish.)

Pope. What Lollards do attend our Hollinesse, That we receiue such great indignity? fetch me some wine.

Faust. I, pray do, for Faustus is a dry.

Pope. Lord Raymond, I drink vnto your grace.

Faust. I pledge your grace. (Snatches the cup.)

Pope. My wine gone too? yee Lubbers look about And find the man that doth this villany, Or by our sanctitude you all shall die.

I pray my Lords haue patience at this Troublesome banquet.

Bish. Please it your holinesse, I thinke it be some Ghost crept out of Purgatory, and now is come vnto your holinesse for his pardon.

Pope. It may be so:

Go then command our Priests to sing a Dirge, To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

(Exit an Attendant.—The Pope crosses himself.)

Faust. How now?

Must euery bit be spiced with a Crosse?

Nay then that. (Strikes the Pope.)

Pope. O I am slaine, help me my Lords:

O come and help to beare my body hence:

Damb'd be this soule for euer for this deed.

Exeunt the Pope and his traile.

Me. Now Faustus, what will you do now? for I can tell you you'le be curst with Bell, Booke, and Candle.

Faust. Bell, Booke, and Candle; Candle, Booke, and Bell, Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

Qq 1616-63 print the following amended version of ll. 957-1006:

Enter Clowne and Dicke, with a Cup.

Dick. Sirra Robin, we were best looke that your deuill can answere the stealing of this same cup, for the Vintners boy followes vs at the hard heeles.

Rob. 'Tis no matter, let him come; an he follow vs, I'le so conjure him, as he was neuer conjur'd in his life, I warrant him: let me see the cup.

Enter Vintner.

Dick. Here 'tis: Yonder he comes: Now Robin, now or neuer shew thy cunning.
Appendix to Dr. Faustus.

Vint. O, are you here? I am glad I have found you, you are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup you stole from the Tauerne? 967

Rob. How, how? we steale a cup? take heed what you say, we looke not like cup-stealers I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer deny't, for I know you haue it, and I'le search you. 971

Rob. Search me? I and spare not: hold the cup Dick, come, come, search me, search me.

Vint. Come on sirra, let me search you now.

Dick. I, I, do, do, hold the cup Robin, I feare not your searching; we scorne to steale your cups I can tell you. 976

Vint. Neuer out face me for the matter, for sure the cup is betweene you two.

Rob. Nay there you lie, 'tis beyond vs both.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought 'twas your knauery to take it away: Come, giue it me againe. 981

Rob. I much, when can you tell: Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my backe, and stir not for thy life, Vintner you shall haue your cup anon, say nothing Dick: O per se o demogorgon, Belcher and Mephostophilis. 985

Enter Mephostophilis.

Meph. You Princely Legions of infernall Rule, How am I vexed by these villaines Charmes? From Constantinople haue they brought me now, Onely for pleasure of these damned slaues. 989

Rob. By Lady sir, you haue had a shroud iourney of it, will it please you to take a shoulder of Mutton to supper, and a Tester in your purse, and go backe againe.

Dick. I, I pray you heartily sir; for wee cal'd you but in least I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashnesse of this cursed deed, 995 First, be thou turned to this vgly shape, For Apish deeds transformed to an Ape.

Rob. O braue, an Ape? I pray sir, let me haue the carrying of him about to shew some trickes.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a dog, and carry him vpon thy backe: away be gone. 1001

Rob. A dog? that's excellent: let the Maids looke well to their porridge-pots, for I'le into the Kitchin presently: come Dick, come. Exeunt the two Clownes.

Meph. Now with the flames of euer-burning fire, 1005 I'le wing my selfe and forth-with flie amaine Vnto my Faustus to the great Turkes Court. Exit.

Appendix to Dr. Faustus.

ll. 1007-1105 in Qq 1604-II are thus elaborated in Qq 1616-63:

Enter Martino, and Frederick at seuerall dores.

Mart. What ho, Officers, Gentlemen, Hye to the presence to attend the Emperour, Good Fredericke see the rooms be voyded straight, His Maiesty is comming to the Hall; Go backe, and see the State in readinesse.

Fre. But where is Bruno our elected Pope, That on a furies back came post from Rome, Will not his grace consort the Emperour?

Mart. O yes, and with him comes the Germane Coniurer, The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberge, The wonder of the world for Magick Art; And he intends to shew great Carolus, The race of all his stout progenitors; And bring in presence of his Maiesty, The royall shapes and warlike semblances Of Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.

Fre. Where is Benuolio?

Mart. Fast a sleepe I warrant you, He took his rouse with stopes of Rhennish wine, So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health, That all this day the sluggard keepes his bed.

Fre. See, see his window's ope, we'll call to him.

Mart. What hoe, Benuolio.

Enter Benuolio above at a window, in his nightcap: buttoning.

Benu. What a deuill ayle you two?

Mar. Speak softly sir, least the deuil heare you: For Faustus at the Court is late arriu'd, And at his heelles a thousand furies waite, To accomplish what seouer the Doctor please.

Benu. What of this?

Mar. Come leaue thy chamber first, and thou shalt see This Coniurer performe such rare exploits, Before the Pope and royall Emperour, As neuer yet was seene in Germany.

Benu. Has not the Pope enough of coniuring yet?

He was vpon the deuils backe late enough; And if he be so farre in loue with him, I would he would post with him to Rome againe.

Fred. Speake, wilt thou come and see this sport?

Ben. Not I.

Mart. Wilt thou stand in thy Window, and see it then?

Ben. I, and I fall not sleepe i'th meane time.

1014 consort] comfort 1620, 1624 1021 warlike 1616, Rob., Brey.: perfect 1619-63, Dyce 1030 ails Rob., Cunn.
Mar. The Emperour is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by blacke spels may compast be. 1049

Ben. Well, go you attend the Emperour: I am content
for this once to thrust my head out at a window: for they
say, if a man be drunke ouer night, the Diuell cannot hurt
him in the morning: if that bee true, I haue a charme in
my head, shall controule him as well as the Coniurer, I
warrant you. 1055

Exit (Frederick and Martino.)

A Senit. Charles the Germane Emperour, Bruno,
Saxony, Faustus, Mephostophilis, Fredericke,
Martino, and Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd Magitian,
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our Court.
This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free
From his and our professed enemy,
Shall add more excellence vnto thine Art,
Then if by powerfull Necromantick spels,
Thou couldst command the worlds obedience:
For euery be belou'd of Carolus.
And if this Bruno thou hast late redeem'd,
In peace possesse the triple Diadem,
And sit in Peters Chaire, despite of chance,
Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,
And honour'd of the Germane Emperour.

Faust. These gracious words, most royall Carolus,
Shall make poore Faustus to his vtmmost power,
Both loue and serue the Germane Emperour,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet.
For proowe whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,
The Doctor stands prepar'd, by power of Art,
To cast his Magicke charmes, that shall pierce through
The Ebon gates of euer-burning hell,
And hale the stubborne Furies from their caues,
To compasse whatsoever your grace commands.
Ben. Bloud he speakes terribly: but for all that, I doe not
greatly beleue him, he lookes as like (a) Coniurer as the Pope
to a Coster-monger. (Aside.)

Emp. Then Faustus as thou late didst promise vs,
We would behold that famous Conquerour,
Great Alexander, and his Paramour,
In their true shapes, and state Maiesticall,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

Faust. Your Maiesty shall see them presently.

1051 at a] at the 1631, 1663 — 1055 + Act the Fourth. Scene I.
Rob., Cumm.: Scene X Brey. S.D. Charles] Enter Charles 1620,
1624 1069 These 1616: Those 1619-63 1078 whatsoever
1616-20: whatsoever 1624: wheresoere 1631, 1663 1080 a
add. 1623-63
Mephosto away,
And with a solemne noyse of trumpets sound,
Present before this royall Emperour,
Great Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.

Meph. Faustus I will.

Ben. Well M. Doctor, an your Diuels come not away quickly, you shall haue me asleepe presently: zounds I could eate my selfe for anger, to thinke I haue beene such an Asse all this while, to stand gaping after the diuels Gouernor, and can see nothing.

Faust. Ile make you feele something anon, if my Art faile me not.

My Lord, I must forewarne your Maiesty, That when my Spirits present the royall shapes Of Alexander and his Paramour, Your grace demand no questions of the King,
But in dumbe silence let them come and goe.

Emp. Be it as Faustus please, we are content.

Ben. I, I, and I am content too: and thou bring Alexander and his Paramour before the Emperour, I'le be Acteon, and turne my selfe to a Stagge.

Faust. And Ile play Diana, and send you the hornes presently.


My gracious Lord, you doe forget your selfe, These are but shadowes, not substantiall.

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so rauished With sight of this renowned Emperour, That in mine armes I would haue compast him.

But Faustus, since I may not speake to them, To satisfie my longing thoughts at full, Let me this tell thee: I haue heard it said, That this faire Lady, whilst she liu'd on earth, Had on her necke a little wart, or mole;
How may I proue that saying to be true?
Appendix to Dr. Faustus.

Faust. Your Majesty may boldly goe and see.
Emp. Faustus I see it plaine,
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Then if I gain’d another Monarchie.

Faust. Away, be gone.
Exit Show.

See, see, my gracious Lord, what strange beast is yon, that
thrusts his head out at window.

Emp. O wondrous sight: see Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading homes most strangely fastened
Upon the head of yong Benvolio,
Sax. What is he asleepe, or dead?

Faust. He sleeps my Lord, but dreames not of his homes.

Emp. This sport is excellent: wee’l call and wake him.

What ho, Benvolio.

Ben. A plague vpon you, let me sleepe a while.
Emp. I blame thee not to sleepe much, hauing such a head
of thine owne.
Sax. Looke vp Benvolio, tis the Emperour calls.

Emp. Nay, and thy homes hold, tis no matter for thy
head, for that’s arm’d sufficiently.

Faust. Why how now sir Knight, what hang’d by the
homes? this (is) most horrible: fie, fie, pull in your head
for shame, let not all the world wonder at you.

Ben. Zounds Doctor, is this your villany?

Faust. O say not so sir: the Doctor has no skill,
No Art, no cunning, to present these Lords,
Or bring before this royall Emperour
The mightie Monarch, warlike Alexander.

If Faustus do it, you are streight resolu’d,
In bold Acteons shape to turne a Stagge.
And therefore my Lord, so please your Maiesty,
Il’e raise a kennell of Hounds shall hunt him so,
As all his footmanship shall scarce preuaile;
To keepe his Carkasse from their bloudy phangs.
Ho, Belimote, Argiron, Asterote.

Ben. Hold, hold: zounds hee’l raise vp a kennell of Diuels
I think anon: good my Lord intreate for me: ’sbloud I am
neuer able to endure these torments.

Emp. Then good M. Doctor,
Let me intreate you to remove his horses,
He has done penance now sufficiently.

Faust. My gracious Lord, not so much for inuiry done to
me, as to delight your Maiesty with some mirth: hath Faustus jestly requited this iniurious knight, which being all I desire, I am content to remoue his hornes. Mephistophilis, transforme him; and hereafter sir, looke you speake well of Schollers.

Ben. Speake well of yee? 'sbloud and Schollers be such Cuckold-makers to clap hornes of honest mens heades o' this order Il'e nere trust smooth faces, and small ruffes more. But an I be not reueng'd for this, would I might be turn'd to a gaping Oyster, and drinke nothing but salt water.

Emp. Come Faustus while the Emperour liues, In recompence of this thy high desert, Thou shalt command the state of Germany, And liue belou'd of mightie Carolie. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Benvolio, Martino, Fredericke, and Souldiers.

Mar. Nay sweet Benvolio, let vs sway thy thoughts From this attempt against the Coniurer.

Ben. Away, you loue me not, to vrgue me thus, Shall I let slip so great an injury, When every servile groome ieasts at my wrongs, And in their rusticke gambals proudly say, Benvolio's head was grac't with hornes to day? O may these eye-lids neuer close againe, Till with my sword I haue that Coniurer slaine. If you will aid me in this enterprise, Then draw your weapons, and be resolute:
If not, depart: here will Benvolio die, But Faustus death shall quit my infamie.

Fred. Nay, we will stay with thee, betide what may, And kill that Doctor if he come this way.

Ben. Then gentle Fredericke hie thee to the groue, And place our servants, and our followers Close in an ambush there behinde the trees, By this, (I know) the Coniurer is neere, I saw him kneele, and kisse the Emperours hand, And take his leave, laden with rich rewards. Then Souldiers boldly fight; if Faustus die, Take you the wealth, leaue vs the victorie.

Fred. Come souldiers, follow me vnto the groue, Who kils him shall haue gold, and endlesse loue. Exi Frederick with the Souldiers.

Ben. My head is lighter then it was by th'hornes,
Appendix to Dr. Faustus. 215

But yet my heart more ponderous then my head, 1205
And pants vtill I see that Coniurer dead.

Mar. Where shall we place our selues Benvolio?
Ben. Here will we stay to bide the first assault.
O were that damned Hell-hound but in place,
Thou soone shouldst see me quit my foule disgrace. 1210

Enter Fredericke.

Fred. Close, close, the Coniurer is at hand,
And all alone, comes walking in his gowne;
Be ready then, and strike the Peasant downe.

Ben. Mine be that honour then: now sword strike home,
For hornes he gaue, Il'e haue his head anone. 1215

Enter Faustus with the false head.

Mar. See, see, he conies.
Ben. No words: this blow ends all,
Hell take his soule, his body thus must fall.

Faust. Oh.

Fred. Grone you Master Doctor? 1220

Ben. Breake may his heart with grones: deere Frederik see
Thus will I end his griefes immediatly.

Man. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.

Ben. The Diuel's dead, the Furies now may laugh.

Fred. Was this that sterne aspect, that awfull frowne,
Made the grim monarch of infernall spirits, 1226
Tremble and quake at his commanding charmes?
Mar. Was this that damned head, whose heart conspir'd
Benvolto's shame before the Emperour.

Ben. I, that's the head, and here the body lies, 1230
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

Fred. Come, let's devise how we may adde more shame
To the blacke scandall of his hated name.

Ben. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
I'le naile huge forked hornes, and let them hang 1235
Within the window where he yoak'd me first,
That all the world may see my iust reuenge.

Mar. What vse shall we put his beard to?

Ben. Wee'l sell it to a Chimny-sweeper: it will weare
out ten birchin broomes I warrant you. 1240

Fred. What shall (his) eyes doe?

Ben. Wee'l put out his eyes, and they shall serve for
buttons to his lips, to keepe his tongue from catching cold.

Appendix to Dr. Faustus.

Mar. An excellent policie: and now sirs, having diuided him, what shall the body doe? {Faustus rises.} 1245
Ben. Zounds the Diuel's alieue agen.
Fred. Gie him his head for Gods sake.
Faust. Nay keepe it: Faustus will haue heads and hands, I call your hearts to recompence this deed.
Knew you not Traytors, I was limitted 1250
For foure and twenty yeares, to breathe on earth?
And had you cut my body with your swords,
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,
And I had breath'd a man made free from harme. 1255
But wherefore doe I dally my reuenge?
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephostophilis, {Ent. Meph. & other Diuels.

Go horse these traytors on your fiery backes,
And mount aloft with them as high as heauen.
Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:
Yet stay, the world shall see their miserie,
And hell shall after plague their treacherie.
Go Belimothe, and take this caitife hence,
And hurl him in some lake of mud and durt:
Take thou this other, dragge him through the woods,
Amongst the pricking thornes, and sharpest briers,
Whilst with my gentle Mephostophilis,
This Traytor flies vnto some steepie rocke,
That rowling downe, may breake the villaines bones,
As he intended to dismember me. 1270
Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediatly.
Fred. Pitie vs gentle Faustus, saue our liues.
Faust. Away.
Fred. He must needs goe that the Diuell driues. 
Exeunt Spirits with the knights.

Enter the ambusht Souldiers.

1 Sold. Come sirs, prepare your selues in readinesse, 1275
Make hast to help these noble Gentlemen,
I heard them parly with the Coniurer.
2 Sold. See where he comes, dispatch, and kill the slaue.
Faust. What's here? an ambush to betray my life:
Then Faustus try thy skill: base pesants stand,
For loe these Trees remoue at my command,
And stand as Bulwarkes twixt your selues and me,
To sheild me from your hated treachery:

1245 s.d. Faustus rises add. Dyce 1246 Zounds om. 1663
1247 Gods] heavens 1663 1249 I call 1616-63, ed. 1814: And
all Rob., Cunn.: Ay, call Dyce1: Ay, all Dyce2, Brey. 1250 you]
Ye 1619-63 1260 Thence 1616: Then 1619-63 1266 Among
1619-63 1274+Scene III. Rob., Cunn. 1281 these] the
1620-63
Yet to encounter this your weake attempt, 1285
Behold an Army comes incontinent.

Faustus strikes the dore, and enter a devill playing on a Drum, after him another bearing an Ensigne: and divers with weapons, Mephostophilis with fire-workes; they set upon the Souldiers and drive them out.

Enter at severall dores, Benuolio, Fredericke, and Martino, their heads and faces bloody, and besmear'd with mud and durt; all hauing hornes on their heads.

Mart. What ho, Benuolio.
Benu. Here, what Frederick, ho.
Fred. O help me gentle friend; where is Martino?
Mart. Deere Frederick here, Halfe smother'd in a Lake of mud and durt, 1290
Through which the Furies drag'd me by the heeles.
Fred. Martino see, Benuolio's hornes againe.
Mart. O misery, how now Benuolio?
Benu. Defend me heauen, shall I be haunted still?
Mart. Nay feare not man, they haue no power to kill.
Benu. My friends transformed thus: O hellish spite, Your heads are all set with hornes.
Fred. You hit it right, It is your owne you meane, feele on your head.
Benu. 'Zounds, hornes againe.
Mart. Nay chafe not man, we all are sped.
Benu. What devill attends this damn'd Magician, That spite of spite, our wrongs are doubled?
Fred. What may we do, that we may hide our shames?
Benu. If we should follow him to worke reuenge, 1305
He'd ioyne long Asses eares to these huge hornes, And make vs laughing stockes to all the world.
Mart. What shall we then do deere Benuolio?
Benu. I haue a Castle ioyning neere these woods, And thither wee'le repaire and liue obscure, 1310
Till time shall alter this our brutish shapes:
Sith blacke disgrace hath thus eclips our fame, We'le rather die with griefe, then liue with shame.

Exeunt omnes.
II. iii.-98 of Qq 1604-11 are in Qq 1616-63 condensed to the following:

Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courser, and Mephostophilis.

**Horse.** I beseech your Worship accept of these forty Dollors.

**Faust.** Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse, for so small a price: I haue no great need to sell him, but if thou likest him for ten Dollors more, take him, because I see thou hast a good minde to him.

**Horse.** I beseech you sir accept of this; I am a very poore man, and haue lost very much of late by horse flesh, and this bargaine will set me vp againe.

**Faust.** Well, I will not stand with thee, giue me the money: now sirra I must tell you, that you may ride him o’re hedge and ditch, and spare him not; but do you heare? in any case, ride him not into the water.

**Horse.** How sir, not into the water? why will he not drink of all waters?

**Faust.** Yes, he will drinke of all waters, but ride him not into the water; o’re hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water: Go bid the Hostler deliuer him vnto you, and remember what I say.

**Horse.** I warrant you sir; O ioyfull day: Now am I a made man for ever. 

**Faust.** What art thou Faustus but a man condemn’d to die? Thy fatall time drawes to a finall end; Despaire doth drive distrust into my thoughts. Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe:

Tush, Christ did call the Theefe vpon the Crosse, Then rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit.

*He sits to sleepe.*

Enter the Horse-courser wet.

**Horse.** O what a cosening Doctor was this? I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had beene in the horse, I had nothing vnder me but a little straw, and had much ado to escape drowning: Well I’le go rouse him, and make him giue me my forty Dollors againe. Ho sirra Doctor, you cosoning scab; Maister Doctor awake, and rise, and giue me my mony againe, for your horse is turned to a bottle of Hay,—Maister Doctor. *He puls off his leg.* Alas I am vndone, what shall I do? I haue puld off his leg.

**Faust.** O help, help, the villaine hath murder’d me.
Horse. Murder or not murder, now he has but one leg, I'le out-run him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

Faust. Stop him, stop him—to ha, ha, ha, Faustus hath his leg againe, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty Dollors.

Enter Wagner.

How now Wagner what newes with thee?

Wag. If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreate your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend you with prouision fit for your iourney.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable Gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning: Come away.

Exeunt.

II. 1199–1237 of Qq 1604–11 are expanded as follows in Qq. 1616–31:

Enter Clowne, Dick, Horse-courser, and a Carter.

Cart. Come my Maisters, I'le bring you to the best beere in Europe, what ho, Hostis; where be these Whores?

Enter Hostis.


Clow. Sirra Dick, dost thou know why I stand so mute?

Dick. No Robin, why is't?

Clow. I am eightene pence on the score, but say nothing, see if she haue forgotten me.

Host. Who's this, that stands so solemnly by himselfe: what my old Guest?

Clo. O Hostisse how do you? I hope my score stands still.

Host. I there's no doubt of that, for me thinkes you make no hast to wipe it out.

Dick. Why Hostesse, I say, fetch vs some Beere. (Exit.

Host. You shall presently: looke vp into th' hall there ho.

Dick. Come sirs, what shall we do now till mine Hostesse comes?

Cart. Marry sir, I'le tell you the brauest tale how a Conjurer seru'd me; you know Doctor Fauster.

Horse. I, a plague take him, heere's some on's haue cause to know him; did he conjure thee too?

Cart. I'le tell you how he seru'd me: As I was going to Wittenberge t'other day, with a loade of Hay, he met me,
and asked me what he should give me for as much Hay as he could eate; now sir, I thinking that a little would serve his turne, bad him take as much as he would for three-farthings; so he presently gave me my mony, and fell to eating; and as I am a cursen man, he neuer left eating, till he had eate vp all my loose of hay.  

All. O monstrous, eate a whole load of Hay!  

Clow. Yes, yes, that may be; for I have heard of one, that has eate a load of logges.  

Horse. Now sirs, you shall heare how villanously he seru’d mee: I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no means sell him vnder 40 Dollors; so sir, because I knew him to be such a horse, as would run over hedge and ditch, and neuer tyre, I gaue him his money; so when I had my horse, Doctor Fauster bad me ride him night and day, and spare him no time; but, quoth he, in any case ride him not into the water.  Now sir, I thinking the horse had had some quality that he would not haue me know of, what did I but rid him into a great riuier, and when I came iust in the midst my horse vanisht away, and I sate straddling vpon a bottle of Hay.  

All. O braue Doctor.  

Horse. But you shall heare how brauely I seru’d him for it; I went me home to his house, and there I found him a sleepe; I kept a hallowing and whooping in his eares, but all could not wake him: I seeing that, tooke him by the leg, and neuer rested pulling, till I had pul’d him his leg quite off, and now ’tis at home in mine Hostry.  

Clow. And has the Doctor but one leg then? that’s excellent, for one of his deuils turn’d me into the likenesse of an Apes face.  

Cart. Some more drinke Hostesse.  

Clow. Hearke you, we’re into another roome and drinke a while, and then we’re go seeke out the Doctor. Exeunt omnes.  

Enter the Duke of Vanholt; his Dutches, Faustus, and Mephostophilis.  

Duke. Thankes Maister Doctor, for these pleasant sights. Nor know I how sufficiently to recompence your great deserts

\[1225 my om. 1619-63 \quad 1226 cursen] cursten 1663 \quad 1229-30 heard \ldots has\] an Uncle that did 1663 \quad 1229 of om. 1619, 1620 \quad 1230 a] a whole 1663 \quad 1236 Faustus 1619-63 \quad \text{bad]} \quad \text{bid 1663} \quad 1237 \text{no time]} \quad \text{not 1663} \quad 1239 \text{some 1616: some rare 1619-63} \quad 1240 \text{ride 1624-63} \quad 1241 \text{in]} \quad \text{into 1663} \quad 1246 \text{kept}. \quad \text{whooping]} \quad \text{Whoop’d and hallowed 1663} \quad \text{all om. 1663} \quad 1248 \text{me om. 1663} \quad 1249 \text{mine]} \quad \text{my 1663} \quad 1251 \text{for]} \quad \text{then, for 1663} \quad 1253 \text{After this line, instead of 1254-5, Q 1663 adds a new passage of 65 lines. Cf. Appendix, pp. 224, 225.} \quad 1255+\text{Act the Fifth. Scene I. add. Rob., Cunn.: Scene XII. Brey.} \]
in erecting that enchanted Castle in the Aire: the Sight whereof so delighted me, 1260
As nothing in the world could please me more.

Faust. I do thinke my selfe my good Lord, highly recom-
ponced, in that it pleaseth your grace to thinke but well of
that which Faustus hath performed. But gratious Lady, it
may be, that you have taken no pleasure in those sights;
therefor I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire
to haue, be it in the world, it shall be yours: I have heard
that great bellyed women do long for things, are rare and
dainty.

Lady. True Maister Doctor, and since I finde you so kind
I will make knowne vnto you what my heart desires to haue,
and were it now Summer, as it is January, a dead time of the
Winter, I would request no better meate, then a dish of ripe
grapes.

Fau. This is but a small matter: Go Mephostophilis,
away. Exit Mephosto.

Madam, I will do more then this for your content. 1275

Enter Mepho. aген with the grapes.
Here, now taste yee these, they should be good
For they come from a farre Country I can tell you.

Duke. This makes me wonder more then all the rest, that
at this time of the yeare, when euer Tree is barren of his
fruite, from whence you had these ripe grapes. 1280

Faust. Please it your grace, the yeare is diuided into two
circles ouer the whole world, so that when it is Winter with
vs, in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them,
as in India, Saba, and such Countries that lye farre East,
where they haue fruit twice a yeare. From whence, by
meanes of a swift spirit that I haue, I had these grapes
brought as you see. 1287

Lady. And trust me, they are the sweetest grapes that
e're I tasted.

The Clowne bounce at the gate, within.

Duke. What rude disturbers haue we at the gate? 1290
Go pacifie their fury set it ope,
And then demand of them, what they would haue.

They knocke againe, and call out to talke with Faustus.

A Seruant. Why how now Maisters, what a coyle is there?
What is the reason you disturbe the Duke?
Dick. We haue no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.
Ser. Why saucy varlets, dare you be so bold. 1296

1259 delighteth 1619-63 1262 pleaseth] hath pleased 1620-63
1277 come] came 1620-63 1280 ripe om. 1620-63 1289 S.D.
Clowns Dyce bounceth 1620-63, Cunn.
Horsc. I hope sir, we haue wit enough to be more bold then welcome.

Ser. It appeares so, pray be bold else-where,
And trouble not the Duke.

Duke. What would they haue?

Ser. They all cry out to speake with Doctor Faustus.

Cart. I, and we will speake with him.


Dick. Commit with vs, he were as good commit with his father, as commit with vs.

Faust. I do beseech your grace let them come in,
They are good subiect for a merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt Faustus, I giue thee leaue.

Faust. I thanke your grace:

Enter the Clowne, Dick, Carter, and Horse-courser.

Why, how now my good friends?
'Faith you are too outrageous, but come neere,
I haue procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

Clow. Nay sir, we will be wellcome for our mony, and we will pay for what we take: What ho, giue's halfe a dosen of Beere here, and be hang'd.

Faust. Nay, heareke you, can you tell me where you are?

Cart. I marry can I, we are vnder heauen.

Ser. I but sir sauce box, know you in what place?

Horsc. I, I, the house is good enough to drink in: Zons fill vs some Beere, or we'll breake all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your braines with your Bottles.

Faust. Be not so furious: come, you shall haue Beere.

My Lord, beseech you giue me leaue a while,
I'le gage my credit, 'twill content your grace.

Duke. With all my heart kind Doctor, please thy selfe,
Our seruants, and our Courts at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thanke your grace: then fetch some Beere.

Horsc. I mary, there spake a Doctor indeed, and 'faith I'le drinke a health to thy woodden leg for that word.

Faust. My woodden leg? what dost thou meane by that?

Cart. Ha, ha, ha, dost heare him Dick, he has forgot his legge.

Horsc. I, I, he does not stand much vpon that.

Faust. No faith, not much vpon a woodden leg.

Cart. Good Lord, that flesh and bloud should be so fraile with your Worship: Do not you remember a Horse-courser you sold a horse to?

1308 subjects 1663 for 1616: to 1619-63 a om. 1663
1313 pardon 1624 1317 me om. 1620-63 1320 Zons] come
1663 1329 spoke 1624 1332 dost 1616, 1663: dost thou
1619-31 him] me 1624 1336 Good Lord] O 1663 1337
not om. 1663
Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.
Cart. And do you remember you bid he should not ride into the water?
Faust. Yes, I do verie well remember that.
Cart. And do you remember nothing of your leg?
Faust. No in good sooth.
Cart. Then I pray remember your curtesie.
Faust. I thank you sir. 'Tis not so much worth; I pray you tel me one thing.
Cart. Be both your legs bedfellowes euery night together?
Faust. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askest me such questions?
Cart. No trueh'e sir, I would make nothing of you, but I would faine know that.

Enter Hostesse with drinke.

Faust. Then I assure thee certainelie they are.
Cart. I thanke you, I am fully satisfied. But wherefore dost thou aske?
Cart. For nothing sir: but me thinkes you should haue a wooden bedfellow of one of 'em.
Horse. Why do you heare sir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleepe?
Faust. But I haue it againe now I am awake: looke you heere sir.
All. O horrible, had the Doctor three legs.
Cart. Do you remember sir, how you cosened me and eat vp my load of —

Faustus charmes him dumb.

Dick. Do you remember how you made me weare an Apes —
Horsc. You whoreson conjuring scab, do you remember how you cosened me with a ho —
Clow. Ha' you forgotten me? you thinke to carry it away with your Hey-passe, and Re-passe: do you remember the dogs fa —

Exit Hostesse.
Lady. My Lord,
We are much beholdning to this learned man.

Duke. So are we Madam, which we will recompence
With all the loue and kindnesse that we may.

His Artfull sport, driues all sad thoughts away.

Exeunt.

The text of 1663 agrees in the main with that of 1616-31 above, except that in place of ll. 1254-5 it adds the following:

Dic. Hostess, will you not give us a Song?
You sung us a fine Song
When we were here last.

Host. Talk of Songs as soon as y' come into a house?
Let's see what Guests you' ll be first, you do not call
For drink fast enough, I am a cup too low yet.

Clow. Where are you, Lick-spiget? fill us six Cans.

Host. I marry, I know you can call apase, but have
You any money to pay for them?

Clow. O yes Hostess, money in both pockets. Enter boy with Beer.

Host. Come then, give me a Can.

Horse. Here's to you Hostess.

Host. I thank ye, what song shall I sing?

Cart. Good sweet Hostess sing my song.

Host. What's that?

Cart. The Chimney high.

Dick. No, no, a Swallows nest.

Host. All you that will look for a Swallows nest, a Swallows
nest,
Must look in the Chimney high.

Dick. Now pray Hostess Sing my song too.

Host. Prethee what is't?

Dick. You know, the song you sung when we were last here.

Clow. Now Hostess you know She sings again.

I owe you eighteen pence.

Host. I know you do.

Clow. Sing me but one song more, and Ile give you
Eighteen pence more for it, which is just five shillings.

Host. Three shillings you fool.

Clow. Why, three and five is all one to me.

Cart. Robin, Robin, you say you have monie in both
Pockets: pay this reckoning, wee'l pay the next.

We paid for you last.

Clow. Who I, Ile pay for none of you, I have none for
my self.

Host. I thought so, you that cal'd and cal'd so fast,
Would shrink your head out of the coller at last,
But I hope, as you brought us on, you'll bring us off. 1290

Clow. I warrant you lads, let me alone to conjure her.

Get me a piece of Chalk.

Host. What to do?  
Clow. Fish, let me alone.  
Host. Come now, where is my reckoning?  
Clow. Here, here Hostess, here, what's this? I Chalks a Can.

Host. Two pence.

Clow. What's this, 1111?

Host. A Great.

Clow. And this, c?

Host. Six pence.

Clow. And this, o?

Host. Why, a shilling.

Clow. And this, c?

Host. 'Tis six pence.

Clow. What comes it all too?

Host. Three shillings.

Clow. Here take it Hostess, take it, ha, ha, ha.

Carl. O brave Robin, ha, ha, ha.

Host. I hope you don't mean to pay me thus, 1310

Why this is but chalk.

Clow. Chalk and Cheese is all one to us, for truely we

Have no monie Lanladie, but wee'l pay you

Very honestly, when we come again. Exeunt.

Host. Look you do. 1315

Well, I am deeply in my Brewers score,

But the best on't is, he durst as well be hang'd

As tell his wife. Exeunt omnes.

Lines 1238–84 are given thus in Qq 1616–63:

Thunder and lightning: Enter devils with couer'd dishes:

Mephostophilis leades them into Faustus Study: Then enter Wagner.

Wag. I think my Maister means to die shortly, he has

made his will, & giuen me his wealth, his house, his goods,
& store of golden plate; besides two thousand duckets ready
coin'd: I wonder what he means, if death were nie, he would
not frolick thus: hee's now at supper with the schollers,
where ther's such belly-cheere, as Wagner in his life nere saw
the like: and see where they come, belike the feast is done. Exit.

Enter Faustus, Mephostophilis, and two or three Schollers.

Schol. M. Doctor Faustus, since our conference about
faire Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world,
we haue determin'd with our selues, that Hellen of Greece was the admirablest Lady that euer liu'd: therefore M. Doctor, if you will doe vs so much fauour, as to let vs see that peerlesse dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for Maiesty, we should thinke our selues much beholding vnto you. 1251

Faust. Gentlemen, for \(\frac{1}{2}\) I know your friendship is vnfain'd,

It is not Faustus custome to deny
The iust request of those that wish him well:
You shall behold that peerlesse dame of Greece, 1255
No otherwise for pompe or Maiesty,
Then when sir Paris crosst the seas with her,
And brought the spoyles to rich Dardania:
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

Musicke sound, Mephosto brings in Hellen, she passeth ouer the stage.

2.  Was this faire Hellen, whose admired worth 1260
Made Greece with ten yeares warres afflict poore Troy?
3.  Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for maiesty.
1.  Now we haue seene the pride of Natures worke,
Wee'l take our leaues, and for this blessed sight 1265
Happy and blest be Faustus euermore.  

Exeunt Schollers.

Faust. Gentlemen farewell: the same wish I to you.

Enter an old Man.

Old Man. O gentle Faustus leaue this damned Art,
This Magicke, that will charme thy soule to hell,
And quite bereaue thee of salvation. 1270
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Doe not perseuer in it like a Diuell;
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soule,
If sin by custome grow not into nature:
Then Faustus, will repentance come too late,
Then thou art banisht from the sight of heauen;
No mortall can expresse the paines of hell,
It may be this my exhortation
Seemes harsh, and all vnpleasant; let is not,
For gentle sonne, I speake it not in wrath,
Or enuy of thee, but in tender loue,
And pitty of thy future miserie.
And so haue hope, that this my kinde rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soule.

1281 enuy of 1616, 1619: of enuy to 1620-63
Appendix to Dr. Faustus. 227

For the speech of the Old Man in Qq 1604-11 (ll. 1348-56), Qq 1616-63 insert the following:

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephostophilis.

Lucif. Thus from infernall Dis do we ascend
To view the subiects of our Monarchy,
Those soules which sinne seales the blacke sonnes of hell,
'Mong which as chiefe, Faustus we come to thee,
Bringing with vs lasting damnation,
To wait vpon thy soule; the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

Meph. And this gloomy night,
Here in this roome will wretched Faustus be.
Bels. And here wee'l stay,
To marke him how he doth demeane himselfe.

Meph. How should he, but in desperate lunacie.
Fond worlding, now his heart bloud dries with griefe;
His conscience kils it, and his labouring braine,
Begets a world of idle fantasies,
To ouer-reach the Diuell; but all in vaine,
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with paine.
He and his seruant Wagner are at hand,
Both come from drawing Faustus latest will.
See where they come.

Enter Faustus and Wagner.

Faust. Say Wagner, thou hast perus'd my will,
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble dutie, I do yeeld
My life and lasting seruice for your loue.

Enter the scholers.


1. Now worthy Faustus: me thinks your looks are chang'd.

Between lines 1418 and 1419 of Qq 1604-11, the later quartos add this passage:

Meph. I Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heauen,
Therefore despaire, thinke onely vpon hell:
For that must be thy mansion, there to dwell.

Faust. O thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation,
Hath rob'd me of eternall happinesse.

1347+ (Act V.) Scene IV. add. Rob., Cunn.: Scene XIII* Brey. 
1349-51 om. 1663 1352 lasting damnation] the Deed 1663
1353 To . . soule om. 1663 1361 and his] and 1624 1367+
Scene XIV. add. Brey. 1372 your] you 1663 1373
Gramercy 1619-63 1373 +s.d. Exit Wagner add. Dyce
1419 ] Ah Cunn. hopes 1663
Mepk. I doe confesse it Faustus, and rejoyce;
'Twas I, that when thou wert i'the way to heauen, 1425
Damb'd vp thy passage, when thou took'st the booke,
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaues
And led thine eye.
What, weep'st thou? 'tis too late, despaire, farewell,
Fool's that will laugh on earth, must weep in hell. Exit.

Enter the good Angell, and the bad Angell at severall doores.

Good. Oh Faustus, if thou hadst giuen eare to me, 1431
Innumerable ioyes had followed thee.
But thou didst loue the world.
Bad. Gaue eare to me,
And now must taste hels paines perpetually.
Good. O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pompes,
Auail thee now?
Bad. Nothing but vexe thee more,
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.

Musicke while the Throne descends.

Good. O thou hast lost celestiall happinesse, 1440
Pleasures unspeakeable, blisse without end.
Hadst thou affected sweet diuinitie,
Hell, or the Diuell, had had no power on thee.
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus behold,
In what resplendent glory thou hadst set
In yonder throne, like those bright shining Saints,
And triumphed over hell: that hast thou lost,
And now poore soule must thy good Angell leaue thee,
The iawes of hell are open to receiue thee. Exit.

Hell is discoverd.

Bad. Now Faustus let thine eyes with horror stare 1450
Into that vaste perpetuall torture-house.
There are the Furies tossing damned soules,
On burning forkes: their bodies broyle in lead.
There are liue quarters broyling on the coles,
That ner'e can die: this euer-burning chaire
Is for ore-tortur'd soules to rest them in.
These, that are fed with soppes of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and lou'd only delicats,
Appendix to Dr. Faustus. 229

And laught to see the poore starue at their gates:
But yet all these are nothing, thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. O, I haue scene enough to torture me.

Bad. Nay, thou must feele them, taste the smart of all.
He that loues pleasure, must for pleasure fall:
And so I leaue thee Faustus till anon,
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.

The Clock strikes eleuen.

Between l. 1477 and the Chorus, Qq 1616-63 insert the follow-

ing new scene:

Enter the Schollers.

1. Come Gentlemen, let vs go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadfull night, was neuer scene,
Since first the worlds creation did begin.

Such fearefull shrikes, and cries, were neuer heard,
Pray heauen the Doctor haue escapt the danger.

2. O help vs heauen, see, here are Faustus limbs,
All torne asunder by the hand of death.

3. The deuils whom Faustus seru'd haue torne him thus:
For twixt the houres of twelue and one, me thought
I heard him shreeke and call aloud for helpe:
At which selfe time the house seem'd all on fire,
With dreadfull horror of these damned fiends.

2. Well Gentlemen, tho Faustus end be such
As euery Christian heart laments to thinke on:
Yet for he was a Scholler, once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our Germane schoole,
We'll giue his mangled limbs due buryall:
And all the Students clothed in mourning blacke,

Shall waite vpon his heauy funerall.

Exeunt.
THE JEW OF MALTA

Date. There is no evidence on which to determine very accurately the date of The Jew of Malta. The allusion to the death of the Duke of Guise in line 3 points to a period subsequent to December 23, 1588, for the composition of at least that part of the play. It is quite true, as Wagner has argued, that this Prologue of Macheuil may possibly have been written after the rest of the piece, but considerations of dramatic structure and versification make it well-nigh impossible to refer the play as a whole to an earlier year than 1589. It seems certainly to have been written and performed between the period of the composition of Doctor Faustus (?) 1588-9 and February 26, 1591/2, when an entry in Henslowe's Diary shows it to be already an old play. The year 1590 cannot be far wrong.

Stage history and the early edition. The earliest mention of The Jew of Malta is that already referred to, which occurs very near the beginning of Henslowe's Diary: 'Rd. at the Jewe of malltuse the 26 of febrearye 1591 [1592, N.S.] 1s.' The play belonged apparently to Henslowe and was acted by each of the many companies with which he was connected during the next five years. It was one of the most popular pieces in the manager's repertoire: the Diary notes thirty-six representations, the last being on June 21, 1596. This record exceeds that of any other of Marlowe's plays, even the very popular Doctor Faustus having only twenty-five certified performances.

In 1601 The Jew of Malta was certainly revived, probably in a somewhat altered form. Unfortunately the Diary does not mention the individual performances for this period, but it contains the following notes of expenditure: 'Lent vnto Robart shawe & mr. Jube the 19 of Maye 1601 to bye divers thinges for the Jewe of malta the some of . . . vli.'

1 We have, however, no information concerning the number of performances of Edward II and Dido, which did not belong to Henslowe.
lent mor to the littell tayller the same daye for more things for the Jewe of Malta some of ... x'." Later—at some time before the end of 1633—as we learn from the extant text, the play was presented at Court and at the Cockpit Theatre with prologues and epilogues on both occasions by Thomas Heywood.

On the seventeenth of May, 1594, Nicholas Linge and Thomas Millington entered for publication on the Stationers’ Register the famous tragedie of the Riche Jewe of Malta. On the previous day John Danter had licensed ‘a ballad intituled the murtherous life and terrible death of the riche Jew of Malta’, very obviously a piece inspired by the play.

It is peculiarly unfortunate that no copy of Linge and Millington’s contemplated edition has come down to us. Instead, all editors have had to base their texts on the faulty and unauthoritative version published in 1633. It is, of course, possible that Linge and Millington were by some accident prevented from bringing out the edition which they had already licensed, but this seems, on the whole, improbable. It is certainly not easy to believe that this one play of Marlowe—apparently the most popular of all on the stage—should have remained forty years and more unprinted after a text was already in publishers’ hands. Moreover, Heywood’s adverb in the Epistle Dedicatory to the 1633 edition, ‘now being newly brought to the Presse’ (p. 237), would normally indicate that there existed an earlier edition.¹

Text and authorship. It has been said that our only text of The Jew of Malta is that preserved in the 1633 version. There is no evidence that any one has seen an earlier edition, and we can hardly do more than hope that some happy accident may reveal a hitherto unknown and relatively correct text. Undoubtedly the 1633 quarto presents the tragedy in a form sadly corrupted and altered from that in which it left the hands of Marlowe. Besides the incidental impurities due to very bad printing and to the casual changes of actors during many decades, it is probable that the extant text incorporates the results of at least two separate revisions; the first carried out before the revival in 1601, to which Henslowe alludes, the second that which

¹ Cf. the phrase ‘Newly imprinted’ on the title-page of the 1592 Faustbook and discussion, supra, p. 142. But see, on the other hand, the title-page of Tamburlaine, 1590, ‘Now first, and newlie published.’
must have been necessary before so old a work could be presented at Court and at the Cock-pit. The author of the prologues and epilogues on these last occasions and of the dedicatory epistle of 1633 is Thomas Heywood, the dramatist. It is not improbable that he likewise altered the play for performance at Court. Mr. Fleay has pointed out the close similarity between the last friars' scene (ll. 1623–1715) and the underplot in Heywood's newly discovered comedy, *The Captives.* The relationship, however, cannot be held to prove that Heywood is author of the passage in *The Jew of Malta,* which is evidently earlier and less carefully worked out than the other version. In the part of *The Captives* alluded to, Heywood may be elaborating an earlier conception of his own, but he may equally well be plagiarizing from Marlowe.

All critics of the play have noticed with regret the failure of the last half of *The Jew of Malta* to fulfil the splendid promise of the first two acts. It is beyond question that the vigorous flow of tragic interest and character portrayal with which the play opens wastes away amid what, for the modern reader, is a wilderness of melodrama and farce. The change is so marked as to suggest grave doubt whether the tragedy as we have it can represent even remotely the conception of a single man. And yet, after recognizing the practical certainty that the 1633 text gives an extremely corrupt version of Marlowe's work, and that the elaborators here, as in the case of *Doctor Faustus,* found far greater opportunity for revision and expansion in the latter half of the drama than in the earlier part, we do not appear justified by the facts in denying that the thread of the plot is probably throughout Marlowe's contribution. There is, indeed, hardly any explanation short of insanity which in a modern dramatist would account for the sudden change from the vivid realization of Barabas's character, as indicated in the first two acts, to the complete absence of sympathetic insight which marks the last three. In the present case, however, it must be considered that we are dealing confessedly with a unique form of drama governed by rules of its own—the Machiavellian tragedy.

Machiavellianism was, on the Elizabethan stage, an avocation rather than a psychological necessity. In *The Jew of Malta,* as in *Titus Andronicus* and *Richard III,* the

1 *Biog. Chron. Eng. Dr.,* ii. 61, 62.
3 Cf. ll. 1–35.
melodrama belongs to the first conception of the play; the deep humanity enters, as it were, by accidental inspiration. I believe that the heterogeneous character of *The Jew of Malta* is fundamental, not due in any essential degree either to excessive haste of composition or to plurality of authorship. The first two acts, as we have them, probably represent with moderate fidelity the deep study of a human passion with which Marlowe was inspired to preface, and partly to overlay, his drama of 'blood and thunder'. Few playwrights have ever shown such power in conceiving states of intense feeling, and surely none of comparable greatness has ever been less skilful than Marlowe in blending this lyric fabric with the structural framework of a tragedy. The last three acts appear to represent, though inaccurately, with possible interpolations and occasional changes, the original sensational plot of Marlowe, bare of the imaginative humanizing which the earlier acts received. I see little reason to believe that the poet's general design has anywhere been very seriously tampered with, and to the very end of the play there occur, among obvious corruptions, verses which it seems all but impossible to deny to Marlowe.¹

**Source.** A direct source of *The Jew of Malta* has not been discovered. Many of the incidents are undoubtedly based on history, though in each case the poet has allowed himself considerable licence. Malta was several times besieged by the Turks, notably in 1565, but unsuccessfully. L. Kellner (*Englische Studien*, x. 80 ff.) has drawn attention to the interesting parallel between the career of Barabas in the play and that of Juan Miques (Michesius), a Portuguese Jew who flourished during the middle of the sixteenth century. After enduring persecution in his own country, in Antwerp, and in Venice, Miques took refuge with the Turks in Constantinople, and there employed his enormous wealth and his influence over the Sultan Selim to the disadvantage of the Christians. He was made Duke of Naxos and the Cyclades, and caused the Turkish attack on Cyprus in 1570. This notorious foe to Christendom is mentioned by the historians Foglietta,² Strada,³ and others,

² *De Sacro Foedere in Selimum*, 1587.
³ *De Bello Belgico*, 1632 ff.
but no such accounts known can claim to have done more than suggest in the vaguest way the character of Barabas.

A play called 'The Jew', of which we know nothing further, is mentioned in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse* as early as 1579, and a Viennese manuscript preserves the bare outlines of a comedy performed by English actors in which the plots of *The Jew of Malta* and *The Merchant of Venice* seem to be blended with some independent matter from the history of Michesius.\(^1\)

\(^1\) Cf. Meissner, *Die Englischen Comoedianten zur Zeit Shakespeare's in Oesterreich*, p. 131 ff.
The Famous
TRAGEDY
OF
THE RICH IEVV
OF MALTA.
AS IT WAS PLAYD
BEFORE THE KING AND
QUEELE, IN HIS MAJESTIES
Theatre at White-Hall, by her Majesties
Servants at the Cock-pit.

Written by CHRISTOPHER MARLO.

LONDON;
Printed by I. B. for Nicholas Vavasour, and are to be sold
at his Shop in the Inner-Temple, neere the
Church. 1633.
1633 = Quarto edition of that year.

Reed = Dodsley’s *Select Old Plays*, second edition, ed. I. Reed, 1780, vol. viii.

Oxberry = W. O.’s edition of the play, 1818.


Dyce\{ Dyce\^1 = Dyce’s first edition of Marlowe, 1850.

Dyce\^2 = Dyce’s revised edition of Marlowe, 1858, &c.

Cunn. = Cunningham’s edition of Marlowe, 1870, &c.


Ellis. = ‘Mermaid ’ Marlowe, ed. H. Ellis, 1887.

Wag. = A. Wagner’s edition of the play, 1889.

T. B. = The present editor.


Gilchrist = G.’s conjectures quoted by Coll.

Mitford = J. M.’s conjectures quoted by Dyce.

Steevens = G. S.’s conjectures quoted by Reed.
<The Epistle Dedicatory>¹

TO

MY WORTHY

FRIEND, MR THOMAS

HAMMON, OF GRAYES

INNE, &c.

This Play, composed by so worthy an Author as Mr. Marlo; and the part of the Jew presented by so vnimitable an Actor as Mr. Allin, being in this later Age commended to the Stage: As I vsher'd it unto the Court, and presented it to the Cock-pit, with these Prologues; and Epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the Presse, I was loath it should be published without the ornament of an Epistle; making choyce of you vnto whom to devote it; then whom (of all those Gentlemen and acquaintance, within the compasse of my long knowledge) there is none more able to taxe Ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you haue bin pleased to grace some of mine owne workes with your curteous patronage; I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by mee; ouer whom none can clayme more power or privilege than your selfe. I had no better a New-yeares gift to present you with; receiue it therefore as a continuance of that inuiolable obliegement, by which he rests still ingaged; who as he euer hath, shall always remaine,

Tuissimus: 20

THO. HEYWOOD.

¹ From the top of page A 3°.
The Prologue spoken at Court.

Gracious and Great, that we so boldly dare,
(Mongst other Playes that now in fashion are)
To present this; writ many yeares agone,
And in that Age, thought second unto none;
We humbly crave your pardon: we pursue
The story of a rich and famous Jew
Who liu’d in Malta: you shall find him still,
In all his projects, a sound Macheuill;
And that’s his Character: He that hath past
So many Censures, is now come at last
To haue your princely Eares: grace you him; then
You crowne the Action, and renowne the pen.

Epilogue.

It is our feare (dread Soueraigne) we haue bin.
Too tedious; neither can’t be lesse than sinne
To wrong your Princely patience: If we haue,
(Thus low detected) we your pardon craue:
And if ought here offend your eare or sight,
We onely Act, and Speake, what others write.
The Prologue to the Stage, at the Cocke-pit.

We know not how our Play may passe this Stage,
But by the best of * Poets in that age
The Malta Jew had being, and was made;
And He, then by the best of * Actors play’d:
In Hero and Leander, one did gaine
A lasting memorie; in Tamberlaine,
This Jew, with others many: th’ other wan
The Attribute of peerlesse, being a man
Whom we may ranke with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue,
So could he speake, so vary; nor is’t hate
To merit in * him who doth personate
Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition
To exceed, or equall, being of condition
More modest; this is all that he intends,
(And that too, at the vnrgence of some friends)
To proue his best, and if none here gaine-say it,
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

Epilogue.

In Graving, with Pigmalion to contend;
Or Painting, with Apelles; doublesse the end
Must be disgrace: our Actor did not so,
He onely aym’d to goe, but not out-goe.
Nor thinke that this day any prize was plaid,
Here were no betts at all, no wagers laid;
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
Is but to heare from you, (by me) ’twas well.
The Ghost of Machivel.
Farneze Governor of Malta.
Lodowick his son both in love
Mathias with Abigail.
Selim Calymath, the Turkish Prince.
A Turkish Bashaw.
Martin Del bosco, a spanish Captain.
Barabas the rich Jew.

Ithimer his Man.
Pilio Borza, the Curtizans Man.
3 Fryers.
2 Marchants.
Mater, Mother to Mathias.
Abegal the Jews daughter.
The Courtizan.
2 Nuns. ¹

(DRAMATIS PERSONÆ)

MACHIAVEL, the Prologue.
BARABAS, the Jew.
FERNEZE, Governor of Malta.
CALYMATH, Son to the Grand Signior.
DON LODOWICK, the Governor’s son.
DON MATHIAS.
ITHAMORE, a Turkish Slave.
DEL BOSCO, the Spanish Vice Admiral.
JACOMO, BARNARDINO, Friars.
PILIA BORZA. ²

TWO MERCHANTS.
Three Jews.
Knights.
BASHAWS.
OFFICERS.
READER.

ABIGAIL, Daughter to Barabas.
(KATHERINE, Mother to Mathias.) ³
TWO NUNS.
ABBESS.
BELLAMIRA, a Courtezan. ⁴

¹ Add. in hand of about 1750 on the back of title-page of a copy of ed. 1633 (Bodleian: Malone 915).
² Philia Borzo Reed ³ Add. Coll. ⁴ Dramatis Personae add. Reed.
Albeit the world thinke Macheuill is dead, Yet was his soule but flowne beyond the Alpes, And now the Guize is dead, is come from France To view this Land, and frolicke with his friends. To some perhaps my name is odious, But such as loue me, gard me from their tongues, And let them know that I am Macheuill, And weigh not men, and therefore not mens words: Admir’d I am of those that hate me most. Though some speake openly against my bookes, Yet will they reade me, and thereby attaine To Peters Chayre: And when they cast me off, Are poyson’d by my climbing followers. I count Religion but a childish Toy, And hold there is no sinne but Ignorance. Birds of the Aire will tell of murders past; I am asham’d to heare such fooleries: Many will talke of Title to a Crowne. What right had Caesar to the Empire? Might first made Kings, and Lawes were then most sure When like the Dracos they were writ in blood. Hence comes it, that a strong built Citadell Commands much more then letters can import: Which maxime had Phaleris obseru’d, H’ had neuer bellowed in a brasen Bull

s.d. Act I. Enter Machiavel Reed to Coll.: Enter Machiavel Dyce to Bull.: The Prologue. Enter Machiavel Ellis 19 Empire] empery Reed etc. exc. Cunn. 21 Dracos] Drancus 1633 24 had] had but conj. Dyce, Cunn. etc.
Of great ones enuy; o'th poore petty wites,
Let me be enuy'd and not pittied!
But whither am I bound, I come not, I,
To reade a lecture here in Britaine,
But to present the Tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are cramb'd,
Which mony was not got without my meanes.
I craue but this, Grace him as he deserues,
And let him not be entertain'd the worse.
Because he fauours me.

(Exit.)

<Actus Primus.>

Enter Barabas in his Counting-house, with heapes
of gold before him.

Jew. So that of thus much that returne was made:
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
As for those Samintes, and the men of Vzz,
That bought my Spanish Oyles, and Wines of Greece,
Here haue I purst their paltry silverlings.
Eye; what a trouble tis to count this trash.
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffique for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
tell that which may maintaine him all his life.
The needy groome that never fingred groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coyne:
But he whose steele-bard coffers are cramb'd full,
And all his life time hath bin tired,
Wearying his fingers ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loath to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himselfe to death:
Give me the Merchants of the Indian Mynes,
That trade in mettall of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moore, that in the Easterne rockes
Without controule can picke his riches vp,
And in his house heape pearle like pibble-stones;
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight,
Bags of fiery *Opals, Saphires, Amatysis,*
*Jacints,* hard *Topas, grasse-greene Emeraulds,*
Beauteous *Rubyes, sparkling Diamonds,*
And seildsene costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a Carrect of this quantity,
May serue in perill of calamity
To ransome great Kings from captiuity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth:
And thus me thinkes should men of judgement frame
Their meanes of traffique from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little roome.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peeres my Halcions bill?
Ha, to the *East*? yes: See how stands the Vanes?
*East* and by-South: why then I hope my ships
I sent for *Egypt* and the bordering Iles
Are gotten vp by *Nilus* winding bankes:
Mine Argosie from *Alexandria,*
Loaden with Spice and Silkes, now vnder saile,
Are smoothly gliding downe by *Candie* shoare
To *Malta,* through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes heare? How now.

**Enter a Merchant.**

*Merch.* Barabas, thy ships are safe,
Riding in *Malta* Rhode: And all the Merchants
With other Merchandize are safe arriu'd,
And haue sent me to know whether your selfe
Will come and custome them.

*Iew.* The ships are safe thou saist, and richly fraught.

*Merch.* They are.

*Iew.* Why then goe bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bils of entry:
I hope our credit in the Custome-house
Will serve as well as I were present there.
Goe send 'vm threescore Camels, thirty Mules,
And twenty Waggons to bring vp the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine,  
And is thy credit not enough for that?  

_Merch._ The very Custome barely comes to more  
Then many Merchants of the Towne are worth,  
And therefore farre exceeds my credit, Sir.  

_Iew._ Goe tell 'em the Iew of Malta sent thee, man:  
Tush, who amongst 'em knowes not Barrabas?  

_Merch._ I goe.  
_Iew._ So then, there's somewhat come.  

Sirra, which of my ships art thou Master of?  
_Merch._ Of the Speranza, Sir.  
_Iew._ And saw'st thou not  
Mine Argosie at Alexandria?  
Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire  
But at the entry there into the sea,  
Where Nilus payes his tribute to the maine,  
Thou needs must saile by Alexandria.  

_Merch._ I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of them.  
But this we heard some of our sea-men say,  
They wondred how you durst with so much wealth  
Trust such a crazed Vessell, and so farre.  

_Iew._ Tush; they are wise, I know her and her strength:  
But goe, goe thou thy wayes, discharge thy Ship,  
And bid my Factor bring his loading in.  

(Exit 1st Merchant.)  

And yet I wonder at this Argosie.  

Enter a second Merchant.  

2. _Merch._ Thine Argosie from Alexandria,  
Know Barabas, doth ride in Malta Rhode,  
Laden with riches, and exceeding store  
Of Persian silkes, of gold, and Orient Peiie.  

_Iew._ How chance you came not with those other ships  
That sail'd by Egypt?  

2. _Merch._ Sir we saw 'em not.  

_Iew._ Belike they coasted round by Candie shoare  
About their Oyles, or other businesses.  
But 'twas ill done of you to come so farre  
Without the ayd or conduct of their ships.  

2. _Merch._ Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish Fleet  
That neuer left vs till within a league,  
That had the Gallies of the Turke in chase.  

Dyce etc.: By 1633: Bye Reed,  
Coll.  

I. 97-135
Iew. Oh they were going vp to Sicily:
Well, goe
And bid the Merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharg'd.

Merch. I goe.

Exit.

Iew. Thus trowles our fortune in by land and Sea,
And thus are wee on every side inrich'd:
These are the Blessings promis'd to the Iewes,
And herein was old Abrams happinesse:
What more may Heaven doe for earthly man
Then thus to powre out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the Sea their seruant, and the winds
To drove their substance with succesful blast?
Who hateth me but for my happinesse?
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Iew be hated thus,
Then pittied in a Christian pouerty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falshood, and excessiue pride,
Which me thinkes fits not their profession.
Happily some haplesse man hath conscience,
And for his conscience liues in beggary.
They say we are a scatter'd Nation:
I cannot tell, but we have scambled vp
More wealth by farre then those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Iairim, the great Iew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
My selfe in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy euery one:
I, wealthier farre then any Christian.
I must confesse we come not to be Kings:
That's not our fault: Alas, our number's few,
And Crownes come either by succession,
Or vrg'd by force; and nothing violent,
Oft haue I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give vs a peacefull rule, make Christians Kings,
That thirst so much for Principality
I haue no charge, nor many children,
But one sole Daughter, whom I hold as deare)
As Agamemnon did his Iphigen:
And all I haue is hers. But who comes here?

139 freight Reed, Coll. 148 Sea] seas Dyce to Bull. servant
Wag.: servants 1633 to Bull.

I. 136-177
Enter three Iewes.

1. Tush, tell not me, 'twas done of policie. For he can counsell best in these affairyes; And here he comes.

Iew. Why, how now, Countrymen? Why flocke you thus to me in multitudes? What accident's betided to the Iewes?

1. A Fleet of warlike Gallyes, Barabas, Are come from Turkey, and lye in our Rhode: And they this day sit in the Counsell-house To entertaine them and their Embassie.

Iew. Why, let 'em come, so they come not to warre; Or let 'em warre, so we be conquerors: Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all, So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.

1. Were it for confirmation of a League, They would not come in warlike manner thus.

Iew. Fond men, what dreame you of their multitudes? What need they treat of peace that are in league? The Turkes and those of Malta are in league. Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

1. Why, Barabas, they come for peace or warre.

Iew. Happily for neither, but to passe along Towards Venice by the Adriatick Sea; With whom they haue attempted many times, But neuer could effect their Stratagem.

3. And very wisely sayd, it may be so.

2. But there's a meeting in the Senate-house, And all the Iewes in Malta must be there.

Iew. Vmh; All the Iewes in Malta must be there? I, like enough, why then let every man Prouide him, and be there for fashion-sake. If any thing shall there concerne our state Assure your selues I'le looke vnto my selfe.

1. I know you will; well brethren let vs goe.

2. Let's take our leaues; Farewell good Barabas.

Iew. Doe so; Farewell Zaareth, farewell Temainte.

And Barabas now search this secret out.
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together.
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turke did Malta contribute;
Which Tribute all in policie, I feare,
The Turkes haue let increase to such a summe,
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;
And now by that advantage thinkes, belike,
To seize vpon the Towne: I, that he seekes.
How eere the world goe, I'le make sure for one,
And seeke in time to intercept the worst,
Warily garding that which I ha got
Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.
Why let 'em enter, let 'em take the Towne.

Enter Gouernor of Malta, Knights met by Bassoes
of the Turke; Calymath.

Gouer. Now Bassoes, what demand you at our hands?
Bass. Know Knights of Malta, that we came from Rhodes,
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other Iles
That lye betwixt the Mediterranean seas.
Gov. What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other Iles
To vs, or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?
Calim. The ten yeares tribute that remains vnpaid.
Gov. Alas, my Lord, the summe is ouergreat,
I hope your Highnesse will consider vs.
Calim. I wish, graue Gouernour 'twere in my power
To fauour you, but 'tis my fathers cause,
Wherein I may not, nay I dare not dally.
Gov. Then giue vs leave, great Selim-Calymath.
Caly. Stand all aside, and let the Knights determine,
And send to keepe our Gallies vnder-saile,
For happily we shall not tarry here:
Now Gouernour, how are you resolu'd?
Gov. Thus: Since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs haue ten yeares tribute past,
We may haue time to make collection.
Amongst the Inhabitants of Malta for't.
Bass. That's more then is in our Commission.

221 Turk has Rob. to Cunn. 229+Scene II. add. Cunn., Bull.
229 S.D. Gouernors 1633, Reed, Coll. 239, 246, 256, 262
Gouernours 1633, Reed, Coll., Cunn. 242+S.D. Consults apart
add. Cunn. 246 how[y] say how Bull.
I. 217-251
Caly. What Callapine, a little curtesie.
Let’s know their time, perhaps it is not long;
And ’tis more Kindly to obtaine by peace
Then to enforce conditions by constraint.
What respit aske you Gouernour?
Gov. But a month.
Caly. We grant a month, but see you keep your promise.
Now lanch our Gallies backe againe to Sea,
Where wee’ll attend the respit you haue tane,
And for the mony send our messenger.
Farewell great Gouernor, and braue Knights of Malta.
Exeunt.
Gov. And all good fortune wait on Calymath.
Goe one and call those Iewes of Malta hither:
Were they not summon’d to appeare to day?
Officer. They were, my Lord, and here they come.

Enter Barabas, and three Iewes.

1. Knight. Haue you determin’d what to say to them?
Gov. Yes, giue me leaue, and Hebrewes now come neare.
From the Emperour of Turkey is arriu’d
Great Selim-Calymath, his Highnesse sonne,
To leuie of vs ten yeares tribute past,
Now then here know that it concerneth vs.
Bar. Then good my Lord, to keepe your quiet still,
Your Lordship shall doe well to let them haue it.
Gov. Soft Barabas, there’s more longs too’t than so.
To what this ten yeares tribute will amount
That we haue cast, but cannot compasse it
By reason of the warres, that robb’d our store;
And therefore are we to request your ayd.
Bar. Alas, my Lord, we are no souldiers:
And what’s our aid against so great a Prince?
1. Kni. Tut, Iew, we know thou art no souldier;
Thou art a Merchant, and a monied man,
And ’tis thy mony, Barabas, we seeke.
Bar. How, my Lord, my mony?
Gov. Thine and the rest.

For, to be short, amongst you ’tmust be had.
Iew. Alas, my Lord, the most of vs are poore!
Gov. Then let the rich increase your portions.
Bar. Are strangers with your tribute to be tax’d?

262 s.d. om. Dyce to Bull. 263 + s.d. Exeunt Calymath
and Bassoed add. Dyce to Bull.

I. 252–290
2. **Kni.** Haue strangers leaue with vs to get their wealth? Then let them with vs contribute.

**Bar.** How, equally?

**Gov.** No, Iew, like infidels. For through our sufferance of your hatefull liues, These taxes and afflictions befal'ne, And therefore thus we are determined; Reade there the Articles of our decrees.

**Reader.** First, the tribute mony of the Turkes shall all be leuyed amongst the Iewes, and each of them to pay one Halfe of his estate.

**Bar.** How, halfe his estate? I hope you meane not mine.

**Gov.** Read on.

**Read.** Secondly, hee that denies to pay, shal straight become a Christian.

**Bar.** How, a Christian? Hum, what's here to doe?

**Read.** Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose al he has.

*All 3 Iewes.* Oh my Lord we will giue halfe.

**Bar.** Oh earth-mettall’d villaines, and no Hebrews born! And will you basely thus submit your selues To leaue your goods to their arbitrament?

**Gov.** Why Barabas wilt thou be christned?

**Bar.** No, Gouernour, I will be no conuertite.

**Gov.** Then pay thy halfe.

**Bar.** Why know you what you did by this deuice?

Halfe of my substance is a Cities wealth. Governour, it was not got so easily; Nor will I part so slightly therewithall.

**Gov.** Sir, halfe is the penalty of our decree, Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

**Bar.** Corpo di deo; stay, you shall haue halfe, Let me be vs’d but as my brethren are.

**Gov.** No, Iew, thou hast denied the Articles, And now it cannot be recall’d.

**Bar.** Will you then steale my goods?

Is theft the ground of your Religion?

**Gov.** No, Iew, we take particularly thine To saue the ruine of a multitude:

And better one want for a common good,
Then many perish for a private man:
Yet Barrabas we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou gotst thy wealth,
Lie still; and if thou canst, get more.

Bar. Christians; what, or how can I multiply?
Of nought is nothing made.

1. Knight. From nought at first thou camst to little wealth,
From little unto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,
And make thee poor and scornd of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.

Bar. What? bring you Scripture to confirm your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the Tribe that I descended of
Were all in generall cast away for sinne,
Shall I be tried by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall liue:
And which of you can charge me otherwise?

Gov. Out, wretched Barrabas,
Sham'st thou not thus to justify thy selfe,
As if we knew not thy profession?
If thou rely vpon thy righteousnesse,
Be patient and thy riches will increase.
Excesse of wealth is cause of covetousnesse:
And covetousnesse, oh 'tis a monstrus sinne.

Bar. I, but theft is worse: tush, take not from me then,
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,
I must be forc’d to steale and compass more.

1. Knight. Graue Gouernor, list not to his exclames:
Convert his mansion to a Nunnery,
Enter Officers.
His house will harbour many holy Nuns.

Gov. It shall be so: now Officers haue you done?
Office. I, my Lord, we haue seiz’d vpon the goods,
And wares of Barrabas, which being valued
Amount to more then all the wealth in Malta.
And of the other we haue seized halfe.

(Gov.) Then wee'll take order for the residue.

Bar. Well then my Lord, say, are you satisfied?
You haue my goods, my mony, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoy'd;
And having all, you can request no more;
Vnlesse your vnrelenting flinty hearts
Suppresse all pitty in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

Gov. No, Barabas, to staine our hands with blood
Is farre from vs and our profession.

Bar. Why I esteeme the iniury farre lesse,
To take the Hues of miserable men,
Then be the causers of their misery.
You haue my wealth, the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my childrens hope,
And therefore ne're distinguish of the wrong.

Gov. Content thee, Barabas, thou hast nought but right.

Bar. Oh silly brethren, borne to see this day!
Why stand you thus vnmoû'd with my laments?
Why weepe you not to thinke vpon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and dye in this distresse?

Gov. Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brooke
The cruell handling of our selues in this:
Thou seest they haue taken halfe our goods.

Bar. Why did you yeeld to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one,
And of me onely haue they taken all.
1. *Iew.* Yet brother Barabas remember *Iob.*

*Bar.* What tell you me of *Iob*? I wot his wealth
Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheepe,
Three thousand Camels, and two hundred yoake
Of labouring Oxen, and five hundred
Shee Asses: but for every one of those,
Had they beene valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine Argosie
And other ships that came from *Egypt* last,
As much as would haue bought his beasts and him,
And yet haue kept enough to liue vpon;
So that not he, but I may curse the day,
Thy fatall birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternall night,
That clouds of darkenesse may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrowes from mine eyes:
For onely I haue toyld to inherit here
The months of vanity and losse of time,
And painefull nights haue bin appointed me.

2. *Iew.* Good Barabas be patient.

*Bar.* I, I pray leave me in my patience.
You that were ne're possest of wealth, are pleas'd with want.
But giue him liberty at least to mourn,
That in a field amidst his enemies,
Doth see his souldiers slaine, himselfe disarm'd,
And knowes no meanes of his recouerie:
I, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speake;
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.

1. *Iew.* Come, let vs leave him in his irefull mood,
Our words will but increase his extasie.

2. *Iew.* On, then: but trust me 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction:
Farewell Barabas. *Exeunt.*

*Bar.* I, fare you well.
See the simplicitie of these base slaues,
Who for the villaines haue no wit themselves,
Thinke me to be a senselesse lumpe of clay
That will with euery water wash to dirt:
No, Barabas is borne to better chance,

---

1. I, I] Aye, I Reed to Cunn. 434 that were omit conj.
Bull: that om. Ellis 446 s.d. Exeunt three Jews Dyce, after
well 433 I, I Aye, I Reed to Cunn. 434 that were omit conj.
And fram'd of finer mold then common men,
That measure nought but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come:
For euils are apt to happen euery day.
But whither wends my beauteous Abigail?

Enter Abigall the Iewes daughter.

Oh what has made my louely daughter sad?
What woman, moane not for a little losse:
Thy father has enough in store for thee.

Abig. Not for my selfe, but aged Barabas:
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigaile:
But I will learne to leaue these fruitlesse teares,
And vrg'd thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclames run to the Senate-house,
And in the Senate reprehend them all,
And rent their hearts with tearing of my haire,
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.

Bar. No, Abigail, things past recovery
Are hardly cur'd with exclamations.
Be silent, Daughter, sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yeeld vs an occasion
Which on the sudden cannot serue the turne.
Besides, my girle, thinke me not all so fond
As negligently to forgoe so much
Without provision for thy selfe and me.
Ten thousand Portagues, besides great Perles,
Rich costly Jewels, and Stones infinite.
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.

Abig. Where father?
Bar. In my house, my girle.

Abig. Then shall they n3're be scene of Barrabas:
For they haue seiz'd vpon thy house and wares.

Bar. But they will giue me leaue once more, I trow,
To goe into my house.

Abig. That may they not:
For there I left the Gouernour placing Nunnes,
Displacing me; and of thy house they meane
To make a Nunnery, where none but their owne sect
Must enter in; men generally barr'd.

468 rend Reed, Coll., Bull.  469 reduce] redress conj. Dyce2
482 father om. Wag.

I. 453-492
254

Bar. My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone.
You partiall heauens, haue I deseru’d this plague?
What will you thus oppose me, lucklesse Starres,
To make me desperate in my pouerty?
And knowing me impatient in distresse
Thinke me so mad as I will hang my selfe.
That I may vanish ore the earth in ayre,
And leaue no memory that e’re I was.
No, I will liue; nor loath I this my life:
And since you leaue me in the Ocean thus
To sinke or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I’le rouse my senses, and awake my selfe.
Daughter, I haue it: thou perceiust the plight
Wherein these Christians haue oppressed me:
Be rul’d by me, for in extremitie
We ought to make barre of no policie.

Abig. Father, what e’re it be to iniure them
That haue so manifestly wronged vs,
What will not Abigall attempt?

Bar. Why so;
Then thus, thou toldst me they haue turn’d my house
Into a Nunnery, and some Nuns are there.

Abig. I did.

Bar. Then Abigall, there must my girle
Intreat the Abbasse to be entertain’d.

Abig. How, as a Nunne?

Bar. I, Daughter, for Religion
Hides many mischieves from suspition.

Abig. I, but father, they will suspect me there.

Bar. Let ’em suspect, but be thou so precise
As they may thinke it done of Holinesse.
Intreat ’em faire, and giue them friendly speech,
And seeme to them as if thy sinnes were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertain’d.

Abig. Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.

Bar. Tush,
As good dissemble that thou neuer mean’st
As first meane truth, and then dissemble it,
A counterfet profession is better
Then vnseeene hypocrisie.

Abig. Well father, say I be entertain’d,
What then shall follow?


I. 493-534
Bar. This shall follow then;
There haue I hid close underneath the plancke
That runs along the upper chamber floore,
The gold and Jewels which I kept for thee.
But here they come; be cunning Abigall.

Abig. Then father, goe with me.

Bar. No, Abigall, in this
It is not necessary I be scene.
For I will seeme offended with thee for't.
Be close, my girle, for this must fetch my gold.

Enter three Fryars and two Nuns.

1. Fry. Sisters,
We now are almost at the new made Nunnery.

1. Nun. The better; for we loue not to be seen:
'Tis 30 winters long since some of vs
Did stray so farre amongst the multitude.

1. Fry. But, Madam, this house
And quarters of this new made Nunnery
Will much delight you.

Nun. It may be so: but who comes here?

Abig. Grave Abbasse, and you, happy Virgins guide,
Pitty the state of a distressed Maid.

Abb. What art thou, daughter?

Abig. The hopelesse daughter of a haplesse Jew,
The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas;
Sometimes the owner of a goodly house,
Which they haue now turn'd to a Nunnery.

Abb. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with vs?

Abig. Fearing the aflictions which my father feele,
Proceed from sinne, or want of faith in vs,
I'de passe away my life in penitence,
And be a Novice in your Nunnery,
To make attonement for my labouring soule.

1. Fry. No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the
spirit.

2. Fry. I,
And of a moving spirit too, brother; but come,
Let vs intreat she may be entertain'd.
Abb. Well, daughter, we admit you for a Nun.

Abig. First let me as a Novice learn to frame
My solitary life to your straights lawes,
And let me lodge where I was wont to lye.
I doe not doubt by your divine precepts
And mine owne industry, but to profit much.

Bar. As much I hope as all I hid is worth. Aside.

Abb. Come daughter, follow vs.

Bar. Why how now Abigail, what mak'st thou
Amongst these hateful Christians?

i. Fry. Hinder her not, thou man of little faith, 
For she has mortified her selfe.

Bar. As much I hope as all I hid is worth.

Abb. Come daughter, follow vs.

Bar. Why how now Abigail, what mak'st thou
Amongst these hateful Christians?

i. Fry. Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
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Amongst these hateful Christians?

i. Fry. Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified her selfe.

Bar. As much I hope as all I hid is worth.

Abb. Come daughter, follow vs.
Enter Mathias.

\textit{Math.} Whose this? Faire Abigaill the rich Iewes daughter
Become a Nun? her fathers sudden fall
Has humbled her and brought her downe to this:
Tut, she were fitter for a tale of loue
Then to be tired out with Orizons:
And better would she farre become a bed
Embraced in a friendly louers armes,
Then rise at midnight to a solemne masse.

Enter Lodowicke.

\textit{Lod.} Why how now Don Mathias, in a dump?
\textit{Math.} Beleeue me, Noble Lodowicke, I haue seene
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That euuer I beheld.
\textit{Lod.} What wast I prethe?
\textit{Math.} A faire young maid scarce 14 yeares of age,
The sweetest flower in Citherea's field,
Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitfull earth,
And strangely metamorphis'd Nun.
\textit{Lod.} But say, What was she?
\textit{Math.} Why, the rich Iewes daughter.
\textit{Lod.} What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seiz'd?
Is she so faire?
\textit{Math.} And matchlesse beautifull;
As had you seene her 'twould haue mou'd your heart,
Tho countermind with walls of brasse, to loue
Or at the least to pitty.
\textit{Lod.} And if she be so faire as you report,
'Twere time well spent to goe and visit her:
How say you, shall we?
\textit{Math.} I must and will, Sir, there's no remedy.
\textit{Lod.} And so will I too, or it shall goe hard.

Farewell Mathias.

\textit{Math.} Farewell Lodowicke

\textit{Exeunt.}
Bar. Thus like the sad presaging Rauen that t olls

The sicke mans passeport in her hollow beake,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vex'd and tormented runnes poore Barabas
With fatall curses towards these Christians.

The incertaine pleasures of swift-footed time
Haue tane their flight, and left me in despaire;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance; like a souldiers skarre,
That has no further comfort for his maime.

Oh thou that with a fiery piller led'st
The sonnes of Israel through the dismall shades,
Light Abrahams off-spring; and direct the hand
Of Abigall this night; or let the day
Turne to eternall darkenesse after this:
No sleepe can fasten on my watchfull eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts,
Till I haue answer of my Abigall.

Abig. Now haue I happily espy'd a time
To search the plancke my father did appoint;
And here behold (vnseene) where I haue found
The gold, the perles, and Jewels which he hid.

Bar. Now I remember those old womens words,
Who in my wealth wud tell me winters tales,
And speake of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where Treasure hath bin hid:
And now me thinkes that I am one of those:
For whilst I liue, here liues my soules sole hope,
And when I dye, here shall my spirit walke.

Abig. Now that my fathers fortune were so good
As but to be about this happy place;
'Tis not so happy: yet when we parted last,
He said he wud attend me in the morne.
Then, gentle sleepe, where e're his bodie rests,
Give charge to Morpheus that he may dreame
A golden dreame, and of the sudden walke,  
Come and receiue the Treasure I haue found.  
  Bar. Bueno para todos mi ganado no era:  
As good goe on, as sit so sadly thus.  
But stay, what starre shines yonder in the East?  
The Loadstarre of my life, if Abigall.  
Who's there?  
  Abig. Who's that?  
  Bar. Peace, Abigal, 'tis I.  
  Abig. Then father here receiue thy happinesse.  
  Bar. Hast thou't?  
  Abig. Here, Hast thou't? There's more, and more, and more.  
  Bar. Oh my girle,  
  Abig. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,  
And 'bout this time the Nuns begin to wake;  
To shun suspition, therefore, let vs part.  
  Bar. Farewell my ioy, and by my fingers take  
  Abig. A kisse from him that sends it from his soule.  
  Bar. Oh A(b)igal, Abigal, that I had thee here too,  
  Abig. Then my desires were fully satisfied,  
But I will practise thy enlargement thence:  
  Abig. Oh girle, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my blisse!  
  Bar. Hug his bags.  
  Abig. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,  
And 'bout this time the Nuns begin to wake;  
To shun suspition, therefore, let vs part.  
  Bar. Farewell my ioy, and by my fingers take  
  Abig. A kisse from him that sends it from his soule.  
  Bar. Oh A(b)igal, Abigal, that I had thee here too,  
  Abig. Then my desires were fully satisfied,  
But I will practise thy enlargement thence:  
  Abig. Oh girle, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my blisse!  
  Bar. Hug his bags.  

Enter Governor, Martin del Bosco, the knights.  

Gov. Now Captaine tell vs whither thou art bound?  
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our Rhoad?  
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leaue?
Bosc. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound; My Ship, the flying Dragon, is of Spaine, And so am I, Delbosco is my name; Vizadmirall vnto the Catholike King.

1. Kni. ’Tis true, my Lord, therefore intreat him well.

Bosc. Our fraught is Grecians, Turks, and Africk Moores. For late vpon the coast of Corsica, Because we vail’d not to the Turkish Fleet, Their creeping Gallyes had vs in the chase:

But suddenly the wind began to rise, And then we luff’d, and tack’d, and fought at ease: Some have we fir’d, and many haue we sunke;

But one amongst the rest became our prize: The Captain’s slaine, the rest remaine our slaues, Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

Gov. Martin del Bosco, I haue heard of thee; Welcome to Malta, and to all of vs;

But to admit a sale of these thy Turkes We may not, nay we dare not giue consent By reason of a Tributary league.

1. Kni. Delbosco, as thou louest and honour’est vs, Perswade our Gouvernor against the Turke;

This truce we haue is but in hope of gold, And with that summe he craues might we wage warre.

Bosc. Will Knights of Malta be in league with Turkes, And buy it basely too for summes of gold?

My Lord, remember that to Europ’s shame, The Christian Ile of Rhodes, from whence you came, Was lately lost, and you were stated here To be at deadly enmity with Turkes.

Gov. Captaine we know it, but our force is small.

Bosc. What is the summe that Calymath requires?

Gov. A hundred thousand Crownes.

Bosc. My Lord and King hath title to this Isle, And he meanes quickly to expell you hence; Therefore be rul’d by me, and keepe the gold:

I’le write unto his Maiesty for ayd,

And not depart vntill I see you free.

Gov. On this condition shall thy Turkes be sold. Goe Officers and set them straight in shew.

714 fraught] freight Reed, Coll. 716 Turkish conj. Gilchrist, Dyce etc.: Spanish 1633 719 luff’d and tack’d Dyce etc.: left, and tooke 1633 737 stated] stationed Wag. 748 + s.d.

Exeunt Officers add. Dyce, Bull.

II. 709-748
The Jew of Malta.

Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's Generall; We and our warlike Knights will follow thee Against these barbarous mis-beleeuing Turkes. Bosc. So shall you imitate those you succeed: For when their hideous force inuiron'd Rhodes, Small though the number was that kept the Towne, They fought it out, and not a man suruiu'd To bring the haplesse newes to Christendome. Gov. So will we fight it out; come, let's away: Proud-daring Calymath, instead of gold, We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoake and fire: Claiame tribute where thou wilt, we are resolu'd, Honor is bought with bloud and not with gold.

Enter Officers with slaues. 

1. Off. This is the Market-place, here let 'em stand: Feare not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought. 2. Off. Evry ones price is written on his backe, And so much must. they yeeld or not be sold. Ent. Bar. 1. Off. Here comes the Jew, had not his goods bin seiz'd, He 'de giue vs present mony for them all.

Enter Barabas.

Bar. In spite of these swine-eating Christians, (Vnchosen Nation, neuer circumciz'd; Such as, poore villaines, were ne're thought vpon Till Titus and Vespasian conquer'd vs,) Am I become as wealthy as I was: They hop'd my daughter would ha bin a Nun; But she's at home, and I haue bought a house As great and faire as is the Gouernors; And there in spite of Malta will I dwell: Hauing Fernezes hand, whose heart I'le haue; I, and his sonnes too, or it shall goe hard. I am not of the Tribe of Levy, I, That can so soone forget an injury. We Iewes can fawne like Spaniels when we please; And when we grin we bite, yet are our lookes As innocent and harmelesse as a Lambes. I learn'd in Florence how to kisse my hand,
Heave vp my shoulders when they call me dogge, And duckle as low as any bare-foot Fryar, Hoping to see them starue vpon a stall, Or else be gather'd for in our Synagogue; That when the offering-Bason comes to me, Euen for charity I may spit into't.

Here comes Don Lodowicke the Gouernor’s sonne, One that I love for his good fathers sake.

Enter Lodowicke.

Lod. I heare the wealthy Iew walked this way; I'le seeke him out, and so insinuate, That I may haue a sight of Abigail; For Don Mathias tells me she is faire.

Bar. Now will I shew my selfe to haue more of the Serpent Then the Doue; that is, more knaue than foole.

Lod. Yond walks the Iew, now for faire Abigail.

Bar. I, I, no doubt but shee's at your command. Yet I haue one left that will serve your turne:—
I meane my daughter: (but e're he shall haue her I'le sacrifice her on a pile of wood.
I ha the poyson of the City for him,
And the white leprosie.)

Lod. What sparkle does it give without a foile? But when he touches it, it will be foild:
Lord Lodowicke, it sparkles bright and faire.

Lod. Is it square or pointed? pray let me know.
The Jew of Malta.

263.

Bar. Pointed it is, good Sir,—(but not for you.) Aside.

Lod. I like it much the better.

Bar. So doe I too.

Lod. How showes it by night?

Bar. Outshines Cinthia's rays:

(You'le like it better farre a nights than dayes.) Aside.

Lod. And what's the price?

Bar. (Your life and if you haue it)—Oh my Lord

We will not iarr about the price; come to my house

And I will giu't your honour—(with a vengeance.) Aside.

Lod. No, Barabas, I will deserue it first.

Bar. Good Sir,

Your father has deseru'd it at my hands,

Who of meere charity and Christian ruth,

To bring me to religious purity,

And as it were in Catechising sort,

To make me mindfull of my mortall sinnes,

Against my will, and whether I would or no,

Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out a doores,

And made my house a place for Nuns most chast.

Lod. No doubt your soule shall reape the fruit of it.

Bar. I, but my Lord, the haruest is farre off:

And yet I know the prayers of those Nuns

And holy Fryers, hauing mony for their paines,

Are wondrous; (and indeed doe no man good.) Aside.

And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,

'Tis likely they in time may reape some fruit,

I meane in fulnesse of perfection.

Lod. Good Barabas glance not at our holy Nuns.

Bar. No, but I doe it through a burning zeale,

(Hoping ere long to set the house a fire;

For though they doe a while increase and multiply, Aside.

I'le have a saying to that Nunnery.)

As for the Diamond, Sir, I told you of,

Come home and there's no price shall make vs part, 855

Euen for your Honourable fathers sake.

(It shall goe hard but I will see your death.) Aside.

But now I must be gone to buy a slaue.

Lod. And, Barabas, I'le beare thee company.

Bar. Come then, here's the marketplace; what's the

826 a] o' Dyce to Bull. 828+ s.D. Aside add. Coll. after hauie it
839 a] o' Dyce to Bull. 853 saying] savin Dyce 1
whats . . . of] What price is on Cunn. 860-2 Verse Cunn.,
div. after market-place, crowns

II. 821-860
price of this slaue, 200 Crowns? Do the Turks weigh so much?

Off. Sir, that's his price.
Bar. What, can he steale that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new tricke for a purse; And if he has, he is worth 300 plats.
So that, being bought, the Towne-seale might be got To keepe him for his life time from the gallowes.
The Sessions day is criticall to theeues, And few or none scape but by being purg'd.

Lod. Ratest thou this Moore but at 200 plats?
1. Off. No more, my Lord.
Bar. Why should this Turke be dearer then that Moore?
Off. Because he is young and has more qualities.
Bar. What, hast the Philosophers stone? and thou hast, breake my head with it, I'le forgiue thee.

Slave. No Sir, I can cut and shaue.
Bar. Let me see, sirra, are you not an old shauer?
Slave. Alas, Sir, I am a very youth.
Bar. A youth? I'le buy you, and marry you to Lady vanity, if you doe well.

Slave. I will serue you, Sir.
Bar. Some wicked trick or other. It may be vnder colour of shauing, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods.
Tell me, hast thou thy health well?
Slave. I, passing well.
Bar. So much the worse; I must haue one that's sickly, and be but for sparing vittles: 'tis not a stone of beef a day will maintaine you in these chops; let me see one that's somewhat leaner.

1. Off. Here's a leaner, how like you him?
Bar. Where was thou borne?
Itha. In Trace; brought vp in Arabia.
Bar. So much the better, thou art for my turne.
An hundred Crownes, I'le haue him; there's the coyne.
1. Off. Then marke him, Sir, and take him hence.
Bar. I, marke him, you were best, for this is he That by my helpe shall doe much villanie.
My Lord farewell: Come Sirra you are mine.
As for the Diamond it shall be yours;
I pray, Sir, be no stranger at my house,
All that I haue shall be at your command.

Enter Mathias, Mater.

Math. What makes the Iew and Lodowicke so priuate?
I feare me ’tis about faire Abigall.
Bar. Yonder comes Don Mathias, let vs stay;
He loues my daughter, and she holds him deare:
But I haue sworne to frustrate both their hopes,
(And be reveng’d upon the — Gouernor.)
Mater. This Moore is comeliest, is he not? speake son.
Math. No, this is the better, mother, view this well.
Bar. Seeme not to know me here before your mother
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you haue brought her home, come to my house;
Thinke of me as thy father; Sonne, farewell.
Math. But wherefore talk’d Don Lodowick with you?
Bar. Tush man, we talk’d of Diamonds, not of Abigal.
Mater. Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Iew?
Bar. As for the Comment on the Machabees
I haue it, Sir, and ’tis at your command.
Math. Yes, Madam, and my talke with him was
About the borrowing of a booke or two.
Mater. Conuerse not with him, he is cast off from heauen.
Thou hast thy Crownes, fellow, come let’s away. Exeunt.
Math. Sirra, Iew, remember the booke.
Bar. Marry will I, Sir.
Off. Come, I haue made
A reasonable market, let’s away.
Bar. Now let me know thy name, and therewithall
Thy birth, condition, and profession.
Ithi. Faith, Sir, my birth is but meane, my name’s
Ithimer, my profession what you please.
Bar. Hast thou no Trade? then listen to my words,
And I will teach that shall sticke by thee:
First be thou voyd of these affections,
Compassion, loue, vaine hope, and hartlesse feare,
Be mou'd at nothing, see thou pitty none,
But to thy selfe smile when the Christians moane.

_Ithi._ Oh braue, master, I worship your nose for this.

_Bar._ As for my selfe, I walke abroad a nights
And kill sicke people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I goe about and poyson wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian theeves,
I am content to lose some of my Crownes;
That I may, walking in my Gallery,
See 'em goe pinion'd along by my doore.

Being young, I studied Physicke, and began
To practise first vpon the Italian;
There I enric(h)"d the Priests with burials,
And alwayes kept the Sexton's armes in vre
With digging graues and ringing dead mens knels:
And after that was I an Engineere,
And in the warres 'twixt France and Germanie,
Vnder pretence of helping Charles the fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an Vsurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging vnto Brokery,
I fill'd the Iailes with Bankrouts in a yeare,
And with young Orphans planted Hospitals,
And euery Moone made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himselfe for griefe,
Pinning vpon his breast a long great Scrowle
How I with interest tormented him.
But marke how I am blest for plaguing them,
I haue as much coyne as will buy the Towne.
But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

_Ithi._ Faith, Master,
In setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of Eunuches, binding gally-slaues.
One time I was an Hostler in an Inne,
And in the night time secretly would I steale
To travellers Chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once at Ierusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
I strowed powder on the Marble stones,
And therewithall their knees would ranckle, so
That I haue laugh'd agood to see the cripples
Goe limping home to Christendome on stilts.
Bar. Why this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villaines both:
Both circumcized, we hate Christians both:
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.
But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowicke.

Enter Lodowicke.

Lod. Oh Barabas well met;
Where is the Diamond you told me of?
Bar. I haue it for you, Sir; please you walke in with me:
What, ho, Abigall; open the doore I say.

Enter Abigall.

Abig. In good time, father, here are letters come
From Ormus, and the Post stayes here within.
Bar. Giue me the letters, daughter, doe you heare?
Entertaine Lodowicke the Gouernors sonne
With all the curtesie you can affoord;
Prouided, that you keepe your Maiden-head.
Vse him as if he were a Philistine.

Dissemble, sweare, protest, vow to loue him,
He is not of the seed of Abraham.
I am a little busie, Sir, pray pardon me.
Abigall, bid him welcome for my sake.
Abig. For your sake and his own he's welcome hither.
Bar. Daughter, a word more; kisse him, speake him faire,
And like a cunning Iew so cast about,
That ye be both made sure e're you come out.
Abig. Oh father, Don Mathias is my loue.
Bar. I know it: yet I say make loue to him;
Doe, it is requisite it should be so.
Nay on my life it is my Factors hand,
But goe you in, I'le thinke vpon the account:—
The account is made, for Lodowicke dyes.
My Factor sends me word a Merchant's fled
That owes me for a hundred Tun of Wine:
I weigh it thus much; I haue wealth enough.

985 please you] please Wag. 993 s.D. aside follows 995 Coll.
io Cunn.: follows 997 Bull. 994 to loue] love to conj. Dyce1,
s.D. Aside to her add. Dyce 1004+s.D. Aside to her add. Dyce
1006+s.D. Exeunt Lodowick and Abigail add. Reed 1007
Lodowicke] Ludovico Dyce: Lodowick he Cunn., Bull. 1010
After much s.D. Snapping his fingers add. Dyce to Bull.
The Jew of Malta.

For now by this has he kist Abigail; And she vowes loue to him, and thee to her. As sure as heauen rain’d Manna for the Iewes, So sure shall he and Don Mathias dye: His father was my chiefest enemie.— Whither goes Don Mathias? stay a while.

Enter Mathias.

Math. Whither but to my faire loue Abigall? Bar. Thou know’st, and heauen can witnesse it is true, That I intend my daughter shall be thine. Math. I, Barabas, or else thou wrong’st me much. Bar. Oh, heauen forbid I should haue such a thought. Pardon me though I weepe; the Gouernors sonne Will, whether I will or no, haue Abigall: He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings. Math. Does she receiue them? Bar. Shee? No, Mathias, no, but sends them backe, And when he comes, she lockes her selfe vp fast; Yet through the key-hole will he talke to her, While she runs to the window looking out When you should come and hale him from the doore. Math. Oh treacherous Lodowicke! Bar. Even now as I came home, he slipt me in, And I am sure he is with Abigall. Math. I’le rouze him thence. Bar. Not for all Malta, therefore sheath your sword; If you loue me, no quarrels in my house; But steale you in, and seeme to see him not; I’le giue him such a warning e’re he goes As he shall haue small hopes of Abigall. Away, for here they come.

Enter Lodowicke, Abigall.

Math. What, hand in hand, I cannot suffer this. Bar. Mathias, as thou lou’st me, not a word. Math. Well, let it passe, another time shall serue.

Exit.

Lod. Barabas, is not that the widowes sonne? Bar. I, and take heed, for he hath sworn your death. Lod. My death? what, is the base borne peasant mad?
Bar. No, no, but happily he stands in feare
Of that which you, I thinke, ne're dreame vpon,
My daughter here, a paltry silly girle.

Lod. Why, loues she Don Mathias? 1050
Bar. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?
Abig. He has my heart, I smile against my will.

(Aside.)

Lod. Barabas, thou know'st I haue lou'd thy daughter long.
Bar. And so has she done you, euen from a child.
Lod. And now I can no longer hold my minde. 1055
Bar. Nor I the affection that I beare to you.
Lod. This is thy Diamond, tell me, shall I haue it?
Bar. Win it, and weare it, it is yet unsoyl'd.

Oh but I know your Lordship wud disdaine
To marry with the daughter of a Jew:
And yet I'le giue her many a golden crosse
With Christian posies round about the ring.

Lod. 'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteeme,
Yet craue I thy consent.
Bar. And mine you haue, yet let me talke to her;—
This off-spring of Cain, this Iebusite 1066
That never tasted of the Passeouer,
Nor e're shall see the land of Canaan,
Nor our Messias that is yet to come,  Aside.
This gentle Magot Lodowicke I meane,
Must be deluded: let him haue thy hand,
But keepe thy heart till Don Mathias comes.

Abig. What shall I be betroth'd to Lodowicke?
Bar. It's no sinne to deceiue a Christian;
For they themeslues hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with Heretickes;
But all are Hereticks that are not Iewes;
This followes well, and therefore daughter feare not.—
I haue intreated her, and she will grant.

Lod. Then gentle Abigail plight thy faith to me. 1080
Abig. I cannot chuse, seeing my father bids:
Nothing but death shall part my loue and me.

Lod. Now haue I that for which my soule hath long'd.
Bar. So haue not I, but yet I hope I shall.  Aside.

1069 S.D. follows 1072 Reed to Bull.  1078 + S.D. Aside to her
add. Dyce 1079 + S.D. To Lodowicke add. Cunn.  1082 + S.D.
Abig. Oh wretched Abigail, what hast thee done?  
Lod. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?  
Abig. I know not, but farewell, I must be gone.  
Bar. Stay her, but let her not speake one word more.  
Lod. Mute a the sudden; here's a sudden change.  
Bar. Oh muse not at it, 'tis the Hebrewes guize,  
That maidens new betroth'd should weepe a while:  
Trouble her not, sweet Lodowicke depart:  
Shee is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heire.  
Lod. Oh, is't the custome, then I am resolu'd:  
But rathe(r) let the brightsome heauens be dim,  
And Natures beauty choake with stifeling clouds,  
Then my faire Abigal should frowne on me.  
There comes the villaine, now I'le be reueng'd.

Enter Mathias.

Bar. Be quiet Lodowicke, it is enough  
That I haue made thee sure to Abigall.  
Lod. Well, let him goe.  
Bar. Well, but for me, as you went in at dores  
You had bin stab'd, but not a word on't now;  
Here must no speeches passe, nor swords be drawne.  
Math. Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.  
Bar. No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,  
Be made an accessory of your deeds;  
Reuenge it on him when you meet him next.  
Math. For this I'le haue his heart.  
Bar. Doe so; loe here I giue thee Abigail.  
Math. What greater gift can poore Mathias haue?  
Shall Lodowicke rob me of so faire a loue?  
My life is not so deare as Abigall.  
Bar. My heart misgiues me, that to crosse your loue,  
Hee's with your mother, therefore after him.  
Math. What, is he gone vnnto my mother?  
Bar. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes her selfe.  
Math. I cannot stay; for if my mother come,  
Shee 'll dye with griefe.  
Exit.  
Abig. I cannot take my leaue of him for teares:  
Father, why haue you thus incenst them both?  
Bar. What's that to thee?  
Abig. I'le make 'em friends againe.
Bar. You'll make 'em friends? are there not Iewes enow
In Malta, but thou must dote vpon a Christian?

Abig. I will haue Don Mathias, he is my loue.

Bar. Yes, you shall haue him: Goe put her in.

Ith. I, I'le put her in.

Bar. Now tell me, Ithimore, how lik'st thou this?

Ith. Faith Master, I thinke by this

You purchase both their liues; is it not so?

Bar. True; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.

Ith. Oh, master, that I might haue a hand in this.

Bar. I, so thou shalt, 'tis thou must doe the deed:

Take this and beare it to Mathias streight,

And tell him that it comes from Lodowicke.

Ith. 'Tis poyson'd, is it not?

Bar. No, no, and yet it might be done that way:

It is a challenge feign'd from Lodowicke.

Ith. Feare not, I'le so set his heart a fire,

That he shall verily thinke it comes from him.

Bar. I cannot choose but like thy readinesse:

Yet be not rash, but doe it cunningly.

Ith. As I behaue my selfe in this, imploie me here-

after.

Bar. Away then.

So, now will I goe in to Lodowicke,

And like a cunning spirit feigne some lye,

Till I haue set 'em both at enmitie.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter a Curtezane.

Since this Towne was besiegd, my gaine growes cold:

The time has bin, that but for one bare night

A hundred Duckets haue bin freely giuen:

But now against my will I must be chast.

And yet I know my beauty doth not faile.

From Venice Merchants, and from Padua,

Were wont to come rare witted Gentlemen,

Schollers I meane, learned and liberall;

And now, saue Pilia-borza, comes there none,
And he is very seldom from my house; And here he comes.

Enter Pilia-borza.

Pilia. Hold thee, wench, there’s something for thee to spend.
Curt. ’Tis siluer, I disdaine it.
Pilia. I, but the Jew has gold, And I will have it or it shall goe hard.
Curt. Tell me, how cam’st thou by this?
Pilia. Faith, walking the backe lanes through the Gardens I chanc’d to cast mine eye vp to the Iewes counting-house, where I saw some bags of mony, and in the night I clamber’d vp with my hooks, and as I was taking my choyce, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I tooke onely this, and runne my way: but here’s the Jews man.

Enter Ithimore.

Curt. Hide the bagge.
Pilia. Looke not towards him, let’s away: zoon’s what a looking thou keep’st, thou’lt betraye’s anon.
Ith. O the sweetest face that euer I beheld! I know she is a Curtezane by her attire: now would I give a hundred of the Iewes Crownes that I had such a Con-cubine. Well, I haue deliuer’d the challenge in such sort, As meet they will, and fighting dye; braue sport. Exit.

Enter Mathias.

Math. This is the place, now Abigail shall see Whether Mathias holds her deare or no.

Enter Lodow. reading.

Math. What, dares the villain write in such base terms? Lod. I did it, and reuenge it if thou dar’st.

Fight: Enter Barabas above.


III. I159-I185
Bar. Oh brauely fought, and yet they thrust not home. Now Lodowicke, now Mathias, so;
So now they haue shew'd themselues to be tall fellowes.
Within. Part 'em, part 'em.
Bar. I, part 'em now they are dead: Farewell, farewell.

Enter Governor, Mater.

Gov. What sight is this? my Lodowicke slaine!
These armes of mine shall be thy Sepulchre.
Mater. Who is this? my sonne Mathias slaine!
Gov. Oh Lodowicke! hadst thou perish'd by the Turke,
Wretched Ferneze might haue veng'd thy death.
Mater. Thy sonne slew mine, and I'le reuenge his death.
Gov. Looke, Katherin, looke, thy sonne gaue mine these wounds.
Mat. O leave to griue me, I am grieu'd enough.
Gov. Oh that my sighs could turne to liuely breath;
And these my teares to blood, that he might liue.
Mater. Who made them enemies?
Gov. I know not, and that grieues me most of all.
Mat. My sonne lou'd thine.
Gov. And so did Lodowicke him.
Mat. Lend me that weapon that did kill my sonne,
And it shall murder me.
Gov. Nay Madem stay, that weapon was my son's,
And on that rather should Ferneze dye.
Mat. Hold, let's inquiere the causers of their deaths,
That we may venge their blood vpon their heads.
Gov. Then take them vp, and let them be interr'd
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Vpon which Altar I will offer vp
My daily sacrifice of sighes and teares,
And with my prayers pierce impartiall heauens,
Till they (reveal) the causers of our smarts,
Which forc'd their hands diuide vnited hearts:
Come, Katherina, our losses equall are,
Then of true grieue let vs take equall share.

Exeunt.

Enter Ithimore.

Ith. Why, was there euer seene such villany.

1187, 1191 Ludovico Dyce 1187+s.d. Both fall add. Dyce
1216 they reveal Dyce etc.: they 1633: they disclose conj. Coll.
1218 Katherine Reed etc.

III. 1186-1220
The Jew of Malta.

So neatly plotted, and so well perform'd?
Both held in hand, and flatly both beguil'd?

Enter Abiggall.

Abig. Why, how now Ithimore, why laugh'st thou so?
Ith. Oh, Mistresse, ha ha ha.
Abig. Why what ayl'st thou?
Ith. Oh my master.
Abig. Ha.
Ith. Oh Mistris! I haue the brauest, grauest, secret, subtil, bottle-nos'd knaue to my Master, that eu'er Gentleman had.

Abig. Say, knaue, why rail'st vpon my father thus?
Ith. Oh, my master has the brauest policy.
Abig. Wherein?
Ith. Why, know you not?
Abig. Why, no.
Ith. Know you not of Mathias & Don Lodowick's disaster?
Abig. No, what was it?
Ith. Why the deuil inuented a challenge, my Mr. writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowicke, and imprimis to Mathias.

And then they met, (and), as the story sayses,
In dolefull wise they ended both their dayes.

Abig. And was my father furtherer of their deaths?
Ith. Am I Ithimore?
Abig. Yes.
Ith. So sure did your father write, & I carry the chalenge.
Abig. Well, Ithimore, let me request thee this,
Goe to the new made Nunnery, and inquire
For any of the Fryars of St. Iaques,

And say, I pray them come and speake with me.

Ith. I pray, mistريس, wil you answer me to one question?
Abig. Well, sirra, what is't?
Ith. A very feeling one; haue not the Nuns fine sport with the Fryars now and then?
Abig. Go to, sirra sauce, is this your question? get ye gon.
Ith. I will forsooth, Mistris.

Abig. Hard-hearted Father, unkind Barabas,
Was this the pursuit of thy policie? 1260
To make me shew them fauour seuerally,
That by my fauour they should both be slaine? 1265
Admit thou lou’dst not Lodowicke for his sire,
Yet Don Mathias ne’re offended thee:
But thou wert set vpon extreme renenge,
Because the Sire dispossesst thee once,
And couldst not venge it, but vpon his sonne,
Nor on his sonne, but by Mathias meanes:
Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me.
But I perceiue there is no loue on earth, 1270
Pitty in Iewes, nor piety in Turkes.
But here comes cursed Ithimore with the Fryar.

Enter Ithimore, Fryar.

Fry. Virgo, salve.
Ith. When, duche you?
Abig. Welcome graue Fryar; Ithamore begun, Exit.
Know, holy Sir, I am bold to sollicite thee.
Fry. Wherein?
Abig. To get me be admitted for a Nun.
Fry. Why Abigail it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admition,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.
Abig. Then were my thoughts so fraile & vnconfirm’d,
And I was chain’d to follies of the world:
But now experience, purchased with griefe,
Has made me see the difference of things. 1285
My sinfull soule, alas, hath pac’d too long
The fatall Labyrinth of misbeleefe,
Farre from the Sonne that giues eternall life.
Fry. Who taught thee this?
Abig. The Abbasse of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
Oh therefore, Iacomi, let me be one,
Although unworthy of that Sister-hood.
Fry. Abigail I will, but see thou change no more,
For that will be most heauy to thy soule. 1295
Abig. That was my father’s fault.
Fry. Thy father’s, how?

III. 1260–1297
Abig. Nay, you shall pardon me: oh Barabas, though thou deseruest hardly at my hands, yet neuer shall these lips bewray thy life.

Fry. Come, shall we goe?
Abig. My duty waits on you.

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

Bar. What, Abigail become a Nunne againe? False, and vnkinde; what, hast thou lost thy father? And all vnknowne, and vnconstrain'd of me, Art thou againe got to the Nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wils me to repent.
Repentance? Spurca: what pretendeth this? I feare she knowes ('tis so) of my deuice
In Don Mathias and Lodovicoes deaths:
If so, 'tis time that it be seene into:
For she that varies from me in beleefe
Gues great presumption that she loues me not;
Or louing, doth dislike of something done.
But who comes here? Oh Ithimore come neere;
Come neere, my loue, come neere thy masters life,
My trusty seruant, nay, my second self;
For I haue now no hope but euen in thee;
And on that hope my happinesse is built:
When saw'st thou Abigail?

Ith. To day.
Bar. With whom?
Ith. A Fryar.
Bar. A Fryar? false villaine, he hath done the deed.
Ith. How, Sir?
Bar. Why made mine Abigail a Nunne.
Ith. That's no lye, for she sent me for him.
Bar. Oh vnhappy day,
False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
But let 'em goe: And Ithimore, from hence
Ne're shall she grieue me more with her disgrace;
Ne're shall she liue to inherit ought of mine,
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish vnderneath my bitter curse
Like Cain by Adam, for his brother's death.

Ith. Oh master.

1300+s.D. Aside add. Dyce 1308 portendeth Reed 1310 Mathias's and Lodowick's Coll., Cunn. 1314+s.D. Enter Ithamore add. Reed 1317 self conj. Dyce, Dyce etc.: life 1633

III. 1298–1336
Bar. Ithimore, intreat not for her, I am mou’d,
And she is hatefull to my soule and me:
And least thou yeeld to this that I intreat,
I cannot thinke but that thou hat’st my life.

Ith. Who I, master? Why I’le run to some rocke
And throw my selfe headlong into the sea;
Why I’le doe any thing for your sweet sake.
Bar. Oh trusty Ithimore; no servant, but my friend;
I here adopt thee for mine onely heire,
All that I haue is thine when I am dead,
And whilst I liue vse halfe; spend as my selfe;
Here take my keyes, I’le giue ’em thee anon:
But first goe fetch me in the pot of Rice
That for our supper stands vpon the fire.
Ith. I hold my head my master’s hungry: I goe Sir.
Exit.

Bar. Thus euery villaine ambles after wealth
Although he ne’re be richer then in hope:
But, hush’t.

Enter Ithimore with the pot.

Ith. Here ’tis, Master.
Bar. Well said, Ithimore;
What, hast thou brought the Ladle with thee too?
Ith. Yes, Sir, the prouerb saies, he that eats with the
deuil had need of a long spoone. I haue brought you
a Ladle.
Bar. Very well, Ithimore, then now be secret,
And for thy sake, whom I so dearely loue,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigall,
That thou mayst freely liue to be my heire.
Ith. Why, master, wil you poison her with a messe of rice Porridge that wil preserue life, make her round & plump, and batten more then you are aware.
Bar. I but Ithimore seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an Italian in Ancona once,
Whose operation is to binde, infect,
And poyson deeply: yet not appeare
In forty houres after it is tane.

1339 least] less conj. Coll., Dyce etc. 1341 rocke] huge rock
1353 + S.D. Aside add. after hungry Dyce
III. 1337-1375
"Ith. How master?

Bar. Thus Ithimore:

This Euen they vse in Malta here ('tis call'd Saint Iaques Euen) and then I say they vse
To send their Almes vnto the Nunneries:
Among the rest beare this, and set it there;
There's a darke entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.

"Ith. How so?

Bar. Belike there is some Ceremony in't.

There Ithimore must thou goe place this pot:
Stay, let me spice it first.

Ith. Pray doe, and let me help you, Mr. Pray let me
taste first.

Bar. Pret he do: what saist thou now?

Ith. Troth Mr. I'm loth such a pot of pottage should
be spoyld.

Bar. Peace, Ithimore, 'tis better so then spar'd.

Assure thy selfe thou shalt haue broth by the eye.

My purse, my Coffer, and my selfe is thine.

Ith. Well, master, I goe.

Bar. Stay, first let me stirre it Ithimore.

As fatall be it to her as the draught

Of which great Alexander drunke, and dyed:
And with her let it worke like Borgias wine,
Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poyson'd.
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane;
The ioyuce of Hebon, and Cocitus breath,
And all the poysons of the Stygian poole

Breaue from the fiery kingdome; and in this

Vomit your venome, and inuenome her
That like a fiend hath left her father thus.

Ith. What a blessing has he giu'nt? was euer pot of
Rice porredge so sauc't? what shall I doe with it?

Bar. Oh my sweet Ithimore goe set it downe
And come againe so soone as thou hast done,
For I have other businesse for thee.

Ith. Here's a drench to poysone a whole stable of Flanders
mares: I'le carry't to the Nuns with a powder.
Bar. And the horse pestilence to boot; away.

Ith. I am gone.

Pay me my wages for my worke is done. Exit.

Bar. Ile pay thee with a vengeance Ithamore. Exit.


Gov. Welcome, great Bashaws, how fares Calymath,

What wind drives you thus into Malta rhyme?

Bash. The wind that bloweth all the world besides,

Desire of gold.

Gov. Desire of gold, great Sir?

That's to be gotten in the Westerne Inde:

In Malta are no golden Minerals.

Bash. To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:

The time you tooke for respite, is at hand,

For the performance of your promise past;

And for the Tribute-mony I am sent.

Gov. Bashaw, in briefe, shalt haue no tribute here,

Nor shall the Heathens lieue vpon our spoyle:

First will we race the City wals our selues,

Lay waste the Iland, hew the Temples downe,

And shipping of our goods to Sicily,

Open an entrance for the wastfull sea,

Whose billowes beating the resistlesse bankes,

Shall overflow it with their refluence.

Bash. Well, Gouernor, since thou hast broke the league

By flat denyall of the promis'd Tribute,

Talke not of racing downe your City wals,

You shall not need trouble your selues so farre,

For Selim-Calymath shall come himselfe,

And with brasse-bullets batter downe your Towers,

And turne proud Malta to a wildernesse

For these intolerable wrongs of yours;

And so farewell.

Gov. Farewell:

And now you men of Malta looke about,

And let's prouide to welcome Calymath:

Close your Port-cullise, charge your Basiliskes,

And as you profitably take vp Armes,

So now courageously encounter them;

For by this Answer, broken is the league,

1419+Scene V. add. Bull. 1421 drives you thus] thus drives you Cunn., Bull. 1435 of] off Reed to Bull. 1447
+s.d. Exit add. Reed

III. 1416–1454
And nought is to be look’d for now but warres, And nought to vs more welcome is then wars.  

Enter two Fryars.

1. Fry. Oh brother, brother, all the Nuns are sicke, And Physicke will not helpe them; they must dye. 
2. Fry. The Abbasse sent for me to be confest: 

Where is the Fryar that conuerst with me? 

1. Fry. And so did faire Maria send for me: 

I’le to her lodging; hereabouts she lyes. 

Enter Abigail.

2. Fry. What, all dead saue onely Abigail? 

Abig. And I shall dye too, for I feele death comming. 

Where is the Fryar that conuerst with me? 

2. Fry. Oh he is gone to see the other Nuns. 

Abig. I sent for him, but seeing you are come 
Be you my ghostly father; and first know, 
That in this house I liu’d religiously, 
Chast, and deuout, much sorrowing for my sinnes, 

But e’re I came— 

2. Fry. What then? 

Abig. I did offend high heauen so grieuously, 
As I am almost desperate for my sinnes: 
And one offence torments me more then all. 

You knew Mathias and Don Lodowicke? 

2. Fry. Yes, what of them? 

Abig. My father did contract me to ‘em both: 
First to Don Lodowicke, him I neuer lou’d; 
Mathias was the man that I held deare, 

And for his sake did I become a Nunne. 

2. Fry. So, say how was their end? 

Abig. Both iealous of my loue, enuied each other: 
And by my father’s practice, which is there 
Set downe at large, the Gallants were both slaine. 

2. Fry. Oh monstrous villany. 

Abig. To worke my peace, this I confesse to thee; 
Reuereal it not, for then my father dyes. 

2. Fry. Know that Confession must not be reueal’d, 
The Canon Law forbids it, and the Priest 

That makes it knowne, being degraded first, 
Shall be condemn’d, and then sent to the fire. 

1455-1492
Abig. So I haue heard; pray therefore keepe it close. 
Death seizeth on my heart: ah gentle Fryar,
Conuert my father that he may be sau'd, 1495
And witnesse that I dye a Christian. \(\textit{Dies.}\)

2. Fry. I, and a Virgin too, that grieues me most:
But I must to the Iew and exclaime on him,
And make him stand in feare of me.

\textit{Enter 1. Fryar.}

1. Fry. Oh brother, all the Nuns are dead, let's bury them. 1500
2. Fry. First helpe to bury this, then goe with me
And helpe me to exclaime against the Iew.
1. Fry. Why? what has he done?
2. Fry. A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.
1. Fry. What, has he crucified a child? 1505
2. Fry. No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift,
Thou know'st 'tis death and if it be reueal'd.
Come let's away.

\textit{Exeunt.}

\textit{Actus Quartus.}

\textit{Enter Barabas, Itha. Bells within.}

Bar. There is no musicke to a Christians knell:
How sweet the Bels ring now the Nuns are dead 1510
That sound at other times like Tinkers pans?
I was afraid the poyson had not wrought;
Or though it wrought, it would haue done no good,
For euery yeare they swell, and yet they liue;
Now all are dead, not one remaines aliue. 1515

Ith. That's braue, Mr. but think you it wil not be known?
Bar. How can it if we two be secret.
Ith. For my part feare you not.
Bar. I 'de cut thy throat if I did.
Ith. And reason too; 1520
But here's a royall Monastery hard by,
Good master let me poyson all the Monks.
Bar. Thou shalt not need, for now the Nuns are dead,
They'll dye with grieue.
Ith. Doe you not sorrow for your daughters death? 1524

1496 s.d. \textit{add. Reed} 1508 + Act the Fourth. Scene \textit{add.}
Cunn., Bull.

III. 1493—1508—IV. 1509—1525
Bar. No, but I grieue because she liu'd so long. An Hebrew borne, and would become a Christian. 
Cazzo, diabolo.

Enter the two Fryars.

Ith. Look, look, Mr. here come two religious Caterpillers. 
Bar. I smelt 'em e're they came. 
Ith. God-a-mercy nose; come let's begone. 
2. Fry. Stay wicked lew, repent, I say, and stay. 
r. Fry. Thou hast offended, therefore must be damn'd. 
Bar. I feare they know we sent the poyson'd broth. 
Ith. And so doe I, master, therefore speake 'em faire. 
2. Barabas, thou hast — 
r. I, that thou hast — 
Bar. True, I haue mony, what though I haue? 
2. Thou art a — 
r. I, that thou art a — 
Bar. What needs all this? I know I am a Iew. 
2. Thy daughter — 
r. I, thy daughter,— 
Bar. Oh speake not of her, then I dye with griefe. 
2. Remember that — 
r. I, remember that — 
Bar. I must needs say that I haue beene a great usurer. 
2. Thou hast committed — 
Bar. Fornication? but that was in another Country: And besides, the Wench is dead. 
2. I, but Barabas, remember Mathias and Don Lodowick. 
Bar. Why, what of them? 
2. I will not say that by a forged challenge they met. 
Bar. She has confess, and we are both vndone; My bosome in(ti)mates, but I must dissemble. 

Oh holy Fryars, the burthen of my sinnes 
Lye heavy on my soule; then pray you tell me, 
Is 't not too late now to turne Christian? 
I haue beene zealous in the Iewish faith, 
Hard harted to the poore, a couetous wretch, 
That would for Lucars sake haue sold my soule. 
A hundred for a hundred I haue tane; 
And now for store of wealth may I compare 
With all the Iewes in Malta; but what is wealth? 

1528 Catho diabola 1633: corr. Dyce 1556 intimates T. B.: 
immates 1633: inmate Dyce to Wag. 1558 Lye] Lies Rob. 

iv. 1526-1565
The Iew of Malta.

I am a Iew, and therefore am I lost. Would penance serue for this my sinne, I could afford to whip my selfe to death.

Ith. And so could I; but penance will not serue. Bar. To fast, to pray, and weare a shirt of haire, and on my knees creepe to Jerusalem, Cellers of Wine, and Sollers full of Wheat, Ware-houses stuft with spices and with drugs, Besides I know not how much weight in Pearle Orient and round, haue I within my house; At Alexandria, Merchandize vsold:

But yesterday two ships went from this Towne, Their voyage will be worth ten thousand Crownes. In Florence, Venice, Antwerpe, London, Civill, Frankeford, Lubecke, Mosco, and where not, Haue I debts owing; and in most of these, Great summes of mony lying in the bancho; All this I'le giue to some religious house So I may be baptiz'd and liue therein.

1. Oh good Barabas, come to our house. 2. Oh no, good Barabas, come to our house.

And Barabas, you know — Bar. I know that I haue highly sinn'd, You shall convert me, you shall haue all my wealth.

1. Oh Barabas, their Lawes are strict. Bar. I know they are, and I will be with you.

1. They weare no shirts, and they goe bare-foot too. Bar. Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolu'd

You shall confesse me, and haue all my goods.

1. Good Barabas, come to me. Bar. You see I answer him, and yet he stayes; Rid him away, and goe you home with me.

2. I'le be with you to night.

Bar. Come to my house at one a clocke this night.

1. You heare your answer, and you may be gone. 2. Why, goe get you away.

1. I will not goe for thee. 2. Not, then I'le make thee, rogue. 1. How, dost call me rogue?

Ith. Part 'em, master, part 'em.
This is meere frailty, brethren, be content.

Bar. Fryar Barnardine goe you with Ithimore.

You know my mind, let me alone with him.

(1.) Why does he goe to thy house? let him begone.

Bar. I'le giue him something and so stop his mouth.

I neuer heard of any man but he
Malign'd the order of the Iacobines:
But doe you thinke that I beleue his words?
Why, Brother, you converted Abigall;
And I am bound in charitie to requite it,
And so I will, oh Iocome, faile not but come.

Fry. But Barabas, who shall be your godfathers,
For presently you shall be shriu'd.

Bar. Marry, the Turke shall be one of my godfathers,
But not a word to any of your Couent.

Fry. I warrant thee, Barabas.

Bar. So now the feare is past, and I am safe:
For he that shriu'd her is within my house.
What if I murder'd him e're Iocoma comes?
Now I haue such a plot for both their liues,
As neuer Iew nor Christian knew the like:
One turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall dye;
The other knowes enough to haue my life,
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.
But are not both these wise men to suppose
That I will leaue my house, my goods, and all,
To fast and be well whipt; I'le none of that.
Now Fryar Bernardine I come to you,
I'le feast you, lodge you, giue you faire words,
And after that, I and my trusty Turke—
No more but so: it must and shall be done.
Ithimore, tell me, is the Fryar asleep?

Enter Ithimore.

Ith. Yes; and I know not what the reason is:
Doe what I can he will not strip himselfe,
Nor goe to bed, but sleepeys in his owne clothes;
I feare me he mistrusts what we intend.

1609 Prefix Ith. before this line 1633, Reed, Coll.

Aside to F. Barn. add. Cunn., Bull.


IV. 1607-1642
Bar. No, 'tis an order which the Fryars use:
Yet if he knew our meanings, could he escape?
Ith. No, none can hear him, cry he ne're so loud. 1645
Bar. Why, true, therefore did I place him there:
The other Chambers open towards the street.
Ith. You loyter, master, wherefore stay we thus?
Oh how I long to see him shake his heele.
Bar. Come on, sirra,

Ithamore takes off his girdle and ties a noose on it
add. Dyce 1651 + s.d. They put the noose round the Friar's
neck add. Dyce 1652 + s.d. They put the noose round the Friar's
necks. 1657 haue conj. Reed, Dyce: saue 1633 1658
+s.d. They strangle the Friar add. Dyce 1662 After little
s.d. Takes the body, sets it upright against the wall, and puts a
staff in its hand add. Dyce 1667 S.D. after 1668 Reed etc.
1668 + s.d. Exeunt Barabas and Ithamore add. Reed 1669
Scene III
Infidell Wag.

IV. 1643-1677
Wilt thou not speake? thou think'st I see thee not; Away, I 'de wish thee, and let me goe by: No, wilt thou not? nay then I'le force my way; And see, a staffe stands ready for the purpose: As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.

Strike him, he falls. Enter Barabas (and Ithamore).


Ith. I, Mr. he 's slain; look how his brains drop out on's nose. Ioco. Good sirs I haue don't, but no body knowes it but you two, I may escape. Bar. So might my man and I hang with you for company.

Ith. No, let vs beare him to the Magistrates. Ioco. Good Barabas, let me goe. Bar. No, pardon me, the Law must haue his course.

I must be forc'd to giue in evidence, That being importun'd by this Bernardine To be a Christian, I shut him out, And there he sate: now I to keepe my word, And giue my goods and substance to your house, Was vp thus early with intent to goe Vnto your Friery, because you staid. Ith. Fie vpon 'em, Mr.: will you turne Christian, when holy Friars turne deuils and murder one another. Bar. No, for this example I'le remaine a Iew: Heauen blesse me; what, a Fryar a murderer? When shall you see a Iew commit the like?

Ith. Why, a Turke could ha done no more. Bar. To morrow is the Sessions; you shall to it. Come Ithimore, let's helpe to take him hence. Ioco. Villaines, I am a sacred person, touch me not. Bar. The Law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we: 'Las, I could weepe at your calamity. Take in the staffe too, for that must be showne: Law wils that each particular be knowne.

Exeunt.
Enter Curtezant, and Pilia-borza.

Curt. Pilia-borza, didst thou meet with Ithimore?
Pil. I did.
Curt. And didst thou deliver my letter?
Pil. I did.
Curt. And what think'st thou, will he come?
Pil. I think so, and yet I cannot tell, for at the reading of the letter he look'd like a man of another world.
Curt. Why so?
Pil. That such a base slave as he should be saluted by such a tall man as I am, from such a beautifull dame as you.
Curt. And what said he?
Pil. Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should say, Is it euen so; and so I left him, being driuen to a Non-plus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.
Curt. And where didst meet him?
Pil. Upon mine owne free-hold within 40 foot of the Gallowes, conning his neck-verse I take it, looking of a Fryars Execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen prouerb, Hodie tibi, cras mihi, and so I left him to the mercy of the Hangman: but the Exercise being done, see where he comes.

Enter Ithimore.

Ith. I neuer knew a man take his death so patiently as this Fryar; he was ready to leape off e're the halter was about his necke; and when the Hangman had put on his Hempen Tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if hee had had another Cure to serue; well, goe whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste: And now I thinke on't, going to the execution, a fellow met me with a muschatoes like a Rauens wing, and a Dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he gave me a letter from one Madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make cleane my Boots with his lips; the effect was, that I should come to her house. I wonder what the reason is. It may be she sees more in me than I can find in my selfe: for she writes further, that she loues me euery since she saw me, and who would not requite such loue? here's her house, and here she comes, and now would I were gone, I am not worthy to looke vpon her.

Pilia. This is the Gentleman you writ to.

744 a mustachios Reed: mustachios Coll., Cunn.
IV. 1716-1755
The Jew of Malta.

Ith. Gentleman, he flouts me, what gentry can be in a poore Turke of ten pence? I'le be gone.

Curt. Is't not a sweet fac'd youth, Pilia?

Ith. Agen, sweet youth; did not you, Sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

Pilia. I did Sir, and from this Gentlewoman, who as my selfe, & the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.

Curt. Though womans modesty should hale me backe, I can with-hold no longer; welcome sweet loue.

Ith. Now am I cleane, or rather fouly out of the way.

Curt. Whither so soone?

Ith. Pie goe steale some mony from my Master to make me handsome: Pray pardon me, I must goe see a ship discharg'd.

Curt. Canst thou be so vnkind to leaue me thus?

Pilia. And ye did but know how she loues you, Sir.

Ith. Nay, I care not how much she loues me; Sweet Allamira, would I had my Masters wealth for thy sake.

Pilia. And you can haue it, Sir, and if you please.

Ith. If 'twere aboue ground I could, and would haue it; But hee hides and buries it vp as Partridges doe their egges, vnnder the earth.

Pil. And is't not possible to find it out?

Ith. By no meanes possible.

Curt. What shall we doe with this base villaine then?

Pil. Let me alone, doe but you speake him faire:

But you know some secrets of the Lew,

Which if they were reueaTd, would doe him harme.

Ith. I, and such as—Goe to, no more, I'le make him send me half he has, & glad he scapes so too. Pen and Inke: I'le write vnto him, we'le haue mony strait.

Pil. Send for a hundred Crownes at least.

He writes.

Ith. Ten hundred thousand crownes,—Mr. Barabas.

Pil. Write not so submissiuely, but threatening him. 1790


IV. 1756-1790
Ith. Sirra Barabas, send me a hundred crownes.

Pil. Put in two hundred at least.

Ith. I charge thee send me 300 by this bearer, and this shall be your warrant; if you doe not, no more but so.

Pil. Tell him you will confesse.

Ith. Otherwise I'll confesse all: vanish and returne in a Twinckle.

Pil. Let me alone, I'll vse him in his kinde. (Exit.)


Curt. Now, gentle Ithimore, lye in my lap.

Where are my Maids? prouide a running Banquet; Send to the Merchant, bid him bring me silkes.

Shall Ithimore my loue goe in such rags?

Ith. And bid the Jeweller come hither too.

Curt. I have no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.

Ith. Content, but we will leaue this paltry land, And saile from hence to Greece, to louely Greece, I'll be thy Iason, thou my golden Fleece; Where painted Carpets o're the meads are hurl'd, And Bacchus vineyards ore-spread the world:

Where Woods and Forrests goe in goodly greene, I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Loues Queene.
The Meads, the Orchards, and the Primrose lanes, Instead of Sedge and Reed, beare Sugar Canes:

Thou in those Groues, by Dis aboue, Shalt liue with me and be my loue.

Curt. Whither will I not goe with gentle Ithimore?

Enter Pilca-borza.

Ith. How now? hast thou the gold?

Pil. Yes.

Ith. But came it freely, did the Cow giue down her milk freely?

Pil. At reading of the letter, he star'd & stamp'd, & turnd aside. I tooke him by the beard, and look'd vpon him thus; told him he were best to send it. Then he hug'd & imbrac'd me.

Ith. Rather for feare then loue.

Pil. Then like a Iew he laugh'd & jeer'd, and told me

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MARLOWE IV. 1791-1827 L
he lou’d me for your sake, & said what a faithfull seruant you had bin.

Ith. The more villaine he to keep me thus. Here’s goodly ’parrell, is there not? Pil. To conclude, he gaue me ten crownes.

Ith. But ten? I’d not leaue him worth a gray groat. Gie me a Reame of paper, we’ll haue a kinddome of gold for’t.

Pil. Write for 500 Crownes. Ith. Sirra Iew, as you loue your life send me 500 crowns, and gie the Bearer 100. Tell him I must hau’t.

Pil. I warrant your worship shall hau’t. Ith. But ten? Fie not leaue him worth a gray groat. Gie me a Reame of paper, we’ll haue a kinddome of gold for’t.

Pil. Write for 500 Crownes. Ith. Sirra Iew, as you loue your life send me 500 crowns, and gie the Bearer 100. Tell him I must hau’t.

Pil. I warrant your worship shall hau’t. Ith. And if he aske why I demand so much, tell him, I scorne to write a line vnder a hundred crownes.

Pil. You’d make a rich Poet, Sir. I am gone. Exit. Ith. Take thou the mony, spend it for my sake.

Curt. ’Tis not thy mony, but thy selfe I weigh:
Thus Bellamira esteemes of gold; (Throws it aside.)

But thus of thee.—Kisse him.

Ith. That kisse againe; she runs diuision of my lips.
What an eye she casts on me? It twinckles like a Starre.

Curt. Come my deare loue, let’s in and sleepe together.
Ith. Oh that ten thousand nights were put in one,
That wee might sleepe seuen yeeres together Afore we wake.

Curt. Come Amorous wag, first banquet and then sleep. (Exeunt.)

Enter Barabas, reading a letter.

Bar. Barabas send me 300 Crownes.
Plaine Barabas: oh that wicked Curtezane!
He was not wont to call me Barabas.
Or else I will confesse: I, there it goes:
But if I get him, Coupe de Gorge for that.
He sent a shaggy totter’d staring slaue,
That when he speakes, drawes out his grisly beard, And winds it twice or thrice about his eare;
Whose face has bin a grind-stone for mens swords, His hands are hackt, some fingers cut quite off;
Who when he speakes, grunts like a hog, and looks Like one that is imployn’d in Catzerie

1832+ S.D. Delivers the money to Ithamore add. Dyce 1836
+S.D. Writing add. Dyce after Prefix 1844 S.D. add. Dyce
1847+S.D. Aside add. Dyce 1850 together om. Wag. 1852

IV. 1828–1864
And crostighting, such a Rogue
As is the husband to a hundred whores:
And I by him must send three hundred crownes.
Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still;
And when he comes: Oh that he were but here!

Enter Pilia-borza.

Pil. Iew, I must ha more gold.
Bar. Why wantst thou any of thy tale?
Pil. No; but 300 will not serue his turne.
Bar. Not serue his turne, Sir?
Pil. No Sir; and therefore I must haue 500 more.
Bar. I'le rather —
Pil. Oh good words, Sir, and send it you were best; see, there's his letter.
Bar. Might he not as well come as send; pray bid him come & fetch it: what hee writes for you, ye shall haue straignt.
Pil. I, and the rest too, or else —
Bar. I must make this villaine away: please you dine with me, Sir, & you shall be most hartily poyson'd. *Aside.*
Pil. No, god-a-mercy, shall I haue these crownes?
Bar. I cannot doe it, I haue lost my keyes.
Pil. Oh, if that be all, I can picke ope your locks.
Bar. Or clime vp to my Counting-house window. You know my meaning.
Pil. I knowenough, and therforé talke not to me of your Counting-house: the gold, or know Iew it is in my power to hang thee.
Bar. I am betrayed.
'Tis not 500 Crownes that I esteeme,
I am not mou'd at that: this angers me,
That he who knowes I loue him as my selfe
Should write in this imperious vaine? why Sir,
You know I haue no childe, and vnto whom Should I leaue all but vnto Ithimore?
Pil. Here's many words but no crownes; the crownes.
Bar. Commend me to him, Sir, most humbly,
And vnto your good mistris as vknowne.
Pil. Speake, shall I haue 'vm, Sir?
Bar. Sir, here they are.

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1865 a] a sort of Cunn. 1877 + S.D. Gives letter *add* Dyce
1882 After away s.d *Aside* *add.* Dyce 1892 + S.D. *As* *add.*
Dyce 1903 + S.D. Gives money *add.* Dyce

IV. 1865–1903
Oh that I should part with so much gold!
Here take 'em, fellow, with as good a will—
As I wud see thee hang'd; oh, loue stops my breath:
Neuer lou'd man seruant as I doe Ithimore.

Pil. I know it, Sir.

Bar. Pray when, Sir, shall I see you at my house?

Pil. Soone enough to your cost, Sir: Fare you well.

Bar. Nay to thine owne cost, villaine, if thou com'st.
Was euer Iew tormentted as I am?
To haue a shag-rag knaue to come 300 Crownes, and then 500 Crownes?
Well, I must seeke a meanes to rid 'em all,
And presently: for in his villany
He will tell all he knowes and I shall dye for't.
I haue it.
I will in some disguize goe see the slaue,
And how the villaine reuels with my gold.

Enter Curtezane, Ithimore, Pilia-borza.

Curt. I'le pledge thee, loue, and therefore drinke it off.

Ith. Saist thou me so? haue at it; and doe you heare?

(Whispers to her.)

Curt. Goe to, it shall be so.

Ith. Of that condition I wil drink it vp; here's to thee.

Curt. Nay, I'le haue all or none.

Ith. There, if thou lou'st me doe not leaue a drop.

Curt. Loue thee, fill me three glasses.

Ith. Three and fifty dozen, I'le pledge thee.

Pil. Knauely spoke, and like a Knight at Armes.

Ith. Hey Rio Castiliano, a man's a man.

Curt. Now to the Iew.

Ith. Ha to the Iew, and send me mony you were best.

Pil. What wudst thou doe if he should send thee none?

Ith. Doe nothing; but I know what I know. He's murderer.

Curt. I had not thought he had been so braue a man.
Ith. You knew Mathias and the Gouernors son: he and I kild 'em both, and yet neuer touch'd 'em.

Pil. Oh brauely done.

Ith. I carried the broth that poysond the Nuns, and he and I, snickle hand too fast, strangled a Fryar.

Curt. You two alone?

Ith. We two, and 'twas neuer knowne, nor neuer shall be for me.

Pil. This shall with me vnto the Gouernor.

Curt. And fit it should: but first let's ha more gold.

Come gentle Ithimore, lye in my lap.

Ith. Loue me little, loue me long, let musicke rumble, Whilst I in thy incony lap doe tumble.

Enter Barabas with a Lute, disguis'd.

Curt. A French Musician, come let's heare your skill?

Bar. Must tuna my Lute for sound, twang twang first.

Ith. Wilt drinke French-man, here's to thee with a — Pox on this drunken hick-vp.

Bar. Gramercy Mounsier.

Curt. Prethe, Pilia-borza, bid the Fidler giue me the posey in his hat there.

Pil. Sirra, you must giue my mistris your posey.

Bar. A voustre commandement Madam.

Curt. How sweet, my Ithimore, the flowers smell.

Ith. Like thy breath, sweet-hart, no violet like 'em.

Pil. Foh, me thinkes they sinke like a Holly-Hoke.

Bar. So, now I am reueng'd vpon 'em all.

The scent thereof was death, I poysond it.

Ith. Play, Fidler, or I'le cut your cats guts into chitterlins.

Bar. Pardonne moy, be no in tune yet; so now, now all be in.

Ith. Giue him a crowne, and fill me out more wine.

Pil. There's two crownes for thee, play.

1941 snicle ... snickle-fast — ITHA. Strangled conj. Mitford ... Steevens: hard and fast conj. Cunn. 1945 S.D. add. Dyce


Prefix Bar. given as catch-word, but omitted at top of page H4. Pardonnez Coll. to Bull. 1968 + S.D. Giving money add. Dyce

IV. 1937-1968
The Iew of Malta.

Bar. How liberally the villain giues me mine own gold.  
Aside.

Pil. Me thinkes he fingers very well.  
1970

Bar. So did you when you stole my gold.  
Aside.

Pil. How swift he runnes.  
Bar. You run swifter when you threw my gold out of my Window.  
Aside.

Curt. Musician, hast beene in Malta long?  
1975

Bar. Two, three, foure month Madam.

Ith. Dost not know a Iew, one Barabas?  
Bar. Very mush, Mounsier, you no be his man?  
Pil: His man?

Ith. I scorne the Peasant, tell him so.  
1980

Bar. He knowes it already.  
(Aside.)

Ith. 'Tis a strange thing of that Iew, he liues vpon pickled Grashoppers, and sauc'd Mushrums.

Bar. What a slaue's this? The Gouernour feeds not as I doe.  
Aside.

Ith. He neuer put on cleane shirt since he was circumcis'd.  
Bar. Oh raskall! I change my selfe twice a day.  
Aside.

Ith. The Hat he weares, Iudas left vnder the Elder when he hang'd himselfe.  
1989

Bar. 'Twas sent me for a present from the great Cham.  
Aside.

Pil. A masty slaue he is. Whether now, Fidler?  
Bar. Pardona moy, Mounsier, me be no well.  
Exit.

Pil. Farewell Fidler: One letter more to the Iew.

Curt. Prethe sweet loue, one more, and write it sharp.

Ith. No, I'le send by word of mouth now; bid him deliuer thee a thousand Crownes, by the same token, that the Nuns lou'd Rice, that Fryar Bernardine slept in his owne clothes. Any of 'em will doe it.

Pil. Let me alone to vrge it now I know the meaning.

Ith. The meaning has a meaning; come let's in: 2000 To vndoe a Iew is charity, and not sinne.

Exeunt.

1969 S.D. Aside, and then plays Dyce 1981 S.D. add.
Dyce 1991 masty 1633: nasty Reed to Cunn.: musty Bull to Wag. 1992 Pardonnez Coll. to Bull. me Reed etc.: we 1633
The Jew of Malta.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Gouernor. Knights. Martin Del-Bosco.

Gov. Now, Gentlemen, betake you to your Armes, And see that Malta be well fortifi'd; And it behoues you to be resolute; For Calymath haung houer'd here so long, Will winne the Towne, or dye before the wals. Kni. And dye he shall, for we will neuer yeeld.

Enter Curtezane, Pilia-borza.

Curt. Oh bring vs to the Gouernor. Gov. Away with her, she is a Curtezane. Curt. What e're I am, yet Gouernor heare me speake; I bring thee newes by whom thy sonne was slaine: Mathias did it not, it was the Iew. Pil. Who, besides the slaughter of these Gentlemen, Poyson'd his owne daughter and the Nuns, Strangled a Fryar, and I know not what Mischiefe beside. Gov. Had we but proofe of this. Curt. Strong proofe, my Lord, his man's now at my Lodging That was his Agent, he'll confesse it all. Gov. Goe fetch him straight, I always fear'd that Iew.

Enter Iew, Ithimore.

Bar. I'le goe alone, dogs, do not hale me thus. Ith. Nor me neither, I cannot out-run you, Constable. Oh my belly. Bar. One dram of powder more had made all sure. What a damn'd slae was I? Gov. Make fires, heat irons, let the racke be fetch'd. Kni. Nay stay, my Lord, 'tmay be he will confesse. Bar. Confesse; what meane you, Lords, who should confesse? Gov. Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son. Ith. Gilty, my Lord, I confesse; your sonne and Mathias were both contracted vnto Abigail: (he) forg'd a counterfeit challenge.

Iew. Who carried that challenge?

Ith. I carried it, I confesse, but who writ it? Marry, even he that strangled Bernardine, poysone’d the Nuns, and his owne daughter.

Gov. Away with him, his sight is death to me.

Bar. For what? you men of Malta, heare me speake; Shee is a Curtezane and he a theefe, And he my bondman, let me haue law,

For none of this can prejudice my life.

Gov. Once more away with him; you shall haue law.

Bar. Deuils doe your worst, I line in spite of you.

(Aside.) As these haue spoke so be it to their soules:

I hope the poysone’d flowers will worke anon.

(Aside.) Exit.

Enter Mater.

Mater. Was my Mathias murder’d by the Iew?

Ferneze, ’twas thy sonne that murder’d him.

Gov. Be patient, gentle Madam, it was he,

He forged the daring challenge made them fight

Mat. Where is the Iew, where is that murderer?

Gov. In prison till the Law has past on him.

Enter Officer.

Offi. My Lord, the Curtezane and her man are dead;

So is the Turke, and Barabas the Iew.

Gov. Dead?

Offi. Dead, my Lord, and here they bring his body.

Bosco. This sudden death of his is very strange.

Gov. Wonder not at it, Sir, the heauens are iust:

Their deaths were like their liues, then think not of ’em.

Since they are dead, let them be buried.

For the Iewes body, throw that o’re the wals,

To be a prey for Vultures and wild beasts.

So, now away and fortifie the Towne.

Exeunt.

Bar. What, all alone? well fare sleepy drinke.

I’ll be reueng’d on this accursed Towne;

2043 I’ll Dyce s.d. add. Dyce 2045 s.d. Aside add.


Barabas discovered rising add. Ellis 2063 Prefix Bara. [rising] Dyce to Bull.

v. 2033-2064
For by my meanes *Calymath* shall enter in. 2065
I'le helpe to slay their children and their wiues, 2066
To fire the Churches, pull their houses downe. 2067
Take my goods too, and seize vpon my lands: 2068
I hope to see the Gouernour a slaue, 2069
And, rowing in a Gally, whipt to death. 2070

**Enter Calymath, Bashawes, Turkes.**

*Caly.* Whom haue we there, a spy? 2071
*Bar.* Yes, my good Lord, one that can spy a place 2072
Where you may enter, and surprize the Towne: 2073
My name is *Barabas*; I am a Iew. 2074
*Caly.* Art thou that Iew whose goods we heard were sold 2075
For Tribute-mony? 2076
*Bar.* The very same, my Lord: 2077
And since that time they haue hir'd a slaue my man 2078
To accuse me of a thousand villanies: 2079
I was imprison'd, but scap'd their hands. 2080
*Caly.* Didst breake prison? 2081
*Bar.* No, no: 2082
I dranke of Poppy and cold mandrake juyce; 2083
And being asleepe, belike they thought me dead, 2084
And threw me o're the wals: so, or how else, 2085
The Iew is here, and rests at your command. 2086
*Caly.* 'Twas brauely done: but tell me, *Barabas*, 2087
Canst thou, as thou reportest, make *Malta* ours? 2088
*Bar.* Feare not, my Lord, for here against the Sluice, 2089
The rocke is hollow, and of purpose digg'd, 2090
To make a passage for the running streames 2091
And common channels of the City. 2092
Now whilst you giue assault vnto the wals, 2093
I'le lead 500 soldiers through the Vault, 2094
And rise with them i' th middle of the Towne, 2095
Open the gates for you to enter in, 2096
And by this meanes the City is your owne. 2097
*Caly.* If this be true, I'le make thee Gouernor. 2098
*Iew.* And if it be not true, then let me dye. 2099
*Caly.* Thou'st doom'd thy selfe, assault it presently.

*Exeunt.*
Alarums. Enter Turkes, Barabas, Gouernour, and Knights prisoners.

Caly. Now vaile your pride you captiue Christians, And kneele for mercy to your conquering foe: Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spaine? Ferneze, speake, had it not beene much better To (have) kept thy promise then be thus surpriz'd? 2105

Gov. What should I say? we are captiues and must yeeld. 

Caly. I, villains, you must yeeld, and vnder Turkish yokes Shall groning beare the burthen of our ire; And Barabas, as erst we promis'd thee, For thy desert we make thee Gouernor. 2110

Vse them at thy discretion. 

Bar. Thankes, my Lord. 

Gov. Oh fatall day, to fall into the hands Of such a Traitor and vnhallowed Iew! What greater misery could heauen inflict? 2115

Caly. 'Tis our command: and Barabas we giue To guard thy person, these our Ianizaries: Intreat them well, as we haue vsed thee. And now, braue Bashawes, come, wee'll walke about The ruin'd Towne, and see the wracke we made: 2120

Farewell braue Iew, farewell great Barabas. Exeunt. 

Bar. May all good fortune follow Calymath. And now, as entrance to our safety, To prison with the Gouernour and these Captaines, his consorts and confederates. 2125

Gov. Oh villaine, Heauen will be reueng'd on thee. Exeunt.

Bar. Away, no more, let him not trouble me. Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policie, No simple place, no small authority, I now am Gouernour of Malta; true, 2130

But Malta hates me, and in hating me My life's in danger, and what boots it thee Poore Barabas, to be the Gouernour, When as thy life shall be at their command? No, Barabas, this must be look'd into; 2135
And since by wrong thou got'st Authority,
Maintaine it brauely by firme policy,
At least vpnprofitably lose it not:
For he that liueth in Authority,
And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,
Liues like the Asse that Aesope speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaues it off to snap on Thistle tops:
But Barabas will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes, Occasion's bald behind,
Slip not thine opportunity, for feare too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compasse it.
Within here.

Enter Gouernor with a guard.

Gov. My Lord?
Bar. I, Lord, thus slaues will learne.

Now Gouernor—stand by there, wait within.

(Exeunt Guard.)

This is the reason that I sent for thee;
Thou seest thy life, and Malta's happinesse,
Are at my Arbitrament; and Barabas
At his discretion may dispose of both:
Now tell me, Gouernor, and plainly too,
What thinkst thou shall become of it and thee?

Gov. This; Barabas, since things are in thy power,
I see no reason but of Malta's wracke,
Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty,
Nor feare I death, nor will I flatter thee.

Bar. Gouernor, good words, be not so furious;
'Tis not thy life which can auaille me ought,
Yet you doe liue, and liue for me you shall:
And as for Malta's ruine, thinke you not
'Twere slender policy for Barabas
To dispossesse himselfe of such a place?
For sith, as once you said, within this Ile
In Malta here, that I haue got my goods,
And in this City still haue had successe,
And now at length am growne your Governor,
Your selues shall see it shall not be forgot:
For as a friend not knowne, but in distresse,
I'le reare vp Malta now remedilesse.

2151 S.D. add. Dyce: To the Guard add. Reed, Coll. 2168
within] 'tis in Cunn., Bull.

V. 2136—2174
Gov. Will Barabas recouer Malta's losse?
Will Barabas be good to Christians?
   Bar. What wilt thou giue me, Gouernor, to procure
   A dissolution of the slauish Bands
   Wherein the Turke hath yoak'd your land and you?
   What will you giue me if I render you
The life of Calymath, surprize his men,
   And in an out-house of the City shut
   His souldiers, till I haue consum'd 'em all with fire?
   What will you giue him that procureth this?
   Gov. Doe but bring this to passe which thou pretendest,
   Deale truly with vs as thou intimatest,
   And I will send amongst the Citizens
   And by my letters priuately procure
   Great summes of mony for thy recompence:
   Nay more, doe this, and liue thou Gouernor still.
   Bar. Nay, doe thou this, Ferneze, and be free;
   Gouernor, I enlarge thee, liue with me,
   Goe walke about the City, see thy friends:
   Tush, send not letters to 'em, goe thy selfe,
   And let me see what mony thou canst make;
   Here is my hand that I'le set Malta free:
   And thus we cast it: To a solemne feast
I will inuite young Selim-Calymath,
   Where be thou present onely to performe
   One stratagem that I'le impart to thee,
   Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
   And I will warrant Malta free for euer.
   Gov. Here is my hand, beleue me, Barabas,
   I will be there, and doe as thou desirest;
   When is the time?
   Bar. Gouernor, presently.
   For Callymath, when he hath view'd the Towne,
   Will take his leaue and saile toward Ottoman.
   Gov. Then will I, Barabas, about this coyne,
   And bring it with me to thee in the euening.
   Bar. Doe so, but faile not; now farewell Ferneze:
   And thus farre roundly goes the businesse:
   Thus louing neither, will I liue with both,
   Making a profit of my policie;
   And he from whom my most aduantage comes,
   Shall be my friend.

2183 His... till] Until Wag. 2212+S.D. Exit Governor add.
Reed

V. 2175–2216
The Iew of Malta.

This is the life we Iewes are vs'd to lead;
And reason too, for Christians doe the like.
Well, now about effecting this deuice:
First to surprize great Selims souldiers,
And then to make proision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done.
My policie detests preuention:
To what euent my secret purpose driues,
I know; and they shall witnesse with their liues.

Enter Calymath, Bashawes.

Caly. Thus haue we view'd the City, scene the sacke,
And caus'd the ruines to be new repair'd,
Which with our Bombards shot and Basiliske,
We rent in sunder at our entry:
And now I see the Scitation,
And how secure this conquer'd Iland stands
Inuiron'd with the mediterranean Sea,
Strong contermin'd with other petty Iles;
And toward Calabria, back'd by Sicily,
Where Siracusian Dionisius reign'd,
Two lofty Turrets that command the Towne.
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus?

Enter a messenger.

Mess. From Barabas, Malta's Gouernor, I bring
A message vnto mighty Calymath;
Hearing his Soueraigne was bound for Sea,
To saile to Turkey, to great Ottamon,
He humbly would intreat your Maiesty
To come and see his homely Citadell,
And banquet with him e're thou leau'st the Ile.
Caly. To banquet with him in his Citadell?
I feare me, Messenger, to feast my traine
Within a Towne of warre so lately pillag'd,
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deseru'd of vs.

Mess. Selim, for that, thus saith the Gouernor,
That he hath in store a Pearle so big,
So precious, and withall so orient,
As be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serue to entertaine
Selim and all his souldiers for a month;
Therefore he humbly would intreat your Highnesse
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

Caly. I cannot feast my men in Malta wals,
Except he place his Tables in the streets.

Mess. Know, Selim, that there is a monastery
Which standeth as an out-house to the Towne;
There will he banquet them, but thee at home,
With all thy Bashawes and braue followers.

Caly. Well, tell the Gouernor we grant his suit,
Wee'll in this Summer Euening feast with him.

Mess. I shall, my Lord.
Exit.

Enter Gouernor, Knights, Del-bosco.

Gov. In this, my Countrimen, be rul'd by me,
Haue speciall care that no man sally forth
Till you shall heare a Culuerin discharg'd
By him that beares the Linstocke, kindled thus;
Then issue out and come to rescue me,
For happily I shall be in distresse,
Or you released of this seruitude.

r Kni. Rather then thus to liue as Turkish thrals,
What will we not aduenture?

Gov. On then, begone.

Kni: Farewell graue Gouernor.

Enter {Barabas} with a Hammar abowe, very busie.

Bar. How stand the cords? How hang these hinges, fast?
Are all the Cranes and Pulleyes sure?

Serv. All fast.

Bar. Leave nothing loose, all leueld to my mind.
Why now I see that you haue Art indeed.
There, Carpenters, diuide that gold amongst you:

2253-2287
The Jew of Malta.

Goe will in bowles of Sacke and Muscadine:
Downe to the Celler, taste of all my wines.

Carp. We shall, my Lord, and thanke you.

Bar. And if you like them, drinke your fill and dye:
For so I liue, perish may all the world.
Now Selim-Calymath, returne me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.
Now sirra, what, will he come?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. He will; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through Malta streets,
That thou maist feast them in thy Citadell.

Bar. Then now are all things as my wish wud haue 'em,
There wanteth nothing but the Gouernors pelfe,
And see he brings it:
Now, Gouernor, the summe.

Enter Gouernour.

Gou. With free consent a hundred thousand pounds.

Bar. Pounds saist thou, Gouernor? wel since it is no more
I'le satisfie my selfe with that; nay, keepe it still,
For if I keepe not promise, trust not me.
And Gouernour, now partake my policy:
First, for his Army, they are sent before,
Enter'd the Monastery, and vnderneath
In seuerall places are field-pieces pitch'd,
Bombards, whole Barrels full of Gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall disseuer it,
And batter all the stones about their eares,
Whence none can possibly escape alieue:
Now as for Calymath and his consorts,
Here haue I made a dainty Gallery,
The floore whereof, this Cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder; so that it doth sink
Into a deepe pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his Bashawes shall be blithely set,
A warning-peece shall be shot off from the Tower,

2295 s.d. follows 2294 Dyce 2302 s.d. follows 2301 Dyce etc. 2307 partake] take Cunn., Bull. 2320 + s.d. Throws down a knife add. Dyce 2322 shot off] shot conj. Dyce

v. 2288–2322
To giue thee knowledge when to cut the cord, 
And fire the house; say, will not this be braue?

Gov. Oh excellent! here, hold thee, Barabas,
I trust thy word, take what I promis'd thee.

Bar. No, Gouernor, I'lle satisifie thee first, 
Thou shalt not liue in doubt of any thing. 
Stand close, for here they come: why, is not this 
A kingly kinde of trade to purchase Townes 
By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit? 
Now tell me, worldlings, vnderneath the sunne, 
If greater falshood euer has bin done.

Enter Calymath and Bashawes.

Caly. Come, my Companion-Bashawes, see I pray 
How busie Barrabas is there aboue 
To entertaine vs in his Gallery; 
Let vs salute him. Saue thee, Barabas. 

Bar. Welcome great Calymath. 

Gov. How the slaue jeeres at him? 

Bar. Will't please thee, mighty Selim-Calymath, 
To ascend our homely stayres? 

Caly. I, Barabas, come Bashawes, attend. 

Gov. Stay, Calymath; 

For I will shew thee greater curtesie 
Then Barabas would haue affoorded thee. 

Kni. Sound a charge there. 

[A charge, the cable cut, 
A Caldron discovered. 

Cal. How now, what means this? 

Bar. Helpe, helpe me, Christians, helpe. 

Gov. See Calymath, this was deuis'd for thee. 

Caly. Treason, treason! Bashawes, flye. 

Gov. No, Selim, doe not flye; 
See his end first, and flye then if thou canst. 

Bar. Oli helpe me, Selim, helpe me, Christians. 

Gouernour, why stand you all so pittilesse? 

Gov. Should I in pitty of thy plaints or thee, 

Accursed Barabas, base Iew, relent?

2329 After come s.d. Ferneze retires add. Dyce 2332 sun Reed etc.: summe 1633 2339 s.d. Aside add. Dyce 2342 attend] 
ascend Dyce, Wag. 2346 Prefix Knight [within] Dyce 2346+ 
s.d. A charge sounded within: Ferneze cuts the cord; the floor of 
the gallery gives way, and Barabas falls into a caldron placed in a 
pit Dyce s.d. Enter Knights and Martin Del Bosco add. Dyce 

V. 2323-2356
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behau’d thee otherwise.

Bar. You will not helpe me then?
Gov. No, villaine, no.

Bar. And villaines, know you cannot helpe me now.
Then Barabas breath forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments, striue
To end thy life with resolution:
Know, Gouernor, 'twas I that slew thy sonne;
I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet:
Know, Calymath, I aym'd thy overthrow,
And had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would haue brought confusion on you all,
Damn'd Christians, dogges, and Turkish Infidels;
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Dye life, flye soule, tongue curse thy fill and dye.

Caly. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?
Gov. This traine he laid to haue intrap’d thy life;
Now Selim note the unhallowed deeds of Iewes:
Thus he determin’d to haue handled thee,
But I haue rather chose to saue thy life.

Caly. Was this the banquet he prepar’d for vs?
Let’s hence, lest further mischief be pretended.

Gov. Nay, Selim, stay, for since we haue thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly:
Besides, if we should let thee goe, all’s one,
For with thy Gallyes couldst thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rigge and furnish them.

Caly. Tush, Gouernor, take thou no care for that,
My men are all aboord,
And doe attend my comming there by this.

Gov. Why, hardst thou not the trumpet sound a charge?
Caly. Yes, what of that?
Gov. Why, then the house was fir’d,
Blowne vp, and all thy soouldiers massacred.
Caly. Oh monstrous treason!
Gov. A Iewes curtesie:
For he that did by treason worke our fall,
By treason hath deliuered thee to vs:
Know therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruins done to Malta and to vs,
Thou canst not part: for Malta shall be freed.
Or Selim ne're returne to Ottamen.

Caly. Nay rather, Christians, let me goe to Turkey,
In person there to meditate your peace;
To keepe me here will nought aduantage you.

Gov. Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And liue in Malta prisoner; for come all the world
To rescue thee, so will we guard vs now,
As sooner shall they drinke the Ocean dry,
Then conquer Malta, or endanger vs.
So march away, and let due praise be giuen
Neither to Fate nor Fortune, but to Heauen.

FINIS.
EDWARD II

Date. Edward II is generally agreed to be the maturest and, with the possible exception of the Massacre at Paris, the latest of Marlowe's plays. There is, however, very little external evidence by which to determine the precise year of composition. Henslowe makes no mention of the acting of this piece, as it was in the possession of a rival company—the Earl of Pembroke's—to which we may conclude that Marlowe transferred his services after the completion of the Jew of Malta (?1590), the latter play having been certainly, like its predecessors, Tamburlaine and Doctor Faustus, one of Henslowe's repertoire.¹

On July 6, 1593, one month after Marlowe's death, William Jones registered the play under the following designation: 'A booke Intituled The troublesom Reign and Lamentable Death of EDWARD the SECOND, king of England, with the tragicall fall of proud MORTYMER.' As the editions of Jones, the earliest of which probably belongs to 1593,² declare on the title-page that the play had been 'sondry times publiquely acted in the honorable Cittie of London, By the right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his Seruants,'³ we must assume, what in any case would be probable, that the tragedy had been known on the stage for a considerable time before it came into the hands of the printer. The year 1591, or the early part of 1592, seems then the most likely date for the completion of Edward II and its first theatrical presentation.

Editions. Edward II survives in quarto editions, dated 1594, 1598, 1612, 1622, the first two having been published by William Jones. I have elsewhere⁴ given my reasons

¹ If the Massacre at Paris is later than Edward II, the poet would seem to have renewed his connexion with Henslowe, for the Diary records the acting of the former tragedy as a 'new play' on January 30, 1593.
² Cf. infra.
³ Quoted from the MS. title-page of ed. ?1593. The statement is repeated on the title-pages of 1594, 1598, and 1612.
for believing that Jones had already, before the end of the
year 1593, issued a version of the play, of which no copy
is now known to exist. An eighteenth-century manuscript
in the South Kensington Museum purports, however, to
reproduce the title-page and the first seventy lines of this
dition. The quarto of 1594 has itself been known only
during the last two generations, and its text, superior in
a great many details to that of 1598, is here for the first
time reprinted. Two copies of this 1594 edition have so
far been discovered, of which my text follows that preserved
in the Landesbibliothek of Cassel, Germany.

Concerning the stage history of Edward II there appears
to be no information except that given on the title-pages
of the early editions, namely, that the play was acted by
the Earl of Pembroke's men, and, as we learn from the
dition of 1622, that it was revived 'by the late Queenes
Maisties Servants at the Red Bull in S. Johns streeete'.
Henslowe's Diary makes casual mention of two lost plays,
which may or may not have borne some relation to ours. In
March, 1588/9 he notes the payment of £6 to the dramatists
Chettle and Porter for a work called 'the Spencers', and
in September, 1602, he expends £6 18s. on properties for
the 'playe of mortymore'.

Text. Marlowe's authorship of Edward II is stated on
all the early title-pages and has never been questioned.
Publication followed so close on composition in the case
of this play that there is no reason to suspect the presence
of alien matter, and the text is probably purer than that
of any other of Marlowe's dramatic works, though small
printers' errors are common enough in the last three
ditions. As the best preserved of the poet's tragedies, and
much the most perfect in all matters of technical skill; as
the first considerable history play in the English language;
and as the textbook from which Shakespeare undoubtedly
learned many lessons of dramatic art, later to be used in
Richard II and in Henry IV, this play of Edward II makes
a special appeal to the student of dramatic evolution. It
is no injustice to these high merits to add that many lovers
of Marlowe will turn rather less often to Edward II than
to Tamburlaine, Doctor Faustus, or Hero and Leander. To
the very end there appears in Marlowe's writing no sign

1 Queen Anne's men played at the Red Bull between 1609 and
Stage, pp. 191, 270.
of league or compromise between the hostile forces of lyric and dramatic inspiration. In the earlier plays dramatic fitness is often sacrificed to the craving for poetic self-expression. In *Edward II* the attention to stage requirements and dramatic structure tends frequently to banish some of the subtler and sweeter qualities of Marlowe's verse; or if the lyric vein finds here and there an outlet, it bursts forth as unsubdued as ever, throwing off the restrictions of dramatic propriety and launching into declamation as eloquent and as uncritical as that of *Tamburlaine* itself. In his last great tragedy Marlowe shows no more than in his first an ability to fuse these two main elements of dramatic poetry. The incapacity to do so is doubtless fundamental, and it explains better than anything else why Marlowe's genius could never have developed as that of Shakespeare did.

**Source.** The main source of *Edward II* is Holinshed's Chronicle, from which Marlowe has selected the material for his tragedy with the imaginative freedom characteristic of Shakespeare's use of the same historian. Chronological accuracy is not attempted, but the true meaning of history is faithfully represented. The Scottish jig (II. 990–997) is derived from the Chronicles of Fabyan, and one or two other incidents, unrecorded in Holinshed, have been traced to the General Chronicle of John Stowe. The relation of the play to each of these three works has been worked out with some elaborateness by C. Tzschaschel ¹ in a Halle dissertation, and the same general results are recorded independently in the introductions to the editions of Tancock and Fleay.

¹ *Marlowe's Edward II und seine Quellen*, 1902.
The troublesome reign and lamentable death of Edward the second, King of England: with the tragical fall of proud Mortimer:

As it was fundrie times publiquely acted in the honourable citie of London, by the right honourable the Earle of Pembroke his servants.

Written by Chri. Marlow Gent.

Imprinted at London for William Jones, dwelling neere Holbourn conduit at the signe of the Ganne, 1594
?1593 = Readings of MS. fragment in South Kensington Museum (6209), purporting to represent edition of that year.
1594 = Quarto edition of that year.
1598 = "" "" "" ""
1612 = "" "" "" ""
1622 = "" "" "" ""


Ed. 1810 = "" "" Ancient British Drama, vol. i.


Dyce = Dyce’s first 1850.
Dyce = Dyce’s revised 1858, etc.

Cunn. = Cunningham’s 1870, etc.

Kelt. = Text of the play in Works of the British Dramatists, 1870.

Wag. = W. Wagner’s edition of the play, 1871.

Fleay = F. G. F.’s 1877.

Tan. = Tancock’s 1879, etc.


T. E. = The present editor.

Broughton = J. B’s conjectures in copy of Rob. (Brit. Mus. 11771 d).

Coll. = J. P. Collier’s conjectures in copy of Dyce’ (Brit. Mus. 11771 bbb 6),
The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, king of England: with the tragical fall of proud Mortimer.

Enter Gaveston reading on a letter that was brought him from the king.

My father is deceast, come Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.
Ah words that make me surft with delight:
What greater blisse can hap to Gaveston,
Then liue and be the fauctor of a king?
Sweete prince I come, these these thy amorous lines,

1 Add. Dyce.

Heading The troublesome ... Mortimer om. 1598 etc. Act I.
Scene I. add. Rob. s.d. reading on] reading of ?1593 6 these these] these ?1593
Might haue enforst me to haue swum from France,
And like Leander gaspt vpon the sande,
So thou wouldst smile and take me in thy armes.
The sight of London to my exiled eyes,
Is as Élizium to a new come soule,
Not that I loue the citie or the men,
But that it harbors him I hold so deare,
The king, vpon whose bosome let me die,
And with the world be still at enmitie:
What neede the artick people loue star-light,
To whom the sunne shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peeres,
My knee shall bowe to none but to the king.
As for the multitude that are but sparkes,
Rakt vp in embers of their pouertie,
Tanti: Ile faune first on the winde,
That glaunceth at my lips and flieth away:
But how now, what are these?

Enter three poore men.

Poore men. Such as desire your worships seruice.
Gauest. What canst thou doe?
1. poore. I can ride.
Gauest. But I haue no horses. What art thou?
2. poore. A traueller.
Gauest. Let me see, thou wouldst do well
To waite at my trencher, & tell me lies at dinner time,
And as I like your discoursing, ile haue you.
And what art thou?
3. poore. A souldier, that hath seru'd against the Scot.
Gauest. Why, there are hospitals for such as you,
I haue no warre, and therefore sir be gone.
Sold. Farewell, and perish by a souldiers hand,
That wouldst reward them with an hospitall.
Gau. I, I, these wordes of his moue me as much,
As if a Goose should play the Porpintine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my brest:
But yet it is no paine to speake men faire,
Ile flatter these, and make them liue in hope.


7-43
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not viewd my Lord the king,
If I speed well, ile entertaine you all.

Omnes. We thanke your worship.

Gauest. I haue some busines, leaue me to my selfe.

Omnes. We will wait heere about the court. Exeunt.

Gauest. Do: these are not men for me,
I must haue wanton Poets, pleasant wits,
Musitians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please:
Musicke and poetrie is his delight,
Therefore ile haue Italian maskes by night,
Sweete speeches, comedies, and pleasing showes,
And in the day when he shall walke abroad,
Like Syluan Nymphes my pages shall be clad,
My men like Satyres grazing on the lawnes,
Shall with their Goate feete daunce an antick hay.

Sometime a louelie boye in Dians shape,
With haire that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearle about his naked armes,
And in his sportfull hands an Oliue tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
One like Acteon peeping through the groue,
Shall by the angrie goddesse be transformde,
And running in the likenes of an Hart,
By yelping hounds puld downe, and seeme to die,
Such things at these best please his majestie,
My lord. Heere comes the king and the nobles
From the parlament, ile stand aside.

Enter the King, Lancaster, Mortimer senior, Mortimer iunior,
Edmund Earle of Kent, Guie Earle of Warwicke, &c

Edward. Lancaster.
Lancast. My Lorde.

Gauest. That Earle of Lancaster do I abhorre.

Edw. Will you not graunt me this? in spight of them

49 We] I ?1593 54 is] are ?1593 58 Syluan ?1593, Dod.,
Dyce, Cunn. : Siluian 1598–1622 60 Goates ?1593 an] the
1598 etc. 61 Sometimes Dod. 65 which] as ?1593 70
and] shall Dod. etc. exc. Fleay, Bull. 72 My . . comes] Here
comes Dod.1: By'r lord! here comes Rob., Cunn., Wag.: But soft!
here comes conj. Broughton : Here comes my lord Dyce, Fleay,
Tan., Bull. and] and here Bull. 73 + s.D. Retires add.
Dyce 76 + s.D. Aside add. Dyce

44–77
Ile haue my will, and these two Mortimers,
That crosse me thus, shall know I am displeasd.
   Mor. se. If you loue vs my lord, hate Gaueston.
  Gauest. That villaine Mortimer, ile be his death.
   Mor. iu. Mine vnckle heere, this Earle, & I my selfe,
Were sworne to your father at his death,
That he should nere returne into the realme :
And know my lord, ere I will breake my oath,
This sword of mine that should offend your foes,
Shall sleepe within the scabberd at thy neede,
And vnderneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armor vp.
  Gauest. Mort dieu.
   Edw. Well Mortimer, ile make thee rue these words,
Beseemes it thee to contradict thy king ?
Frownst thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster ?
The sworde shall plane the furrowes of thy browes,
And hew these knees that now are grewne so stiffe.
I will haue Gaueston, and you shall know,
What danger tis to stand against your king.
  Gauest. Well doone, Ned.
   Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peeres,
That naturally would loue and honour you:
But for that base and obscure Gaueston,
Foure Earldomes haue I besides Lancaster,
Darbie, Salsburie, Lincolne, Leicester,
These will I sell to giue my souldiers paye,
Ere Gaueston shall stay within the realme,
Therefore if he be come, expell him straight.
   Edm. Barons & Earls, your pride hath made me mute,
But now ile speake, and to the proofe I hope :
I do remember in my fathers dayes,
Lord Percie of the North being highly rno'd,
Brau'd Mowberie in presence of the king,
For which, had not his highnes lou'd him well,
He should haue lost his head, but with his looke,
The vndaunted spirit of Percie was appeasd,
And Mowberie and he were reconcild :
Yet dare you braue the king vnto his face.
Brother reuenge it, and let these their heads,
Preach vpon poles for trespasse of their tongues.
  Warwicke. O our heads.
of Edward the second.

Edw. I yours, and therefore I would wish you graunt. 120
Warw. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer,
Mor. iu. I cannot, nor I will not, I must speake,
Cosin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten vs.
Come vnckle, let vs leaue the brainsick king,
And henceforth parle with our naked swords.
Mor. se. Wilshire hath men enough to saue our heads.
Warw. All Warwickshire will loue him for my sake.
Lanc. And Northward Gaueston hath many friends.
Adev my Lord, and either change your minde,
Or looke to see the throne where you should sit,
To floate in bloud, and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion throwne.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edw. I cannot brooke these hautie menaces:
Am I a king and must be ouer rulde ?
Brother displaie my ensignes in the field,
Ile bandie with the Barons and the Earles,
And eyther die, or liue with Gaueston.
Gau. I can no longer keepe me from my lord.
Edw. What Gaueston, welcome: kis not my hand,
Embrace me Gaueston as I do thee:
Why shouldst thou kneele, knowest thou not who I am ?
Thy friend, thy selfe, another Gaueston.
Not Hilas was more mourned of Hercules,
Then thou hast beene of me since thy exile.
Gau. And since I went from hence, no soule in hell
Hath felt more torment then poore Gaueston.
Edw. I know it, brother welcome home my friend.
Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high minded earle of Lancaster:
I haue my wish, in that I joy thy sight,
And sooner shall the sea orewhelme my land,
Then beare the ship that shall transport thee hence:
I heere create thee Lord high Chamberlaine,
Cheefe Secretarie to the state and me,
Earle of Cornewall, king and lord of Man.

128 lone] leave Dyce, Cunn., Wag. 29 Gaueston] Lancaster
Rob., Dyce, Cunn., Wag. 133 s.d. Nobiles] Nobles 1612 etc.
139+s.d. Comes forward add. Dyce 144 of 1594, Rob., Cunn.,
Bull., Fleay, Wag.: for 1598, Dod., ed. 1810: for of 1612, 1622,
Dyce, Tan.

120-156
Gauest. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

Kent. Brother, the least of these may well suffice

For one of greater birth then Gaueston.

Edw. Cease brother, for I cannot brooke these words. Thy woorth sweet friend is far aboue my guifts, Therefore to equall it receive my hart. If for these dignities thou be enuied, Ile giue thee more, for but to honour thee,

Is Edward pleazd with kinglie regiment.

Fearst thou thy person? thou shalt haue a guard:

Wants thou gold? go to my treasurie,

Wouldst thou be loude and fearde? receive my scale,

Saue or condemne, and in our name commaund,

What so thy minde affectes or fancie likes.

Gaue. It shall suffice me to enjoy your loue, Which wiles I haue, I thinke my selfe as great, As Caesar riding in the Romaine streete,

With captiue kings at his triumphant Carre.

Enter the Bishop of Couentrie.

Edw. Whether goes my Lord of Couentrie so fast?

Bish. To celebrate your fathers exequies, But is that wicked Gaueston returnd?

Edw. I priest, and liues to be reuengd on thee,

That wert the onely cause of his exile.

Gaue. Tis true, and but for reuerence of these robes,

Thou shouldst not plod one foote beyond this place.

Bish. I did no more then I was bound to do, And Gaueston vnlesse thou be reclaimd,

As then I did incense the parlement,

So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

Gaue. Sauing your reuerence, you must pardon me.

Edw. Throwe of his golden miter, rend his stole,

And in the channell christen him anew.

Kent. Ah brother, lay not violent hands on him,

For heele flame to the sea of Rome.

Gaue. Let him flame vnto the sea of hell,

Ile be reuengd on him for my exile.

Edw. No, spare his life, but seaze vpon his goods,

Be thou lord bishop, and receiue his rents,

And make him serue thee as thy chaplaine.

Gaue. He shall to prison, and there die in boults.

Edw. I, to the tower, the fleete, or where thou wilt.
For this offence be thou accurst of God.

Whose there? conueie this priest to the tower.

True, true.

But in the meane time Gaueston away,

And take possession of his house and goods.

Come follow me, and thou shalt haue my guarde,

To see it done, and bring thee safe againe.

What should a priest do with so faire a house?

A prison may beseeme his holinesse.
And at the court gate hang the pessant vp, 
Who swolne with venome of ambitious pride, 
Will be the ruine of the realme and vs.

Enter the Bishop of Canterburie.

War. Here comes my lord of Canterburies grace. 240
Lan. His countenance bewraies he is displeasd.
Bish. First were his sacred garments rent and torne, 
Then laide they violent hands vpon him next, 
Himselfe imprisoned, and his goods asceasd.
This certifie the Pope, away, take horsse. 245
Lan. My lord, will you take armes against the king ?
Bish. What neede I, God himselfe is vp in armes,
When violence is offered to the church.
Mor. iu. Then wil you ioyne with vs that be his peeres 
To banish or behead that Gaueston ? 250
Bish. What els my lords, for it concernes me neere, 
The Bishoprick of Couentrie is his.

Enter the Queene.

Mor. iu. Madam, whether walks your maiestie so fast ?
Que. Vnto the forest, gentle Mortimer, 
To liue in greefe and balefull discontent, 255
For now my lord the king regardes me not, 
But dotes vpon the loue of Gaueston.
He claps his cheekes, and hanges about his neck, 
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his eares, 
And when I come, he frownes, as who should say, 260
Go whether thou wilt seeing I haue Gaueston.
Mor. se. Is it not straunge, that he is thus bewitcht ?
Mor. iu. Madam, returne vnto the court againe :
That slie inueigling Frenchman weele exile, 
Or lose our liues: and yet ere that day come, 265
The king shall lose his crowne, for we haue power, 
And courage to, to be reuengde at full.
Bish. But yet lift not your swords against the king.
Lan. No, but weele lift Gaueston from hence.
War. And war must be the meanes, or heele stay stil.
Queen. Then let him stay, for rather then my lord 271
Shall be opprest by ciuill mutinies, 
I wil endure a melancholie life, 
And let him frolick with his minion.

239 s.d. Bishop] Archbishop Dod.² etc. (so passim) 272 by] with 1598 etc.

237-274
Bish. My lords, to eaze all this, but heare me speake: 275
We and the rest that are his counsellers,
Will meete, and with a generall consent
Confirme his banishment with our handes and seals.
Lan. What we confirme the king will frustrate.
Mor. iu. Then may we lawfully reuolt from him. 280
War. But say my lord, where shall this meeting bee?
Bish. At the new temple.
Mor. iu. Content:
And in the meane time ile intreat you all,
To crosse to Lambeth, and there stay with me. 285
Lan. Come then, lets away.
Mor. iu. Madam farewell.
Qu. Farewell sweet Mortimer, and for my sake,
Forbeare to leuie armes against the king.
Mor. iu. I, if words will serue, if not, I must. 290

Enter Gaueston and the earle of Kent.

Gau. Edmund the mightie prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldomes then an asse can beare,
And both the Mortimers two goodly men,
With Guie of Warwick that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth, there let them remaine. 295

Exeunt.

Enter Nobiles.

Lan. Here is the forme of Gauestons exile:
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.
Bish. Gibe me the paper.
Lan. Quick quick my lorde, I long to write my name.
War. But I long more to see him banisht hence.
Mor. iu. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Vnlesse he be declinde from that base pesant.

Enter the King and Gaueston.

Edw. What? are you mou'd that Gaueston sits heere?
It is our pleasure, we will haue it so.
Lan. Your grace doth wel to place him by your side, 305
For no where else the new earle is so safe.
Mor. se. What man of noble birth can brooke this sight?

Quam male conveniunt:

See what a scornfull looke the pesant casts.

Penb. Can kinglie Lions fawne on creeping Ants? 310

War. Ignoble vassaile that like Phaeton,

Aspir’st vnto the guidance of the sunne.

Mor. iu. Their downfall is at hand, their forces downe,

We will not thus be facst and ouerpeerd.

Edw. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer.

Mor. se. Lay hands on that traitor Gaueston.

Kent. Is this the dutie that you owe your king?

War. We know our duties, let him know his peeres.

Edw. Whether will you beare him? stay or ye shall die.

Mor. se. We are no traitors, therefore threaten not. 320

Gau. No, threaten not my lord, but pay them home.

Were I a king—

Mor. iu. Thou villaine, wherfore talkes thou of a king,

That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

Edw. Were he a peasant, being my minion,

Ile make the prowdest of you stoope to him.

Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage vs,

Away I say with hatefull Gaueston.

Mort. se. And with the earle of Kent that fauors him.

Edw. Nay, then lay violent hands vpon your king, 330

Here Mortimer, sit thou in Edwards throne,

Warwicke and Lancaster, weare you my crowne.

Was euer king thus ouerrulde as I?

Lan. Learne then to rule vs better and the realme.

Mor. iu. What we haue done, our hart bloud shall maintain.

War. Think you that we can brooke this vpstart pride?

Edw. Anger and wrathfull furie stops my speech.

Bish. Why are you moou’d, be patient my lord,

And see what we your counsellers haue done.

Mor. iu. My lords, now let vs all be resolute,

And either haue our wils, or lose our liues.

Edw. Meete you for this, proud ouerdaring peeres?

Ere my sweete Gaueston shall part from me,

This Ile shall fleete vpon the Ocean,

And wander to the vnfrequented Inde.

Bish. You know that I am legate to the Pope,
On your allegiance to the sea of Rome,
Subscribe as we haue done to his exile.
  Mor. iu. Curse him, if he refuse, and then may we
Depose him and elect an other king.
  Edw. I, there it goes, but yet I will not yeeld,
Curse me, depose me, doe the worst you can.
  Lan. Then linger not my lord, but do it straight.
  Bish. Remember how the Bishop wasabusde,
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presentlie discharge these lords
Of dutie and allegiance due to thee.
  Edw. It bootes me not to threat, I must speake faire,
The Legate of the Pope will be obayd:
My lord, you shalbe Chauncellor of the realme,
Thou Lancaster, high admirall of our fleete,
Yong Mortimer and his vnckle shalbe earles,
And you lord Warwick, president of the North,
And thou of Wales: if this content you not,
Make seuerall kingdomes of this monarchie,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may haue some nooke or corner left,
To frolike with my dearest Gaueston.
  Bish. Nothing shall alter vs, wee are resolu’d.
  Lan. Come, come, subscribe.
  Mor. iu. Why should you loue him, whome the world
hates so ?
  Edw. Because he loues me more then all the world;
Ah none but rude and sauage minded men,
Would seeke the ruine of my Gaueston,
You that be noble borne should pitie him.
  Warwicke. You that are princely borne should shake
him off,
For shame subscribe, and let the lowne depart.
  Mor. se. Vrge him, my lord.
  Bish. Are you content to banish him the realme ?
  Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content.
In steede of inke, ile write it with my teares.
  Mor. iu. The king is loue-sick for his minion.
  Edw. Tis done, and now accursed hand fall off.
  Lan. Glue it me, ile haue it published in the streetes.
  Mor. iu. Ile see him presently dispatched away.
  Bish. Now is my heart at ease.

359 + s.D. Aside add. Dyce
360 you] ye 1612, 1622
be] are 1612, 1622
381 + s.D. Subscribes add. Dyce
347–386
Warw. And so is mine.

Penb. This will be good newes to the common sort.

Mor. se. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edw. How fast they run to banish him I loue, 390
They would not stir, were it to do me good:
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperiall grooms,
For these thy superstitious taperlights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
Ile fire thy erased buildings, and enforce
The papall towers to kisse the lowlie ground,
With slaughtered priests make Tiber channell swell,
And bankes raised higher with their sepulchers:
As for the peeres that backe the cleargie thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall liue.

Enter Gaueston.

Gau. My lord, I heare it whispered euery where,
That I am banisht, and must fiue the land.

Edw. Tis true sweete Gaueston, oh were it false,
The Legate of the Pope will haue it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be deposed,
But I will raigne to be reueng'd of them,
And therefore sweete friend, take it patiently,
Liue where thou wilt, ile send thee gould enough,
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou doost,
Ile come to thee, my loue shall neare decline.

Gaue. Is all my hope turnd to this hell of greefe.

Edw. Rend not my hart with thy too piercing words,
Thou from this land, I from my selfe am banisht.

Gau. To go from hence, greeues not poore Gaueston,
But to forsake you, in whose gratious lookes
The blessednes of Gaueston remaines,
For no where else seekes he felicitie.

Edw. And onely this tormentes my wretched soule,
That whether I will or no thou must depart:
Be gouernour of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me weare thine.

O might I keepe thee heere, as I doe this,
Happie were I, but now most miserable.

Gauest. Tis something to be pitied of a king.
Edw. Thou shalt not hence, ile hide thee Gaueston.
Gau. I shall be found, and then twil greeue me more.
Edwa. Kinde wordes, and mutuall talke, makes our greefe greater.
Therefore with dum imbracement let vs part.
Stay Gaueston, I cannot leaue thee thus.

Gaueston. Tis something to be pitied of a king.

Edw. Thou shalt not hence, ile hide thee Gaueston.
Gau. I shall be found, and then twil greeue me more.
Edwa. Kinde wordes, and mutuall talke, makes our greefe greater.
Therefore with dum imbracement let vs part.
Stay Gaueston, I cannot leaue thee thus.
Gaueston. For euery looke, my lord drops downe a teare,
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.
Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And therefore giue me leaue to looke my fill,
But come sweete friend, ile beare thee on thy way.

Enter Edmund and Queen Isabell.

Qu. Whether goes my lord ?
Edw. Fawne not on me French strumpet, get thee gone.
Qu. On whom but on my husband should I fawne ?
Gau. On Mortimer, with whom vngentle Queene—
I say no more, iudge you the rest my lord.
Qu. In saying this, thou wrongst me Gaueston,
Ist not enough, that thou corrupts my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honor thus in question ?
Gau. I meane not so, your grace must pardon me.
Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy meanes is Gaueston exilde,
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt nere be reconcilid to me.

Qu. Your highnes knowes, it lies not in my power.
Edw. Away then, touch me not: come, Gaueston.
Qu. Villaine, tis thou that robst me of my lord.
Gau. Madam, tis you that rob me of my lord.
Edw. Speake not vnto her, let her droope and pine.

Qu. Wherein my lord, haue I deserud these words ?
Witness the teares that Isabella sheds,
Witness this hart, that sighing for thee breakes,
How deare my lord is to poore Isabella.

432 lord] love Dod., Dyce², Cunn. 439 s.D. Enter Queen Isabella Dyce
Edw. And witnesse heauen how deere thou art to me.
There wepe, for till my Gaueston be repeald,
Assure thy selfe thou comst not in my sight.  

Exeunt Edward and Gaueston.

Qu. O miserable and distressed Queene!
Would when I left sweet France and was imbarkt,
That charming Circes walking on the waues,
Had chaungd my shape, or at the mariage day
The cup of Hymen had beene full of poyson,
Or with those armes that twind about my neck,
I had beene stifled, and not liued to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me:
Like frantick Iuno will I fill the earth,
With gastlie murmure of my sighes and cries,
For neuer doted Ioue on Ganimed
So much as he on cursed Gaueston.
But that will more exasperate his wrath,
I must entreat him, I must speake him faire,
And be a meanes to call home Gaueston:
And yet heele euer dote on Gaueston,
And so am I for euer miserable.

Enter the Nobles to the Queene.

Lanc. Looke where the sister of the king of Fraunce,
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her brest.
Warw. The king I feare hath ill intreated her.
Pen. Hard is the hart, that iniures such a saint.
Mor. iu. I know tis long of Gaueston she weepes.
Mor. se. Why? he is gone.
Mor. iu. Madam, how fares your grace?
Qu. Ah Mortimer! now breaks the kings hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loues me not.
Mor. iu. Crie quitance Madam then, & loue not him.
Qu. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths,
And yet I loue in vaine, heele nere loue me.
Lan. Feare ye not Madam, now his minions gone,
His wanton humor will be quicklie left.
Qu. O neuer, Lancaster! I am inioynde,
To sue vnto you all for his repeale:
This wils my lord, and this must I performe,
Or else be banisht from his highnesse presence.

468 Circe Dod. etc.  469 at] that 1612, 1622, Rob., Cunn.
483 sister] daughter conj. Dod. 486 iuiuries 1598, Bull., Fleay
463-500
Lan. For his repeale? Madam, he comes not back, Vnlesse the sea cast vp his shipwrack body.
War. And to behold so sweete a sight as that, Theres none here, but would run his horse to death.
Mor. in. But madam, would you haue vs cal him home?
Qu. I Mortimer, for till he be restorde,
The angrie king hath banished me the court:
And therefore as thou louest and tendrest me,
Be thou my aduocate vnto these peeres.
Mor. in. What, would ye haue me plead for Gaueston?
Mor. se. Plead for him he that will, I am resolude.
Lan. And so am I my lord, diswade the Queene.
Qu. O Lancaster, let him diswade the king,
For tis against my will he should returne.
War. Then speake not for him, let the pesant go.
Qu. Tis for my selfe I speake, and not for him.
Pen. No speaking will preuaile, and therefore cease.
Mor. in. Faire Queene forbeare to angle for the fish,
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead,
I meane that vile Torpedo, Gaueston,
That now I hope flotes on the Irish seas.
Qu. Sweete Mortimer, sit downe by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such waighte,
As thou wilt soone subscribe to his repeale.
Mor. in. It is impossible, but speake your minde.
Qu. Then thus, but none shal heare it but our selues.
Lanc. My Lords, albeith the Queen winne Mortimer,
Will you be resolute and hold with me?
Mor. se. Not I against my nephew.
Pen. Feare not, the queens words cannot alter him.
War. No, doe but marke how earnestly she pleads.
Lan. And see how coldly his lookes make deniall.
War. She smiles, now for my life his mind is changd.
Lanc. Ile rather loose his friendship I, then graunt.
Mor. in. Well of necessitie it must be so.
My Lords, that I abhorre base Gaueston,
I hope your honors make no question,
And therefore though I pleade for his repeall,
Tis not for his sake, but for our auaile:
Nay, for the realms behoofe and for the kings.
Lanc. Fie Mortimer, dishonor not thy selfe,
Can this be true twas good to banish him?
And is this true to call him home again?
Such reasons make white blacke, and darke night day.

_Mor. iu._ My Lord of Lancaster, marke the respect. 545
_Lan._ In no respect can contraries be true.
_Qu._ Yet good my lord, heare what he can alledge.
_War._ All that he speakes, is nothing, we are resolu'd.
_Mor. iu._ Do you not wish that Gaueston were dead?
_Pen._ I would he were. 550
_Mor. iu._ Why then my lord, give me but leaue to speak.
_Mor. se._ But nephew, do not play the sophister.

This which I urge, is of a burning zeale,
To mend the king, and do our countrie good:
Know you not Gaueston hath store of golde,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of vs all,
And whereas he shall liue and be beloude,
Tis hard for vs to worke his ouerthrow.

_War._ Marke you but that my lord of Lancaster. 560
_Mor. iu._ But were he here, detested as he is,
How easilie might some base slaue be subbornd,
To greet his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murtherer,
But rather praise him for that braue attempt,
And in the Chronicle, enrowle his name,
For purging of the realme of such a plague.

_Pen._ He saith true.
_Lan._ I, but how chance this was not done before?
_Mor. iu._ Because my lords, it was not thought vpon: 570
Nay more, when he shall know it lies in vs,
To banish him, and then to call him home,
Willo make him vaile the topflag of his pride,
And feare to offend the meanest noble man.

_Mor. se._ But how if he do not, Nephew? 575
_Mor. iu._ Then may we with some colour rise in armes,
For howsoever we haue borne it out,
Tis treason to be vp against the king,
So shall we haue the people of our side,
Which for his fathers sake leane to the king,
But cannot brooke a night growne mushrump,
Such a one as my Lord of Cornewall is,
Should beare vs downe of the nobilitie,
And when the commons and the nobles ioyne,
Tis not the king can buckler Gaueston.
Weele pull him from the strongest hould he hath.
My lords, if to performe this I be slack,
Thinke me as base a groome as Gaueston?

Lan. On that condition Lancaster will graunt.
War. And so will Penbrooke and I.

Mor. se. And I.
Mor. in. In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your commaund.

Qu. And when this fauour Isabell forgets,
Then let her liue abandond and forlorne,
But see in happie time, my lord the king,
Hauing brought the Earle of Cornwall on his way,
Is new returnd: this newes will glad him much,
Yet not so much as me. I loue him more
Then he can Gaueston, would he lou’d me
But halfe so much, then were I treble blest.

Enter king Edward moorning.

Edw. Hees gone, and for his absence thus I moorne.
Did neuer sorrow go so neere my heart,
As dooth the want of my sweete Gaueston?
And could my crownes reuenew bring him back,
I would freelie giue it to his enemies,
And thinke I gaind, hauing bought so deare a friend.

Qu. Harke how he harpes vpon his minion.

Edw. My heart is as an anuill vnto sorrow,
Which beates vpon it like the Cyclops hammers,
And with the noise turnes vp my giddie braine,
And makes me frantick for my Gaueston:
Ah had some bloudlesse furie rose from hell,
And with my kinglie scepter stroke me dead,
When I was forst to leaue my Gaueston.

Lan. Diablo, what passions call you these?

Qu. My gratious lord, I come to bring you newes.

Edw. That you haue parled with your Mortimer.

Qu. That Gaueston, my Lord, shalbe repeald.

Edw. Repeald, the newes is too sweet to be true.

Qu. But will you loue me, if you finde it so?

Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward do?

Qu. For Gaueston, but not for Isabell.

Edw. For thee faire Queene, if thou louest Gaueston,
The Tragedie

Ile hang a golden tongue about thy neck, Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good successe.

Qu. No other jewels hang about my neck
Then these my lord, nor let me haue more wealth,
Then I may fetch from this ritch treasurie:
O how a kisse reuiues poore Isabell.

Edw. Once more receiue my hand, and let this be,
A second mariage twixt thy selfe and me.

Qu. And may it proue more happie then the first.
My gentle lord, bespeake these nobles faire,
That waite attendance for a gratious looke,
And on their knees salute your maiestie.

Edw. Couragious Lancaster, imbrace thy king,
And as grosse vapours perish by the sunne,
Euen so let hatred with thy soueraignes smile:
Liue thou with me as my companion.

Lan. This salutation ouerioyes my heart.

War. Slay me my lord, when I offend your grace.

Edw. In sollemne triumphes, and in publike showes,
Penbrooke shall beare the sword before the king.

Pen. And with this sword, Penbrooke wil fight for you.

Edw. But wherefore walkes yong Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royall fleete,
Or if that loftie office like thee not,
I make thee heere lord Marshall of the realme.

Mor. iu. My lord, ile marshall so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

Edw. And as for you, lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great atchiuements in our forrain warre,
Deserues no common place, nor meane reward:
Be you the generall of the leuied troopes,
That now are readie to assaile the Scots.

Mor. se. In this your grace hath highly honoured me,
For with my nature warre doth best agree.

Qu. Now is the king of England riche and strong,
Hauing the loue of his renowned peeres.

Edw. I Isabell, nere was my heart so light.
Clarke of the crowne, direct our warrant forth
For Gaueston to Ireland: Beamont flie,
As fast as Iris, or Ioues Mercurie.

Beam. It shalbe done my gratious Lord.

Edw. Lord Mortimer, we leaue you to your charge: Now let vs in, and feast it roallie:
Against our friend the earle of Cornewall comes,
Weele haue a generall tilt and turnament,
And then his mariadge shalbe solemnized,
For wot you not that I haue made him sure,
Vnto our cosin, the earle of Glosters heire?

Lan. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumphe will be challenger,
Spare for no cost, we will requite your loue.

Warwick. In this, or ought, your highnes shall com-

taund vs.

Edward. Thankes gentle Warwick, come lets in and reuell.

Exeunt.

Manent Mortimers.

Mor. se. Nephe, I must to Scotland, thou staiest here,
Leaue now to oppose thy selfe against the king,
Thou seest by nature he is milde and calme,
And seeing his minde so dotes on Gaueston,
Let him without controulement haue his will.
The mightiest kings haue had their minions,
Great Alexander loude Ephestion,
The conquering Hercules for Hilas wept,
And for Patroclus sterne Achilles droopt:
And not kings onelie, but the wisest men,
The Romaine Tullie loued Octaius,
Graue Socrates, wilde Alcibiades:
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vaine light-headed earle,
For riper yeares will weane him from such toyes.

Mor. iiu. Vnckle, his wanton humor greeues not me,
But this I scorne, that one so baselie borne
Should by his soueraignes faavour grow so pert,
And riote it with the treasure of the realme.

667 After Ireland s.D. Enter Beaumont with warrant add. Dyce
669 +s.D. Exit add. Dyce 675 wote 1598, 1612: wrote 1622
679 the om. 1612, 1622 690 Hercules mod. edd. exc. Dod.:
Hector Qq for] did for 1622: for his Dod., ed. 1810, Cunn.,

667-702
While soylediers mutinie for want of paie,  707
He weares a lords reuenewe on his back,  713
And Midas like he jets it in the court,  721
With base outlandish cullions at his heeles,  722
Whose proud fantastick liuries make such show,  
As if that Proteus god of shapes appeard.  730
I haue not seene a dapper iack so briske,  735
He weares a short Italian hooded cloake,  740
Larded with pearle, and in his Tuskan cap  745
A iewell of more value then the crowne:  
Whiles other walke below, the king and he  750
From out a window laugh at such as we,  755
And floute our traine, and iest at our attire:  760
Vnckle, tis this that makes me impatient.  765

Mor. se. But nephew, now you see the king is changd.  770
Mor. in. Then so am I, and lieue to do him seruice,  775
But whiles I haue a sword, a hand, a hart,  780
I will not yeeld to any such vpstart.  
You know my minde, come vnckle lets away.  785
Exeunt.

Enter Spencer and Balduck.

Bald. Spencer, seeing that our Lord th'earle of Glosters dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou meane to serue?  790
Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,  795
Because the king and he are enemies.  
Baldock: learne this of me, a factious lord  800
Shall hardly do himselfe good, much lesse vs,  805
But he that hath the fauour of a king,  810
May with one word aduaunce vs while we liue:  815
The liberall earle of Cornewall is the man,  820
On whose good fortune Spencers hope depends.

Bald. What, meane you then to be his follower?  825
Spen. No, his companion, for he loues me well,  830
And would haue once preferd me to the king.  835
Bald. But he is banisht, theres small hope of him.  
Spen. I for a while, but Baldock marke the end,  840
A friend of mine told me in secrecie,  
That hees repeald, and sent for back againe,  845
And euen now, a poast came from the court,  850
With letters to our ladie from the King,  

707 makes 1622  713 others 1612, 1622, Dod. to Cunn.  
721+Act the Second. Scene I. add. Rob.  722 Two lines  
Dyce etc., div. after Spencer th'] the Dyce etc.  
703-740
And as she red, she smild, which makes me thinke,
It is about her louer Gaueston.

_Bald._ Tis like enough, for since he was exild,
She neither walkes abroad, nor comes in sight:
But I had thought the match had beene broke off,
And that his banishment had changd her minde.

_Spen._ Our Ladies first loue is not wauering,
My life for thine she will haue Gaueston.

_Bald._ Then hope I by her meanes to be preferd,
Hauing read vnto her since she was a childe.

_Spen._ Then Balduck, you must cast the scholler off,
And learne to court it like a Gentleman,
Tis not a black coate and a little band,
A Veluet cap'de cloake, fac'st before with Serge,
And smelling to a Nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a tables end,
Or making lowe legs to a noble man,
Or looking downeward, with your eye lids close,
And saying, trulie ant may please your honor,
Can get you any fauour with great men,
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then, stab as occasion serues.

_Bald._ Spencer, thou knowest I hate such formall toies,
And vse them but of meere hypocrisie.
Mine old lord whiles he liude, was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins heads, blame me for the bignesse,
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kinde of villanie.
I am none of these common pedants I,
That cannot speake without _propterea quod._

_Spen._ But one of those that saith _quandoquidem,_
And hath a speciall gift to forme a verbe.

_Bald._ Leaue of this iesting, here my lady comes.

_Enter the Ladie._

_Lady._ The greefe for his exile was not so much,
As is the ioy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweete Gaueston.
What needst thou loue, thus to excuse thy selfe ?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me.
'I will not long be from thee though I die:'
This argues the entire loue of my Lord.
'When I forsake thee, death seaze on my heart,'
But rest thee here where Gaueston shall sleepe.
Now to the letter of my Lord the King,
He wils me to repaire vnto the court,
And meete my Gaueston: why do I stay,
Seeing that he talkes thus of my mariage day?
Whose there, Balduck?
See that my coache be readie, I must hence.
Bald. It shall be done, madam. Exit.
Lad. And meete me at the parke pale presentlie:
Spencer, stay you and beare me companie,
For I haue joyfull newes to tell thee of:
My lord of Cornewall is a comming ouer,
And will be at the court as soone as we.
Spen. I knew the King would haue him home againe.
Lad. If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
Thy seruice Spencer shalbe thought vpon.
Spen. I humbly thanke your Ladieship.
Lad. Come lead the way, I long till I am there.

Enter Edward, the Queene, Lancaster, Mortimer,
Warwicke, Penbrooke, Kent, attendants.

Edw. The winde is good, I wonder why he stayes,
I feare me he is wrackt vpon the sea.
Queen. Looke Lancaster how passionate he is,
And still his minde runs on his minion.
Lan. My Lord.
Edw. How now, what newes, is Gaueston arriude?
Mor. 'tis Nothing but Gaueston, what means your grace?
You haue matters of more waight to thinke vpon,
The King of Fraunce sets foote in Normandie.
Edw. A trifle, weele expell him when we please:
But tell me Mortimer, whats thy deuise,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?
Mor. A homely one my lord, not worth the telling.
Edw. Prethee let me know it.
Mor. But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A loftie Cedar tree faire flourishing,
On whose top-branches Kinglie Eagles pearch,
And by the barke a canker creepes me vp,
And gets vnto the highest bough of all.
The motto: Æque tandem.

Edw. And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?
Lan. My lord, mines more obscure then Mortimers:

Plinie reports, there is a flying Fish,
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore being pursued, it takes the aire:
No sooner is it vp, but thers a foule,
That seaseth it: this fish, my lord, I beare,
The motto this: Vndeique mors est.

Edw. Proud Mortimer, vn gente Lancaster,
Is this the loue you beare your soueraigne?
Is this the fruite your reconcilement beares?
Can you in words make shewe of amitie,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but priuate libelling,
Against the Earle of Cornewall and my brother?

Qu. Sweete husband be content, they all loue you.

Edw. They loue me not that hate my Gaueston.

I am that Cedar, shake me not too much,
And you the Eagles, sore ye nere so high,
I haue the gesses that will pull you downe,
And Æque tandem shall that canker crie,
Vnto the proudest peere of Britanie:
Though thou comparst him to a flying Fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,
Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor fowlest Harpie that shall swallow him.

Mor. iu. If in his absence thus he fauors him,
What will he do when as he shall be present?

Lan. That shall wee see, looke where his lordship comes.

Enter Gaueston:

Edw. My Gaueston,
Welcome to Tinmouth, welcome to thy friend.
Thy absence made me droope, and pine away,
For as the louters of faire Danae,
When she was lockt vp in a brasen tower,
Desirde her more, and waxt outrageous,
So did it sure with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter farre, then was thy parting hence
Bitter and irkesome to my sobbing heart.

Gau. Sweet Lord and King, your speech preuenteth mine,
Yet haue I words left to expresse my ioy:
The sheepeherd nipt with biting winters rage
Frolicks not more to see the paynted springe,
Then I doe to behold your Maiestie.

Edw. Will none of you salute my Gaueston?


Mor. iu. Welcome is the good Earle of Cornewall.

War. Welcome Lord governour of the Ile of Man.

Pen. Welcome maister secretarie.

Edm. Brother, doe you heare them?

Edw. Stil wil these Earles and Barrens vse me thus?

Gau. My Lord I cannot brooke these iniuries.

Qu. Aye me poore soule when these begin to iarre.

Edw. Returne it to their throtes, ile be thy warrant.

Gau. Base leaden Earles that glory in your birth,

Goe sit at home and eate your tenants beeke:
And come not here to scoffe at Gaueston,
Whose mounting thoughts did neuer creepe so low,
As to bestow a looke on such as you.

Lan. Yet I disdaine not to doe this for you.

Edw. Treason, treason: whers the traitor?

Pen. Heere, here.

King: Conuey hence Gaueston, thaile murder him.

Gau. The life of thee shall salute this foule disgrace.

Mor. iu. Villaine thy life, vnlesse I misse mine aime.

Qu. Ah furious Mortimer what hast thou done?

Mor. No more then I would answere were he slaine.

Ed. Yes more then thou canst answer though he liue,
Deare shall you both abide this riotous deede:

Out of my presence, come not neere the court.

Mor. iu. Ile not be barde the court for Gaueston.

Lan. Weele haile him by the eares vnto the block.

Edw. Looke to your owne heads, his is sure enough.


858-894
War. Looke to your owne crowne, if you back him thus.

Edm. Warwicke, these words do ill beseeeme thy years.

Edw. Nay all of them conspire to crosse me thus,
But if I liue, ile tread vpon their heads,
That thinke with high lookes thus to tread me down.
Come Edmund lets away, and leuie men,
Tis warre that must abate these Barons pride.

Exit the King.

War. Lets to our castels, for the king is mooude.

Mor. in. Moou'd may he be, and perish in his wrath.

Lan. These words do ill beseeme thy years.

War. Nay all of them conspire to crosse me thus,
But if I haue his bloud, or die in seeking it.

Pen. The like oath Penbrooke takes.

Lan. And so doth Lancaster:
Now send our Heralds to defie the King,
And make the people sweare to put him downe.

Enter a Poast.

Mor. in. Letters, from whence ?
Messen. From Scotland my lord.

Lan. Why how now cosin, how fares all our friends ?

Mor. in. My vnckles taken prisoner by the Scots.

Lä. Weel haue him ransomd man, be of good cheere.

Mor. They rate his ransom at fiue thousand pound.

Who should defray the money, but the King,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his warres ?

Ile to the King.

Lan. Do cosin, and ile beare thee companie.

War. Meane time my lord of Penbrooke and my selfe
Will to Newcastell heere, and gather head.

Mor. in. About it then, and we will follow you.

Lan. Be resolute, and full of secrecie.

War. I warrant you.

Mor. in. Cosin, and if he will not ransom him,
Ile thunder such a peale into his eares,

As neuer subiect did vnto his King.

Lan. Content, ile beare my part. Holla whose there ?

901 s.d. Exeunt King Edward, Queen Isabella and Kent Dyce
928 + s.d. Exit with Pembroke add. Dyce
932 + s.d. Guard appears. Enter Guard add. Rob.

895-932
Mor. iu. I marry, such a garde as this dooth well.
Lan. Lead on the way.
Guard. Whither will your lordships?
Mor. iu. Whither else but to the King?
Guar. His highnes is disposde to be alone.
Lan. Why, so he may, but we will speake to him.
Guard. You may not in, my lord.
Mor. iu. May we not?
Edw. How now, what noise is this?
Who haue we there, ist you?
Mor. Nay, stay my lord, I come to bring you newes,
Mine vnckles taken prisoner by the Scots.
Edw. Then ransome him.
Lan. Twas in your wars, you should ransome him.
Mor. iu. And you shall ransome him, or else.
Edm. What Mortimer, you will not threaten him?
Edw. Quiet your self, you shall haue the broad scale,
To gather for him thoroughout the realme.
Lan. Your minion Gaueston hath taught you this.
Mor. iu. My lord, the familie of the Mortimers
Are not so poore, but would they sell their land,
Would leuie men enough to anger you.
We neuer beg, but vse such praieres as these.
Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?
Mor. iu. Nay, now you are heere alone, ile speake my
minde.
Lan. And so will I, and then my lord farewell.
Mor. The idle triumphes, maskes, lasciuious showes
And prodigall gifts bestowed on Gaueston,
Haue drawne thy treasure drie, and made thee weake,
The murmuring commons ouerstretched hath.
Lan. Looke for rebellion, looke to be deposde.
Thy garrisons are beaten out of Fraunce,
And lame and poore, lie groning at the gates,
The wilde Oneyle, with swarmes of Irish Kernes,
Liues vncontroulde within the English pale,
Vnto the walles of Yorke the Scots made rode,
And vnresisted, draue away riche spoiles.

942 + s.d. Going add. Dyce 954 Would 1594, 1598: Twoul'd 1612, 1622,
Dyce etc.: Could Dod. to Rob. 956 haunted] taunted Rob.
961 treasury 1612, 1622 etc. 962 hath] break Dod. etc. 968
make Dod. etc. 969 draue 1594-1622: draw Dod. to Rob.:
drive Dyce etc.

933-969
Mor. iiu. The hautie Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbor ride thy ships vnrigd.

Lan. What forraine prince sends thee embassadors?

Mor. Who loues thee? but a sort of flatterers.

Lan. Thy gentle Queene, sole sister to Valoys,
Complaines that thou hast left her all forlorne.

Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those,
That makes a king seeme glorious to the world,
I meane the peeres, whom thou shouldst dearly loue:
Libels are cast againe thee in the streete,
Ballads and rimes made of thy ouerthrow.

Lan. The Northren borderers seeing the houses burnt,
Their wiues and children slaine, run vp and downe.
Cursing the name of thee and Gaueston.

Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner spred?
But once, and then thy souldiers marcht like players,
With garish robes, not armor, and thy selfe
Bedaubd with golde, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where womens favors hung like labels downe.

Lan. And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,
To Englands high disgrace, haue made this lig:
Maids of England, sore may you moorne,
For your lemmons you haue lost at Bannocks borne,
With a heaue and a ho.
What weeneth the king of England,
So soone to haue woone Scotland,
With a rombelow.

Mor. Wigmore shall flie, to set my vnckle free.

Lan. And when tis gone, our swordes shall purchase more.
If ye be mou’d, requenge it as you can,
Looke next to see vs with our ensignes spred.

Exeunt Nobles.

Edwa. My swelling hart for very anger breakes.
How oft haue I beeene baited by these peeres?
And dare not be requengde, for their power is great:
Yet shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a Lion? Edward, vnfolde thy pawes,
And let their liues bloud slake thy furies hunger:

979 againe] against 1612, 1622, Dod., Rob., Cunn. 981 their houses 1598–1622 etc. 984 banners 1622 990 thereof]
therefore 1612, 1622 1000 ye] you 1622, Dyce as] if 1622
1001 s.D. Nobles 1612, 1622 etc. 1002 for] with 1622
970–1007
If I be cruel, and growe tyrannous,
Now let them thanke themselves, and rue too late.

  Kent. My lord, I see your loue to Gaueston

Will be the ruine of the realme and you,
For now the wrathfull nobles threaten warres,
And therefore, brother, banish him for euer.

  Edw. Art thou an enemie to my Gaueston?
  Kent. I, and it greeues me that I fauoured him.

Edw. Will be the ruine of the realme and you,
For now the wrathfull nobles threaten warres,
And therefore, brother, banish him for euer.

  Kent. I, and it greeues me that I fauoured him.

Edw. Traitor be gone, whine thou with Mortimer.

Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more.

Kent. No maruell though thou scorne thy noble peeres,
When I thy brother am rejected thus.

Exit.

Edw. Away. Poore Gaueston, that hast no friend but me,
Do what they can, weele liue in Tinmoth here,
And so I walke with him about the walles,
What care I though the Earles begirt vs round?

Enter the Queene, Ladies 3, Baldock, and Spencer.

Qu. My lord, tis thought the Earles are vp in armes.

Edw. I, and tis likewise thought you fauour 'em.

Qu. Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

La. Sweet vnckle speake more kindly to the queene.

Gau. My lord, dissemble with her, speake her faire.

Edw. Pardon me sweet, I forgot my selfe.

Qu. Your pardon is quicklie got of Isabell.

Edw. The yonger Mortimer is growne so braue,
That to my face he threatens ciuill warres.

Gau. Why do you not commit him to the tower?

Edw. I dare not, for the people loue him well.

Gau. Why then weele haue him priuillie made away.

Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both carroust
A bowle of poison to each others health:
But let them go, and tell me what are these.

Lad. Two of my fathers servaunts whilst he liu'de,
Mait please your grace to entertaine them now.

Edw. Tell me, where wast thou borne?

What is thine armes?

Bald. My name is Baldock, and my gentrie
I fetcht from Oxforde, not from Heraldrie.

Edw. The fitter art thou Baldock for my turne,
Waite on me, and ile see thou shalt not want.
Edward the second.

Bald. I humblie thanke your maiestie.

Edw. Knowest thou him Gaueston?

Gau. I my lord,

His name is Spencer, he is well allied.
For my sake let him waite vpon your grace,
Scarce shall you finde a man of more desart.

Edw. Then Spencer waite vpon me, for his sake

Ile grace thee with a higher stile ere long.

Spen. No greater titles happen vnto me,
Then to be fauoured of your maiestie.

Edw. Cosin, this day shalbe your mariage feast,

And Gaueston, thinke that I loue thee well,
To wed thee to our neece, the onely heire
Vnto the Earle of Gloster late deceased.

Gau. I know, my lord, many will stomack me,
But I respect neither their loue nor hate.

Edw. The head-strong Barons shall not limit me.

He that I list to fauour shall be great:
Come lets away, and when the mariage ends,
Haue at the rebels, and their complices.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick, Penbrooke, Kent.

Kent. My lords, of loue to this our natuie land,
I come to ioyne with you, and leaue the king,
And in your quarrell and the realmes behoofe,
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

Lan. I feare me you are sent of pollicie,
To vndermine vs with a showe of loue.

Warw. He is your brother, therefore haue we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your reuolt.

Edm. Mine honor shalbe hostage of my truth,
If that will not suffice, farewell my lords.

Mor. iu. Stay Edmund, neuer was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

Pen. But whats the reason you should leaue him now?
Kent. I haue enformd the Earle of Lancaster.

Lan. And it sufficeth: now my lords know this,
That Gaueston is secretlie arriude,
And here in Tinmoth frollicks with the king.

Let vs with these our followers scale the walles,
And sodenly surprize them vnawares.

Mor. iu. Ile giue the onset.

1068 +Scene III. add. Rob. 1077 shalbe] should be 1622
1049-1088
War. And ile follow thee.

Mor. iu. This tottered ensigne of my auncestors, Which swept the desart shore of that dead sea, Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I aduaunce vpon thes castell walles, Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport, And ring aloude the knell of Gaueston.

Lanc. None be so hardie as to touche the King, But neither spare you Gaueston, nor his friends.

Exeunt.

Enter the king and Spencer, to them Gaueston, &c.

Edw. O tell me Spencer, where is Gaueston ?
Spen. I feare me he is slaine my gratious lord.
Edw. No, here he comes, now let them spoile and kill :
Flie, flie, my lords, the earles haue got the holde,
Take shipping and away to Scarborough.
Spencer and I will post away by land.
Gau. O stay my lord, they will not iniure you.
Edw. I will not trust them, Gaueston away.
Gau. Farewell my Lord.
Edw. Ladie, farewell.
Lad. Farewell sweete vnckle till we meete againe.
Edw. Farewell sweete Gaueston, and farewell Neece.
Qu. No farewell to poore Isabell, thy Queene ?
Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer your louers sake.

Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.

Qu. Heauens can witnesse, I loue none but you.
From my imbracements thus he breaks away,
O that mine armes could close this Ile about,
That I might pull him to me where I would,
Or that these teares that drisell from mine eyes,
Had power to mollifie his stonie hart,
That when I had him we might neuer part.

Enter the Barons, alarums.

Lan. I wonder how he scapt.
Mor. iu. Whose this, the Queene ?
Qu. I Mortimer, the miserable Queene,
Whose pining heart her inward sighes haue blasted,
And body with continuall moorning wasted:
These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord

1089-1124
From Gaueston, from wicked Gaueston,
And all in vain, for when I speake him faire,
He turnes away, and smiles vpon his minion.

_Mor. iu._ Cease to lament, and tell vs wheres the king?

_Qu._ What would you with the king, ist him you seek?

_Lan._ No madam, but that cursed Gaueston.

Farre be it from the thought of Lancaster,
To offer violence to his soueraigne,
We would but rid the realme of Gaueston.
Tell vs where he remaines, and he shall die.

_Qu._ Hees gone by water vnto Scarborough,
Pursue him quicklie, and he cannot scape,
The king hath left him, and his traine is small.

_War._ Forslowe no time, sweet Lancaster, lets march.

_Mor._ How comes it, that the king and he is parted?

_Qu._ That this your armie going seuerall waies,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presentlie to raise,
Be easilie supprest: and therefore be gone.

_Mor._ Heere in the riuer rides a Flemish hoie,
Lets all aboord, and follow him amaine.

_Lan._ The wind that bears him hence, wil fil our sailes,
Come, come aboord, tis but an hours sailing.

_Mor._ Madam, stay you within this castell here.

_Qu._ No Mortimer, ile to my lord the king.

_Mor._ Nay, rather saile with vs to Scarborough.

_Qu._ You know the king is so suspitious,
As if he heare I haue but talkt with you,
Mine honour will be cald in question,
And therefore gentle Mortimer be gone.

_Mor._ Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But thinke of Mortimer as he deserues.

_Qu._ So well hast thou deseru'de sweete Mortimer,
As Isabell could liue with thee for euer.
In vaine I looke for loue at Edwards hand,
Whose eyes are fixt on none but Gaueston:
Yet once more ile importune him with praiers.
If he be strange and not regarde my wordes,
My sonne and I will ouer into France,
And to the king my brother there complaine,
How Gaueston hath robd me of his loue:

_1139 is] are Dod., Rob., Cunn._
_1140 this] thus Dod. etc. exc._
_Fleay 1143 and om. 1622 etc._
_1156 + s.d. Exeunt Barons
a.id. Rob._
_1161 praiers 1594: prayer 1598-1622 etc._

_1125-1165_
But yet I hope my sorrowes will haue end,
And Gaueston this blessed day be slaine. — Exeunt.

Enter Gaueston pursued.

Gau. Yet lustie lords I haue escapt your handes,
Your threats, your larums, and your hote pursutes,
And though deuorsed from king Edwards eyes,
Yet liueth Pierce of Gaueston unsurprizd,
Breathing, in hope (malgrado all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see his royall soueraigne once againe.

Enter the Nobles.

War. Vpon him souldiers, take away his weapons. 1175
Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy countries peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broiles,
Base flatterer, yeeld, and were it not for shame,
Vpon my weapons point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy goare.

Lan. Monster of men,
That like the Greekish strumpet traind to armes
And bloudie warres, so many valiant knights,
Looke for no other fortune wretch then death,
Kind Edward is not heere to buckler thee.

War. Lancaster, why talkst thou to the slaue ?
Go souldiers take him hence, for by my sword,
His head shall off: Gaueston, short warning
Shall serue thy turne: it is our countries cause,
That here seuerelie we will execute
Vpon thy person: hang him at a bough.

Gau. My Lord.

War. Souldiers, haue him away:
But for thou wert the fauorit of a King,
Thou shalt haue so much honor at our hands.

Gau. I thanke you all my lords, then I perceiue,
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter earle of Arundell.

Lan. How now my lord of Arundell ? 1200

1167 s.D. Exit Rob. etc. 1167+Scene V add. Rob. 1186
Kind 1594: King 1598 etc. 1192 at] upon Dod. 1193
Lord] lords Dod. to Bull. exc. Dyce
Arun. My lords, king Edward greetes you all by me.
War. Arundell, say your message.
Aru. His majesty, hearing that you had taken Gaueston,
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies, for why he saies,
And sends you word, he knowes that die he shall,
And if you gratifie his grace so farre,
He will be mindful of the curtesie.
Warw. How now ?
Gau. Renommed Edward, how thy name
Reuiues poore Gaueston.
War. No, it needeth not.
Arundell, we will gratifie the king
In other matters, he must pardon vs in this,
Souldiers away with him.
Gauest. Why my Lord of Warwicke,
Will not these delaies beget my hopes ?
I know it lords, it is this life you aime at,
Yet graunt king Edward this.
Mor. iiu. Shalt thou appoint
What we shall graunt ? Souldiers away with him :
Thus weele gratifie the king,
Wele send his head by thee, let him bestow
His teares on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaueston, or else his sencelesse trunck.
Lan. Not so my Lord, least he bestow more cost,
In burying him, then he hath euer earned.
Arun. My lords, it is his maiesties request,
And in the honor of a king he sweares,
He will but talke with him and send him backe.
War. When can you tell ? Arundell no, we wot,
He that the care of realme remits,
And drieus his nobles to these exigents
For Gaueston, will if he zease him once,
Violate any promise to possesse him.
Arun. Then if you will not trust his grace in keepe,
My lords, I will be pledge for his returne.

The Tragedie

Mor. in. It is honourable in thee to offer this, But for we know thou art a noble gentleman, We will not wrong thee so, To make away a true man for a theefe.

Gaue. How meanest thou Mortimer? that is ouer base. Mor. Away base groome, robber of kings renowne, Question with thy companions and thy mates.

Pen. My lord Mortimer, and you my lords each one, To gratifie the kings request therein, Touching the sending of this Gaueston, Because his maiestie so earnestlie Desires to see the man before his death, I will vpon mine honor vndertake To carrie him, and bring him back againe, Prouided this, that you my lord of Arundell Will ioyne with me.

War. Penbrooke, what wilt thou do? Cause yet more bloudshed: is it not enough That we haue taken him, but must we now Leaue him on had-I-wist, and let him go?

Pen. My lords, I will not ouer wooe your honors, But if you dare trust Penbrooke with the prisoner, Vpon mine oath I will returne him back.


Mor. in. How say you, my lord of Warwick?

War. Nay, do your pleasures, I know how twill prooue. Pen. Then giue him me.

Gau. Sweete soueraigne, yet I come To see thee ere I die.

Warw. Yet not perhaps, If Warwickes wit and policie preuaile.

Mor. in. My lord of Penbrooke, we deliuer him you, Returne him on your honor, sound away. Exeunt.

Manent Penbrooke, Arundel, Gauest. & Penbrookes men, foure souldiers.

Pen. My Lord, you shall go with me,
My house is not farre hence, out of the way
A little, but our men shall go along.  
We that haue prettie wenches to our wiues,
Sir, must not come so neare and balke their lips.

Aru. Tis verie kindlie spoke my lord of Penbrooke,
Your honor hath an adamant of power
To drawe a prince.

Pen. So my lord: come hether Iames,
I do commit this Gaueston to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge, be gon.

Gau. Unhappy Gaueston, whether goest thou now.

Exit cum servius Pen.

Horse boy. My lord, weeie quicklie be at Cobham.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter Gaueston moorning, and the earle of Penbrookes men.

Gau. O treacherous Warwicke thus to wrong thy friend!
Iames. I see it is your life these armes pursue.
Gau. Weaponles must I fall and die in bands,
O must this day be period of my life!
Center of all my blisse! and yee be men,
Speede to the king.

Enter Warwicke and his companie.

War. My lord of Penbrookes men,
Striue you no longer, I will haue that Gaueston.

Iam. Your lordship doth dishonor to your selfe,
And wrong our lord, your honorable friend.

War. No Iames, it is my countries cause I follow.
Goe, take the villaine, soldiers, come away,
Weel make quick worke, commend me to your maister
My friend, and tell him that I watcht it well.

Come, let thy shadow parley with king Edward.

Gau. Treacherous earle, shall I not see the king?

War. The king of heauen perhaps, no other king,

Away

Exeunt Warwike and his men, with Gauest.
Manet Iames cum ceteris.

<i>lames</i> Come fellowes, it booted not for vs to striue,
We will in hast go certifie our Lord.

Exeunt.

1277 and 1594: to 1598-1622 etc.
1286+ Act the Third.

1274-1306
The Tragedie

Enter king Edward and Spencer, with Drummes and Fifes.

Edw. I long to heare an answer from the Barons
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaueston.
Ah Spencer, not the riches of my realme
Can ransome him, ah he is markt to die. 1310
I know the malice of the yonger Mortimer,
Warwick I know is roughe, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall neuer see
My louely Pierce, my Gaueston againe,
The Barons ouerbeare me with their pride. 1315

Spencer. Were I king Edward Englands soueraigne,
Sonne to the louelie Elenor of Spaine,
Great Edward Longshankes issue: would I beare
These braues, this rage, and suffer vncontrowld
These Barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine owne realme? my lord pardon my speeche,
Did you retaine your fathers magnanimitie,
Did you regard the honor of your name,
You would not suffer thus your maiestie
Be counterbuft of your nobilitie. 1320
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles,
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learne obedience to their lawfull king.

Edw. Yea gentle Spencer, we haue beene too milde,
Too kinde to them, but now haue drawne our sword,
And if they send me not my Gaueston,
Weele steele it on their crest, and powle their tops.

Bald. This haught resolue becomes your maiestie,
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highnes were a schoole boy still,
And must be awde and gouernd like a child. 1335

Enter Hugh Spencer an old man, father to the yong Spencer,
with his trunchion, and soldiers.

Spen. pa. Long liue my soueraigne the noble Edward,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in warres.

Edw. Welcome old man, comst thou in Edwards aide?
Then tell thy prince, of whence, and what thou art. 1341

Spen. pa. Loe, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,

1314 Pierce, my Gaueston 1594: Pierce of Gaueston 1598-1622
corrections: 1334 haught [high Dod. 1341 thy 1594, Dyce etc.: the
1598-1622, Dod., Rob. 1307-1342
Browne bils, and targetiers, 400 strong, 
Sworne to defend king Edward's royall right, 
I come in person to your maiestie, 
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there, 
Bound to your highnes everlastinglie, 
For fauors done in him, vnto vs all. 

Edw. Thy father Spencer? 
Spen. filius. True, and it like your grace, 
That powres in lieu of all your goodnes showne, 
His life, my lord, before your princely feete. 
Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man againe. 

Spencer, this loue, this kindnes to thy King, 
Argues thy noble minde and disposition: 
Spencer, I heere create thee earle of Wilshire, 
And daily will enrich thee with our fauour, 
That as the sun-shine shall reflect ore thee: 
Beside, the more to manifest our loue, 
Because we heare Lord Bruse dooth sell his land, 
And that the Mortimers are in hand withall, 
Thou shalt haue crownes of vs, t'outbid the Barons, 
And Spenser, spare them not, but lay it on. 
Souldiers a largis, and thrice welcome all. 

Spen. My lord, here comes the Queene. 

Enter the Queene and her sonne, and Levune a Frenchman. 

Edw. Madam, what newes? 
Qu. Newes of dishonor, lord, and discontent, 
Our friend Levune, faithfull and full of trust, 
Informeth vs, by letters and by words, 
That lord Valoyes our brother, king of Fraunce, 
Because your highnesse hath beene slack in homage, 
Hath seazed Normandie into his hands: 
These be the letters, this the messenger. 

Edw. Welcome Levune, tush Sib, if this be all, 
Valoys and I will soone be friends againe. 
But to my Gaueston: shall I neuer see, 
Neuer behold thee now? Madam in this matter 
We will employ you and your little sonne, 
You shall go parley with the king of Fraunce.
Boy, see you beare you brauelie to the king, 1380
And do your message with a maiestie.

Prin. Commit not to my youth things of more waight
Then fits a prince so yong as I to beare,
And feare not lord and father, heauens great beames
On Atlas shoulder shall not lie more safe, 1385
Then shall your charge committed to my trust.

Qu. A boye, this towardnes makes thy mother feare
Thou art not markt to many daies on earth.

Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipt,
And this our sonne, Levune shall follow you
With all the hast we can dispatch him hence.
Choose of our lords to beare you companie,
And go in peace, leaue vs in warres at home.

Qu. Vnnatural wars, where subiects braue their king,
God end them once: my lord I take my leaue,
To make my preparation for Fraunce.

Enter lord Arundel.

Edw. What, lord Arundel dost thou come alone?
Arun. Yea my good lord, for Gaueston is dead.
Edw. Ah traitors, haue they put my friend to death?
Tell me Arundel died he ere thou camst,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?
Arun. Neither my lord, for as he was surprizd,
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,
I did your highnes message to them all,
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, vpon the honour of my name,
That I would vndertake to carrie him
Vnto your highnes, and to bring him back.

Edw. And tell me, would the rebels denie me that?
Spen. Proud recreants.

Edw. Yea Spencer, traitors all.
Arun. I found them at the first inexorable,
The earle of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, Penbrooke and Lancaster
Spake least: and when they flatly had denied,

1396+ s.D. Exit with Prince Edward add. Dyce 1398 Yea]
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The earle of Penbrooke mildlie thus bespake:
My lords, because our soueraigne sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe returnd,
I will this vndertake, to haue him hence,
And see him redeliuered to your hands.

Edw. Well, and how fortunes that he came not?
Spen. Some treason, or some villanie was cause.
Arum. The earle of Warwick seazde him on his way,
For being deliuered vnto Penbrookes men,
Their lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe,
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush laie,
And bare him to his death, and in a trenche
Strake off his head, and marcht vnto the campe.

Spen. A bloudie part, flatly against law of armes.
Edw. O shall I speake, or shall I sigh and die!
Spen. My lord, referre your vengeance to the sword,
Vpon these Barons, harten vp your men,
Let them not vnreuengd murther your friends,
Aduaunce your standard Edward in the field,
And marche to fire them from their starting holes.

Edward kneels, and saith.
By earth, the common mother of vs all,
By heauen, and all the moouing orbes thereof,
By this right hand, and by my fathers sword,
I will haue heads, and liues for him as many
As I haue manors, castels, townes, and towers.
Tretcherous Warwicke, traiterous Mortimer:
If I be Englands king, in lakes of gore
Your headles trunkes, your bodies will I traile,
That you may drinke your fill, and quaffe in bloud,
And staine my roiall standard with the same,
That so my bloudie colours may suggest
Remembrance of reuenge immortallie
On your accursed traiterous progenie:
You villaines that haue slaine my Gaueston.
And in this place of honor and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee heere,
And meerely of our loue we do create thee

1416 me] my 1622 1422 fortunes] fortunes it Dyce, Cunn.,
Bull., Wag. not] not then Fleay 1429 Stroke 1612, 1622
1430 'gainst 1622 etc. 1442 + s.d. Rises add. Dyce 1452 this]
his Cunn., Bull.
The Tragedie

Earle of Gloster, and lord Chamberlaine,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

Spen. My lord, heres a messenger from the Barons,
Desires accesse vnto your maiestie.

Edw. Admit him neere.

Enter the Herald from the Barons, with his coate of armes.

Messen. Long liue king Edward, Englands lawful lord.

Edw. So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither,
Thou comst from Mortimer and his complices,
A ranker route of rebels neuer was:
Well, say thy message.

Messen. The Barons vp in armes, by me salute
Your highnes, with long life and happines,
And bid me say as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of bloud,
You will this greefe haue ease and remedie,
That from your princely person you remooue
This Spencer, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royall vine, whose golden leaues
Empale your princelie head, your diadem,
Whose brightnes such pernicious vpstarts dim,
Say they, and louinglie advise your grace,
To cherish vertue and nobilitie,
And haue old seruitors in high esteeme,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This graunted, they, their honors, and their lines,
Are to your highnesse vowd and consecrate.

Spen. A traitors, will they still display their pride?

Edw. Away, tarrie no answer, but be gon.
Rebels, will they appoint their soueraigne
His sports, his pleasures, and his companie:
Yet ere thou go, see how I do deuorce
Embrace
Spencer from me: now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them,
For murthering Gaueston: hie thee, get thee gone,
Edward with fire and sword, followes at thy heeles.
My lord, perceiue you how these rebels swell:

Souldiers, good harts, defend your soueraignes right,

1457 heers 1612, 1622, Dod.1, Rob., Cunn., Dyce3: heres in 1594,
1598: here is Dod.2, 3, Dyce1, Bull. 1463 route] roote 1598,
1612 1469 this greefe] of this 1622 1472 leaue 1598 (B.M.
copy, but the Bodleian copy gives rightly leaues) 1489+S.D.
Exit Herald add. Dyce 1490 lord] lords Dyce etc.
1455-1491
For now, euen now, we marche to make them stoope. Away.  

Exeunt.

Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreate.

Enter the king, Spencer the father, Spencer the sonne, and the noblemen of the kings side.

Edw. Why do we sound retreat? vpon them lords, This day I shall powre vengeance with my sword

On those proud rebels that are vp in armes, And do confront and countermaund their king. 

Spen. son. I doubt it not my lord, right will preuaile. 

Spen. fa. Tis not amisse my liege for eyther part To breathe a while, our men with sweat and dust

All chockt well neare begin to faint for heate, And this retire refresheth horse and man. 

Spen. son. Heere come the rebels.

Enter the Barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwick, Penbrooke, cum ceteris.

Mor. Looke Lancaster, yonder is Edward among his flatterers. 

Lan. And there let him bee, 

Till hee pay deerely for their companie. 

War. And shall or Warwicks sword shal smite in vaine. 

Edw. What rebels, do you shrinke, and sound retreat? 

Mor. iu. No Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and flie. 

Lan. Th’ad best betimes forsake them and their trains, For theile betray thee, traitors as they are. 

Spen. so. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster. 

Pen. Away base vpstart, brau’st thou nobles thus? 

Spen. fa. A noble attempt, and honourable deed, Is it not, trowe ye, to assemble aide, 

And leuie armes against your lawfull king? 

Edw. For which ere long their heads shall satisfie, T’appeaze the wrath of their offended king. 

Mor. iu. Then Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last, And rather bathe thy sword in subiects bloud, 

Then banish that pernicious companie. 

Edw. I traitors all, rather then thus be braude,
Make Englands ciuill townes huge heapes of stones,
And plowes to go about our pallace gates.

War. A desperate and vnnaturall resolution,
Alarum to the fight,
Saint George for England, and the Barons right.


Enter Edward, with the Barons captiues.

Edw. Now lustie lords, now not by chance of warre,
But justice of the quarrell and the cause
Vaild is your pride: me thinkes you hang the heads,
But weele advance them traitors, now tis time
To be auengd on you for all your braues,
And for the murther of my dearest friend,
To whome right well you knew our soule was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaueston my sweete fauoret.
A rebels, recreants, you made him away.

Edm. Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land,
Did they remoue that flatterer from thy throne.

Edw. So sir, you haue spoke, away, auoid our presence.
Accursed wretches, wast in regard of vs,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spared to come to speake with vs,
And Penbrooke vndertooke for his returne,
That thou proud Warwicke watcht the prisoner,
Poore Pierce, and headed him against lawe of armes,
For which thy head shall ouer looke the rest
As much as thou in rage out wentst the rest?

War. Tyrant, I scorne thy threats and menaces,
Tis but temporall that thou canst inflict.

Lan. The worst is death, and better die to liue,
Then liue in infamie vnder such a king.

Edw. Away with them my lord of Winchester,
These lustie leaders Warwicke and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly off with both their heads.

Away.

War. Farewell vaine worlde.

Lan. Sweete Mortimer farewell.

Mor. in. England, vnkinde to thy nobilitie,
Grone for this greefe, behold how thou art maimed.

1528 s.d. Alarums. Exeunt the two parties severally. Enter King Edward and his followers, with the Barons and Kent captive Dyce 1540 s.d. Exit Kent add. Dyce 1542 messengers 1612, 1622 1546 'gainst 1622 etc.

1523-1560
Edward. Go take that haughtie Mortimer to the tower, There see him safe bestowed, and for the rest, Do speedie execution on them all. Be gon.

Mor. ii. What Mortimer? can ragged stonie walles Immure thy vertue that aspires to heauen? No Edward, Englands scourge, it may not be, Mortimers hope surmounts his fortune farre.

Edw. Sound drums and trumpets, marche with me my friends, Edward this day hath crown'd him king a new. Exit

Manent Spencer filius, Levune & Baldock.

Spen. Levune, the trust that we repose in thee Begets the quiet of king Edwards land, Therefore be gon in hast, and with aduice Bestowe that treasure on the lords of Fraunce, That therewith all enchaunted like the guarde, That suffered Ioue to passe in showers of golde To Danae, all aide may be denied To Isabell the Queene, that now in France Makes friends, to crosse the seas with her yong sonne, And step into his fathers regiment.

Levu. Thats it these Barons and the subtil Queene Long leueld at.

Bald. Yea, but Levune thou seest, These Barons lay their heads on blocks together, What they intend, the hangman frustrates cleane.

Levun. Haue you no doubts my lords, ile clap so close Among the lords of France with Englands golde, That Isabell shall make her plaints in vaine, And Fraunce shall be obdurat with her teares.

Spen. Then make for Fraunce amaine, Levune away, Proclaime king Edwards warres and victories.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Edmund.

Edm. Faire blowes the winde for Fraunce, blowe gentle gale,
Till *Edmund* be arriude for Englands good,
Nature, yeeld to my countries cause in this.
A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends,
Proud *Edward*, doost thou banish me thy presence?
But ile to Fraunce, and cheere the wronged Queene,
And certifie what *Edwards* loosenes is.
Vnnaturall king, to slaughter noble men
And cherish flatterers: *Mortimer* I stay
Thy sweet escape,
Stand gratious gloomie night to his deuice.

*Enter Mortimer disguised.*

*Mor. iu.* Holla, who walketh there, ist you my lord ?
*Edm. Mortimer* tis I,
But hath thy potion wrought so happilie ?
*Mor. iu.* It hath my lord, the warders all a sleepe,
I thanke them, gaue me leaue to passe in peace :
But hath your grace got shipping vnto Fraunce ?
*Edm.* Feare it not.

*Enter the Queene and her sonne.*

*Qu.* A boye, our friends do faile vs all in Fraunce,
The lords are cruell, and the king vnkinde,
What shall we doe ?
*Prince.* Madam, returne to England,
And please my father well, and then a Fig
For all my vnckles frienship here in Fraunce.
I warrant you, ile winne his highnes quicklie,
A loues me better than a thousand *Spencers*.
*Qu.* A boye, thou art deceiude at least in this,
To thinke that we can yet be tun’d together,
No, no, we iarre too farre. Vnkinde *Valoys*,
Vnhappie *Isabell*, when Fraunce reiects,
Whether, O whether doost thou bend thy steps ?

*Enter sir Iohn of Henolt.*

*S. Ioh.* Madam, what cheere ?
*Qu.* A good sir *Iohn of Henolt*,
Neuer so cheereles, nor so farre distrest.
*S. Ioh.* I heare sweete lady of the kings vnkindenes,
But droope not madam, noble mindes contemne
Despaire: will your grace with me to *Henolt* ?
And there stay times aduantage with your sonne?
How say you my Lord, will you go with your friends, 1630
And share of all our fortunes equallie?

Prin. So pleaseth the Queene my mother, me it likes.
The king of England, nor the court of Fraunce,
Shall haue me from my gratious mothers side,
Till I be strong enough to breake a staffe, 1635
And then haue at the proudest Spencers head.

Sir Iohn. Well said my lord.

Qu. Oh my sweet hart, how do I mone thy wrongs?
Yet triumphe in the hope of thee my ioye.
Ah sweete sir Iohn, euen to the vtmost verge 1640
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanaisse,
Will we with thee to Henolt, so we will.
The Marques is a noble Gentleman,
His grace I dare presume will welcome me,
But who are these?

Enter Edmund and Mortimer.

Edm. Madam, long may you liue
Much happier then your friends in England do.

Qu. Lord Edmund and lord Mortimer alieue?
Welcome to Fraunce: the newes was heere my lord,
That you were dead, or very neare your death.

Mor. iu. Lady, the last was truest of the twaine,
But Mortimer reserude for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldome of the tower,
And liues t’aduance your standard good my lord.

Prin. How meane you, and the king my father liues?
No my lord Mortimer, not I, I trau.

Qu. Not sonne, why not? I would it were no worse,
But gentle lords, friendles we are in Fraunce.

Mor. iu. Mounsier le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Tould vs at our arriuall all the newes, 1650
How hard the nobles, how vnkinde the king
Hath shewed himself: but madam, right makes roome,
Where weapons want, and though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our partie and faction, 1655

1631 share of all T. B.: shake off all 1594-1622 etc.: share with us conj. Broughton 1632 please Fleay 1634 have] heave
Yet haue we friends, assure your grace, in England
Would cast vp cappes, and clap their hands for joy,
To see vs there appointed for our foes.

_Edm._ Would all were well, and _Edward_ well reclaimd,
For Englands honor, peace, and quietnes.

_Mort._ But by the sword, my lord, it must be deseru'd.
The king will nere forsake his flatterers.

_S. Ioh._ My Lords of England, sith the vngentle king
Of Fraunce refuseth to giue aide of armes
To this distressed Queene his sister heere,
Go you with her to _Henolt_: doubt yee not, We will finde comfort, money, men, and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king a base.

How say yong Prince, what thinke you of the match?

_Prin._ I thynke king _Edward_ will out-run vs all.

_Qu._ Nay sonne, not so, and you must not discourge
Your friends that are so forward in your aide.

_Edm._ Sir _Iohn_ of _Henolt_, pardon vs I pray,
These comforts that you giue our wofull queene, Binde vs in kindenes all at your commaund.

_Qu._ Yea gentle brother, and the God of heauen
Prosper your happie motion good sir _Iohn._

_Mor. iu._ This noble gentleman forward in armes,
Was borne I see to be our anchor hold.

_Sir _Iohn_ of _Henolt_, be it thy renowne,
That Englands Queene, and nobles in distresse, Haue beene by thee restored and comforted.

_S. Iohn._ Madam along; and you my lord with me, That Englands peeres may _Henolts_ welcome see.

Enter the king, Arundel, the two Spencers, with others.

_Edw._ Thus after many threats of wrathfull warre, Triumpheth Englands _Edward_ with his friends, And triumph _Edward_ with his friends vncontrouルド. My lord of Gloster, do you heare the newes?

_Spen. iu._ What newes my lord?

_Edw._ Why man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realme: my lord of _Arundell_
You haue the note, haue you not?

1671 it] 't Dyce etc. 1673 the] th' Dyce etc. 1678 a base]
1693 lords Dyce, Bull. 1694 + Scene II. add. Rob. s.D. Arundel
_Dyce etc._ : Matr. (Matreuis) 1594–1622 1697 with his friends]

1666–1702
Arun. From the lieutenant of the tower my lord.

Edw. I pray let vs see it, what haue we there?

Read it Spencer.

Spencer reads their names.

Why so, they barkt a pace a month agoe,

Now on my life, theile neither barke nor bite.

Now sirs, the newes from Fraunce. Gloster, I trowe

The lords of Fraunce loue Englands gold so well,

As Isabell gets no aide from thence.

What now remaines, haue you proclaimed, my lord,

Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

Spen. in. My lord, we haue, and if he be in England,

A will be had ere long I doubt it not.

Edw. If, doost thou say? Spencer, as true as death,

He is in Englands ground, our port-maisters

Are not so careles of their kings command.

Enter a Poaste.

How now, what newes with thee, from whence come these?

Post. Letters my lord, and tidings foorth of Fraunce,

To you my lord of Gloster from Levune.

Edward. Reade.

Spencer reades the letter.

My dutie to your honor praemised, &c. I haue according

to instructions in that behalfe, dealt with the king of

Fraunce his lords, and effected, that the Queene all dis-

contented and discomforted, is gone, whither if you aske,

with sir Iohn of Henolt, brother to the Marquesse, into

Flaunders: with them are gone lord Edmund, and the

lord Mortimer, hauing in their company diuers of your

nation, and others, and as constant report goeth, they

intend to giue king Edward battell in England sooner then

he can looke for them: this is all the newes of import.

Your honors in all service, Levune.

Edw. A villaines, hath that Mortimer escapt?

With him is Edmund gone associate?

And will sir Iohn of Henolt lead the round?

Welcome a Gods name Madam and your sonne,

England shall welcome you, and all your route,

1703 Prefix Matr. 1594-1622: corr. Dyce 1706 a month] not

long 1612, 1622 1710 Isabella Dyce, Cunn., Bull. gets] will

get conj. Broughton no] no more Fleay 1720 Levune Dyce

etc.: Lewne 1594-1622: Lewen Dod.: Lecune Rob. So in l. 1732

1721 s.d. letter] Letters 1612, 1622 1722 praemised 1595-1622

etc.: promised 1594

1703-1737
Gallop a pace bright Phæbus through the skie,  
And duskie night, in rustic iron carre,  
Betweene you both, shorten the time I pray,  
That I may see that most desired day,  
When we may meet these traitors in the field.  
Ah nothing greeues me but my little boye  
Is thus misled to countenance their ils.  
Come friends to Bristow, there to make vs strong,  
And windes as equall be to bring them in,  
As you inuious were to beare them foorth.  

(Exeunt.)

Enter the Queene, her sonne, Edmund, Mortimer,  
and sir Iohn.

Qu. Now lords, our louing friends and countrimen,  
Welcome to England all with prosperous windes,  
Our kindest friends in Belgia haue we left,  
To cope with friends at home : a heauie case,  
When force to force is knit and sword and gleaue  
In ciuill broiles makes kin and country men  
Slaughter themselues in others and their sides  
With their owne weapons gorde, but whats the helpe ?  
Misgouerned kings are cause of all this wrack,  
And Edward thou art one among them all,  
Whose loosnes hath betrayed thy land to spoyle,  
And made the channels overflow with blood.  
Of thine own people patron shouldst thou be,  
But thou—

Mor. in. Nay madam, if you be a warriar  
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches :  
Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of heauen  
Arriued and armed in this princes right,  
Heere for our countries cause sweare we to him  
All homage, fealtie and forwardnes,  
And for the open wronges and injuries  
Edward hath done to vs, his Queene and land,  
We come in armes to wrecke it with the swords :  
That Englands queene in peace may reposesse  
Her dignities and honors, and withall  
We may remoue these flatterers from the king,  
That hauocks Englands wealth and treasurie.

1759 channell  
1598-1622 etc.  
1764 Two lines Bull., div. after Lords that omit conj. Dyce, Cunn., Wag.  
1773 these] those Rob., Cunn., Wag.
S. Io. Sound trumpets my lord & forward let vs martch, Edward will thinke we come to flatter him. 1776
Edm. I would he neuer had bin flattered more. (Exeunt.)

Enter the King, Baldock, and Spencer the sonne, flying about the stage.

Spe. Fly, fly, my Lord, the Queene is ouer strong, Her friends doe multiply and yours doe fayle, Shape we our course to Ireland there to breath. 1780
Edw. What, was I borne to flye and runne away, And leaue the Mortimers conquerers behind ?
Gieue me my horse and lets r’enforce our troupes :
And in this bed of honors die with fame.
Bal. O no my lord, this princely resolution 1785
Fits not the time ; away, we are pursu’d.

Edmund alone with a sword and target.

Edm. This way he fled, but I am come too late. Edward alas my hart relents for thee, Proud traytor Mortimer why doost thou chase Thy lawfull king thy soueraigne with thy sword ? 1790
Vilde wretch, and why hast thou of all vnkinde, Borne armes against thy brother and thy king ?
Raigne showers of vengeance on my cursed head, Thou God to whom in justice it belongs To punish this vnnaturall reuolt :

Edward, this Mortimer aimes at thy life :
O fly him then, but Edmund calme this rage, Dissemble or thou diest, for Mortimer And Isabell doe kisse while they conspire, And yet she beares a face of loue forsooth :
Fie on that loue that hatcheth death and hate. Edmund away, Bristow to Longshankes blood Is false, be not found single for suspect :
Proud Mortimer pries neare into thy walkes.

Enter the Queene, Mortimer, the young Prince and Sir Iohn of Henolt.

Qu. Succesfull battells giues the God of kings 1805
To them that fight in right and feare his wrath :
Since then succesfully we haue preuayled,

1777 S.D. Exeunt add. Dod. Scene V. add. Rob. 1784 honors
1594 : honor 1598-1622 etc. 1805 Succesfulls 1598, 1612 battells
1594 : battel 1598-1622 etc. 1807 succesfully] successiuely
1622

1775-1807  N 3
Thankes be heauens great architect and you.
Ere farther we procede my noble lordes,
We heere create our welbeloued sonne,
Of loue and care vnto his royall person,
Lord warden of the realme, and sith the fates
Haue made his father so infortunate,
Deale you my lords in this, my louing lords,
As to your wisdomes fittest seemes in all.

Edm. Madam, without offence if I may aske,
How will you deale with Edward in his fall?

Prince. Tell me good vnckle, what Edward doe you meane?

Edm. Nephew, your father, I dare not call him king.

Mor. My lord of Kent, what needes these questions?
Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours,
But as the realme and parlement shall please,
So shall your brother be disposed of.
I like not this relenting moode in Edmund,
Madam, tis good to looke to him betimes.

Qu. My lord, the Maior of Bristow knows our mind.
Mor. Yea madam, and they scape not easilie,
That fled the feeld.

Qu. Baldock is with the king,
A goodly chauncelor, is he not my lord?

S. Ioh. So are the Spencers, the father and the sonne.

Edm. This Edward is the ruine of the realme.

Enter Rice ap Howell, and the Maior of Bristow, with Spencer the father.

Rice. God saue Queene Isabell, & her princely sonne.
Madam, the Maior and Citizens of Bristow,
In signe of loue and dutie to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
That like the lawles Catiline of Rome,
Reueld in Englands wealth and treasurie.

Qu. We thanke you all.

Mor. iu. Your louing care in this
Deserueth princelie faours and rewardes,
But wheres the king and the other Spencer fled ?
Rice. Spencer the sonne, created earle of Gloster, Is with that smoothe toongd scholler Baldock gone, And shipt but late for Ireland with the king. Mort. in. Some whirle winde fetche them backe, or sinkke them all: They shalbe started thence I doubt it not. Prin. Shall I not see the king my father yet? Edmund. Unhappies Edward, chaste from Englands bounds. 1850

S. Ioh. Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse? Qu. I rue my lords ill fortune, but alas, Care of my countrie cald me to this warre. Mort. Madam, haue done with care & sad complaint, Your king hath wrongd your countrie and himselfe, And we must sekke to right it as we may, Meane while, haue hence this rebell to the blocke. Your lordship cannot priuilege your head. Spen. pa. Rebell is he that fights against his prince, So fought not they that fought in Edwards right. 1860

Mort. Take him away, he prates, you Rice ap Howell, Shall do good service to her Maiestie, Being of countenance in your countrie here, To follow these rebellious runnagates, We in meane while madam, must take advice, How Baldocke, Spencer, and their complices, May in their fall be followed to their end. 1865

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Abbot, Monkes, Edward, Spencer, and Baldocke.

Abbot. Haue you no doubt my Lorde, haue you no feare, As silent and as carefull will we be, To keepe your royall person safe with vs, Free from suspect, and fell inuasion Of such as haue your maiestie in chase, Your selfe, and those your chosen companie, As daunger of this stormie time requires. Edwa. Father, thy face should harbor no deceit, O hadst thou euer beene a king, thy hart Pierced deeply with sence of my distresse,
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in traine,
Whilom I was powerfull and full of pompe,
But what is he, whome rule and emperie
Haue not in life or death made miserable?
Come Spencer, come Baldocke, come sit downe by me,
Make triall now of that philosophie,
That in our famous nurseries of artes
Thou suckedst from Plato, and from Aristotle.
Father, this life contemplatiue is heauen,
O that I might this life in quiet lead,
But we alas are chaste, and you my friends,
Your liues and my dishonor they pursue.
Yet gentle monkes, for treasure, golde nor fee,
Do you betray vs and our companie.

Monks. Your grace may sit secure, if none but wee
Doe wot of your abode.

Spen. Not one aliue, but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomie fellow in a meade belowe,
A gaue a long looke after vs my lord,
And all the land I know is vp in armes,
Armes that pursue our liues with deadly hate.

Bald. We were imarkt for Ireland, wretched we,
With awkward windes and sore tempests driuen,
To fall on shoare, and here to pine in feare
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

Edw. Mortimer, who talkes of Mortimer,
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
That bloudy man? good father on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care,
O might I neuer open these eyes againe,
Neuer againe lift vp this drooping head,
O neuer more lift vp this dying hart!

Spen. son. Looke vp my lord. Baldock, this drowsines
Betides no good, here euen we are betraied.

Enter with Welch hookes, Rice ap Howell, a Mower,
and the Earle of Leicester.

Mower. Vpon my life, those be the men ye seeke.
Rice. Fellow enough: my lord I pray be short,
A faire commission warrants what we do.

Lei. The Queenes commission, vrgd by Mortimer,
1884 that om. 1612: thy 1622 1901 sore] with sore 1622,
Dyce: surly Dod.1 1908 open] ope 1612, 1622 etc.
1878-1916
What cannot gallant Mortimer with the Queene? 

Alas, see where he sits, and hopes vnseeene 
T’escapec their hands that seeke to reauke his life: 
Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum*, 
*Hunc dies vidit fugiens iacentem.* 

But Leister leaue to growe so passionate, 
*Spencer* and *Baldocke*, by no other names, 
I arrest you of high treason here, 
Stand not on titles, but obay th’arrest, 
Tis in the name of *Isabell* the Queene: 

My lord, why droope you thus? 

*Edw.* O day! the last of all my blisse on earth, 
Center of all misfortune. O my starres! 
Why do you lowre vnkindly on a king? 
Comes Leister then in *Isabellas* name, 
To take my life, my companie from me? 
Here man, rip vp this panting brest of mine, 
And take my heart, in reskew of my friends. 

*Rice.* Away with them. 

*Spen. ii.* It may become thee yet, 
To let vs take our farewell of his grace. 

*Abb.* My heart with pittie earnes to see this sight, 
A king to beare these words and proud commaunds. 

*Edw.* *Spencer*, a sweet *Spencer*, thus then must we part. 
*Spen. ii.* We must my lord, so will the angry heauens. 

*Edw.* Nay so will hell, and cruell *Mortimer*, 

The gentle heauens haue not to do in this. 

*Bald.* My lord, it is in vaine to greeue or storme, 
Here humble of your grace we take our leaues, 

Our lots are cast, I feare me so is thine. 

*Edwa.* In heauen wee may, in earth neuer shall wee meete, 

And Leister say, what shall become of vs? 

*Leist.* Your maiestie must go to Killingworth. 

*Edw.* Must! tis somewhat hard, when kings must go. 

*Leist.* Here is a Litter reade for your grace, 
That waite your pleasure, and the day growes old. 

*Rice.* As good be gon, as stay and be benighted. 

*Edw.* A litter hast thou, lay me in a hearse, 
And to the gates of hell conuay me hence, 

1917 gallant om. 1612, 1622 with] doe with 1622 1924 I 
I do Rob. etc. exc. Dyce, Tan. 1931 Comes 1594, Dod. etc : Come 
1598 : Came 1612, 1622 1938 earnes] yearns Dod., Rob., Cunn., 
Wag. 1940 a om. Dod., Rob., Cunn. 1954 in] on 1612, 1622 

1917-1955
Let Plutos bels ring out my fatall knell,
And hags howle for my death at Charons shore,
For friends hath Edward none, but these, and these,
And these must die vnder a tyrants sword.

   Rice. My lord, be going, care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

   Edw. Well, that shalbe, shalbe: part we must,
Sweete Spencer, gentle Baldocke, part we must.
Hence fained weeds, vnfained are my woes.
Father, farewell: Leister, thou staist for me,
And go I must, life farewell with my friends.

Exeunt Edward and Leicester.

   Spen. iu. O is he gone! is noble Edward gone,
Parted from hence, neuer to see vs more!
Rent sphere of heauen, and fier forsake thy orbe,
Earth melt to ayre, gone is my soueraigne,
Gone, gone alas, neuer to make returne.

   Bald. Spencer, I see our soules are fleeted hence,
We are depriude the sun-shine of our life.
Make for a new life man, throw vp thy eyes,
And hart and hand to heauens immortall throne,
Pay natures debt with cheerefull countenance,
Reduce we all our lessons vnto this,
To die sweet Spencer, therefore liue wee all,
Spencer, all liue to die, and rise to fall.

   Rice. Come, come, keepe these preachments till you
come to the place appointed. You, and such as you are,
hau made wise worke in England. Will your Lordships
away?

   Mower. Your worship I trust will remember me?
   Rice. Remember thee fellow? what else?

Follow me to the town.

(Exeunt.)

Enter the king, Leicester, with a Bishop for the crowne.

   Lei. Be patient good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth castell were your court,
of Edward the second.

And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or neceissitie.

Edw. Leister, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long agoe had easde my sorrowes,
For kinde and louing hast thou alwaies beeene:
The greefes of priuate men are soone allayde,
But not of kings, the forrest Deare being strikke
Runnes to an herbe that closeth vp the wounds,
But when the imperiall Lions flesh is gorde,
He rends and teares it with his wrathfull pawe,
(And) highly scorning, that the lowly earth
Should drinke his bloud, mounts vp into the ayre:
And so it fares with me, whose dauntlesse minde
The ambitious Mortimer would seeke to curbe,
And that vnnaturall Queene false Isabell,
That thus hath pent and mu’d me in a prison,
For such outrageous passions cloye my soule,
As with the wings of rancor and disdain,
Full often am I sowring vp to heauen,
To plaine me to the gods against them both:
But when I call to minde I am a king,
Me thinkes I should reuenge me of the wronges,
That Mortimer and Isabell have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadowes in a sun-shine day?
My nobles rule, I beare the name of king,
I weare the crowne, but am contrould by them,
By Mortimer, and my vnconstant Queene,
Who spots my nuptiall bed with infamie,
Whilst I am lodgd within this caue of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To companie my hart with sad laments,
That bleedes within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resigne my crowne,
To make vsurping Mortimer a king?

Bish. Your grace mistakes, it is for Englands good,
And princely Edwards right we craue the crowne.

Edw. No, tis for Mortimer, not Edwards head,
For hees a lambe, encompassed by Woolues,
Which in a moment will abridge his life:
But if proud Mortimer do weare this crowne,

1999 And add. Dod. etc. 2000 into 1594, Fleay, Wag.: to
1598–1622 etc. exc. Fleay, Wag. 2010. the 1594, Dod., Rob.:
my 1598–1622, Dyce etc.
Heauens turne it to a blaze of quenchelesse fier,
Or like the snakie wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hatefull head,
So shall not Englands Vine be perished,
But Edwards name suruiues, though Edward dies.

Lei. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?

They stay your answer, will you yeeld your crowne?

Edw. Ah Leister, way how hardly I can brooke
To loose my crowne and kingdome, without cause,
To giue ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountaine ouerwhelmes my blisse.
In which extreame my minde here murthered is:
But what the heauens appoint, I must obaye,
Here, take my crowne, the life of Edward too,
So shall not Englands Vine be perished,
But Edwards name suruiues, though Edward dies.

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In which extreame my minde here murthered is:
But what the heauens appoint, I must obaye,
Here, take my crowne, the life of Edward too,
So shall not Englands Vine be perished,
But Edwards name suruiues, though Edward dies.
of Edward the second.

But that I feel the crowne vpon my head, And therefore let me weare it yet a while.

True(ssel.) My Lorde, the parlement must haue present newes, 2070
And therefore say, will you resigne or no?

The king rageth.

Edw. Ile not resigne, but whilst I liue, (be king.) Traitors be gon, and ioyne you with Mortimer, Elect, conspire, install, do what you will, Their bloud and yours shall seale these treacheries. 2075

Bish. This answer weele returne, and so farewell.

Lei. Call thou them back, I haue no power to speake. 2080

Edw. He not resigne, but whilst I Hue, (be king.) Traitors be gon, and ioyne you with Mortimer, Elect, conspire, install, do what you will, Their bloud and yours shall seale these treacheries. 2085

Bish. If he be not, let him choose.

Edw. O would I might, but heavens & earth conspire To make me miserable: heere receiue my crowne.

Receiue it? no, these innocent hands of mine Shall not be guiltie of so foule a crime, He of you all that most desires my bloud, And will be called the murtherer of a king, Take it: what are you mooude, pitie you me? Then send for vnrelenting Mortimer And Isabell, whose eyes being turnd to steele, Will sooner sparkle fire then shed a teare: Yet stay, for rather then I will looke on them, Heere, heere: now sweete God of heauen, Make me despise this transitorie pompe, And sit for aye inthonized in heauen, Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes, Or if I liue, let me forget my selfe.

Bish. My lorde.

Edw. Call me not lorde, Away, out of my sight: ah pardon me, Greefe makes me lunatick.

Let not that Mortimer protect my sonne,
More safe tie is there in a Tigers iawes,  
Then his imbracements. Beare this to the queene,  
Wet with my teares, and dried againe with sighes,  
If with the sight thereof she be not mooued,  
Returne it backe and dip it in my bloud.  
Commend me to my sonne, and bid him rule  
Better then I, yet how haue I transgrest,  
Vnlesse it be with too much clemencie?

Tru. And thus, most humbly do we take our leaue.  
Edward. Farewell, I know the next newes that they bring,  
Will be my death, and welcome shall it be.  
To wretched men death is felicitie.

Enter Bartley.

Leist. An other poast, what newes brings he?

Edw. Such newes as I expect: come Bartley, come,  
And tell thy message to my naked brest.

Bart. My lord, thinke not a thought so villainous  
Can harbor in a man of noble birth.  
To do your highnes service and deuoire,  
And saue you from your foes, Bartley would die.

Leist. My lorde, the counsell of the Queene commaunds,  
That I resigne my charge.

Edw. And who must keepe mee now, must you my lorde?

Bart. I, my most gratious lord, so tis decreed.

Edw. By Mortimer, whose name is written here.

Well may I rent his name, that rends my hart,  
This poore reuenge hath something easd my minde.  
So may his limmes be torne as is this paper,  
Heare me immortall Ioue, and graunt it too.

Bart. Your grace must hence with mee to Bartley straight.

Edw. Whether you will: all places are alike,  
And every earth is fit for buriall.

Leist. Fauor him my lord, as much as lieth in you.

Bart. Euen so betide my soule as I vse him.

Edw. Mine enemie hath pitied my estate,  
And thats the cause that I am now remouede.

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2103 is there 1594: there is 1598-1622 etc.  
2104+ S.D. Gives a handkerchief add. Dyce  
2114 S.D. follows line 2097 1594-1622, Dod.  
Bartley] Berkley Rob. etc. (passim)  
2122 of] and 1612, 1622  
2126 S.D. Taking the paper add. Dyce after Prefix  
127+S.D. Tears it add. Dyce

2103-2137
Bartley. And thinkes your grace that Bartley will bee cruel?  
Edw. I know not, but of this am I assured,  
That death ends all, and I can die but once.  
Leicester, farewell.  
Leicester. Not yet my lorde, ile beare you on your waye  
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer, and Queene Isabell.

Mor. ii. Faire Isabell, now haue we our desire,  
The proud corrupters of the light-brainde king  
Haue done their homage to the loftie gallowes,  
And he himselfe lies in captiuitie.  
Be rulde by me, and we will rule the realme,  
In any case, take heed of childish feare,  
For now we hould an old Wolfe by the eares,  
That if he slip will seaze vpon vs both,  
And gripe the sorer being gript himselfe.  
Thinke therefore madam that imports us much,  
To erect your sonne with all the speed we may,  
And that I be protector ouer him,  
For our behoofe will beare the greater sway  
When as a kings name shall be vnder writ.  
Qu. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabell,  
Be thou perswaded, that I loue thee well,  
And therefore so the prince my sonne be safe,  
Whome I esteeme as deare as these mine eyes,  
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,  
And I my selfe will willinglie subscribe.  
Mort. ii. First would I heare newes that hee were deposde,  
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Mor. ii. Letters, from whence?  
Messen. From Killingworth my lorde.  
Qu. How fares my lord the king?  
Messen. In health madam, but full of pensiuenes.  
Queene. Alas poore soule, would I could ease his greefe.
(Enter Winchester with the Crown.)

Thankes gentle Winchester: sirra, be gen. 2170

Winchester. The king hath willingly resignde his crowne.  
Qu. O happie newes, send for the prince my sonne.  
Bish. Further, or this letter was sealed, Lord Bartley came,

So that he now is gone from Killingworth,  
And we haue heard that Edmund laid a plot, 2175
To set his brother free, no more but so.  
The lord of Bartley is so pitifull,  
As Leicester that had charge of him before.  
Qu. Then let some other be his guardian.  
Mor. iu. Let me alone, here is the priuie seale. 2180

Whose there? call hither Gurney and Matreuis.  
To dash the heauie headed Edmunds drift,  
Bartley shall be dischargd, the king remoue,  
And none but we shall know where he lieth.  
Qu. But Mortimer, as long as he suruiues 2185
What safetie rests for vs, or for my sonne?  
Mort. iu. Speake, shall he presently be dispatch’d and die?  
Queene. I would hee were, so it were not by my meanes.

Enter Matreuis and Gurneye.

Mortim. iu. Inough Matreuis, write a letter presently Vnto the Lord of Bartley from our selfe, 2190
That he resigne the king to thee and Gurney,  
And when tis done, we will subscribe our name.  
Matr. It shall be done my lord.  
Mor. iu. Gurney.  
Gurn. My Lorde. 2195
Mort. iu. As thou intendest to rise by Mortimer,  
Who now makes Fortunes wheele turne as he please,  
Seeke all the meanes thou canst to make him droope,  
And neither giue him kinde word, nor good looke.  
Gurn. I warrant you my lord. 2200
Mort. iu. And this aboue the rest: because we heare  
That Edmund casts to worke his libertie,  
Remoue him still from place to place by night,

2169 s.d. add. Rob.  2173 letter omit conj. Dyce, Cunn., Wag., Fleay  2177 so] as Rob., Cunn., Wag.; om. ed. 1810  2180 +s.d. Exit the Bish. of Win. add. Dyce  2181+s.d. To Attendants within add. Dyce  2184 And where he lieth none but we shall know Fleay

2170-2203
Till at the last, he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Bartley back againe: 
And by the way to make him fret the more,
Speake curstlie to him, and in any case
Let no man comfort him: if he chaunce to weep,
But amplifie his griefe with bitter words.

_Matre._ Feare not my Lord, weelee do as you commaund.

_Mor. iu._ So now away, post thitherwards amaine.

_Qu._ Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?

Commend me humblie to his Maiestie,
And tell him, that I labour all in vaine,
To ease his griefe, and worke his libertie:
And beare him this, as witnesse of my loue.

_Matre._ I will madam.

_Exeunt Matreuis and Gurney._

_Manent Isabell and Mortimer._

_Enter the yong Prince, and the Earle of Kent talking with him._

_Mor. iu._ Finely dissembled, do so still sweet Queene.

Heere comes the yong prince, with the Earle of Kent.

_Qu._ Some thing he whispers in his childish eares.

_Mort. iu._ If he haue such accesse vnto the prince,

Our plots and stratagems will soone be dasht.

_Queen._ Vse Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

_Mor. iu._ How fares my honorable lord of Kent ?

_Edmun._ In health sweete Mortimer, how fares your grace ?

_Quene._ Well, if my Lorde your brother were enlargde.

_Edm._ I heare of late he hath deposde himselfe.

_Quene._ The more my griefe.

_Mortim. iu._ And mine.

_Edmun._ Ah they do dissemble.

_Quene._ Sweete sonne come hither, I must talke with thee.

_Mortim. iu._ Thou being his vnckle, and the next of bloud,

Doe looke to be protector ouer the prince.

_Edm._ Not I my lord: who should protect the sonne,

But she that gaue him life, I meane the Queene ?

Prin._ Mother, perswade me not to weare the crowne,

Let him be king, I am too yong to raigne.

_Quene._ But bee content, seeing it his highnesse pleasure.

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2204 Till 1598–1622 etc.: And 1594
add. Dyce 2230+ S.D. Aside add. Dyce 2233 o'er Dyce etc.
2238 it 1594, 1598, Dod.¹: it is 1612, 1622, Dod.² to Rob.: 'tis Dyce etc.

2204-2238
Prin. Let me but see him first, and then I will.
Edmund. I do sweete Nephew.
Quee. Brother, you know it is impossible.
Prince. Why, is he dead?
Queen. No, God forbid.
Edmun. I would those wordes proceeded from your heart.
Mort. iu. Inconstant Edmund, doost thou fauor him, That wast a cause of his imprisonment?
Edm. The more cause haue I now to make amends.
Mort. iu. I tell thee tis not meet, that one so false Should come about the person of a prince.
My lord, he hath betraied the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.
Prince. But hee repents, and sorrowes for it now.
Queen. Come sonne, and go with this gentle Lorde and me.
Prin. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.
Mort. iu. Why yongling, s’dainst thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carrie thee by force away.
Prin. Helpe vnckle Kent, Mortimer will wrong me.
Quee. Brother Edmund, striue not, we are his friends,
Isabell is neerer then the earle of Kent.
Edm. Sister, Edward is my charge, redeeme him.
Queen. Edward is my sonne, and I will keepe him.
Edmu. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrongde mee.
Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle,
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be reuengde on Mortimer and thee.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Matreuis and Gurney with the king.

Matr. My lord, be not pensiue, we are your friends.
Men are ordaind to liue in miserie,
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our liues.
Edw. Friends, whither must vn happie Edward go,
Will hatefull Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexed like the nightly birde,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowles?
When will the furie of his minde asswage?
When will his hart be satisfied with bloud?

2265 + s.d. Aside add. Dyce

Scene III. add. Rob.

pensiue] so pensive Wag.

2239 - 2274
If mine will serve, vnbowell straight this brest, 2275
And giue my heart to Isabell and him,
It is the chiefest marke they leuell at.

Gurney. Not so my liege, the Queene hath giuen this charge,
To keepe your grace in safetie,
Your passions make your dolours to increase. 2280

Edw. This vsage makes my miserie increase.
But can my ayre of life continue long,
When all my sences are anoyde with stenche ?
Within a dungeon Englands king is kept,
Where I am steru'd for want of sustenance,
My daily diet is heart breaking sobs,
That almost rents the closet of my heart.
Thus liues old Edward not relieu'd by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many.
O water, gentle friends, to coole my thirst,
And cleare my bodie from foule excrements.

Matr. Heeres channell water, as our charge is giuen.
Sit downe, for weele be Barbars to your grace.

Edw. Traitors away, what will you murther me,
Or choake your soueraigne with puddle water ? 2295

Gurn. No, but wash your face, and shaue away your beard,
Least you be knowne, and so be rescued.

Matr. Why striue you thus ? your labour is in vaine.
Edward. The Wrenne may striue against the Lions strength,
But all in vaine: so vainely do I striue,
To seeke for mercie at a tyrants hand.

They wash him with puddle water, and shaue his beard away.

Immortall powers, that knowes the painfull cares,
That waites vpon my poore distressed soule,
O leuell all your lookes vpon these daring men,
That wronges their liege and soueraigne, Englands king.
O Gaueston, it is for thee that I am wrongd, 2306
For me both thou and both the Spencers died,
And for your sakes, a thousand wronges ile take.
The Spencers ghostes, where euer they remaine,
Wish well to mine, then tush, for them ile die.

Matr. Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmitie.

2279 To] Only to conj. Dyce, Cunn., Fleay, Wag. 2280 to om. 1622
2304 all omit conj. Dyce, Cunn., Wag., Fleay
2275-2311
Come, come, away, now put the torches out, Weele enter in by darkenes to Killingworth.

Enter Edmund.

Gurn. How now, who comes there?
Matr. Guarde the king sure, it is the earle of Kent. 2315
Edw. O gentle brother, helpe to rescue me.
Matr. Kepe them a sunder, thrust in the king.
Edm. Souldiers, let me but talke to him one worde.
Gur. Lay hands vpon the earle for this assault. 2319
Edmu. Lay downe your weapons, traitors, yeeld the king.
Matr. Edmund, yeeld thou thy self, or thou shalt die.
Edmu. Base villaines, wherefore doe you gripe mee thus?
Gurney. Binde him, and so conuey him to the court.
Edm. Where is the court but heere? heere is the king, And I will visit him, why stay you me? 2325
Matr. The court is where lord Mortimer remains, Thither shall your honour go, and so farewell.
Exeunt Matr. and Gurney, with the king.

Manent Edmund and the souldiers.

Edm. O miserable is that commonweale, where lords Keepe courts, and kings are lockt in prison!
Sould. Wherefore stay we? on sirs to the court. 2330
Edm. I, lead me whether you will, euen to my death, Seeing that my brother cannot be releast.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer alone.

Mort. iu. The king must die, or Mortimer goes downe, The commons now begin to pitie him, Yet he that is the cause of Edwards death Is sure to pay for it when his sonne is of age, And therefore will I do it cunninglie. This letter written by a friend of ours Containes his death, yet bids them saue his life. Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est: 2340 Feare not to kill the king, tis good he die. But read it thus, and thats an other sence: Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est: Kill not the king, tis good to feare the worst. Unpointed as it is, thus shall it goe, That being dead, if it chaunce to be found,
Matreuis and the rest may beare the blame,
And we be quit that causde it to be done:
Within this roome is lockt the messenger,
That shall conueie it, and performe the rest,
And by a secret token that he beares,
Shall he be murdered when the deed is done.

Lightborn,
Come forth, art thou as resolute as thou wast?

Light. What else my lord? and farre more resolute.

Mort. inu. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

Light. I, I, and none shall know which way he died.

Mortim. inu. But at his lookes Lightborne thou wilt relent.

Light. Relent, ha, ha, I vs much to relent.

Mort. inu. Well, do it brauely, and be secret.

Light. You shall not need to giue instructions,
Tis not the first time I haue killed a man,
I learnde in Naples how to poison flowers,
To strangle with a lawne thrust through the throte,
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needles point,
Or whilst one is a sleepe, to take a quill
And blowe a little powder in his eares,
Or open his mouth, and powre quick siluer downe,
But yet I haue a brauer way then these.

Mort. inu. Whats that?

Light. Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall knowe my trickes.

Mort. inu. I care not how it is, so it be not spide,
Deliever this to Gurney and Matreuis,
At euery ten miles end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away, and never see me more.

Lightborne. No?

Mort. inu. No, vnlesse thou bring me newes of Edwards death.

Light. That will I quicklie do, farewell my lord.

Mor. The prince I rule, the queene do I commaund,
And with a lowly conge to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I passe,
I seale, I cancell, I do what I will,

2354 S.D. Enter Lightborne add. Dyce after forth as resolute
1594: so resolute 1598-1622 etc. 2364 through] downe 1612, 1622, Dyce, Cunn., Wag. 2373+ S.D. Gives letter add. Dyce
2374 miles 1594, 1622: mile 1598, 1612, Dod. etc. 2375 S.D.
Gives money add. Dyce after this

2347-2382
Feard am I more then lou’d, let me be feard,
And when I frowne, make all the court looke pale,
I view the prince with Aristorches eyes,
Whose lookes were as a breeching to a boye.
They thrust vpon me the Protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire,
While at the counsell table, graue enough,
And not vnlike a bashfull puretaine,
First I complaine of imbecilitie,
Saying it is, onus quam grauissimum,
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that provinciam as they terme it,
And to conclude, I am Protector now.
Now is all sure, the Queene and Mortimer
Shall rule the realme, the king, and none rule vs,
Mine enemies will I plaque, my friends aduance,
And what I list commaund, who dare controwle?
Maior sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere,
And that this be the coronation day,
It pleaseth me and Isabell the Queene.
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

Enter the yong King, Bishop, Champion, Nobles, Queene.

Bish. Long liue king Edward, by the grace of God
King of England, and lorde of Ireland.

Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turke, or Iew,
Dares but affirme, that Edwards not true king,
And will auouche his saying with the sworde,
I am the Champion that will combate him.

Mort. iu. None comes, sound trumpets.

King. Champion, heeres to thee.

Qu. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter Souldiers with the Earle of Kent prisoner.

Mor. iu. What traitor haue wee there with blades and billes?

Sould. Edmund the Earle of Kent.

King. What hath he done?

Sould. A would haue taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Mortimer iu. Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund speake?
of Edward the second. 379

Edm. Mortimer, I did, he is our king,
And thou compelst this prince to weare the crowne. 2420
Mort. in. Strike off his head, he shall haue marshall lawe.
Edm. Strike of my head? base traitor I defie thee.
King. My lord, he is my vnckle, and shall liue.
Mor. in. My lord, he is your enemie, and shall die.
Edmund. Staie villaines.

King. Sweete mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Intreate my lord Protector for his life.
Qu. Sonne, be content, I dare not speake a worde.
King. Nor I, and yet me thinkes I should commaund,
But seeing I cannot, ile entreate for him:
My lord, if you will let my vnckle liue,
I will requite it when I come to age.
Mor. in. Tis for your highnesse good, and for the realmes.
How often shall I bid you beare him hence?
Edm. Art thou king, must I die at thy commaund?
Mort. in. At our commaund, once more away with him.
Edm. Let me but stay and speake, I will not go,
Either my brother or his sonne is king,
And none of both them thirst for Edmonds bloud,
And therefore soldiers whether will you hale me?
They hale Edmund away, and carie him to be beheaded.
King. What safetie may I looke for at his hands,
If that my Vnckle shall be murthered thus?
Queen. Feare not sweete boye, ile garde thee from thy foes,
Had Edmund liu'de, he would haue sought thy death.
Come sonne, weele ride a hunting in the parke.
King. And shall my Vnckle Edmund ride with vs?
Queene. He is a traitor, thinke not on him, come.

Enter Matr. and Gurney.

Matr. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault vp to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castell runne,
From whence a dampe continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king brought vp so tenderlie.

Gurn. And so do I, Matreuis: yesternight

2435 king] a king 1612, 1622
2439 none . . . them] neither
2440 them 1598, 1622, Dod., Dyce etc.: then
2447 + Scene V. add. Rob.
2450 runs 1622
2419-2454
I opened but the doore to throw him meate, And I was almost stifeled with the sauer.

*Matr.* He hath a body able to endure More then we can enflict, and therefore now, Let vs assaile his minde another while.

*Gurn.* Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

*Matr.* But stay, whose this?

**Enter Lightborne.**

*Light.* My lord protector greetes you.

*Gurn.* Whats heere? I know not how to conster it.

*Matr.* Gurney, it was left vnpointed for the nonce, Edwardum occidere nolite timere,

Thats his meaning.

*Light.* Know you this token, I must haue the king?

*Matr.* I, stay a while, thou shalt haue answer straight. This villain's sent to make away the king.

*Gurney.* I thought as much.

*Matr.* And when the murders done, See how he must be handled for his labour, Pereat iste: let him haue the king, What else? Heere is the keyes, this is the lake, Doe as you are commaunded by my lord.

*Light.* I know what I must do, get you away, Yet be not farre off, I shall need your helpe. See that in the next roome I haue a fier, And get me a spit, and let it be red hote.

*Matre.* Very well.

*Gurn.* Neede you any thing besides?

*Light.* What else? a table and a fetherbed.

*Gurn.* Thats all?

*Light.* I, I, so when I call you bring it in.

*Matre.* Feare not you that.

*Gurn.* Heeres a light to go into the dungeon.

*Lightbor.* So now must I about this geare: nere was there any

So finely handled as this king shalbe. Foh, heeres a place in deed with all my hart.

*Edward.* Whose there, what light is that, wherefore comes thou?

---

2455 conster 1594: construe 1598-1622 etc. 2467 you | ye
Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyfull newes.
Edward. Small comfort findes poore Edward in thy lookes,
Villaine, I know thou comst to murther me.
Light. To murther you my most gratious lorde?
Farre is it from my hart to do you harms.
The Queene sent me, to see how you were vsed,
For she relents at this your miserie.
And what eyes can refraine from shedding teares,
To see a king in this most pittious state?

Edw. Weepst thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurneys is,
Or as Matreuis, hewne from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I haue done my tale.
This dungeon where they keepe me, is the sincke,
Wherein the filthe of all the castell falles.

Light. O villaines!

Edw. Weepst thou already? list a while to me,
This ten dayes space, and least that I should sleepe,
One plaies continually vpon a Drum,
They giue me bread and water being a king,
So that for want of sleepe and sustenance,
My mindes distempered, and my bodies numde,
And whether I haue limmes or no, I know not.
O would my bloud dropt out from euery vaine,
As doth this water from my tattered robes:
Tell Isabell the Queene, I lookt not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in Fraunce,
And there vnhorste the duke of Cleremont.

Light. O speake no more my lorde, this breakes my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest your selfe a while.

Edw. These lookes of thine can harbor nought but death.
I see my tragedie written in thy browes,
Yet stay a while, forbeare thy bloudie hande,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That euen then when I shall lose my life,
My minde may be more stedfast on my God.

Light. What means your highnesse to mistrust me thus?

Edwa. What means thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These handes were never staine with innocent bloud,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a kings.
Edward. Forgiue my thought, for hauing such a thought,
One iewell haue I left, receive thou this.
Still feare I, and I know not whats the cause,
But euerie iointe shakes as I giue it thee:
O if thou harborst murther in thy hart, 2535
Let this gift change thy minde, and saue thy soule,
Know that I am a king, oh at that name,
I feele a hell of greefe: where is my crowne?
Gone, gone, and doe I remaine aliue?

Light. Your ouerwatchde my lord, lie downe and rest.

Edw. But that greefe keepes me waking, I should sleepe,
For not these ten daies haue these eyes lids closd.
Now as I speake they fall, and yet with feare
Open againe. O wherefore sits thou heare?

Light. If you mistrust me, ile be gon my lord. 2545

Edw. No, no, for if thou meanst to murther me,
Thou wilt returne againe, and therefore stay.

Light. He sleepes.

Edw. O let me not die yet, stay, O stay a while.

Light. How now my Lorde.

Edw. Some thing still busseth in mine eares,
And tells me, if I sleepe I neuer wake,
This feare is that which makes me tremble thus,
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life. Matreuis come. 2555

Edw. I am too weake and feeble to resist,
Assist me sweete God, and receiue my soule.

Light. Runne for the table.

Edw. O spare me, or dispatche me in a trice.

(King Edward is murdered.)

Light. So, lay the table downe, and stampe on it, 2560
But not too hard, least that you bruse his body.

Matreuis. I feare mee that this crie will raise the
towne,
And therefore let vs take horse and away.

Light. Tell me sirs, was it not brauelie done?

Gurny. Excellent well, take this for thy rewarde. 2565

Then Gurney stabs Lightborne.

Come let vs cast the body in the mote,

2531 my thought] my fau't Fleay 2532 + S.D. Giving jewel
add. Dyce 2539 aliuie om. 1612, 1622 2542 eye-lids 1622
2549 yet, stay] yet 1622, Dyce 2555 + S.D. Enter Matrevis and

2531-2566
And beare the kings to Mortimer our lord.
Away.

Enter Mortimer and Matreuis.

Mortim. iu. Ist done, Matreuis, and the murtherer dead?
Matr. I my good Lord, I would it were vndone. 2570
Mort. iu. Matreuis, if thou now growest penitent
Ile be thy ghostly father, therefore choose
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.
Matr. Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will I feare, 2575
Betray vs both, therefore let me flie.
Mort. iu. Flie to the Sauages.
Matr. I humblie thanke your honour.
Mor. iu. As for my selfe, I stand as Ioues huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compard to me, 2580
All tremble at my name, and I feare none,
Lets see who dare impeache me for his death?

Enter the Queene.

Queen. A Mortimer, the king my sonne hath news,
His fathers dead, and we haue murdered him. 2584
Mor. iu. What if he haue? the king is yet a childe.
Queene. I, I, but he teares his haire, and wrings his
handes,
And vowes to be reuengd vpon vs both,
Into the counsell chamber he is gone,
To craue the aide and succour of his peeres.
Aye me, see where he comes, and they with him, 2590
Now Mortimer begins our tragedie.

Enter the king, with the lords.

Lords. Feare not my lord, know that you are a king.
King. Villaine.
Mort. iu. How now my lord? 2594
King. Thinke not that I am frightened with thy words.
My father's murdered through thy treacherie,
And thou shalt die, and on his mournfull hearse,
Thy hatefull and accursed head shall lie,
To witnesse to the world, that by thy meanes,
His kingly body was too soone interrde. 2600

2568 + Scene VI. add. Rob. 2571 now om. 1612, 1622 2586
Dyce, Bull.
Qu. Weepe not sweete sonne.
King. Forbid not me to weepe, he was my father,
And had you lou'de him halfe so well as I,
You could not beare his death thus patiently,
But you I feare, conspirde with Mortimer.

Lords. Why speake you not vnto my lord the king ?
Mor. iu. Because I thinke scorne to be accusde,
Who is the man dare say I murdered him ?
King. Traitor, in me my louing father speakes,
And plainly saith, twas thou that murdredst him.

Mort. iu. But hath your grace no other proofe then this ?
King. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.
Mortim. iu. False Gurney hath betraide me and himselfe.
Queen. I feard as much, murther cannot be hid.
Mort. iu. Tis my hand, what gather you by this.
King. That thither thou didst send a murtherer.
King. That thither thou didst send a murtherer.
King. A Mortimer, thou knowest that he is slaine,
And so shalt thou be too : why staies he heere ?
Bring him vnto a hurdle, drag him foorth,
Hang him I say, and set his quarters vp,
But bring his head back presently to me.
Queen. For my sake sweete sonne pittie Mortimer.
Mort. iu. Madam, intreat not, I will rather die,
Then sue for life vnto a paltrie boye.
King. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer.
Mort. iu. Base fortune, now I see,
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble hedlong downe: that point I touchte,
And seeing there was no place to mount vp higher,
Why should I greeue at my declining fall ?
Farewell faire Queene, weepe not for Mortimer,
That scornes the world, and as a traueller,
Goes to discover countries yet vnknowne.
King. What, suffer you the traitor to delay ?
Queen. As thou receiuedst thy life from me,
Spill not the bloud of gentle Mortimer.
King. This argues, that you spilt my fathers bloud,
Els would you not intreate for Mortimer.
Queen. I spill his bloud ? no.

2607 think] think it conj. Dyce² 2608 dare 1594 : dares
1598-1622 etc. 2612 + S.D. Shewing letter add. Dyce 2613 +
S.D. Aside to Queen Isabella add. Dyce 2635 + S.D. Mortimer
is taken away add. Cunn. 2640 no om. 1612, 1622

2601-2640
of Edward the second.

King. I, madam, you, for so the rumor runnes.
Queen. That rumor is vntrue, for louing thee
Is this report raisde on poore Isabell.
King. I doe not thinke her so vnnaturall.
Lords. My lord, I feare me it will prooue too true.
King. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till further triall may be made thereof.
If you be guiltie, though I be your sonne,
Thinke not to finde me slack or pitifull.
Qu. Nay, to my death, for too long haue I liued,
When as my sonne thinkes to abridge my daies,
And I shall pitie her if she speake againe.
Queen. Shall I not moorne for my beloued lord,
And with the rest accompanie him to his graue?
Lords. Thus madam, tis the kings will you shall hence.
Queen. He hath forgotten me, stay, I am his mother.
Lords. That bootes not, therefore gentle madam goe.
Queen. Then come sweete death, and rid me of this
greefe.
Lords. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.
King. Goe fetche my fathers hearse, where it shall lie,
And bring my funerall robes: accursed head,
Could I haue rulde thee then, as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatcht this monstrous treacherie?
Heere comes the hearse, helpe me to moorne my lords:
Sweete father heere, vnto thy murdered ghost,
I offer vp this wicked traitors head,
And let these teares distilling from mine eyes,
Be witnesse of my greefe and innocencie.

FINIS.

(Small device.)

Imprinted at London for William Ihones, and are to be solde at his shop, neere vnto Houlburne Conduit. 1594.

2641-2670
Date and authorship. No question in Marlowe criticism offers greater difficulties than those which concern the date and authorship of the *Tragedy of Dido*. Our only source of information is the title-page of the single early edition, where we learn that the piece had been 'Played by the Children of her Maiesties Chappell', and that the authors were 'Christopher Marlowe and Thomas Nash, Gent.' Nearly all recent critics¹ are agreed in the opinion that the tragedy was probably sketched in its earliest form before Marlowe left Cambridge (1587). After *Tamburlaine*, Marlowe's dramatic career follows a pretty definite line of development, into which it is difficult to fit either the subject-matter or the general structure of *Dido*. On the other hand, the classical story and close dependence on Vergil would naturally point back to the academic period, which seems certainly to have produced the Ovid translations, and which probably inspired the version of Lucan as well. Again, the dramatic looseness of the play would mark it as immature work, while it is significant that a number of lines stand in the apparent relation of earlier and somewhat unfinished drafts of famous passages in *Tamburlaine* or *Doctor Faustus*.² Yet it seems pretty clear that the extant text of *Dido* dates from a later period than that of Marlowe's and Nash's residence at Cambridge, for much of the blank verse shows very considerable finish and fluency. Verbal similarities have been pointed out also between this play and *Edward II*, which, though less numerous than those connecting *Dido* with *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus*, are yet so significant as to make it very likely that Marlowe subjected his old Cambridge play to

a complete revision at about the period when he was writing Edward II and the not dissimilar Hero and Leander.¹

The connexion of Thomas Nash with our play is very uncertain, and on the evidence of style would seem to be slight. There is no discernible resemblance between Nash's only other extant dramatic work, Summer's Last Will and Testament, and any part of Dido, whereas the peculiar style of Marlowe can be recognized in almost every scene. Lines 1549–1600, which occur within a couple of pages of the end of the drama, are in themselves almost sufficient dis-proof of the theory that Nash found the tragedy a torso and added the conclusion. Marlowe perhaps never wrote more characteristic verses than these:

So thou wouldst proue as true as Paris did,  
Would, as faire Troy was, Carthage might be sackt,  
And I be calde a second Helena.

Thy mother was no Goddesse periurd man,  
Nor Dardanus the author of thy stocke:  
But thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,  
And Tygers of Hircania gaue thee sucke.²

In no other case can Marlowe be shown to have collaborated with a fellow dramatist during his London career, unless with Shakespeare in the Henry VI plays, and the conclusion would at first seem almost unavoidable that Dido is the product of an old college partnership between two Cambridge contemporaries. There is much which is attractive in this view, and I should be reluctant to abandon it entirely; yet reasons exist which make it probable, if not certain, that Nash was in some way connected with the play at a period subsequent to 1587. In the first place Marlowe's name on the title-page of a tragedy was certainly of much more value in 1594 than Nash's, and it is unlikely that the publisher of the quarto, even if he had been himself aware of the fact, would have called the reader's attention to the minor dramatist's ancient concern in a work which had been recently revised and renovated by the more celebrated author. The fact may be added, for what it is worth, that Nash's introductory epistle to Menaphon in 1589 suggests a dislike for Marlowe's dramatic

¹ Cf. Knutowski, op. cit.  
² ll. 1554–6, 1564–7.
methods hardly in consonance with the theory of recent joint authorship, whereas his later allusions to the poet indicate regard and admiration.

There exists a third rather mysterious bit of evidence tending to connect Nash with *Dido* at a period which can only very shortly have antedated the play's publication. It is an Elegy on Marlowe's death, which both Bishop Tanner ¹ and Warton, the literary historian,² declare to be affixed to the 1594 edition of *Dido*, but which is not found in any of the three known copies. Tanner and Warton appear to have written independently on the subject; the latter furnished Malone with certain details not specified by the former. It can hardly be doubted, therefore, that this elegy really occurred in at least one copy of the tragedy, and since Nash is definitely mentioned as the author, we can perhaps infer that it was a printed addition to the play, inserted by way of dedication or prologue, and not a mere manuscript note on a fly-leaf. Nash's connexion with *Dido* may therefore be analogous to Heywood's connexion with the *Jew of Malia*: he may merely have prepared the play for the printers by introducing a few superficial changes and writing a prefatory elegy which through negligence of the printer or late arrival found its way into only a part of the edition. This assumption does not necessarily contradict the theory that Nash had an earlier and more fundamental concern in the play, but it leaves the theory without any sort of confirmation. In any case it appears to be probable that *Dido* is in its present form mainly the work of Marlowe and that the play represents two stages in that poet's development.

**Stage history.** The only early edition of *Dido* was published by Thomas Woodcocke in 1594, apparently without registration. Only three copies are certainly known to exist,³ and they appear to agree in every respect; the present text follows the Bodleian copy. From the title-page we learn that the tragedy had been acted by the 'Children of the Chapel'. The one ascertained fact concerning the history of this company during the ten years previous to 1594 seems to be that they acted before the

3 Hazlitt's *Handbook*, p. 373, says four, but probably inaccurately; one of the three copies seems here to have been counted twice.
Queen at Croydon in 1591, under the direction of N. Giles, and Mr. Fleay assumes,\(^1\) apparently with no further evidence, that *Dido* was presented on this occasion. Henslowe's *Diary*, from which we should, of course, have no right to expect information regarding a play of the Chapel Children, does contain two allusions to a possibly related drama on the same subject. On January 3, 1597, Henslowe expended 29 shillings for furnishings 'a geanste the playe of dido & eneves', and two entries below he adds the memorandum: 'Lent vnto the company when they fyrst played dido at nyght the some of thirtishillynges well wasse the 8 of Jenewary 1597.'

**Source.** The primary source of *Dido* is found in the first, second, and fourth books of the *Aeneid*. Knutowski\(^2\) has exerted himself to show that the play is also influenced in various passages by Ovid's works. A comparison of the tragedy with the Vergilian original throws interesting light on the structure of the former. Parts of the play follow the corresponding lines of the *Aeneid* with schoolboy slavishness, whereas the borrowed material is elsewhere altered with a freedom and insight which evidence a mature judgement and no small dramatic skill. In this respect, as in others, the text of *Dido* appears to be a composite of elements dating from two rather widely separated periods.

There is no evidence that the play of Marlowe and Nash was directly influenced by any of the earlier dramas on the same subject, though it is not unlikely that Halliwell's Latin play of *Dido*, performed at Cambridge in 1564, or Gager's Oxford play (1583) in the same language, may have offered the original suggestion for our tragedy.

\(^1\) *Biog. Chron. Eng. Dr.* ii. 147.  
THE
Tragedie of Dido
Queene of Carthage:
Played by the Children of her
Maiesties Chappell.
Written by Christopher Marlowe, and
Thomas Nashe. Gent.

Actors

Jupiter. Afraimius.
Ganymede. Dido.
Venus. Anna.
Cupid. Achates.
Iuno. Ilionemus.
Mercurius. Iarbas.
Hermes. Cloanthes.
Aeneas. Sergestus.

AT LONDON,
Printed, by the Widdowe Orwin, for Thomas Woodcoke, and
are to be solde at his shop, in Paules Church-yeard, at
the signe of the blacke Beare. 1594.
1594 = Quarto edition of that year.

**Hurst** = Text of the play in vol. ii of *Old English Drama*, published by Hurst, Robinson & Co., 1825.

**Rob.** = Robinson's edition of Marlowe, 1826.

**Dyce**
- **Dyce**\(^1\) = Dyce's first edition of Marlowe, 1850.
- **Dyce**\(^2\) = Dyce's revised edition of Marlowe, 1858, etc.

**Cunn.** = Cunningham's edition of Marlowe, 1870, etc.

**Bull.** = Bullen's edition of Marlowe, 1885.

**Gros.** = Text of the play in Grosart's edition of Nash (vol. vi), (vol. ii), 1885.

**McK.** = Text of the play in McKerrow's edition of Nash (vol. ii), 1904.

**T. B.** = The present editor.

**Broughton** = J. B.'s MS. notes in copy of Rob. (Brit. Mus. 11771 d).

**Coll.** = J. P. Collier's MS. notes in copy of Dyce\(^1\) (Brit. Mus. 11771 bbb 6).

**Deighton** = Conjectural emendations in *The Old Dramatists*, 1896.

**Elze** = Conjectural emendations in *Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists*, 1889.

**Mitford** = J. M.'s conjectures, quoted by Dyce.
The Tragedie of *Dido Queene of Carthage*.

〈Actus i. Scena i.〉

*Here the Curtaines draw, there is discovered Jupiter dandling Ganimed vpon his knee, and Mercury lying asleepe.*

Iup. Come gentle Ganimed and play with me,  
I loue thee well, say Iuno what she will.  

Gan. I am much better for your worthles loue,  
That will not shield me from her shrewish blowes:  
To day when as I fild into your cups,  
And held the cloath of pleasance whiles you dranke,  
She reacht me such a rap for that I spilde,  
As made the bloud run downe about mine eares.  

Iup. What? dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?  
By Saturnes soule, and this earth threatning haire,  
That shaken thrise, makes Natures buildings quake,  
I vow, if she but once frowne on thee more,  
To hang her meteor like twixt heauen and earth,  
And bind her hand and foote with golden cordes,  
As once I did for harming Hercules.  

Gan. Might I but see that pretie sport afoote,  
O how would I with Helens brother laugh,  
And bring the Gods to wonder at the game:  
Sweet Iupiter, if ere I pleasde thine eye,  
Or seemed faire walde in with Egles wings,  
Grace my immortall beautie with this boone,  
And I will spend my time in thy bright armes.  

Iup. What ist sweet wagge I should deny thy youth?  
Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,  
As I exhal’d with thy fire darting beames,  
Haue oft driuen backe the horses of the night,
When as they would haue hal'd thee from my sight:
Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,
Controule proud Fate, and cut the thred of time.
Why are not all the Gods at thy commaund,
And heauen and earth the bounds of thy delight?
Vulcan shall daunce to make thee laughing sport,
And my nine Daughters sing when thou art sad,
From Iunos bird Ile pluck her spotted pride,
To make thee fannes withcoole thy face,
And Venus Swannes shall shed their siluer downe,
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed:
Hermes no more shall shew the world his wings,
If that thy fancie in his feathers dwell,
But as this one Ile teare them all from him,

(Plucks a feather from Hermes' wings.)

Doe thou but say their colour pleaseth me:
Hold here my little loue, these linked gems,
My Iuno ware vpon her marriage day,
Put thou about thy necke my owne sweet heart,
And tricke thy armes and shoulders with my theft.

Gan. I would haue a jewell for mine eare,
And a fine brouch to put in my hat,
And then Ile hugge with you an hundred times.

Iup. And shall haue Ganimed, if thou wilt be my loue.

Enter Venus.

Venus. I, this is it, you can sit toying there,
And playing with that female wanton boy,
Whiles my Æneas wanders on the Seas,
And rests a pray to euery billowes pride.
Iuno, false Iuno in her Chariots pompe,
Drawne through the heauens by Steedes of Boreas brood,
Made Hebe to direct her ayrie wheeles
Into the windie countrie of the clowdes,
Where finding Æolus intrencht with stormes,
And guarded with a thousand grislie ghosts,
She humbly did beseech him for our bane,
And charg'd him drowne my sonne with all his traine.
Then gan the windes breake ope their brazen doores,
And all Æolia to be vp in armes:
Poore Troy must now be sackt vpon the Sea,
And Neptunes waues be enious men of warre,
Epeus horse, to Ætnas hill transformd,
Prepared stands to wracke their wooden walles,
And Æolus like Agamemnon sounds
The surges, his fierce soulidiers, to the spoyle:
See how the night Vlysses-like comes forth,
And intercepts the day as Dolon erst:
Ay me! the Starres supprisde like Rhesus Steedes,
Are drawne by darknes forth Astræus tents.
What shall I doe to saue thee my sweet boy?
When as the waues doe threat our Chrystall world,
And Proteus raising hils of flouds on high,
Entends ere long to sport him in the skie.
False Jupiter, rewardst thou vertue so?
What? is not pietie exempt from woe?
Then dye Æneas in thine innocence,
Since that religion hath no recompence.

Iup. Content thee Cytherea in thy care,
Since thy Æneas wandring fate is firme,
Whose wearie lims shall shortly make repose
In those faire walles I promist him of yore:
But first in bloud must his good fortune bud,
Before he be the Lord of Turnus towne,
Or force her smile that hetherto hath frownd:
Three winters shall he with the Rutiles warre,
And in the end subdue them with his sword,
And full three Sommers likewise shall he waste,
In mannaging those fierce barbarian mindes:
Which once performd, poore Troy so long supprest,
From forth her ashes shall advance her head,
And flourish once againe that erst was dead:
But bright Ascanius, beauties better worke,
Who with the Sunne deuides one radiant shape,
Shall build his throne amidst those starrie towers,
That earth-borne Atlas groning vnderprops:
No bounds but heauen shall bound his Emperie,
Whose azured gates enchased with his name
Shall make the morning hast her gray vprise,
To feede her eyes with his engrauen fame.
Thus in stoute Hectors race three hundred yeares,
The Romane Scepter royall shall remaine,
Till that a Princesse priest conceau'd by Mars,
The Tragedy of Dido.

Shall yeeld to dignitie a dubble birth,
Who will eternish Troy in their attempts.

Venus. How may I credite these thy flattering termes,
When yet both sea and sands beset their ships,
And Phæbus as in Stygian pooles, refraines
To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhen maine?

Iup. I will take order for that presently:
Hermes awake, and haste to Neptunes realme,
Whereas the Wind-god warring now with Fate,
Besiege the ofspring of our kingly loynes.
Charge him from me to turne his stormie powers,
And fetter them in Vulcans sturdie brasse,
That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsmans peace.

〈Exit Hermes.〉

Venus. Disquiet Seas lay downe your swelling lookes,
And court Aeneas with your calmie cheere,
Whose beautious burden well might make you proude,
Had not the heauens conceau'd with hel-borne clowdes,
Vaild his resplendant glorie from your view.
For my sake pitie him Oceanus,
That erst-while issued from thy watrie loynes,
And had my being from thy bubling froth:
Triton I know hath fild his trumpe with Troy,
And therefore will take pitie on his toyle,
And call both Thetis and Cymothoe,
To succour him in this extremitie.

Enter Aeneas with Ascanius, with one or two more.

What ? doe I see my sonne now come on shoare ?
Venus, how art thou compast with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought for ioyes:
Great Jupiter, still honourd maist thou be,
For this so friendly ayde in time of neede.
Here in this bush disguised will I stand,
Whilest my Aeneas spends himselfe in plaints,
And heauen and earth with his vnrest acquaints.

108 eternize Hurst, Cunn. 115 wind-gods Cunn.
Besieges Dyce, Bull., Gros. 119+s.d. add. Dyce
Cymothoe conj. Dyce, Bull. etc. Cimodoce 1594: Cymodoce Hurst,
Dyce, Cunn. 133+s.d. Enter Aeneas, Ascanius, Achates, and
others Dyce 136 attract conj. Gros.

I. i. 107-141
Æn. You sonnes of care, companions of my course, 
Priamus misfortune followes vs by sea, 
And Helens rape doth haunt ye at the heele.
How many dangers haue we ouer past?
Both barking Scilla, and the sounding Rocks,
The Cyclops shelues, and grim Ceranias seate
Haue you oregone, and yet remaine aliue?
Pluck vp your hearts, since fate still rests our friend,
And chaunging heauens may those good daies returne,
Which Pergama did vaunt in all her pride.

Acha. Braue Prince of Troy, thou onely art our God, 
That by thy vertues freest vs from annoy,
And makes our hopes suruiue to coming ioyes:
Doe thou but smile, and clowdie heauen will cleare,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy browes:
Though we be now in extreame misery,
And rest the map of weatherbeaten woe:
Yet shall the aged Sunne shed forth his haire,
To make vs liue vnsto our former heate,
And euery beast the forrest doth send forth,
Bequeath her young ones to our scanted foode.

Asca. Father I faint, good father giue me meate.
Æn. Alas sweet boy, thou must be still a while,
Till we haue fire to dresse the meate we kild:
Gentle Achates, reach the Tinder boxe,
That we may make a fire to warme vs with,
And rost our new found victuals on this shoare.

Venus. See what strange arts necessitie findes out,
How neere my sweet Æneas art thou driuen?
Æn. Hold, take this candle and goe light a fire,
You shall haue leaues and windfall bowes enow
Neere to these woods, to rost your meate withall:
Ascanius, goe and drie thy drenched lims,
While I with my Achates roaue abroad,
To know what coast the winde hath driuen vs on,
Or whether men or beasts inhabite it.

Acha. The ayre is pleasant, and the soyle most fit
For Cities, and societies supports:
Yet much I maruell that I cannot finde
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

_Venus._ Now is the time for me to play my part:
Hoe yong men, saw you as you came
Any of all my Sisters wandring here?
Hauing a quiiuer girded to her side,
And cloathed in a spotted Leopards skin.

_AEn._ I neither saw nor heard of any such:
But what may I faire Virgin call your name?
Whose lookees set forth no mortall forme to view,
Nor speech bewraies ought humaine in thy birth,
Thou art a Goddesse that delud'st our eyes,
And shrowdes thy beautie in this borrowed shape:
But whether thou the Sunnes bright Sister be,
Or one of chast Dianas fellow Nymphs,
Liuue happie in the height of all content,
And lighten our extreames with this one boone,
As to instruct vs vnder what good heauen
We breathe as now, and what this world is calde,
On which by tempests furie we are cast,
Tell vs, O tell vs that are ignorant,
And this right hand shall make thy Altars crack
With mountaine heapes of milke white Sacrifize.

_Venus._ Such honour, stranger, doe I not affect:
It is the vse for Turen maides to weare
Their bowe and quiiuer in this modest sort,
And suite themselues in purple for the nonce,
That they may trip more lightly ore the lawndes,
And ouertake the tusked Bore in chase.
But for the land whereof thou doest enquire,
It is the Punick kingdome rich and strong,
Adioynning on Agenors stately towne,
The kingly seate of Southerne _Libia_,
Whereas Sidonian _Dido_ rules as Queene.
But what are you that aske of me these things?
Whence may you come, or whither will you goe?

_AEn._ Of _Troy_ am I, _Aeneas_ is my name,
Who driuen by warre from forth my native world,
Put sailes to sea to seeke out _Italy_:
And my diuine descent from sceptred _Ioue_.
With twise twelue Phrigian ships I plowed the deepe,

183 came] came along conj. _Dyce, Cunn_.
190 betrays _Cunn_.
192 shroud'st _Hurst, Dyce_ 198 as] us conj. Coll., Gros.
204 Turen] Tyrian _Hurst to Bull_.

I. i. 180–220
And made that way my mother Venus led:
But of them all scarce seuen doe anchor safe,
And they so wrackt and wetred by the waues,
As every tide tilts twixt their oken sides:
And all of them vnburdened of their loade,
Are ballasted with billowes watrie weight.
But haples I, God wot, poore and vnknowne,
Doe trace these Libian deserts all desipside,
Exild forth Europe and wide Asia both,
And haue not any couerture but heauen.

Venus. Fortune hath fauord thee what ere thou be,
In sending thee vnto this curteous Coast:
A Gods name on and hast thee to the Court,
Where Dido will receive ye with her smiles:
And for thy ships which thou supposest lost,
Not one of them hath perisht in the storme,
But are ariued safe not farre from hence:
And so I leaue thee to thy fortunes lot,
Wishing good lucke vnto thy wandring steps.

Æn. Achates, tis my mother that is fled,
I know her by the mouings of her feete:
Stay gentle Venus, flye not from thy sonne,
Too cruell, why wilt thou forsake me thus?
Or in these shades deceiu'st mine eye so oft?
Why talke we not together hand in hand?
And tell our griefes in more familiar termes:
But thou art gone and leau'st me here alone,
To dull the ayre with my discoursiue moane.

〈Scena 2.〉

Enter (Iarbas, followed by) Illioneus, and Cloanthus
(and Sergestus.)

Illio. Follow ye Troians, follow this braue Lord,
And plaine to him the summe of your distresse.

Iar. Why, what are you, or wherefore doe you sewe?

Illio. Wretches of Troy, enuied of the windes,
That craue such fauour at your honors feete,
The Tragedie of Dido.

As poore distressed miserie may pleade:
Saue, saue, O saue our ships from cruell fire,
That doe complaine the wounds of thousand waues,
And spare our liues whom euery spite pursues.
We come not we to wrong your Libian Gods,
Or steale your household Lares from their shrines:
Our hands are not prepar'd to lawles spoyle,
Nor armed to offend in any kind:
Such force is farre from our vnweaponed thoughts,
Whose fading weale of victorie forsooke,
Forbids all hope to harbour neere our hearts.

Iar. But tell me Troians, Troians if you be,
Vnto what fruitfull quarters were ye bound,
Before that Boreas buckled with your sailes?

Cloan. There is a place Hesperia term'd by vs,
An ancient Empire, famoused for armes,
And fertile in faire Ceres furrowed wealth,
Which now we call Italia of his name,
That in such peace long time did rule the same:
Thither made we,
When suddenly gloomie Orion rose,
And led our ships into the shallow sands,
Whereas the Southerne winde with brackish breath,
Disperst them all amongst the wrackfull Rockes:
From thence a fewe of vs escapt to land,
The rest we feare are foulded in the flouds.

Iar. Braue men at armes, abandon fruitles feares,
Since Carthage knowes to entertaine distresse.

Serg. I but the barbarous sort doe threat our ships,
And will not let vs lodge vpon the sands:
In multitudes they swarme vnto the shoare,
And from the first earth interdict our feete.

Iar. My selfe will see they shall not trouble ye,
Your men and you shall banquet in our Court,
And euery Troian be as welcome here,
As Jupiter to sillie Baucis house:
Come in with me, Ile bring you to my Queene,
Who shall confirme my words with further deedes.

Serg. Thankes gentle Lord for such vnlookt for grace.
Might we but once more see Aeneas face,
Then would we hope to quite such friendly turnes,
As shall surpass the wonder of our speech.

277 wreckful Hurst, Dyce* to Bull. 289 Baucis Hurst etc. :

I. ii. 254-295
Enter Æneas, Achates, and Ascanius.

Æn. Where am I now? these should be Carthage walles.
Acha. Why stands my sweete Æneas thus amazde?
Æn. O my Achates, Theban Niobe,
Who for her sonnes death wept out life and breath,
And drie with griefe was turnd into a stone,
Had not such passions in her head as I.
Me thinkes that towne there should be Troy,
There Zanthus streame, because here's Priamus,
And when I know it is not, then I dye.

Ach. And in this humor is Achates to,
I cannot choose but fall vpon my knees,
And kisse his hand: O where is Hecuba?
Here she was wont to sit, but sauing ayre
Is nothing here, and what is this but stone?

Æn. O yet this stone doth make Æneas weepe,
And would my prayers (as Pigmalions did)
Could giue it life, that vnder his conduct
We might saile backe to Troy, and be reuengde
On these hard harted Grecians, which reioyce
That nothing now is left of Priamus:
O Priamus is left and this is he,
Come, come abourd, pursue the hatefull Greekes.

Acha. What meanes Æneas?
Æn. Achates though mine eyes say this is stone,
Yet thinkes my minde that this is Priamus:
And when my grieued heart sighes and sayes no,
Then would it leape out to giue Priam life:
O were I not at all so thou mightst be.
Achates, see King Priam wags his hand,
He is aliue, Troy is not ouercome.

Ach. Thy mind Æneas that would haue it so
Deludes thy eye sight, Priamus is dead.
Æn. Ah Troy is sackt, and Priamus is dead,
And why should poore Æneas be aliue?

Asca. Sweete father leaue to weepe, this is not he:
For were it Priam he would smile on me.

Acha. Æneas see, here come the Citizens.
Leaue to lament lest they laugh at our feares.

Scene I. add. Hurst 302 towne there omit conj. Mitford
303 + s.d. pointing to a statue add. Gros. 333 feares] tears

ii. i. 296–333
Enter Cloanthus, Sergestus, Illioneus (and others).

Æn. Lords of this towne, or whatsoever stile
Belongs vnto your name, vouchsafe of ruth
To tell vs who inhabits this faire towne,
What kind of people, and who gouernes them:
For we are strangers driuen on this shore,
And scarcely know within what Clime we are.

Illio. I heare Æneas voyce, but see him not,
For none of these can be our Generall.

Acha. Like Illioneus speakes this Noble man,
But Illioneus goes not in such robes.

Serg. You are Achates, or I deciu’d.

Acha. Æneas see, Sergestus or his ghost.

Illio. He names Æneas, let vs kisse his feete.

Cloan. It is our Captaine, see Ascanius.

Serg. Liue long Mneas and Ascanius.

Mn. Achates, speake, for I am ouerioyed.

Acha. Mneas see, Sergestits or his ghost.

Illio. He names Mneas, let vs kisse his feete.

Cloan. Why turns Æneas from his trustie friends?

Æn. Sergestus, Illioneus and the rest, Your sight amazde me, O what destinies
Haue brought my sweete companions in such plight?
O tell me, for I long to be resolu’d.

Illio. Louely Æneas, these are Carthage walles,
And here Queene Dido weares th’ imperiall Crowne,
Who for Troyes sake hath entertaind vs all,
And clad vs in these wealthie robes we weare.
Oft hath she askt vs vnder whom we seru’d,
And when we told her she would weep for griefe,
Thinking the sea had swallowed vp thy ships,
And now she sees thee how will she reioyce?

Serg. See where her seruitors passe through the hall
Bearing a banket, Dido is not farre.

Illio. Looke where she comes: Æneas viewe her well.
Æn. Well may I view her, but she sees not me.

Enter Dido and her traine.

Dido. What stranger art thou that doest eye me thus?

Æn. Sometime I was a Troian, mightie Queene:
But Troy is not, what shall I say I am?

s.d. and others add. Dyce 344 I am Dyce to McK.

names Hurst etc.: meanes 1594 346 367 view Hurst etc.: viewd
1594 368 s.d. Enter Dido, Anna, Iarbas, and train Dyce
Illio. Renowned Dido, tis our Generall:
Warlike Æneas.

Dido. Warlike Æneas, and in these base robes?
Goe fetch the garment which Sicheus ware:
Braue Prince, welcome to Carthage and to me,
Both happie that Æneas is our guest:
Sit in this chaire and banquet with a Queene,
Æneas is Æneas, were he clad
In weedes as bad as euer Irus ware.

Æn. This is no seate for one thats comfortles,
May it please your grace to let Æneas waite:
For though my birth be great, my fortunes meane,
Too meane to be companion to a Queene.

Dido. Thy fortune may be greater then thy birth,
Sit downe Æneas, sit in Didos place,
And if this be thy sonne as I suppose,
Here let him sit, be merrie lovely child.

Æn. This place beseemes me not, O pardon me.

Dido. Ile haue it so, Æneas, be content.

Asca. Madame, you shall be my mother.

Dido. And so I will sweete child: be merrie man,
Heres to thy better fortune and good starres. (Drinks.)

Æn. In all humilitie I thanke your grace.

Dido. Remember who thou art, speake like thy selfe,
Humilitie belongs to common gromes.

Æn. And who so miserable as Æneas is?

Dido. Lyes it in Didos hands to make thee blest,
Then be assured thou art not miserable.

Æn. O Priamus, O Troy, oh Hecuba!

Dido. May I entreate thee to discourse at large,
And truely to, how Troy was ouercome:
For many tales goe of that Cities fall,
And scarcely doe agree vpon one poynct:
Some say Antenor did betray the towne,
Others report twas Sinons periurie:
But all in this that Troy is ouercome,
And Priam dead, yet how we heare no newes.

Æn. A wofull tale bids Dido to vnfould,
Whose memorie like pale deaths stony mace,
Beates forth my senses from this troubled soule,
And makes Æneas sinke at Didos feete.

Dido. What faints Æneas to remember Troy?
In whose defence he fought so valiantly:  
Looke vp and speake.

Æn. Then speake Æneas with Achilles tongue,  
And Dido and you Carthaginian Peeres  
Heare me, but yet with Mirmidons harsh eares,  
Daily inur’d to broyles and Massacres,  
Lest you be mou’d too much with my sad tale.  
The Grecian soldiers tired with ten yeares warre,  
Began to crye, let vs vnto our ships,  
*Troy* is invincible, why stay we here?  
With whose outcryes Atrides being apal’d,  
Summoned the Captaines to his princely tent,  
Who looking on the scarres we Troians gaue,  
Seeing the number of their men decrease,  
And the remainder weake and out of heart,  
Gaue vp their voyces to dislodge the Campe,  
And so in troopes all marcht to Tenedos:  
Where when they came, Vlysses on the sand  
Assayd with honey words to turne them backe:  
And as he spoke to further his entent,  
The windes did driue huge billowes to the shoare,  
And heauen was darkned with tempestuous clowdes:

Then he alleag’d the Gods would haue them stay,  
And prophecied Troy should be ouercome:  
And therewithall he calde false Sinon forth,  
A man compact of craft and periurie,  
Whose ticing tongue was made of Hermes pipe,  
To force an hundred watchfull eyes to sleepe:  
And him, Epeus hauing made the horse,  
With sacrificing wreathes vpon his head,  
Vlysses sent to our vnhappie towne:  
Who groueling in the mire of Zanthus bankes,  
His hands bound at his backe, and both his eyes  
Turnd vp to heauen as one resolu’d to dye,  
Our Phrigian shepherds haled within the gates,  
And brought vnto the Court of Priamus:  
To whom he vsed action so pitifull,  
Lookes so remorsefull, vowes so forcible,  
As therewithall the old man overcome,  
Kist him, imbrast him, and vnloosde his bands,  
And then—O Dido, pardon me.  

Dido. Nay leaue not here, resolue me of the rest.  

Æn. O th' inchaunting words of that base slaue,
Made him to thinke Epeus pine-tree Horse
A sacrific e t'appease Mineruas wrath:
The rather for that one Laocoon
Breaking a speare vpon his hollow breast,
Was with two winged Serpents stung to death.
Whereat agast, we were commanded straight
With reuerence to draw it into Troy.
In which vnhappie worke was I employd,
These hands did helpe to hale it to the gates,
Through which it could not enter twas so huge.
O had it neuer entred, Troy had stood.
But Priamus impatient of delay,
Inforst a wide breach in that rampierd wall,
Which thousand battering Rams could neuer pierce,
And so came in this fatall instrument:
At whose accursed feete as ouerioyed,
We banquetted till overcome with wine,
Some surfetted, and others soundly slept.
Which Sinon viewing, causesthe Greekish spies
to hast to Tenedos and tell the Campe:
Then he vnlockt the Horse, and suddenly
From out his entrailes, Neoptolemus
Setting his speare vpon the ground, leapt forth,
And after him a thousand Grecians more,
In whose sterne faces shin'd the quenchles fire,
That after burnt the pride of Asia.
By this the Campe was come vnto the walles,
And through the breach did march into the streetes,
Where meeting with the rest, kill, kill they cryed.
Frighted with this confused noyse, I rose,
And looking from a turret, might behold
Yong infants swimming in their parents bloud,
Headles carkasses piled vp in heapes,
Virgins halfe dead dragged by their golden haire,
And with maine force flung on a ring of pikes,
Old men with swords thrust through their aged sides,
Kneeling for mercie to a Greekish lad,
Who with steele Pol-axes dasht out their braines.
Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,
And thinking to goe downe, came Hectors ghost
With ashie visage, blewish sulphure eyes,
His armes torne from his shoulders, and his breast
Furrowd with wounds, and that which made me wepe,
Thongs at his heeles, by which Achilles horse
Drew him in triumph through the Greekish Campe,  
Burst from the earth, crying, Æneas flye,  
Troy is afire, the Grecians haue the towne.  

_Dido._ O _Hector_ who weepes not to heare thy name?  

Æn. Yet flung I forth, and desperate of my life,  
Ran in the thickest throngs, and with this sword  
Sent many of their sauadge ghosts to hell.  
At last came _Pirrhus_ fell and full of ire,  
His harnesse dropping bloud, and on his speare  
The mangled head of _Priams_ yongest sonne,  
And after him his band of _Mirmidons_,  
With balles of wilde fire in their murdering pawes,  
Which made the funerall flame that burnt faire _Troy_:  
All which hemd me about, crying, this is he.  

_Dido._ Ah, how could poore _Æneas_ scape their hands?  

Æn. My mother _Venus_ iealous of my health,  
Conuaid me from their crooked nets and bands:  
So I escapt the furious _Pirrhus_ wrath:  
Who then ran to the pallace of the King,  
And at _Ioues_ Altar finding _Priamus_,  
About whose withered necke hung _Hecuba_,  
Foulding his hand in hers, and ioynytly both  
Beating their breasts and falling on the ground,  
He with his faulchions poynt raisde vp at once,  
And with _Megeras_ eyes stared in their face,  
Threatning a thousand deaths at euery glaunce.  
To whom the aged King thus trembling spoke:  
_Achilles_ sonne, remember what I was,  
Father of fiftie sonnes, but they are slaine,  
Lord of my fortune, but my fortunes turnd,  
King of this Citie, but my _Troy_ is fired,  
And now am neither father, Lord, nor King:  
Yet who so wretched but desires to liue?  
O let me liue, great _Neoptolemus_.  
Not mou'd at all, but smiling at his teares,  
This butcher whil'st his hands were yet held vp,  
Treading vpon his breast, strooke off his hands.  

_Dido._ O end _Æneas_, I can heare no more.  

Æn. At which the franticke Queene leapt on his face,  
And in his eyelids hanging by the nayles,  
A little while prolong'd her husbands life:  
At last the soouldiers puld her by the heelles,  
And swung her howling in the emptie ayre,  
Which sent an eccho to the wounded King:
Whereat he lifted vp his bedred lims,
And would haue grappeld with Achilles sonne,
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands,
Which he disdaining whirlke his sword about,
And with the wind thereof the King fell downe:
Then from the nauell to the throat at once,

He ript old Priam: at whose latter gaspe
Ioues marble statue gan to bend the brow,
As lothing Pirrhus for this wicked act:
Yet he vndaunted tooke his fathers flagge,
And dipt it in the old Kings chill cold bloud,
And then in triumph ran into the streetes,
Through which he could not passe for slaughtred men:

So leaning on his sword he stood stone still,
Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilium burnt.
By this I got my father on my backe,
This yong boy in mine armes, and by the hand
Led faire Creusa my beloued wife,
When thou Achates with thy sword mad'st way,
And we were round inuiron'd with the Greekes:
O there I lost my wife: and had not we
Fought manfully, I had not told this tale:
Yet manhood would not serue, of force we fled,
And as we went vnsto our ships, thou knowest
We sawe Cassandra sprauling in the streetes,
Whom Aiax rauisht in Dianas Fane,
Her cheekes swolne with sighes, her hair rent,
Whom I tooke vp to beare vnsto our ships:
But suddenly the Grecians followed vs,
And I alas, was forst to let her lye.
Then got we to our ships, and being abourd,
Polixena cryed out, Æneas stay,
The Greekes pursue me, stay and take me in.
Moued with her voyce, I lept into the sea,
Thinking to beare her on my backe abourd:
For all our ships were launcht into the deepe,
And as I swomme, she standing on the shoare,
Was by the cruell Mirmidons surprizd,
And after by that Pirrhus sacrificzde.

_Dido._ I dye with melting ruth, Æneas leaue.
_Anna._ O what became of aged Hecuba?

549 wind conj. Coll.: wound 1594, Hurst 568 + s.d. to
Achates add. Gros. 570 fane Hurst etc.: Fawne 1594 583
by that] that by conj. Dyce1, Dyce2

II. i. 545-585
Iar. How got Æneas to the fleete againe?  
Dido. But how scapt Helen, she that causde this warre?  
Æn. Achates speake, sorrow hath tired me quite.  
Acha. What happened to the Queene we cannot shewe, We heare they led her captiue into Greece.  
Dido. But how scapt Helen, she that causde this warre?  
As for Æneas he swomme quickly backe, And Helen betraied Diiphobus  
Her Louer, after Alexander dyed, And so was reconcil’d to Menelaus.  
Dido. O had that ticing strumpet nere been borne!  
Troian, thy ruthfull tale hath made me sad:  
Come let vs thinke vpon some pleasing sport,  
To rid me from these melancholly thoughts.  

Exeunt omnes.  

Enter Venus (with Cupid) at another doore, and takes Ascanius by the sleeue.  

Venus. Faire child stay thou with Didos waiting maide.  
Ile giue thee Sugar-almonds, sweete Conserues,  
A siluer girdle, and a golden purse,  
And this yong Prince shall be thy playfellow.  
Asca. Are you Queene Didos sonne?  
Cupid. I, and my mother gaue me this fine bow.  
Asca. Shall I haue such a quiuer and a bow?  
Venus. Such bow, such quiuer, and such golden shafts, Will Dido giue to sweete Ascanius:  
For Didos sake I take thee in my armes, And sticke these spangled feathers in thy hat, Eate Comfites in mine armes, and I will sing.  
(Sings.)  
Now is he fast asleepe, and in this groue  
Amongst greene brakes Ile lay Ascanius,  
And strewe him with sweete smelling Violets, Blushing Roses, purple Hyacinthe:  
These milke white Doves shall be his Centronels:  
Who if that any seeke to doe him hurt, Will quickly flye to Cythereas fist.  
Now Cupid turne thee to Ascanius shape,  
And goe to Dido, who in stead of him Will set thee on her lap and play with thee:  

598 s.d. Exeunt al lexcept Ascanius, whom Venus, entering with Cupid at another door, takes by the sleeve as he is going off  
Dyce 610 s.d. add Dyce 614 Blushing] With blushing conj. Mitford, Cunn, hyacinths Dyce 617 Cytherea's Hurst etc.: Citheidas 1594  

II. i. 586-620
Then touch her white breast with this arrow head,
That she may dote vpon Æneas loue:
And by that means repaire his broken ships,
Victual all his Souldiers, giue him wealtthie gifts,
And he at last depart to Italy,
Or els in Carthage make his kingly throne.

Cupid. I will faire mother, and so play my part,
As every touch shall wound Queene Didos heart.

Venus. Sleepe my sweete nephew in these cooling shades,
Free from the murmure of these running streames,
The crye of beasts, the ratling of the windes,
Or whisking of these leaues, all shall be still,
And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleepe,
Till I returne and take thee hence againe.  Exeunt.

Actus 3. Scena i.

Enter Cupid solus, (as Ascanius).

Cupid. Now Cupid cause the Carthaginian Queene,
To be inamourd of thy brothers lookes,
Conuey this golden arrowe in thy sleeue,
Lest she imagine thou art Venus sonne:
And when she strokes thee softly on the head,
Then shall I touch her breast and conquer her.

Enter Iarbus, Anna, and Dido.

Iar. How long faire Dido shall I pine for thee?
Tis not enough that thou doest graunt me loue,
But that I may enjoy what I desire:
That loue is childish which consists in words.

Dido. Iarbus, know that thou of all my wooers
(And yet haue I had many mightier Kings)
Hast had the greatest fauours I could giue:
I feare me Dido hath been counted light,
In being too familiar with Iarbus:
Albeit the Gods doe know no wanton thought
Had euer residence in Didos breast.

Iar. But Dido is the fauour I request.
Dido. Feare not Iarbus, Dido may be thine.
Anna. Looke sister how Æneas little sonne
Playes with your garments and imbraceth you.

634 s.d. as Ascanius add. Dyce 640 s.d. Iarbus Dyce etc.
(so passim)

II. i. 621-634—III. i. 635-655
Cupid. No Dido will not take me in her armes, I shall not be her sonne, she lounes me not. Dido. Weepe not sweet boy, thou shalt be Didos sonne, Sit in my lap and let me heare thee sing. (Cupid sings.) No more my child, now talke another while, And tell me where learnst thou this pretie song? Cupid. My cosin Helen taught it me in Troy. Dido. How louely is Ascanius when he smiles? Cupid. Will Dido let me hang about her necke? Dido. Take it Ascanius, for thy fathers sake. Iar. Come Dido, leaue Ascanius, let vs walke. Dido. Goe thou away, Ascanius shall stay. Iar. Vgentle Queene, is this thy loue to me? Dido. Why staiest thou here? thou art no loue of mine. Iar. Iarbus dye, seeing she abandons thee. Dido. No, Iarbus, pardon me, and stay a while. Cupid. What telst thou me of rich Getulia? Am not I Queene of Libia? then depart. Iar. I goe to feed the humour of my Loue, Yet not from Carthage for a thousand worlds. Dido. Iarbus. Iar. Doth Dido call me backe? Dido. No, but I charge thee neuer looke on me. Iar. Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me dye. Exit Iarb. Anna. Wherefore doth Dido bid Iarbus goe? Dido. Because his lossthme sight offends mine eye, And in my thoughts is shrin’d another loue: O Anna, didst thou know how sweet loue were, Full soone wouldst thou abierre this single life.
Anna. Poore soule I know too well the sower of loue.

O that Iarbus could but fancie me. 696

Dido. Is not Æneas faire and beautifull?

Anna. Yes, and Iarbus foule and fauourles.

Dido. Is he not eloquent in all his speech?

Anna. Yes, and Iarbus rude and rusticall. 700

Dido. Name not Iarbus, but sweete Anna say,

Is not Æneas worthie Didos loue?

Anna. O sister, were you Empresse of the world,

Æneas well desernes to be your loue,

So louely is he that where ere he goes,

The people swarme to gaze him in the face.

Dido. But tell them none shall gaze on him but I,

Lest their grosse eye-beames taint my louers cheekes:

Anna, good sister Anna goe for him,

Lest with these sweete thoughts I melt cleane away. 710

Anna. Then sister youle abiure Iarbus loue?

Dido. Yet must I heare that lothesome name againe?

Runne for Æneas, or Ile flye to him. Exit Anna.

Cupid. You shall not hurt my father when he comes.

Dido. No, for thy sake Ile loue thy father well. 715

O dull conceipted Dido, that till now

Didst neuer thinke Æneas beautifull:

But now for quittance of this oversight,

Ile make me bracelets of his golden haire,

His glistering eyes shall be my looking glasse,

His lips an altar, where Ile offer vp

As many kisses as the Sea hath sands:

In stead of musicke I will heare him speake,

His lookes shall be my only Librarie,

And thou Æneas, Didos treasurie,

In whose faire bosome I will locke more wealth,

Then twentie thousand Indiaes can affoord:

O here he comes, loue, loue, giue Dido leaue

To be more modest then her thoughts admit,

Lest I be made a wonder to the world. 730

(Enter Æneas, Achates, Sergestus, Illioneus, and Cloanthus.)

Achates, how doth Carthage please your Lord?

Acha. That will Æneas shewe your maiestie.

Dido. Æneas, art thou there?

Æn. I understannd your highnesse sent for me.
The Tragedie of Dido.

Dido. No, but now thou art here, tell me in sooth. In what might Dido highly pleasure thee.
Æn. So much haue I receiu'd at Didos hands, As without blushing I can aske no more: Yet Queene of Africke, are my ships vnrigd, My Sailes all rent in sunder with the winde, My Oares broken, and my Tackling lost, Yea all my Nauie split with Rockes and Shelfes: Nor Sterne nor Anchor haue our maimed Fleece, Our Masts the furious windes strooke ouer bourd: Which piteous wants if Dido will supplie, We will account her author of our liues.

Dido. Æneas, Ile repaire thy Troian ships, Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me, And let Achates saile to Italy:
Ile giue thee tackling made of riueld gold, Wound on the barkes of odoriferous trees, Oares of massie Iuorie full of holes, Through which the water shall delight to play: Thy Anchors shall be hewed from Christall Rockes, Which if thou lose shall shine aboue the waues: The Masts whereon thy swelling sailes shall hang, Hollow Pyramides of siluer plate:
The sailes of fouled Lawne, where shall be wrought The warres of Troy, but not Troyes ouerthrow:
For ballace, emptie Didos treasurie,
Take what ye will, but leaue Æneas here.

Achates, thou shalt be so meanly clad,
As Seaborne Nymphes shall swarme about thy ships, And wanton Mermaides court thee with sweete songs,
Flinging in fauours of more soueraigne worth,
Then Thetis hangs about Apolloes necke,
So that Æneas may but stay with me.

Æn. Wherefore would Dido haue Æneas stay?

Dido. To warre against my bordering enemies:
Æneas, thinke not Dido is in loue,
For if that any man could conquer me,
I had been wedded ere Æneas came:
See where the pictures of my suiters hang, And are not these as faire as faire may be?

Acha. I saw this man at Troy ere Troy was sackt.
Æn. I this in Greece when Paris stole faire Helen.
Ilío. This man and I were at Olympus games.
Serg. I know this face, he is a Persian borne,
I traueld with him to Ætolia.
Cloan. And I in Athens with this gentleman,
Vnlesse I be deceiu’d disputed once.
Dido. But speake Æneas, know you none of these?
Æn. No Madame, but it seemes that these are Kings.
Dido. All these and others which I neuer sawe,
Haue been most vrgent suiters for my loue,
Some came in person, others sent their Legats:
Yet none obtaigned me, I am free from all,
And yet God knowes intangled vnto one.
This was an Orator, and thought by words
To compasse me, but yet he was deceiu’d:
And this a Spartan Courtier vaine and wilde,
But his fantastick humours pleasde not me:
This was Alcion, a Musition,
But playd he nere so sweet, I let him goe:
This was the wealthie King of Thessaly,
But I had gold enough and cast him off:
This Meleagers sonne, a warlike Prince,
But weapons gree not with my tender yeares:
The rest are such as all the world well knowes,
Yet now I sweare by heauen and him I loue,
I was as farre from loue, as they from hate.
Æn. O happie shall he be whom Dido loues.
Dido. Then neuer say that thou art miserable,
Because it may be thou shalt be my loue:
Yet boast not of it, for I loue thee not,
And yet I hate thee not: O if I speake
I shall betray my selfe. Æneas speake,
We too will goe a hunting in the woods,
But not so much for thee, thou art but one,
As for Achates, and his followers.
Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Dido.

(Scena 2.)

Enter Iuno to Ascanius asleepe.

Iuno. Here lyes my hate, Æneas cursed brat, The boy wherein false destinie delights, The heire of furie, the favorite of the fates, That vugly impe that shall outweare my wrath, And wrong my deitie with high disgrace: But I will take another order now, And race th'eternall Register of time: Troy shall no more call him her second hope, Nor Venus triumph in his tender youth: For here in spight of heauen Ile murder him, And feede infection with his let out life: Say Paris, now shall Venus haue the ball? Say vengeance, now shall her Ascanius dye? O no, God wot, I cannot watch my time, Nor quit good turnes with double fee downe told: Tut, I am simple, without mind to hurt, And haue no gall at all to grieue my foes: But lustfull Iove and his adulterous child, Shall finde it written on confusions front, That onely Iuno rules in Rhamnuse towne.

Enter Venus.

Venus. What should this meane? my Doues are back returnd, Who warne me of such daunger prest at hand, To harme my sweete Ascanius lovely life. Iuno, my mortall foe, what make you here? Auaunt old witch and trouble not my wits.

Iuno. Fie Venus, that such causeles words of wrath, Should ere defile so faire a mouth as thine: Are not we both sprong of celestiall rase, And banquet as two Sisters with the Gods? Why is it then displeasure should disioyne Whom kindred and acquaintance counites?

Scene II. add. Hurst 813 The...furie, the] Heir of the Furies conj. Deighton furie] Troy Cunn.: furies Gros. the favorite] favourite conj. Mitford Fates Hurst etc.: face 1594 817 raze Hurst to Bull. the Cunn. 821 let-out Hurst etc.: left out 1594 826 without 1594 etc.: with ought conj. McK. mind Dyce etc.: made 1594; might Hurst, Rob.: 832 such] some conj. Cunn.

III. ii. 811-841
Venus. Out hatefull hag, thou wouldst haue slaine my sonne,
Had not my Doues discou’rd thy entent:
But I will teare thy eyes fro forth thy head,
And feast the birds with their bloud-shotten balles,
If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy.

Iuno. Is this then all the thankes that I shall haue,
For sauing him from Snakes and Serpents stings,
That would haue kild him sleeping as he lay?
What though I was offended with thy sonne,
And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,
When for the hate of Trojan Ganined,
That was advanced by my Hebes shame,
And Paris judgement of the heauenly ball,
I mustred all the windes vnto his wracke,
And vrg’d each Element to his annoy:
Yet now I doe repent me of his ruth.
And wish that I had neuer wrongd him so:
Bootles I sawe it was to warre with fate,
That hath so many vnresisted friends:
Wherefore I chaunge my counsell with the time,
And planted loue where enuie erst had sprong.

Venus. Sister of loue, if that thy loue be such,
As these thy protestations doe paint forth,
We two as friends one fortune will deuide:
Cupid shall lay his arrowes in thy lap,
And to a Scepter chaunge his golden shafts,
Fancie and modestie shall liue as mates,
And thy faire peacockes by my pigeons pearch:
Loue my Æneas, and desire is thine,
The day, the night, my Swannes, my sweetes are thine.

Iuno. More then melodious are these words to me,
That ouercloy my soule with their content:
Venus, sweete Venus, how may I deserue
Such amourous fauours at thy beautious hand?
But that thou maist more easilie perceiue,
How highly I doe prize this amitie,
Harke to a motion of eternall league,
Which I will make in quittance of thy loue:
Thy sonne thou knowest with Dido now remaines,
And feedes his eyes with fauours of her Court,
She likewise in admyring spends her time,
And cannot talke nor thinke of ought but him:
Why should not they then ioyne in marriage,
And bring forth mightie Kings to Carthage towne,
Whom casualtie of sea hath made such friends?
And Venus, let there be a match confirmed
Betwixt these two, whose loues are so alike,
And both our Deities conioynd in one,
Shall chaine felicitie vnto their throne.

Venus. Well could I like this reconcilements meanses,
But much I feare my sonne will nere consent,
Whose armed soule alreadie on the sea,
Darts forth her light to Lavinias shoare.

Iuno. Faire Queene of loue, I will deuorce these doubts,
And finde the way to wearie such fond thoughts:
This day they both a hunting forth will ride
Into these woods, adioyning to these walles,
When in the midst of all their gamesome sports,
Ile make the Clowdes dissolve their watrie workes,
And drench Siluanus dwellings with their shewers.
Then in one Caune the Queene and he shall meete,
And interchangeably discourse their thoughts,
Whose short conclusion will seale vp their hearts,
Vnto the purpose which we now propound.

Venus. Sister, I see you sauour of my wiles,
Be it as you will haue (it) for this once,
Meane time, Ascanius shall be my charge,
Whom I will beare to Ida in mine armes,
And couch him in Adonis purple downe.

Exeunt.

<Scena 3.>

Enter Dido, Æneas, Anna, Iarbus, Achates, (Cupid as Ascanius,) and followers.

Dido. Æneas, thinke not but I honor thee,
That thus in person goe with thee to hunt:
My princely robes thou seest are layd aside,
Whose glittering pompe Dianas shrowdes supplies,
All fellowes now disposde alike to sporte.

The woods are wide, and we haue store of game:
Faire Trojan, hold my golden bowe awhile,
Vntill I gird my quiuer to my side:
Lords goe before, we two must talke alone.

_Iar._ Vgentle, can she wrong _Iarbus_ so?

Ile dye before a stranger haue that grace:
We two will talke alone, what words be these?

_Dido._ What makes _Iarbus_ here of all the rest?

We could haue gone without your companie.

_AEn._ But loue and duetie led him on perhaps,
To presse beyond acceptance to your sight.

_Iar._ Why, man of _Troy_, doe I offend thine eyes?
Or art thou griueede thy betteres presse so nye?

_Dido._ How now Getulian, are ye growne so braue,
To challenge vs with your comparisons?

Pesanct, goe seeke companions like thy selfe,
And meddle not with any that I loue:

_Aneas_, be not moude at what he sayes,
For otherwhile he will be out of ioynth.

_Iar._ Women may wrong by priuiledge of loue:
But should that man of men (_Dido_ except)
Haue taunted me in these opprobrious termes,
I would haue either drunke his dying bloud,
Or els I would haue giuen my life in gage.

_Dido._ Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toyles apace,
And rowse the light foote Deere from forth their laire.

_Anna._ Sister, see, see _Ascanius_ in his pompe,
Bearing his huntspeare brauely in his hand.

_Dido._ Yea little sonne, are you so forward now?

_Aasca._ I mother, I shall one day be a man,
And better able vnto other armes.

Meane time these wanton weapons serue my warre,
Which I will breake betwixt a Lyons iawes.

_Dido._ What, darest thou looke a Lyon in the face?

_Aasca._ I, and outface him to, doe what he can.

_Anna._ How like his father speakeeth he in all?

_AEn._ And mought I lue to see him sacke rich _Thebes_,
And loade his speare with Grecian Princes heads,
Then would I wish me with _Anchises_ Tombe,
And dead to honour that hath brought me vp.

_Iar._ And might I lue to see thee shipt away,

915 fellowes] follow us _Cunn._

922 + s.d. Aside _add._ _Dyce_
And hoyst aloft on Neptunes hideous hilles, 
Then would I wish me in faire Didos armes, 
And dead to scorne that hath pursued me so.

Æn. Stoute friend Achates, doest thou know this wood?

Acha. As I remember, here you shot the Deere,
That sau'd your famisht souldiers Hues
When first you set your foote vpon the shoare,
And here we met faire Venus virgine like,
Bearing her bowe and quiuer at her backe.

Æn. O how these irksome labours now delight,
And ouerioy my thoughts with their escape:
Who would not vndergoe all kind of toyle,
To be well stor'd with such a winters tale?

Dido. Mneas, leaue these dumpes and lets away,
Some to the mountaines, some vnto the soyle,
You to the vallies, thou (to Iarbas) vnto the house.

Exeunt omnes: manet (Iarbas).

Iar. I, this it is which wounds me to the death, 
To see a Phrigian far fet o' the sea, 
Preferd before a man of maiestie:
O loue, O hate, O cruell womens hearts,
That imitate the Moone in euery chaunge,
And like the Planets euer loue to raunge:
What shall I doe thus wronged with disdaine?
Reuenge me on Æneas, or on her:
On her? fond man, that were to warre gainst heauen, 
And with one shaft prouoke ten thousand darts:
This Troians end will be thy enuies aime, 
Whose bloud will reconcile thee to content, 
And make loue drunken with thy sweete desire:
But Dido that now holdeth him so deare, 
Will dye with very tidings of his death:
But time will discontinue her content, 
And mould her minde vnto newe fancies shapes.
O God of heauen, turne the hand of fate
Vnto that happie day of my delight, 
And then, what then? Iarbus shall but loue:
So doth he now, though not with equall gaine, 
That resteth in the riuall of thy paine, 
Who nere will cease to soare till he be slaine.

Exit.
The Tragedie of Dido.

The storme. Enter Æneas and Dido in the Cau[e at seuerall times.

Dido. Æneas.

Æn. Dido.

Dido. Tell me deare loue, how found you out this Cau[e?

Æn. By chance sweete Queene, as Mars and Venus met.

Dido. Why, that was in a net, where we are loose,

And yet I am not free, oh would I were.

Æn. Why, what is it that Dido may desire
And not obtaine, be it in humaine power?

Dido. The thing that I will dye before I aske,

Æn. It is not ought Æneas may atchieue?

Dido. Æneas no, although his eyes doe pearce.

Æn. What, hath Iarbus angred her in ought?

And will she be auenged on his life?

Dido. Not angred me, except in angring thee

Æn. Who then of all so cruell may he be,

That should detaine thy eye in his defects?

Dido. The man that I doe eye where ere I am,
Whose amorous face like Pean sparkles fire,
When as he buts his beames on Floras bed.

Prometheus hath put on Cupids shape,
And I must perish in his burning armes:

Æneas, O Æneas, quench these flames.

Æn. What ailes my Queene, is she falne sicke of late?

Dido. Not sicke my loue, but sicke, I must conceale

The torment, that it bootes me not reueale,

And yet Ie speake, and yet Ie hold my peace,

Doe shame her worst, I will disclose my grieue:

Æneas, thou art he. What did I say?

Something it was that now I haue forgot.

Æn. What means faire Dido by this doubtfull speech?

Dido. Nay, nothing, but Æneas loues me not.

Æn. Æneas thoughts dare not ascend so high

As Didos heart, which Monarkes might not scale.

Dido. It was because I sawe no King like thee,

Scene IV. add. Hurst s.d. A storm Hurst, Cunn. 1000 where] here Hurst, Cunn. 1002 it om. Hurst, Cunn. 1009 revenged Cunn. 1014 Paean’s Hurst 1016 hath] now hath Gros.

iii. iv. 996–1030
Whose golden Crowne might ballance my content:
But now that I haue found what to effect,
I followe one that loueth fame for me,
And rather had seeme faire (to) Sirens eyes,
Then to the Carthage Queene that dyes for him.

Æn. If that your maiestie can looke so lowe,
As my despired worths, that shun all praise,
With this my hand I giue to you my heart,
And vow by all the Gods of Hospitalitie,
By heauen and earth, and my faire brothers bowe,
From whence my radiant mother did descend,
And by this Sword that saued me from the Greekes,
Neuer to leaue these newe vpreared walles,
Whiles Dido liues and rules in Iunos towne,
Neuer to like or loue any but her.

Dido. What more then Delian musicke doe I heare,
That calles my soule from forth his liuing seate,
To moue vnto the measures of delight:
Kind clowdes that sent forth such a curteous storme,
As made disdaine to flye to fancies lap!
Stoute loue in mine armes make thy Italy,
Whose Crowne and kingdome rests at thy commande:
Sicheus, not Æneas be thou calde:
The King of Carthage, not Anchises sonne:
Hold, take these Jewels at thy Louers hand,
These golden bracelets, and this wedding ring,
Wherewith my husband woo'd me yet a maide,
And be thou king of Libia, by my guift.

Exeunt to the Caue.

Actus 4. Scena I.

Enter Achates, (Cupid as) Ascanius, Iarbus, and Anna.

Acha. Did euer men see such a sudden storme?
Or day so cleere so suddenly orecast?
Iar. I thinke some fell Inchantresse dwelleth here,
That can call them forth when as she please,


III. iv. 1031-1059—IV. i. 1060-1063
And die into blacke tempests treasurie,
When as she meanes to maske the world with clowdes.
   Anna. In all my life I neuer knew the like,
It haild, it snowde, it lightned all at once.
   Acha. I thinke it was the diuels rewelling night,
There was such hurly burly in the heauens:
Doubtles Apollos Axeltree is crackt,
Or aged Atlas shoulder out of joyn,
The motion was so ouer violent.

Iar. In all this coyle, where haue ye left the Queene ?
   Asca. Nay, where is my warlike father, can you tell ?
   Anna. Behold where both of them come forth the Caue.
Iar. Come forth the Caue: can heauen endure this sight ?
Iarbus, curse that vnreuenging Ioue,
Whose flintie darts slept in Tiphous den,
While these adulterors surfeted with sinne :
Nature, why mad’st me not some poysonous beast, 
That with the sharpnes of my edged sting, 
I might haue stakte them both vnto the earth,
Whil’st they were sporting in this darksome Caue ?

(browser) Enter Aeneas and Dido.)

Æn. The ayre is cleere, and Southerne windes are whist,
Come Dido, let vs hasten to the towne,
Since gloomie Æolus doth cease to frowne.

Dido. Achates and Ascanius, well met.
Æn. Faire Anna, how escapt you from the shower ?
Anna. As others did, by running to the wood.
Dido. But where were you Iarbus all this while ?

Iar. Not with Æneas in the vgly Caue.
Dido. I see Æneas sticketh in your minde,
But I will soone put by that stumbling blocke,
And quell those hopes that thus employ your cares.

Exeunt.

<Scena 2.>

Enters Iarbus to Sacrifice.

Iar. Come servaunts, come bring forth the Sacrifice,
That I may pacifie that gloomie Ioue,

1074 where’s Hurst to Gros. 1078 Tiphoeus Hurst etc.
1079 While Hurst 1083 + S.D. Aside add. Bull. S.D. Enter,
Dido add. Hurst 1094 cares Hurst etc. : cares 1594 Scene
II. add. Hurst

IV. i. 1064-1094—ii. 1095-1096
Whose emptie Altars haue enlarg'd our illes.
Eternall Ioue, great master of the Clowdes,
Father of gladnesse, and all frolicke thoughts,
That with thy gloomie hand corrects the heauen,
When ayrie creatures warre amongst themselues:
Heare, heare, O heare Iarbus plaining prayers,
Whose hideous ecchoes make the welkin howle,
And all the woods Eliza to resound:
The woman that thou wild vs entertaine,
Where straying in our borders vp and downe,
She crau'd a hide of ground to build a towne,
With whom we did deuide both lawes and land,
And all the fruites that plentie els sends forth,
Scorning our loues and royall marriage rites,
Yeelds vp her beautie to a strangers bed,
Who hauing wrought her shame, is straight way fled:
Now if thou beest a pitying God of power,
On whom ruth and compassion euer waites,
Redresse these wrongs, and warne him to his ships,
That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

Enter Anna.

Anna. How now Iarbus, at your prayers so hard?
Iar. I, Anna, is there ought you would with me?
Anna. Nay, no such weightie busines of import,
But may be slackt vntill another time:
Yet if you would partake with me the cause
Of this deuotion that detaineth you,
I would be thankfull for such curtesie.
Iar. Anna, against this Troian doe I pray,
Who seekes to rob me of thy Sisters loue,
And diue into her heart by coloured lookes.
Anna. Alas poore King that labours so in vaine,
For her that so delighteth in thy paine:
Be rul'd by me, and seeke some other loue,
Whose yeelding heart may yeeld thee more reliefe.
Iar. Mine eye is fixt where fancie cannot start,
O leaue me, leaue me to my silent thoughts,
That register the numbers of my ruth,
And I will either moue the thoughtles flint,

1097 + s.d. Servants bring in the sacrifice, and then exeunt add.
Coll. 1133 number Hurst

IV. ii. 1097-1134
Or drop out both mine eyes in drisling teares,
Before my sorrowes tide haue any stint.

Anna. I will not leaue Iarbus whom I loue,
In this delight of dying pensiuenes:
Away with Dido, Anna be thy song,
Anna that doth admire thee more then heauen.

Iar. I may nor will list to such loathsome chaunge,
That intercepts the course of my desire:
Servants, come fetch these emptie vessels here,
For I will flye from these alluring eyes,
That doe pursue my peace where ere it goes.

Anna. Iarbus stay, louing larbus stay,
For I haue honey to present thee with:
Hard hearted, wilt not deigne to heare me speake?
Ile follow thee with outcryes nere the lesse,
And strewe thy walkes with my discheueld haire.

〈Scena 3.〉

Enter Æneas alone.

Æn. Carthage, my friendly host, adue,
Since destinie doth call me from the shoare:
Hermes this night descending in a dreame,
Hath summond me to fruitfull Italy:
Loue wils it so, my mother wils it so:
Let my Phenissa graunt, and then I goe:
Graunt she or no, Æneas must away,
Whose golden fortunes clogd with courtly ease,
Cannot ascend to Fames immortall house,
Or banquet in bright honors burnisht hall,
Till he hath furrowed Neptunes glassie fieldes,
And cut a passage through his toples hilles:
Achates come forth, Sergestus, Illioneus,
Cloanthus, haste away, Æneas calles.

Enter Achates, Cloanthus, Sergestus, and Illioneus.

Acha. What willes our Lord, or wherefore did he call?
Æn. The dreames (braue mates) that did beset my bed,
When sleepe but newly had imbrast the night,
The Tragedie of Dido.

Commaunds me leaue these vnrenowmed reames,
Whereas Nobilitie abhors to stay,
And none but base Æneas will abide:
Abourd, abourd, since Fates doe bid abourd,
And slice the Sea with sable coloured ships,
On whom the nimble windes may all day waight,
And follow them as footemen through the deepe:
Yet Dido casts her eyes like anchors out,
To stay my Fleete from loosing forth the Bay:
Come backe, come backe, I heare her crye a farre,
And let me linke thy bodie to my lips,
That tyed together by the striuing tongues,
We may as one saile into Italy.

Acha. Banish that ticing dame from forth your mouth,
And follow your foreseeing starres in all;
This is no life for men at armes to Hue,
Where daliance doth consume a Souldiers strength,
Effeminate our mindes inur'd to warre.

Illio. Why, let vs build a Citie of our owne,
And not stand lingering here for amorous lookes:
Will Dido raise old Priam forth his graue,
And build the towne againe the Greekes did burne?
No no, she cares not how we sinke or swimme,
So she may haue Æneas in her armes.

Cloan. To Italy, sweete friends, to Italy,
We will not stay a minute longer here.

Æn. Troians abourd, and I will follow you,
(Exeunt all except Æneas.)

I faine would goe, yet beautie calles me backe:
To leaue her so and not once say farewell
Were to transgresse against all lawes of loue:
But if I vse such ceremonious thankes,
As parting friends accustome on the shoare,
Her siluer armes will coll me round about,
And teares of pearle, crye stay, Æneas, stay:
Each word she sayes will then containe a Crowne,
And euery speech be ended with a kisse:
I may not dure this female drudgerie,
To sea Æneas, finde out Italy.

Exit.


IV. iii. 1168–1206
Enter Dido and Anna.

Dido. O Anna, runne vnto the water side, They say Æneas men are going abourd, It may be he will steale away with them: Stay not to answere me, runne Anna runne. (Exit Anna.)

O foolish Troians that would steale from hence, And not let Dido vnderstand their drift: I would haue giuen Achates store of gold, And Illioneus gum and Libian spice, The common souldiers rich imbrodered coates, And siluer whistles to controule the windes, Which Circe sent Sicheus when he liued: Unworthie are they of a Queenes reward: See where they come. How might I doe to chide? Enter Anna, with Æneas, Achates, Illioneus, and Sergestus.

Anna. Twas time to runne, Æneas had been gone. The sailes were hoysing vp, and he abourd.

Dido. Is this thy loue to me? Æn. O princely Dido, giue me leaue to speake,
I went to take my farewell of Achates. Dido. Howhaps Achates bid me not farewell? Acha. Because I feard your grace would keepe me here. Dido. To rid thee of that doubt, abourd againe, I charge thee put to sea and stay not here. Acha. Then let Æneas goe abourd with vs. Dido. Get you abourd, Æneas meanes to stay. Æn. The sea is rough, the windes blow to the shoare. Dido. O false Æneas, now the sea is rough, But when you were abourd twas calme enough. Thou and Achates ment to saile away.

Æn. Hath not the Carthage Queene mine onely sonne? Thinkes Dido I will goe and leaue him here? Dido. Æneas pardon me, for I forgot That yong Ascanius lay with me this night: Loue made me iealous, but to make amends, Weare the emperiall Crowne of Libia,

(Giving him her crown and sceptre.)
Sway thou the Punike Scepter in my steede,  
And punish me Æneas for this crime.  
Æn. This kisse shall be faire Didos punishment.  
Dido. O how a Crowne becomes Æneas head!  
Stay here Æneas, and commaund as King.  
Æn. How vaine am I to weare this Diadem,  
And beare this golden Scepter in my hand?  
A Burgonet of steele, and not a Crowne,  
A Sword, and not a Scepter fits Æneas.  
Dido. O keepe them still, and let me gaze my fill:  
Now lookes Æneas like immortall loure,  
O where is Ganined to hold his eup,  
And Mercury to flye for what he calles?  
Ten thousand Cupids houer in the ayre,  
And fanne it in Æneas lovely face.  
O that the Clowdes were here wherein thou fleest,  
That thou and I vnseeene might sport our selues:  
Heauen enious of our ioyes is waxen pale,  
And when we whisper, then the starres fall downe,  
To be partakers of our honey talke.  

Æn. O Dido, patronesse of all our liues,  
When I leaue thee, death be my punishment.  
Swell raging seas, frowne wayward destinies,  
Blow windes, threaten ye Rockes and sandie shelves,  
This is the harbour that Æneas seekes,  
Lets see what tempests can anoy me now.  
Dido. Not all the world can take thee from mine armes,  
Æneas may commaund as many Moores,  
As in the Sea are little water drops:  
And now to make experience of my loure,  
Faire sister Anna leade my louver forth,  
And seated on my Gennet, let him ride  
As Didos husband through the Punicke streetes,  
And will my guard with Mauritanian darts,  
To waite vpon him as their soueraigne Lord.  

Anna. What if the Citizens repine thereat?  
Dido. Those that dislike what Dido giues in charge  
Commaund my guard to slay for their offence:  
Shall vulgar pesants storme at what I doe?  
The ground is mine that giues them sustenance,  
The ayre wherein they breathe, the water, fire,
All that they haue, their lands, their goods, their liues,
And I the Goddesse of all these, commaund
Æneas ride as Carthaginian King.

_Acha._ Æneas for his parentage deserves

As large a kingdome as is _Libia._

Æn. I, and vnlesse the destinies be false,
I shall be planted in as rich a land.

_Dido._ Speake of no other land, this land is thine,
_Dido_ is thine, henceforth Ile call thee Lord:
Doe as I bid thee. Sister, leade the way,
And from a turret Ile behold my loue.

Æn. Then here in me shall flourish _Priams_ race,
And thou and _I Achates_, for reuenge,
For _Troy_, for _Priam_, for his fiftie sonnes,
Our kinsmens loues, and thousand guiltles soules,
Will leade an hoste against the hatefull Greekes,
And fire proud _Lacedemon_ ore their heads.

_Dido._ Speakes not Æneas like a Conqueror?
O blessed tempests that did drive him in,
O happie sand that made him runne aground:
Henceforth you shall be our Carthage Gods:
I, but it may be he will leaue my loue,
And seeke a forraine land calde _Italy_:
O that I had a charme to keepe the windes
Within the closure of a golden ball,
Or that the Tyrrhen sea were in mine armes,
That he might suffer shipwracke on my breast,
As oft as he attempts to hoyst vp saile.
I must preuent him, wishing will not serue.
Goe, bid my Nurse take yong _Ascanius_,
And beare him in the countrey to her house.
Æneas will not goe without his sonne:
Yet lest he should, for I am full of feare,
Bring me his oares, his tackling, and his sailes:

(Exit a Lord.)

What if I sinke his ships? O heele frowne:
Better he frowne, then I should dye for griefe:
I cannot see him frowne, it may not be:
Armies of foes resolu'd to winne this towne,
Or impious traitors vow'd to haue my life,
Affright me not, onely Æneas frowne
Is that which terrifies poore Didos heart:
Not bloudie speares appearing in the ayre,
Presage the downfall of my Emperie,
Nor blazing Commets threatens Didos death,
It is Æneas frowne that ends my daies:
If he forsake me not, I neuer dye,
For in his lookes I see eternitie,
And heele make me immortall with a kisse.

Enter a Lord.

(Lord.) Your Nurse is gone with yong Ascanius,
And heres Æneas tackling, oares and sailes.
Dido. Are these the sailes that in despight of me,
Packt with the windes to beare Æneas hence?
Ile hang ye in the chamber where I lye,
Driue if you can my house to Italy:
Ile set the casement open that the windes
May enter in, and once againe conspire
Against the life of me poore Carthage Queene:
But though he goe, he stayes in Carthage still,
And let rich Carthage fleete upon the seas,
So I may haue Æneas in mine armes.
Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plaines,
And would be toyling in the watrie billowes,
To rob their mistresse of her Troian guest?
O cursed tree, hadst thou but wit or sense,
To measure how I prize Æneas loue,
Thou wouldst haue leapt from out the Sailer's hands,
And told me that Æneas ment to goe:
And yet I blame thee not, thou art but wood.
The water which our Poets terme a Nimph,
Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast,
And shrunke not backe, knowing my loue was there?
The water is an Element, no Nimph,
Why should I blame Æneas for his flight?
O Dido, blame not him, but breake his oares,
These were the instruments that launcht him forth.
Theres not so much as this base tackling too,
But dares to heape vp sorrowe to my heart:
Was it not you that hoysed vp these sailes?
Why burst you not, and they fell in the seas?
For this will Dido tye ye full of knots,
And sheere ye all asunder with her hands:
Now serue to chastize shipboyes for their faults,
Ye shall no more offend the Carthage Queene.
Now let him hang my fauours on his masts,
And see if those will serue in stead of sailes:
For tackling, let him take the chaines of gold,
Which I bestowd vpon his followers:
In stead of oares, let him vse his hands,
And swim to Italy, Ile keepe these sure:
Come beare them in.

(Scena 5.)

Enter the Nurse with Cupid for Ascanius.

Nurse. My Lord Ascanius, ye must goe with me.
Cupid. Whither must I goe? Ile stay with my mother.
Nurse. No, thou shalt goe with me vnto my house.
I haue an Orchard that hath store of plums,
Browne Almonds, Seruises, ripe Figs and Dates,
Dewberries, Apples, yellow Orenges,
A garden where are Bee huiues full of honey,
Musk-roses, and a thousand sort of flowers,
And in the midst doth run a siluer streame,
Where thou shalt see the red gild fishes leape,
White Swannes, and many louely water fowles:
Now speake Ascanius, will ye goe or no?
Cupid. Come, come, Ile goe, how farre hence is your house?
Nurse. But hereby child, we shall get thither straight.
Cupid. Nurse I am wearie, will you carrie me?
Nurse. I, so youle dwell with me and call me mother
Cupid. So youle loue me, I care not if I doe.
Nurse. That I might liue to see this boy a man!
How pretilie he laughs, goe ye wagge,
Youle be a twigger when you come to age.
Say Dido what she will I am not old,
Ile be no more a widowe, I am young.
Ile haue a husband, or els a louer.
  Cupid. A husband and no teeth!
Nurse. O what meane I to haue such foolish thoughts!
Foolish is loue, a toy. O sacred loue,
If there be any heauen in earth, tis loue:
Especially in women of your yeares.
Blush, blush for shame, why shouldst thou thinke of loue?
A graue, and not a louer fits thy age:
A graue, why? I may liue a hundred yeares,
Fourescore is but a girles age, loue is sweete.
My vaines are withered, and my sinewes drie,
Why doe I thinke of loue now I should dye?
Cupid. Come Nurse.
Nurse. Well, if he come a wooing he shall speede,
O how vnwise was I to say him nay!
Exeunt.

Actus 5. (Scena I.)

Enter Æneas with a paper in his hand, drawing the platforme of the citie, with him Achates, (Sergestus,) Cloanthus, and Illioneus.

Æn. Triumph my mates, our trauels are at end,
Here will Æneas build a statelier Troy,
Then that which grim Atrides ouerthrew:
Carthage shall vaunt her pettie walles no more,
For I will grace them with a fairer frame,
And clad her in a Chrystall liuerie,
Wherein the day may euermore delight:
From golden India Ganges will I fetch,
Whose wealthie streames may waite vpon her towers,
And triple wise intrench her round about:
The Sunne from Egypt shall rich odors bring,
Wherewith his burning beames like labouring Bees,
That loade their thighes with Hyblas honeys spoyles,
Shall here vnburden their exhaled sweetes,
And plant our pleasant suburbs with her fumes.
Acha. What length or bredth shal this braue towne containe?
Æn. Not past foure thousand paces at the most. 1425
Illio. But what shall it be calde, Troy as before?
Æn. That haue I not determinde with my selfe.
Cloan. Let it be term’d Ænea by your name.
Serg. Rather Ascania by your little sonne.
Æn. Nay, I will haue it calde Anchiseon, 1430
Of my old fathers name.

Enter Hermes with Ascanius.

Hermes. Æneas stay, Ioues Herald bids thee stay.
Æn. Whom doe I see, Ioues winged messenger?
Welcome to Carthage new erected towne.
Hermes. Why cosin, stand you building Cities here,
And beautifying the Empire of this Queene, 1436
While Italy is cleane out of thy minde?
To, too forgetfull of thine owne affayres,
Why wilt thou so betray thy sonnes good hap?
The king of Gods sent me from highest heauen,
To sound this angrie message in thine eares.
Vaine man, what Monarky expectst thou here?
Or with what thought sleepest thou in Libia shoare?
If that all glorie hath forsaken thee,
And thou despise the praise of such attempts:
Yet thinke vpom Ascanius prophesie,
And yong Iulus more then thousand yeares,
Whom I haue brought from Ida where he slept,
And bore yong Cupid vnto Cypresse Ile.
Æn. This was my mother that beguild the Queene,
And made me take my brother for my sonne: 1451
No maruell Dido though thou be in loue,
That daylie danlest Cupid in thy armes:
Welcome sweet child, where hast thou been this long?
Asca. Eating sweet Comfites with Queene Didos maide,
Who euer since hath luld me in her armes.
Æn. Sergestus, beare him hence vnto our ships,
Lest Dido spying him keepe him for a pledge. 1456
(Exit Sergestus with Ascanius.)

Hermes. Spendst thou thy time about this little boy,
And giuest not eare vnto the charge I bring? 1460
I tell thee thou must straight to Italy,
Or els abide the wrath of frowning Ioue. (Exit.)
Æn. How should I put into the raging deepe,

1443 on Lybia's Hurst, Cunn. 1458 spying him] spying
Hurst s.d. add. Dyce 1462 s.d. add Dyce

v. i. 1425-1463
Who haue no sailes nor tackling for my ships?  
What, would the Gods haue me, Deucalion like, Flete vp and downe where ere the billowes drue?  
Though she repairde my fleete and gaue me ships, Yet hath she tane away my oares and masts, And left me neither saile nor sterne abourd.

**Enter to them Iarbus.**

**Iar.** How now Æneas, sad, what meanes these dumpes?  
**Æn.** Iarbus, I am cleane besides my selfe.

Louve hath heapt on me such a desperate charge, Which neither art nor reason may atchieue, Nor I deuise by what meanes to contriuie.

**Iar.** As how I pray, may I entreate you tell.  
**Æn.** With speede he bids me saile to Italy, When as I want both rigging for my fleete, And also furniture for these my men.

**Iar.** If that be all, then cheare thy drooping lookes, For I will furnish thee with such supplies: Let some of those thy followers goe with me, And they shall haue what thing so ere thou needst.

**Æn.** Thankes good Iarbus for thy friendly ayde, Achates and the rest shall waite on thee, Whilst I rest thankfull for this curtesie.

**Exit Iarbus and Æneas traine.**

Now will I haste vnto Lauinian shoare, And raise a new foundation to old Troy, Witnes the Gods, and witnes heauen and earth, How loth I am to leaue these Libian bounds, But that eternall Jupiter commands.

**Enter Dido and Æneas (severally).**

**Dido.** I feare I sawe Æneas little sonne, Led by Achates to the Troian fleete: If it be so, his father meanes to flye: But here he is, now Dido trie thy wit.

**Æneas,** wherefore goe thy men abourd?  
Why are thy ships new rigd? or to what end Launcht from the hauen, lye they in the Rhode? Pardon me though I aske, loue makes me aske.

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1471 beside Hurst, Cunn.  
1490 S.D. severally add. Gros.  
Scene II begins here Rob., Cunn.  
1492 Achates] Sergestus conj.  
Dyce  

v. i. 1464-1498
Æn. O pardon me, if I resolue thee why: 
Æneas will not faine with his deare loue.  
I must from hence: this day swift Mercury  
When I was laying a platforme for these walles,  
Sent from his father Ioue, appeard to me,  
And in his name rebukt me bitterly  
For lingering here, neglecting Italy.  

Dido. But yet Æneas will not leaue his loue.  
Æn. I am commaunded by immortall Ioue,  
To leaue this towne and passe to Italy,  
And therefore must of force.  

Dido. These words proceed not from Æneas heart.  
Æn. Not from my heart, for I can hardly goe,  
And yet I may not stay. Dido farewell.  

Dido. Farewell: is this the mends for Didos loue?  
Doe Troians vse to quit their Louers thus?  
Fare well may Dido, so Æneas stay,  
I dye, if my Æneas say farewell.  
Æn. Then let me goe and neuer say farewell.  
Dido. Let me goe, farewell, I must from hence.  

These words are poyson to poore Didos soule,  
O speake like my Æneas, like my loue:  
Why look'st thou toward the sea? the time hath been  
When Didos beautie chaind thine eyes to her:  
Am I lesse faire then when thou sawest me first?  
O then Æneas, tis for griefe of thee:  
Say thou wilt stay in Carthage with thy Queene,  
And Didos beautie will returne againe:  
Æneas, say, how canst thou take thy leaue?  
Wilt thou kisse Dido? O thy lips haue sworne  
To stay with Dido: canst thou take her hand?  
Thy hand and mine haue plighted mutuall faith,  
Therefore vnkind Æneas, must thou say,  
Then let me goe, and neuer say farewell.  
Æn. O Queene of Carthage, wert thou vgly blacke,  
Æneas could not choose but hold thee deare,  
Yet must he not gainsay the Gods behest.  

Dido. The Gods, what Gods be those that seeke my death?  

Wherein have I offended Jupiter,
That he should take Æneas from mine armes?
O no, the Gods wey not what Louers doe,
It is Æneas calles Æneas hence,
And wofull Dido by these blubbred cheekes,
By this right hand, and by our spousall rites,
Desires Æneas to remaine with her:
Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam
Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis: & istam
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.
Æn. Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis,
Italianum non sponte sequor.

Dido. Hast thou forgot how many neighbour kings
Were vp in armes, for making thee my loue?
How Carthage did rebell, Iarbus storme,
And all the world calles me a second Helen,
For being intangled by a strangers lookes:
So thou wouldst proue as true as Paris did,
Would, as faire Troy was, Carthage might be sakk,
And I be calde a second Helena.
Had I a sonne by thee, the griefe were lesse,
That I might see Æneas in his face:
Now if thou goest, what canst thou leave behind,
But rather will augment then ease my woe?
Æn. In vaine my loue thou spendst thy fainting breath,
If words might moue me I were overcame.

Dido. And wilt thou not be mou'd with Didos words?
Thy mother was no Goddesse periurd man,
Nor Dardanus the author of thy stocke:
But thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,
And Tygers of Hircania gaue thee sucke:
Ah foolish Dido to forbeare this long!
Wast thou not wrackt vpon this Libian shoare,
And cam'st to Dido like a Fisher swaine?
Repairde not I thy ships, made thee a King,
And all thy needie followers Noblemen?
O Serpent that came creeping from the shoare,
And I for pitie harbord in my bosome,
Wilt thou now slay me with thy venomed sting,
And hisse at Dido for preseruing thee?
Goe, goe and spare not, seeke out Italy,
I hope that that which loue forbids me doe,
The Rockes and Sea-gulfes will performe at large,
And thou shalt perish in the billowes waies,
To whom poore Dido doth bequeath realme.
I traytor, and the waues shall cast thee vp,
Where thou and false Achates first set foote:
Which if it chaunce, Ile giue ye burial,
And wepe vpon your lifeles carcasses,
Though thou nor he will pitie me a whit.
Why star'st thou in my face? if thou wilt stay,
Leape in mine armes, mine armes are open wide:
If not, turne from me, and Ile turne from thee:
For though thou hast the heart to say farewell,
I haue not power to stay thee. (Exit Æneas.) Is he gone?
I but heele come againe, he cannot goe,
He loues me to too well to serue me so:
Yet he that in my sight would not relent
Will, being absent, be abdurate still.
By this is he got to the water side,
And, see the Sailers take him by the hand,
But he shrinkes backe, and now remembrance me,
Returns amaine: welcome, welcome my loue:
But wheres Æneas? ah hees gone, hees gone!

(Enter Anna.)

Anna. What meanes my sister thus to raue and crye?
Dido. O Anna, my Æneas is abourd,
And leauing me will saile to Italy.
Once didst thou goe, and he came backe againe,
Now bring him backe, and thou shalt be a Queene,
And I will liue a priuate life with him.

Anna. Wicked Æneas.
Dido. Call him not wicked, sister, speake him faire,
And looke vpon him with a Mermaid's eye,
Tell him, I neuer vow'd at Aulis gulfe
The desolation of his native Troy,
Nor sent a thousand ships vnto the walles,
Nor euer violated faith to him:
Request him gently (Anna) to returne,
I craue but this, he stay a tide or two,
That I may learne to beare it patiently.

1579 sea-gulls Hurst, Cunn. 1585 lifeless Hurst to Bull.
V. i. 1578-1616
The Tragedie of Dido.

If he depart thus suddenly, I dye:
Run Anna, run, stay not to answere me.

Anna. I goe faire sister, heauens graunt good successe.

Exit Anna

Enter the Nurse.

Nurse. O Dido, your little sonne Ascanius

Is gone! he lay with me last night, 
And in the morning he was stolne from me,
I thinke some Fairies haue beguiled me.

Dido. O cursed hagge and false dissembling wretch!
That slayest me with thy harsh and hellish tale,
Thou for some pettie guift hast let him goe,
And I am thus deluded of my boy:
Away with her to prison presently,
Traytoresse too keend and cursed Sorceresse.

Nurse. I know not what you meane by treason, I,
I am as true as any one of yours.

Exeunt the Nurse (and Attendants).

Dido. Away with her, suffer her not to speake.
My sister comes, I like not her sad lookes.

Enter Anna.

Anna. Before I came, Æneas was abourd,
And spying me, hoyst vp the sailes amaine:
But I cride out, Æneas, false Æneas stay.
Then gan he wagge his hand, which yet held vp,
Made me suppose he would haue heard me speake:
Then gan they drive into the Ocean,
Which when I viewd, I cride, Æneas stay,
Dido, faire Dido wils Æneas stay:
Yet he whose heart of adamant or flint,
My teares nor plaints could mollifie a whit:
Then carelesly I rent my haire for grieve,
Which seene to all, though he held me not,
They gan to moue him to redresse my ruth,
And stay a while to heare what I could say,
But he clapt vnder hatches saidl away.

Dido. O Anna, Anna, I will follow him.

Anna. How can ye goe when he hath all your fleete?

Dido. Ie frame me wings of waxe like Icarus,


v. i. 1617–1651
And o'er his ships will soar vnto the Sunne,
That they may melt and I fall in his armes:
Or els Ile make a prayer vnto the waues,
That I may swim to him like Tritons nece:
O Anna, fetch Orions Harpe,
That I may tice a Dolphin to the shoare,
And ride vpon his backe vnto my loue:
Looke sister, looke, louely Æneas ships,
See see, the billowes heave him vp to heauen,
And now downe falles the keeles into the deepe:
O sister, sister, take away the Rockes,
Theile breake his ships.
O Proteus, Neptune, loue,
Saue, saue Æneas, Didos leefest loue!
Now is he come on shoare safe without hurt:
But see, Achates wils him put to sea,
And all the Sailers merrie make for ioy,
But he remembring me shrinkes backe againe:
See where he comes, welcome, welcome my loue.
Anna. Ah sister, leaue these idle fantasies,
Sweet sister cease, remember who you are.
Dido. Dido I am, vnlesse I be deceiu'd,
And must I raue thus for a runnagate?
Must I make ships for him to saile away?
Nothing can beare me to him but a ship,
And he hath all my fleete, what shall I doe
But dye in furie of this oversight?
I, I must be the murderer of my selfe:
No but I am not, yet I will be straight.
Anna be glad, now haue I found a meane
To rid me from these thoughts of Lunacie:
Not farre from hence
There is a woman famoused for arts,
Daughter vnto the Nimphs Hesperides,
Who wild me sacrificze his ticing relliques:
Goe Anna, bid my seruants bring me fire.

Enter Iarbus.

Iar. How long will Dido mourne a strangers flight,
That hath dishonor'd her and Carthage both?

1652 ship Hurst, Cunn. 1656 Anna repeat conj. Dyce, Cunn.
to Gros. Arions Dyce to Gros. 1660 him] 'em Dyce^2; them
cunn. 1676 my Hurst etc.: thy 1594. 1678 I, I] Aye,
hence omit conj. Mitford 1682-3 One line 1594: div. Dyce

v. i. 1652-1688
How long shall I with griefe consume my daies,  
And reape no guerdon for my truest loue?  

_Dido._ Iarbus, talke not of _Æneas_, let him goe,  
Lay to thy hands and helpe me make a fire,  
That shall consume all that this stranger left,  
For I intend a priuate Sacrifice,  
To cure my minde that melts for vnkind loue.  

_Iar._ But afterwards will _Dido_ graunt me loue?  

_Dido._ I, I, Iarbus, after this is done,  
None in the world shall haue my loue but thou:  
So, leaue me now, let none approach this place.  

_Exit Iarbus._  

Now _Dido_, with these reliques burne thy selfe,  
And make _Æneas_ famous through the world,  
For periurie and slaughter of a Queene:  
Here lye the Sword that in the darksome Cau[e  
He drew, and swore by to be true to me,  
Thou shalt burne first, thy crime is worse then his:  
Here lye the garment which I cloath'd him in,  
When first he came on shoare, perish thou to:  
These letters, lines, and periurd papers all,  
Shall burne to cinders in this pretious flame.  
And now ye Gods that guide the starrie frame,  
And order all things at your high dispose,  
Graunt, though the traytors land in _Italy_,  
They may be still tormented with vnrest,  
And from mine ashes let a Conquerour rise,  
That may reuenge this treason to a Queene,  
By plowing vp his Countries with the Sword:  
Betwixt this land and that be neuer league,  
_Littora litoribus contraria, fluctibus vndas_  
_Imprecor_: arma armis: _pugnet ipsis nepotes_:  
Lixe false _Æneas_, truest _Dido_ dyes,  

_Sic sic iuuet ire sub vmbras._  
(Stabs herself and throws herself into the flames.)  

_Enter Anna._  

_Anna._ O helpe Iarbus, _Dido_ in these flames  
Hath burnt her selfe, aye me, vnhappie me!

1690+ s.d. Enter Attendants with wood and torches _add. Dyce_  
1691 Iarbus] Oh _conj. Mitford_  
1698+ s.d. They make a fire _add. Dyce_  
1703, 1706 lies Hurst, _Dyce_  
1721 s.d._ _add. Gros._  
1723, 1725 _aye_] _ah Hurst, Cunn._  

_v. i. 1689-1723_
Enter Iarbus running.

Iar. Cursed Iarbus, dye to expiate
The griefe that tires vpon thine inward soule,

Dido I come to thee, aye me, Æneas. (Kills himself.)

Anna. What can my teares or cryes preuaile me now?
Dido is dead, Iarbus slaine, Iarbus my deare loue.
O sweet Iarbus, Annas sole delight,
What fatall destinie enuies me thus,
To see my sweet Iarbus slay himselfe?
But Anna now shall honor thee in death,
And mixe her bloud with thine, this shall I doe,
That Gods and men may pitie this my death,
And rue our ends senceles of life or breath:
Now sweet Iarbus stay, I come to thee. (Kills herself.)

FINIS.

1726 S.D. add. Hurst

1736 S.D add. Hurst

V. i. 1724-1736
THE MASSACRE AT PARIS

Date. The play of The Massacre at Paris or The Guise, as Henslowe sometimes terms it with rather more propriety, must have been composed between August 2, 1589, and January 30, 1593. On the first of these dates occurred the event with which the tragedy closes, the death of Henri III of France; on the latter occasion the play was performed at Henslowe's theatre by the company of the Lord Strange. Since Henslowe marks 'the tragedey of the gyves' as a new play on January 30, 1593, it was probably composed pretty shortly before, and is therefore to be reckoned one of the latest of Marlowe's dramatic works. Crude as the play undoubtedly is, there is nothing to indicate that it was written very immediately after the assassination of the French king, for that event, which in a contemporary 'topical' drama would naturally have formed the mainstay of the plot, is here given very little importance, while the principal interest centres about the ancient history of St. Bartholomew and the animosities of Guise and Navarre.

Stage history. In addition to the single performance by Lord Strange's servants already mentioned, which produced the large sum of £3 14s., Henslowe records ten representations by the Admiral's company between June 19 and September 25, 1594. Notes of expenditure for stage properties show that The Guise was revived in 1598, and again in 1601, and a further memorandum records the disbursement of £6 'pd at the apoyntment of the compayne the 18 of Janewary 1601 [1602, N.S.] vnto E. Alleyn for iiij. boockes wh were played', second on the list being 'the massaker of france'. Mr. Greg is no doubt correct in his opinion that the manuscript of our play had been brought to the Admiral's company by Alleyn, when that famous actor left Lord Strange's men to join the other troupe.

Text. The Massacre at Paris does not appear to have

1 Henslowe's Diary, II, 157.
been registered for publication. There exists, however, a single early edition ' printed by E. A. for Edward White, dwelling... at the signe of the Gun'. The title-page bears no date and the publication has been conjecturally ascribed to various years between 1594 and 1600. I believe that the edition is somewhat later and that it rather follows than precedes the last revival of the play in 1601. In the first place, the very full character of the stage directions\(^1\) indicates that the text is based on a theatre copy, and such a copy would certainly have been more easily obtainable after it was no longer of immediate use to the company. Moreover, Edward White, though he is known to have published a book as early as 1577, was connected with only one other edition of a work by Marlowe—the Tamburlaine of 1605/6, where on the title-pages of both parts there is the same mention of White's name with the notice of his shop 'at the signe of the Gunne', and in the case of the second part 'E. A.' is again particularly named as the printer. Such evidence is of no great weight, but it is borne out by the general similarity in typographical details between the 1605/6 Tamburlaine and the undated edition of The Massacre.

Of all the extant plays of Marlowe this of The Massacre at Paris is in its present state much the least meritorious. There can hardly be any doubt that our text is shockingly garbled; it would seem to represent a theatrical abridgement, in which the poet's language and versification have been corrupted on nearly every page, while the very sense of the original can in several passages be only imperfectly preserved. We have no reason to suppose that the play ever possessed in a high degree either coherence or artistic finish; it appears to have been the result of a somewhat ill-digested conception hastily and carelessly worked out. There is nothing to indicate collaboration or methodical revision. Throughout the play, to the very end, occur lines of the most characteristically Marlovian quality,\(^2\) and there appears no trace of any second hand except that of the theatrical adapter. The fallacy of the theory, several times suggested, that Marlowe left the play to be completed by another is evident from the indisputable genuineness of the French king's last speeches (ll. 1205-1221, 1241-1257), while the final words of Navarre, with which the piece

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1 Cf., for instance, those after ll. 592, 1185.
2 e.g. ll. 91-166, 390-421, 582-588, 686-703, 854-871, 976-1027.
closes, are as convincing in their swing and melody as the poet’s autograph:

And then I vow for to reuenge his death,
As Rome and all those popish Prelates there,
Shall curse the time that ere Nauarre was King,
And rulde in France by Henries fatall death.

**Source.** It is not probable that Marlowe derived the subject-matter of his play from any one book. The period of the action covers seventeen years (1572–89), and while the earlier events, such as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, had already found their way into historical chronicles when the play was written, the later incidents must still have been matter for rumour and journalistic report. Mr. Bullen has pointed out several parallels between Marlowe’s treatment of the massacre and that found in Book X of *The Three Parts of Commentaries containing the whole and perfect discourse of the Civill Wars of France, &c.* (1574). Much of Marlowe’s information concerning the later occurrences, which are lightly treated in the play, must have been picked up from broadsides or word of mouth gossip.
THE
MASSACRE
AT PARIS:
With the Death of the Duke of Guise.
As it was plaide by the right honourable the Lord high Admiral his Servants.
Written by Christopher Marlow.

AT LONDON
Printed by E. A. for Edward White, dwelling near the little North doore of S. Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun.
The undated octavo.


Dyce\textsuperscript{1} = Dyce’s first edition of Marlowe, 1850.

Dyce\textsuperscript{2} = Dyce’s revised edition of Marlowe, 1858, etc.

Cunn. = Cunningham’s edition of Marlowe, 1870, etc.


T. B. = The present editor.

Brereton = Conjectures by J. L. G. B., Anglia, Beiblatt, xvi. 206.

Coll. = Conjectures by J. P. Collier (Brit. Mus. 11771 bbb 6).

Malone = MS. corrections, probably by M., in Bodleian copy of O.

Mitford = Conjectures by J. M., quoted by Dyce.

\textbf{DRAMATIS PERSONÆ}

Charles the Ninth, King of France.

Duke of Anjou, his brother, afterwards King Henry the Third.

King of Navarre.

Prince of Condé, his brother.

Duke of Guise, brothers.

Cardinal of Lorraine.

Duke Dumaine.

Son to the Duke of Guise, a boy.

The Lord High Admiral.

Duke Joyeux.

Epernou.

Pleshè.

Bartus.

Two Lords of Poland.

Gonzago.

Retes.

Mountsorrel.

Mugeroun.

The Cutpurse.

Loreine, a preacher.

Seronue.

Ramus.

Taleus.

Friar.

Surgeon.

English Agent.

Apothecary.

Captain of the Guard, Protestants, Schoolmasters, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, &c.

Catherine, the Queen-Mother of France.

Margaret, her daughter, wife to the King of Navarre.

The Old Queen of Navarre.

Duchess of Guise.

Wife to Seroune.

Maid to the Duchess of Guise.\textsuperscript{1}

\textsuperscript{1} Add. Dyce.
THE MASSACRE AT PARIS.

With the Death of the Duke of Guise.

Enter Charles the French King, the Queene Mother, the King of Nauarre, the Prince of Condye, the Lord high Admirall, and the Queene of Nauarre, with others.

Charles.

Prince of Nauarre my honourable brother, Prince Condy, and my good Lord Admirall, I wishe this vnion and religious league, Knit in these hands, thus joyn’d in nuptiall rites, May not desolue, till death desolue our liues, And that the native sparkes of princely loue, That kindled first this motion in our hearts, May still be feweld in our progenye.

Nauar. The many fauours which your grace hath showne, From time to time, but specially in this, Shall binde me euer to your highnes will In what Queen Mother or your grace commands.

Old Qu. Thanks sonne Nauarre, you see we loue you well, That linke you in mariadge with our daughter heer: And as you know, our difference in Religion Might be a meanes to crosse you in your loue.

Charles. Well Madam, let that rest:


I-17
And now my Lords the marriage rites performed,
We think it good to goe and consumate
The rest, with hearing of a holy Masse:
Sister, I think your selfe will beare vs company.
   Q. Mar. I will my good Lord.
   Charles. The rest that will not goe (my Lords) may stay:
   Come Mother,
Let vs goe to honor this solemnitie.
   Old Q. Which Ile desolue with bloud and crueltie.
   Exit the King, Q. Mother, and the Q. of Nauar, and
   manet Nauar, the Prince of Condy, and the Lord
   high Admirall.
   Nauar. Prince Condy and my good L(ord) Admiral,
Now Guise may storme but doe vs little hurt:
Hauing the King, Qu(een) Mother on our sides,
To stop the mallice of his envious heart,
That seekes to murder all the Protestants:
If that the King had giuen consent thereto,
That all the protestants that are in Paris,
Should haue been murdered the other night?
   Ad. My Lord I meruaile that th'aspiring Guise
Dares once adventure without the Kings consent,
To meddle or attempt such dangerous things.
   Con. My L(ord) you need not meruaile at the Guise,
For what he doth the Pope will ratifie:
In murder, mischeefe, or in tiranny.
   Na. But he that sits and rules aboue the clowdes,
Doth heare and see the praiers of the iust:
And will reuenge the bloud of innocents,
That Guise hath slaine by treason of his heart,
And brought by murder to their timeles ends.
   Ad. My Lord, but did you mark the Cardinal,
The Guises brother and the Duke Dumain:
How they did storme at these your nuptiall rites,
Because the house of Burbon now comes in,
And ioynes your linnage to the crowne of France?
   Na. And thats 6 cause that Guise so frowns at vs,
And beates his braines to catch vs in his trap,
Which he hath pitcht within his deadly toyle.

19 Ends rest O: corr. Dyce 20, 21 Prose O: corr. Dyce
King, Qu. Mother O: king, Queen-Mother Dyce, Bull.: king-
Queen Mother Cunn.

18-54
Come my Lords let go to the Church and pray, That God may still defend the right of France: And make his Gospel flourish in this land. 

Enter the Duke of Guise.

Guise. If euer Hymen low'r'd at marriage rites, And had his alters deckt with duskie lightes: If euer sunne stainde heauen with bloudy clowdes, And made it look with terrour on the worlde: If euer day were turnde to vgly night, And night made semblance of the hue of hell, This day, this houre, this fatall night, Shall fully shew the fury of them all.

Enter the Pothecarie.

Pothe. My Lord.

Guise. Now shall I proue and guerdon to the ful The loue thou bear'st vnto the house of Guise: Where are those perfumed gloues which I sent To be poysoned, hast thou done them? speake, Will euery sauour breed a pangue of death?

Pothe. See where they be my good Lord, And he that smelles but to them, dyes.

Guise. Then thou remainest resolute.

Pothe. I am my Lord, in what your grace commaundes Till death.

Guise. Thankses my good freend, I wil requite thy loue. Goe then, present them to the Queene Nauarre: For she is that huge blemish in our eye, That makes these vpstart heresies in Fraunce: Be gone my freend, present them to her straite.

Souldyer.

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. My Lord.

Guise. Now come thou forth and play thy tragick part, Stand in some window opening neere the street, And when thou seest the Admirall ride by, Discharge thy musket and perfourrne his death: And then Ile guerdon thee with store of crownes.

Soul. I will my Lord. 

Exit Pothe.

Exit Souldi.
The Massacre

Guise. Now Guise begins those deep ingendred thoughts
To burst abroad those neuer dying flames,
Which cannot be extinguisht but by bloud.
Oft haue I leueld, and at last haue learnt,
That perill is the cheefest way to happines,
And resolution honors fairest aime.
What glory is there in a common good,
That hanges for every peasant to atchieue?
That like I best that flyes beyond my reach.
Set me to scale the high Peramides,
And thereon set the Diadem of Fraunce,
Ile either rend it with my nayles to naught,
Or mount the top with my aspiring winges,
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.
For this, I wake, when others think I sleepe,
For this, I waite, that scornes attendance else:
For this, my quenchles thirst whereon I builde
Hath often pleaded kindred to the King.
For this, this head, this heart, this hand and sworde,
Contrives, imagines and fully executes
Matters of importe, aime d at by many,
Yet vnderstooode by none.
For this, hath heauen engendred me of earth,
For this, this earth sustaines my bodies weight,
And with this wait Ile counterpoise a Crowne,
Or with seditions weary all the worlde:
For this, from Spaine the stately Catholickes
Sends Indian golde to coyne me French ecues:
For this haue I a largesse from the Pope,
A pension and a dispensation too:
And by that priuiledge to worke vpon,
My policye hath framde religion.
Religion: O Diabole.
Fye, I am ashamde, how euer that I see
To think a word of such a simple sound
Of so great matter should be made the ground.
The gentle King whose pleasure vncontrolde,
Weakenth his body, and will waste his Realme,
If I repaire not what he ruinates:
Him as a childe I dayly winne with words,
So that for proff he barely beares the name:
I execute, and he sustaines the blame.

111 aimed Dyce etc. 115 wait] wiat O: weight Rob. etc.
117 Catholic Cunn.
at Paris.

The Mother Queene workes wonders for my sake,  
And in my loue entombes the hope of Fraunce:  
Rifling the bowels of her treasurie,  
To supply my wants and necessitie.

Paris hath full five hundred Collidges,  
As Monestaries, Priories, Abbyes and halles,  
Wherein are thirtie thousand able men,  
Besides a thousand sturdy student Catholicks,

And more, of my knowledge in one cloyster keeps  
Fiue hundred fatte Franciscan Fryers and priestes—  
All this and more, if more may be comprisde,  
To bring the will of our desires to end.

Then Guise,

Since thou hast all the Cardes within thy hands  
To shuffle or cut, take this as surest thing:

That right or wrong, thou deale thy selfe a King.  
I but, Navarre, Navarre. Tis but a nook of France,

Sufficient yet for such a pettie King:  
That with a rablement of his hereticks  
Blindes Europs eyes and troubleth our estate:

Him will we——

Pointing to his Sword.

But first lets follow those in France,  
That hinder our possession to the crowne:

As Caesar to his soouldiers, so say I:  
Those that hate me will I learn to loath.

Giue me a look, that when I bend the browes,  
Pale death may walke in furrowes of my face:

A hand, that with a graspe may gripe the world,  
An eare, to heare what my detractors say,  
A royall seate, a scepter and a crowne:

That those which doe beholde, they may become  
As men that stand and gase against the Sunne.

The plot is laide, and things shall come to passe,  
Where resolution striues for victory.  

Exit.

Enter the King of Nauar and Queen, and his Mother Queen,  
the Prince of Condy, the Admirall, and the Pothecary  
with the gloues, and giues them to the olde Queene.

Pothe. Maddame, I beseech your grace to accept this simple gift.

134 To] Do Cunn. 146-7 Two lines O, div after Cardes: corr.

Dyce 149 Navarre once Dyce etc. 155 possession] procession

conj. Brereton 163 behold them may Dyce, Cunn. 166
+Scene III, add. Cunn., Bull. 167 accept Rob. etc.: except O

MARLOWE 133-168
Old Qu. Thanks my good freend, holde, take thou this reward.  
Pothe. I humbly thank your Maiestie. Exit. Po.  
Old Qu. Me thinkes the gloues haue a verystrong perfume,  
The sent whereof doth make my head to ake.  
Nauar. Doth not your grace know the man that gaue them you?  
Old Qu. Not wel, but do remember such a man.  
Ad. Your grace was ill aduisde to take them then,  
Considering of these dangerous times.  
Old Qu. Help sonne Nauarre, I am poisoned.  
Q. Mar. The heauens forbid your highnes such mishap.  
Nauar. The late suspition of the Duke of Guise  
Might well haue moued your highnes to beware.  
How you did meddle with such dangerous giftes.  
Q. Mar. Too late it is my Lord if that be true  
To blame her highnes, but I hope it be  
Only some naturall passion makes her sicke.  
Old Qu. O no, sweet Margret, the fatall poyon  
Workes within my head, my brain pan breakes,  
My heart doth faint, I dye. She dyes.  
Nauar. My Mother poysoned heere before my face:  
O gracious God, what times are these?  
O graunt sweet God my daies may end with hers,  
That I with her may dye and liue againe.  
Q. Mar. Let not this heauy chaunce my dearest Lord,  
(For whose effects my soule is massacred)  
Infect thy gracious brest with fresh supply,  
To agrauate our sodaine misery.  
Ad. Come my Lords, let vs beare her body hence,  
And see it honoured with iust solemnitie.  

As they are going, the Souldier dischargeth his Musket  
at the Lord Admirall.  
Condy. What are you hurt my L(ord) high Admiral?  
Admi. I my good Lord shot through the arme.  
Nauar. We are betraide, come my Lords, and let vs  
Goe tell the King of this.  
Admi. These are  
The cursed Guisians that doe seeke our death.  
Oh fatall was this mariage to vs all.  

They beare away the Queene and goe out.
Enter the King, Queene Mother, Duke of Guise, Duke Anioy, Duke Demayne.

Queene Mother.

My noble sonne, and princely Duke of Guise,
Now haue we got the fatall stragling deere
Within the compasse of a deadly toyle,
And as we late decreed we may perfourme.

King. Madam, it wilbe noted through the world,
An action bloudy and tirannicall:
Cheefely since vnder safetie of our word,
They iustly challenge their protection:
Besides my heart relentes that noble men,
Onely corrupted in religion,
Ladies of honor, Knightes and Gentlemen,
Should for their conscience taste such ruthelies ends.

Anioy. Though gentle mindes should pittie others paines,
Yet will the wisest note their proper greeifes:
And rather seeke to scourge their enemies,
Then be themselves base subiects to the whip.

Guise. Me thinkes my Lord, Anioy hath well aduisde,
Your highnes to consider of the thing,
And rather chuse to seek your countries good,
Then pittie or releue these vpstart hereticks.

Queene. I hope these reasons may serue my princely Sonne,
To haue some care for feare of enemies.

King. Well Madam, I referre it to your Maiestie,
And to my Nephew heere the Duke of Guise:
What you determine, I will ratifie.

Queene. Thankes to my princely sonne: then tell me

Guise, What order wil you set downe for the Massacre?

Guise. Thus Madame.
They that shalbe actors in this Massacre,
Shall weare white crosses on their Burgonetts,
And tye white linnen scarfes about their armes.
He that wantse these, and is suspected of heresie,
Shall dye, be he King or Emperour. Then Ie haue
A peale of ordinance shot from the tower, at which
They all shall issue out and set the streetes.
And then the watchword being giuen, a bell shall ring,
Which when they heare, they shall begin to kill,
And neuer cease vntill that bell shall cease,
Then breath a while.

Enter the Admirals man.

King. How now fellow, what newes ?
Man. And it please your grace the Lord high Admirall,
Riding the streetes was traiterously shot,
And most humbli[e intreates your Maiestie
To visite him sick in his bed.

King. Messenger, tell him I will see him straite.

What shall we doe now with the Admirall ?
Qu. Your Maiesty were best goe visite him,
And make a shew as if all were well.

King. Content, I will goe visite the Admirall.

Enter the Admirall in his bed.

King. How fares it with my Lord high Admiral,
Hath he been hurt with villaines in the street ?
I vow and sweare as I am King of France,
To finde and to repay the man with death :
With death delay'd and torments neuer vnde,
That durst presume for hope of any gaine,
To hurt the noble man their soveraign loues.

Ad. Ah my good Lord, these are the Guisians,
That seeke to massacre our guiltles liues.

King. Assure your selfe my good Lord Admirall,
I deepely sorrow for your trecherous wrong :
And that I am not more secure my selfe,
Then I am carefull you should be preserued.
Cosin, take twenty of our strongest guarde,
And vnder your direction see they keep
All trecherous violence from our noble freend,
Repaying all attempts with present death
Vpon the cursed breakers of our peace.

'set (= beset) Cunn. 247 And] An Dyce etc. 256
S.D. Exeunt Cunn.: Exit Guise O Scene V. add. Rob., Cunn.,
Bull. 263 their] his Dyce, Cunn.
at Paris.

And so be pacient good Lord Admirall,
And everie hower I will visite you.

Admi. I humbly thank your royall Maiestie.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Guise, Anioy, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes, Montsorrell, and Souldiers to the massacre.

Guise.

Anioy, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes, sweare
By the argent crosses in your burgonets,
To kill all that you suspect of heresie.

Dumain. I sweare by this to be vnmercifull.

Anioy. I am disguisde and none knows who I am,
And therfore meane to murder all I meet.

Gonza. And so will I.

Retes. And I.

Guise. Away then, break into the Admirals house.

Retes. I let the Admirall be first dispatcht.

Guise. The Admirall,
Cheefe standard bearer to the Lutheranes,
Shall in the entrance of this Massacre,
Be murdered in his bed. Gonzago
Conduct them thither, and then
Beset his house that not a man may liue.

Anioy. That charge is mine. Swizers keepe you the streetes,
And at ech corner shall the Kings garde stand.

Gonzago. Come sirs follow me.

Exit Gonzago and others with him.

Anioy. Cosin, the Captaine of the Admirals guarde,
Plac'd by my brother, will betray his Lord:
Now Guise shall catholiques flourish once againe,
The head being of, the members cannot stand.

Retes. But look my Lord, ther's some in the Admirals house.

Enter into the Admirals house, and he in his bed.

Anioy. In lucky time, come let vs keep this lane,
And slay his servuants that shall issue out.
The Massacre

Gonza. Where is the Admirall?
Admi. O let me pray before I dye.
Gonza. Then pray vnfo our Ladye, kiss this crosse.

Admi. O God forgie my sins.
Guise. Gonzago, what, is he dead?
Gonza. I my Lord.
Guise. Then throw him down.
Aniow. Now cosin view him well,
It may be it is some other, and he escapte.

Guise. Cosin tis he, I know him by his look.
See where my Souldier shot him through the arm.
He mist him neer, but we haue strook him now.
Ah base Shatillian and degenerate,
Cheef standard bearer to the Lutheranes,
Thus in despite of thy Religion,
The Duke of Guise stampes on thy liuelles bulke.

Aniow. Away with him, cut of his head and handes,
And send them for a present to the Pope:
And when this iust reuenge is finished,
Vnto mount Faucon will we dragge his coarse:
And he that liuing hated so the crosse,
Shall being dead, be hangd thereon in chaines.

Guise. Aniow, Gonzago, Retes, if that you three
Will be as resolute as I and Dumaine:
There shall not a Hugonet breath in France.

Aniow. I sweare by this crosse, wee'l not be partiall,
But slay as many as we can come neer.

Guise. Mountisorrell, goe shoote the ordinance of,
That they which haue already set the street
May know their watchword, then tole the bell,
And so lets forward to the Massacre.

Mount. I will my Lord. Exit Mount.
Guise. And now my Lords let vs closely to our busines.
Aniow. Aniow will follow thee.
Du. And so will Dumaine.

The ordinance being shot of, the bell tolles.
Guise. Come then, lets away. Exeunt.

304-339

Add. Dyce 307+ s.d. Dies add. Dyce 308 What, is he dead, Gonzago
Cunn. 310+ s.d. The body of the Admiral is thrown down
add. Dyce 311-12 Prose O; corr. Dyce etc. 312 it is]
'tis Dyce etc. 316-17 One line O: corr. Dyce 319
lifeless Dyce etc. 332 set] 'set Cunn. 333 tole] go toll
Cunn. 336 let vs] let's Dyce etc.
The Guise enters againe, with all the rest, with their Swords drawne, chasing the Protestants.

Guise.

Tuez, tuez, tuez,
Let none escape, murder the Hugonets.  
Aniо. Kill them, kill them.  
Exeunt.

Enter Loreine running, the Guise and the rest pursuing him.

Guise. Loreine, Loreine, follow Loreine. Sirra,  
Are you a preacher of these heresies?  
Loreine. I am a preacher of the word of God,  
And thou a traitor to thy soule and him.  
Guise. Dearely beloued brother, thus tis written.  
He stabs him.

Aniо. Stay my Lord, let me begin the psalme.  
Guise. Come dragge him away and throw him in a ditch.  
Exeunt.

Enter Mountsorrell and knocks at Serouns doore.

Serouns wife. Who is that which knocks there?  
Mount. Mountsorrell from the Duke of Guise.  
Wife. Husband come down, heer's one would speak with you  
From the Duke of Guise.

Enter Seroune.

Seroune.

To speek with me from such a man as he?  
Mount. I, I, for this Seroune, and thou shalt hate.  
Shewing his dagger.

Seroune. O let me pray before I take my death.  
Mount. Despatch then quickly.  
Seroune. O Christ my Sauiour.  
Mount. Christ, villaine?  
Why darst thou presume to call on Christ,  
Without the intercession of some Saint?  
Sanctus Iacobus hee was my Saint, pray to him.

340-1 One line O : corr. Dyce etc.  
349+Scene VIII. add. Bull.  
350, 352 s.d. within add. Dyce  
after Prefix  
352-3 Prose O : corr. Dyce etc.  
355 hate] ha't Dyce etc.  
359-62 Prose O : corr. Dyce  
362 Sancta  
O : corr. Dyce etc.  
hee was] he is conj. Dyce¹ : he's Dyce², Bull.  
340-362
Seroune. O let me pray vnto my God.  
Mount. Then take this with you.  

Enter Ramus in his studie.

Ramus. What fearfull cries comes from the riuers Sene,  
That frightes poore Ramus sitting at his book?  
I feare the Guisians haue past the bridge,  
And meane once more to menace me.

Enter Taleus.

Taleus. Flye Ramus flye, if thou wilt saue thy life.  
Ramus. Tell me Taleus, wherfore should I flye?  
Taleus. The Guisians are  
Hard at thy doore, and meane to murder vs:  
Harke, harke they come, Ile leap out at the window.  
Ramus. Sweet Taleus stay.

Enter Gonzago and Retes.

Gonzago.

Who goes there?  
Retes. Tis Taleus, Ramus bedfellow.  
Gonza. What art thou?  
Tal. I am as Ramus is, a Christian.  
Ret. O let him goe, he is a catholick.  

Enter Ramus.

Gon. Come Ramus, more golde, or thou shalt haue the stabbe.  
Ramus. Alas  
I am a scholler, how should I haue golde?  
All that I haue is but my stipend from the King,  
Which is no sooner receiu’d but it is spent.

Enter the Guise and Anioy.

Anioy.

Who haue you there?  
Ret. Tis Ramus, the Kings professor of Logick.  
Guise. Stab him.  
Ramus. O good my Lord,  
Wherein hath Ramus been so offencious?
**Guise.** Marry sir, in hauing a smack in all, And yet didst neuer sound anything to the depth. Was it not thou that scoffes the Organon, And said it was a heape of vanities? He that will be a flat dicotamest, And seen in nothing but Epitomies: Is in your judgment thought a learned man. And he forsooth must goe and preach in Germany: Excepting against Doctors axioms, And _ipse dixi_ with this quidditie, _Argumentum testimonii est inartificiale._

To contradict which, I say _Ramus_ shall dye: How answere you that? your _nego argumentum_ Cannot serue, sirra: kill him.

_Ramus._ Not for my life doe I desire this pause, But in my latter houre to purge my selfe, In that I know the things that I haue wrote, Which as I heare one _Shekius_ takes it ill, Because my places being but three, contains all his: I knew the Organon to be confusde, And I reduc'd it into better forme. And this for _Aristotle_ will I say, That he that despiseth him can nere Be good in Logick or Philosophie. And thats because the blockish Sorbonests Attribute as much vnto their workes As to the service of the eternall God.

**Guise.** Why suffer you that peasant to declaime? Stab him I say and send him to his freends in hell. **Anioy.** Nere was there Colliars sonne so full of pride. _Kill him._

**Guise.** My Lord of _Anioy_, there are a hundred Pro- testants, Which we haue chaste into the riuer Sene, That swim about and so preserue their liues: How may we doe? I feare me they will liue. **Dumaine.** Goe place some men vpon the bridge,
With bowes and dartes to shoot at them they see,
And sinke them in the riuier as they swim.

Guise. Tis well aduisde Dumain, goe see it strait be done.

And in the mean time my Lord, could we deuise,
To get those pedantes from the King Nauarre,
That are tutors to him and the prince of Condy.

Anioy. For that let me alone, Cousin: stay you heer, And when you see me in, then follow hard.

He knocketh, and enter the King of Nauarre and Prince of Condy, with their scholmaisters.

How now my Lords, how fare you?

Nauar. My Lord, they say
That all the protestants are massacred.

Anioy. I, so they are, but yet what remedy:
I haue done what I could to stay this broile.

Nauarr. But yet my Lord the report doth run,
That you were one that made this Massacre.

An. Who I? you are deceiued, I rose but now.

Enter Guise.

Guise. Murder the Hugonets, take those pedantes hence.
Na. Thou traitor Guise, lay of thy bloudy hands.
Condy. Come let vs goe tell the King.

Guise. Come sirs, Ile whip you to death with my punniards point.

An. Away with them both.

Guise. And now sirs for this night let our fury stay.

Yet will we not that the Massacre shall end:
Gonzago poste you to Orleance, Retes to Deep,
Mountsorrell vnto Roan, and spare not one
That you suspect of heresy. And now stay
That bel that to § deuils mattins rings.
Now euery man put of his burgonet,
And so conuey him closely to his bed.

Enter Anioy, with two Lords of Poland.

Anioy.

My Lords of Poland I must needs confesse

429 + s.d. Exit Dumaine add. Dyce etc. 430 And om. Cunn.
after Orleance, Roan, heresy O : after Orleans, Rouen, heresy, stay
Dyce 450 Deep] Dieppe Dyce etc. 451 Roan] Rouen Dyce etc.
The offer of your Prince Electors farre
Beyond the reach of my deserties:
For Poland is as I haue been enformde,
A martiall people, worthy such a King,
As hath sufficient counsaile in himselfe,
To lighten doubts and frustrate subtile foes:
And such a King whom practise long hath taught,
To please himselfe with mannage of the warres,
The greatest warres within our Christian bounds,
I meane our warres against the Muscouites:
And on the other side against the Turke,
Rich Princes both, and mighty Emperours:
Yet by my brother Charles our King of France,
And by his graces counsell it is thought,
That if I undertake to weare the crowne
Of Poland, it may prejudice their hope
Of my inheritance to the crowne of France:
For if th'almighty take my brother hence,
By due descent the Regall seat is mine.
With Poland therfore must I couenant thus,
That if by death of Charles, the diadem
Of France be cast on me, then with your leaues
I may retire me to my native home.
If your commission serue to warrant this,
I thankfully shall undertake the charge
Of you and yours, and carefully maintaine
The wealth and safety of your kingdoms right.

Lord. All this and more your highnes shall commaund,
For Polands crowne and kingly diadem.

Aniody. Then come my Lords, lets goe. Exeunt.

Enter two with the Admirals body.

1. Now sirra, what shall we doe with the Admirall?
2. Why let vs burne him for an heretick.
1. O no, his bodye will infect the fire, and the fire the aire, and so we shall be poysoned with him.
2. What shall we doe then?
1. Lets throw him into the riuer.
2. Oh twill corrupt the water, and the water the fish, and by the fish our selues when we eate them.
1. Then throw him into the ditch.

494 by om. Dyce etc.

457-495
2. No, no, to decide all doubts, be rulde by me, lets hang
him heere vpon this tree.

i. Agreeede. They hang him.

Enter the Duke of Guise, and Queene Mother, and
the Cardinall.

Guise. Now Madame, how like you our lusty Admirall ?
Queene. Beleeue me Guise he becomes the place so well,
As I could long ere this haue wisht him there.

But come lets walke aside, thair's not very sweet.

Guise. No by my faith Madam.
Sirs, take him away and throw him in some
thair's not very sweet.

Guise. No by my faith Madam.
Sirs, take him away and throw him in some
And now Madam as I vnderstand,
There are a hundred Hugonets and more,
Which in the woods doe holde their synagogue :
And dayly meet about this time of day,
And thither will I to put them to the sword.

Qu. Doe so sweet Guise, let vs delay no time,
For if these straglers gather head againe,
And disperse themselues throughout the Realme of France,
It will be hard for vs to worke their deaths.
Be gone, delay no time sweet Guise.

Guise. Madam
I goe as whirl-windes rage before a storme. Exit Guise.

Qu. My Lord of Loraine haue you markt of late,
How Charles our sonne begins for to lament
For the late nights worke which my Lord of Guise
Did make in Paris amongst the Hugonites ?

Card. Madam, I haue heard him solemnly vow,
With the rebellious King of Nauarre,
For to reuenge their deaths vpon vs all.

Qu. I, but my Lord let me alone for that,
For Katherine must haue her will in France :
As I doe liue, so surely shall he dye,
And Henry then shall weare the diadem.
And if he grudge or crosse his Mothers will,
Ile disinherite him and all the rest :
For Ile rule France, but they shall weare the crowne:

498 s.d. They hang up the body on a tree, and then exeunt Dyce
502 thair's O : th' air's Dyce¹ : the air's Dyce² etc.  509 And
om. Cunn. 515-16 One line O : corr. Dyce  520 amongst]
'mongst Malone, Cunn. : among Bull.

496-530
And if they storme, I then may pull them downe. Come my Lord let vs goe.  

Exeunt.

Enter five or sixe Protestants with bookes, and kneele to-gether.  

Enter also the Guise.  

Guise. Downe with the Hugonites, murder them.  

Protestant.  O Mounser de Guise, hearre me but speake.  

Guise. No villain, that toung of thine,  

That hath blashphemde the holy Church of Rome,  

Shall drue no plaintes into the Guises eares,  

To make the iustice of my heart relent:  

Tue, tue, tue, let none escape:  

Kill them.  

So, dragge them away.  

Exeunt.  

Enter the King of France, Nauar and Epernoune staying him: enter Qu. Mother, and the Cardinall.  

King.  

O let me stay and rest me heer a while,  

A griping paine hath ceasde vpon my heart:  

A sodaine pang, the messenger of death.  

Qu. O say not so, thou kill'st thy mothers heart.  

King. I must say so, paine forceth me complaine.  

Na. Comfort your selfe my Lord and haue no doubt,  

But God will sure restore you to your health.  

King. O no, my louing brother of Nauarre.  

I haue deseru'd a scourge I must confesse,  

Yet is there pacience of another sort,  

Then to misdoe the welfare of their King:  

God graunt my neerest freends may proue no worse.  

O holde me vp, my sight begins to faile,  

My sinnewes shrinke, my braines turne vpside downe,  

My heart doth break, I faint and dye.  

He dies.  

Queene. What art thou dead, sweet sonne? speak to thy Mother.  

O no, his soule is fled from out his breast,  

And he nor heares, nor sees vs what we doe:  

My Lords, what resteth there now for to be done?  

But that we presently despatch Embassadours  

To Poland, to call Henry back againe,  

He dies.

Scene XII. add. Bull.  

Scene XIII. add. Bull.  

there now Bull.
To weare his brothers crowne and dignity.  
Epernoune, goe see it presently be done,  
And bid him come without delay to vs.  

*Eper.* Madam, I will.  

*Queene.* And now my Lords after these funerals be done,  
We will with all the speed we can prouide  
For Henries coronation from Polonie:  
Come let vs take his body hence.  

*All goe out, but Nauarre and Pleshe.*  

*Nauar.* And now *Pleshe* whilste that these broiles doe  
last,  

My opportunity may serue me fit,  
To steale from France, and hye me to my home.  
For heers no saftie in the Realme for me,  
And now that *Henry* is cal’d from Polland,  
It is my due by iust succession:  
And therefore as speedily as I can perfourme,  
Ile muster vp an army secretly,  
For feare that *Guise* ioyn’d with the K(ing) of Spaine,  
Might seeke to crosse me in mine enterprise.  
But God that alwaies doth defend the right,  
Will shew his mercy and preserue vs still.  

*Pleshe.* The vertues of our true Religion  
Cannot but march with many graces more:  
Whose army shall discomfort all your foes,  
And at the length in Pampelonia crowne,  
In spite of Spaine and all the popish power,  
That holdes it from your highnesse wrongfully:  
Your Maiestie her rightfull Lord and Soueraigne.  

*Nauar.* Truth *Pleshe*, and God so prosper me in all,  
As I entend to labour for the truth,  
And true profession of his holy word:  
Come *Pleshe*, lets away whilste time doth serue.  

*Exeunt.*  

*Sound Trumpets within, and then all crye viue le Roy  
two or three times.*  

Enter Henry crownd : Queene, Cardinall, Duke of Guise.  
Epernoone, the kings Minions, with others, and the Cutpurse.  

*All.* Viue le Roy, viue le Roy.  

*Sound Trumpets.*
Qu. Welcome from Poland Henry once agayne,
Welcome to France thy fathers royall seate,
Heere hast thou a country voide of feares,
A warlike people to maintaine thy right,
A watchfull Senate for ordaining lawes,
A louing mother to preserue thy state,
And all things that a King may wish besides:
All this and more hath Henry with his crowne.

Car. And long may Henry enjoy all this & more.

All. Viue le Roy, viue le Roy. Sound trumpets.

Henry. Thanks to you al. The guider of all crownes
Graunt that our deeds may wel deserue your loues:
And so they shall, if fortune speed my will,
And yeeld your thoughts to height of my desertes.
What saies our Minions, think they Henrys heart
Will not both harbour loue and Maiestie?
Put of that feare, they are already ioynde,
No person, place, or time, or circumstance,
Shall slacke my loues affection from his bent.
As now you are, so shall you still persist,
Remooueles from the fauours of your King.

Mugeroun. We know that noble mindes change not their thoughts
For wearing of a crowne, in that your grace
Hath worne the Poland diadem, before
You were inuested in the crowne of France.

Henry. I tell thee Mugeroun we will be freends,
And fellowes to, what euer stormes arise.

Mugeroun. Then may it please your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
To punish those that doe prophane this holy feast.

He cuts of the Cutpurse eare, for cutting of the golde buttons off his cloake.

Henry. How meanst thou that?

Cutpurse. O Lord, mine eare.

Mugeroun. Come sir, giue me my buttons and heers your eare.

Guise. Sirra, take him away.

Henry. Hands of good fellow, I will be his baile
For this offence: goe sirra, worke no more,
Till this our Coronation day be past:
And now,
Our solemn rites of Coronation done,
What now remaines, but for a while to feast,
And spend some daies in barriers, tourny, tylte,
And like disportes, such as doe fit the Court?

Let's goe my Lords, our dinner staiies for vs.

*Goe out all, but the Queene and the Cardinall.*

Queene.

My Lord Cardinall of Loraine, tell me,
How likes your grace my sonnes pleasantnes?
His minde you see runnes on his minions,
And all his heauen is to delight himselfe:

And whilst he sleepes securely thus in ease,

Thy brother *Guise* and we may now prouide
To plant our selues with such authoritie,
As not a man may liue without our leaues.

Then shall the Catholick faith of Rome
Flourish in France, and none deny the same.

*Car.* Madam, as in secrecy I was tolde,

My brother *Guise* hath gathered a power of men,
Which are he saith, to kill the Puritans,
But tis the house of *Bourbon* that he meanes.

Now Madam must you insinuate with the King,
And tell him that tis for his Countries good,
And common profit of Religion.

*Qu.* Tush man, let me alone with him,
To work the way to bring this thing to passe:
And if he doe deny what I doe say,

Ile dispatch him with his brother presently,
And then shall *Mounser* weare the diadem:

Tush, all shall dye vnles I haue my will,

For while she liues *Katherine* will be Queene.

Come my Lord, let vs goe seek the *Guise*,
And then determine of this enterprise.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Duchesse of Guise, and her Maide.*

*Duch.* Goe fetch me pen and inke.

*Maid.* I will Madam.

*Exit Maid.*

*Duch.* That I may write vnto my dearest Lord.

Sweet *Mugeroune*, tis he that hath my heart,

And *Guise* vsurpes it, cause I am his wife:

Faine would I finde some means to speak with him

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648 are Dyce etc.: as O

660 lord Dyce etc.: Lords O


663 s.d. follows 664 Dyce, Bull.

631-667
But cannot, and therfore am enforst to write,  
That he may come and meet me in some place,  
Where we may one injoy the others sight.  

*Enter the Maid with Inke and Paper.*  
So, set it down and leaue me to my selfe.  
O would to God this quill that heere doth write,  
Had late been pluckt from out faire Cupids wing:  
That it might print these lines within his heart.  

*Enter the Guise.*  

**Guise.** What, all alone my loue, and writing too:  
I prethee say to whome thou writes?  

**Duch.** To such a one my Lord, as when she reads  
My lines,  
Will laugh I feare me at their good aray.  

**Guise.** I pray thee let me see.  

**Duch.** O no my Lord, a woman only must  
Partake the secrets of my heart.  

**Guise.** But Madam I must see.  

Are these your secrets that no man must know?  

**Duch.** O pardon me my Lord.  

**Guise.** Thou trothles and vniust, what lines are these?  
Am I growne olde, or is thy lust growne yong,  
Or hath my loue been so obscure in thee,  
That others needs to comment on my text?  
Is all my loue forgot which helde thee deare?  

I, dearer then the apple of mine eye?  
Is Guises glory but a clowdy mist,  
In sight and judgement of thy lustfull eye?  

**Mor d(ie)u,** were not the fruit within thy wombe,  
Of whose encrease I set some longing hope:  
This wrathfull hand should strike thee to the hart.  
Hence strumpet, hide thy head for shame,  
And fly my presence if thou looke to live.  

*Exit (Duchess).*  

O wicked sexe, periured and vniust,  
Now doe I see that from the very first,  
Her eyes and lookes sow’ld seeds of periury,  
But villaine he to whom these lines should goe,  
Shall buy her loue euen with his dearest bloud.  

*Exit.*

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676 writ’st Dyce etc.  
677-9 Prose O: div. after such, lines  
Dyce, Bull.: after lines Cunn.  
677 my Lord om. Cunn.  
694 were Dyce etc.: wert O  
695 Of] On Cunn.  

668-703
Enter the King of Nauarre, Pleshe and Bartus, and their train, with drums and trumpets.

Nauarre.

My Lords, sith in a quarrell just and right,
We vndertake to mannage these our warres
Against the proud disturbers of the faith,
I meane the Guise, the Pope, and King of Spaine,
Who set themselves to tread vs vnnder foot,
And rent our true religion from this land;
But for you know our quarrell is no more,
But to defend their strange inuentions,
Which they will put vs to with sword and fire:
We must with resolute mindes resolue to fight,
In honor of our God and countries good.
Spaine is the counsell chamber of the pope,
Spaine is the place where he makes peace and warre,
And Guise for Spaine hath now incenst the King,
To send his power to meet vs in the field.

Bartus. Then in this bloudy brunt they may beholde,
The sole endeuour of your princely care,
To plant the true succession of the faith,
In spite of Spaine and all his heresies.

Nauarre. The power of vengeance now incampes it selfe
Vpon the hauty mountains of my brest:
Plaies with her goary coulours of reuenge,
Whom I respect as leaues of boasting greene,
That change their coulour when the winter comes,
When I shall vaunt as victor in reuenge.

Enter a Messenger.

How now sirra, what newes?
Mes. My Lord, as by our scoutes we vnderstande,
A mighty army comes from France with speed:
Which are already mustered in the land,
And meanes to meet your highnes in the field.

Na. In Gods name, let them come.
This is the Guise that hath incenst the King,
To leauy armes and make these ciuill broyles:
But canst thou tell who is their generall?
Mes. Not yet my Lord, for thereon doe they stay:
But as report doth goe, the Duke of Ioyeux
Hath made great sute vnto the King therfore.
at Paris.

Na. It will not counteruaile his paines I hope. I would the Guise in his steed might haue come, But he doth lurke within his drousie couch, And makes his footstoole on securitie: So he be safe he cares not what becomes Of King or Country, no not for them both. But come my Lords, let vs away with speed, And place our selues in order for the fight. Exeunt.

Enter the King of France, Duke of Guise, Epernoune, and Duke Ioyeux.

King. My sweet Ioyeux, I make thee Generall Of all my army now in readines To march against the rebellious King Nauarre. At thy request I am content thou goe, Although my loue to thee can hardly suffer, Regarding still the danger of thy life. Ioyeux. Thanks to your Maiestie, and so I take my leaue. Farwell to my Lord of Guise and Epernoune. Guise. Health and harty farwell to my Lord Ioyeux. Exit Ioyeux.

King. So kindely Cosin of Guise you and your wife Doe both salute our louely Minions.

Remember you the letter gentle sir, Which your wife wrt To my deare Minion, and her chosen freend? Guise. How now my Lord, faith this is more then need, Am I thus to be iested at and scornde? Tis more then kingly or Emperious. And sure if all the proudest Kings In Christendome should beare me such derision, They should know how I scornde them and their mockes I loue your Minions? dote on them your selfe, I know none els but holdes them in disgrace: And heer by all the Saints in heauen I sweare, That villain for whom I beare this deep disgrace: Euen for your words that haue incenst me so, Shal buy that strumpets fauour with his blood,
Whether he haue dishonoured me or no.

Par la mor d.ie\u, Il mo(ur)ra.

King. Beleeue me this iest bites sore.
Eper. My Lord, twere good to make them frends
For his othes are seldom spent in vaine.

Enter Mugeroun.

King. How now Mugeroun, metst thou not the Guise at the doore?
Muge. Not I my Lord, what if I had?
King. Marry if thou hadst, thou mightst haue had the stab,
For he hath solemnly sworne thy death.
Muge. I may be stabd, and Ile till he be dead,
But wherfore beares he me such deadly hate?
King. Because his wife beares thee such kindely loue.
Muge. If that be all, the next time that I meet her,
Ile make her shake off loue with her heeles.
But which way is he gone? Ile goe make a walk
On purpose from the Court to meet with him.
Exit.
King. I like not this, come Epernoune
Lets goe seek the Duke and make them freends. Exeunt.

Alarums within. The Duke Joyeux slaine.
Enter the King of Navarre and his traine.

Navarre.
The Duke is slaine and all his power dispearest,
And we are grac'd with wreathes of victory:
Thus God we see doth euer guide the right,
To make his glory great vpon the earth.

Bar. The terour of this happy victory,
I hope will make the King surcease his hate:
And either neuer mannage army more,
Or else employ them in some better cause.

Na. How many noble men haue lost their liues,
In prosecution of these cruell armes,
Is ruth and almost death to call to minde:
But God we know will alwaies put them downe,
That lift themselues against the perfect truth,
Which Ile mainaine so long as life doth last,
And with the Q(ueen) of England ioyne my force
To beat the papall Monarck from our lands,
And keep those relicks from our countries coastes.
Come my Lords, now that this storme is ouerpast,
Let vs away with triumph to our tents.  810

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. Sir, to you sir, that dares make the Duke a cuck-
olde, and vse a counterfeite key to his priuie Chamber doore:
And although you take out nothing but your owne, yet
you put in that which displeaseth him and so forestall his
market, and set vp your standing where you should not:
and whereas hee is your Landlord, you will take vpon you
to be his, and tyll the ground that he himself should occupy,
which is his own free land. If it be not too free there's the
question: and though I come not to take possession (as
I would I might) yet I meane to keepe you out, which I will
if this geare holde: what are ye come so soone? haue at
ye sir.

Enter Mugeroun.

He shootes at him and killes him.

Enter the Guise.

Guise. Holde thee tall Souldier, take thee this and flye. 825

Exit Soul.

Lye there the Kings delight, and Guises scorne.
Reuenge it Henry as thou list or dare,
I did it only in despite of thee.

Take him away.

Enter the King and Epernoune.

King.

My Lord of Guise, we vnderstand
That you haue gathered a power of men.
What your intent is yet we cannot learn,
But we presume it is not for our good.

Guise. Why I am no traitor to the crowne of France.
What I haue done tis for the Gospell sake.

Eper. Nay for the Popes sake, and thine owne benefite.
What Peere in France but thou (aspiring Guise) 835

811+Scene XIX. add. Bull.  812-27 For Collier's version of
this scene, probably a forgery, see p. 483-4  823 s.d. Enter Muge-
roun follows holde in 822 Dyce etc.  824 Prefix Guise [Giving

806-835
Durst be in armes without the Kings consent ?
I challenge thee for treason in the cause.

Guise. Ah base Epernoune, were not his highnes heere,
Thou shouldst perceive the D(uke) of Guise is mou'd.

King. Be patient Guise and threat not Epernoune, 840
Least thou perceiue the King of France be mou'd.

Guise. Why ? I am a Prince of the Valoyses line,
Therfore an enemy to the Burbonites.
I am a iuror in the holy league,
And therefor hated of the Protestants.

Epernoune. Thou able to maintaine an host in pay,
That liuest by forraine exhibition.
The Pope and King of Spaine are thy good frends,
Else all France knowes how poor a Duke thou art.

King. I those are they that feed him with their golde,
To countermaund our will and check our freends.

Guise. My Lord, to speake more plainly, thus it is :
Being animated by Religious zeale,
I meane to muster all the power I can,
To ouerthrow those sexious Puritans :
And know my Lord, the Pope will sell his triple crowne,
I, and the catholick Philip King of Spaine,
Ere I shall want, will cause his Indians
To rip the golden bowels of America.

Nauarre that cloakes them vnderneath his wings,
Shall feel the house of Lorayne is his foe :
Your highnes needs not feare mine armies force,
Tis for your safetie and your enemies wrack.

King. Guise, weare our crowne, and be thou King of France,
And as Dictator make or warre or peace,
Whilste I cry placet like a Senator.
I cannot brook thy hauty insolence,
Dismisse thy campe or else by our Edict
Be thou proclaimde a traitor throughout France.

Guise. The choyse is hard, I must dissemble.
My Lord, in token of my true humilitie,
And simple meaning to your Maiestie :
I kisse your graces hand, and take my leaue,
Intending to dislodge my campe with speed.

857 sexious O : factious conj. Malone, conj. Coll., Dyce² etc. 872
+S.D. Aside add. Dyce

836-876
King. Then farwell Guise, the King and thou are freends.

Exit Guise.

Eper. But trust him not my Lord,
For had your highnesse scene with what a pompe
He entred Paris, and how the Citizens
With gifts and shewes did entertaine him,
And promised to be at his commaund:
Nay, they fear'd not to speak in the streetes,
That the Guise durst stand in armes against the King,
For not effecting of his holines will.

King. Did they of Paris entertaine him so?
Then means he present treason to our state.
Well, let me alone; whose within there?

Enter one with a pen and inke.

Make a discharge of all my counsell straite,
And Ile subscribe my name and seale it straight.

My head shall be my counsell, they are false:
And Epernoune I will be rulde by thee.

Eper. My Lord,
I think for safety of your royall person,
It would be good the Guise were made away,
And so to quite your grace of all suspect.

King. First let vs set our hand and seale to this,
(He writes.

And then Ile tell thee what I meane to doe.
So, conuey this to the counsell presently.

And Epernoune though I seeme milde and calme,
Thinke not but I am tragicall within:
Ile secretly conuay me vnto Bloyse,
For now that Paris takes the Guises parte,
Heere is no staying for the King of France,
Vnles he meane to be betraide and dye:
But as I lie, so sure the Guise shall dye.

Enter the King of Nauarre reading of a letter, and
Bartus.

Nauarre.

My Lord, I am aduertised from France,
That the Guise hath taken armes against the King,
And that Paris is revolted from his grace.
   Bar. Then hath your grace fit opportunitie,
To shew your loue vnto the King of France:
Offering him aide against his enemies,
Which cannot but be thankfully receiu'd.
   Nauarre. Bartus, it shall be so, post then to Fraunce,
And there salute his highnesse in our name,
Assure him all the aide we can prouide,
Against the Guisians and their complices.
Bartus be gone, commend me to his grace,
And tell him ere it be long, Ile visite him.
   Bar. I will my Lord. Exit.

Enter Pleshe.

Nauarre. Pleshe.
Pleshe. My Lord.
Na. Pleshe, goe muster vp our men with speed,
And let them march away to France amaine:
For we must aide the King against the Guise.
Be gone I say, tis time that we were there.
Pleshe. I goe my Lord.
Nauar. That wicked Guise I feare me much will be
The ruine of that famous Realme of France:
For his aspiring thoughts aime at the crowne,
And takes his vantage on Religion,
To plant the Pope and popelings in the Realme,
And binde it wholly to the Sea of Rome:
But if that God doe prosper mine attempts,
And send vs safely to arriue in France:
Wee'll beat him back, and drive him to his death,
That basely seekes the ruine of his Realme. Exeunt.

Enter the Captaine of the guarde, and three murtherers.

Captaine.

Come on sirs, what, are you resolutely bent,
Hating the life and honour of the Guise?
What, will you not feare when you see him come?
   r. Feare him said you? tush, were he heere, we would
kill him presently.

908 the Guise] Guise Cunn. 920 s.D. Enter Pleshé follows
921 Dyce, Bull. 931 And] 'A Dyce: He Cunn. 937 s.D.
Exit Dyce etc. (Act III.) Scene II. add. Rob., Cunn.: Scene XXI.

908–942
2. O that his heart were leaping in my hand.
3. But when will he come that we may murther him?
   Cap. Well, then I see you are resolute.
1. Let vs alone, I warrant you.
   Cap. Then sirs take your standings within this Chamber, For anon the Guise will come.
   All. You will giue vs our money?
   Cap. I, I, feare not: stand close, so, be resolute:
   Now fals the star whose influence gouernes France,
   Whose light was deadly to the Protestants:
   Now must he fall and perish in his height.

   Enter the King and Epernoune.

   King.

   Now Captain of my guarde, are these murtherers ready?
   Cap. They be my good Lord.
   King. But are they resolute and armde to kill,
   Hating the life and honour of the Guise?
   Cap. I warrant ye my Lord.
   King. Then come proud Guise and heere disgordge thy brest,
   Surchargde with surfet of ambitious thoughts:
   Breath out that life wherein my death was hid,
   And end thy endles treasons with thy death.

   Enter the Guise and knocketh.

   Guise.

   Holla verlete, hey: Epernoune, where is the King?
   Eper. Mounted his royall Cabonet.
   Guise. I prethee tell him that the Guise is heere.
   Eper. And please your grace the Duke of Guise doth craue
   Accesse vnto your highnes.
   King. Let him come in.
   Come Guise and see thy traiterous guile outreacht,
   And perish in the pit thou mad'st for me.

   The Guise comes to the King.

   Guise. Good morrow to your Maistie.
   King. Good morrow to my louing Cousin of Guise
   How fares it this morning with your excellence?
Guise. I heard your Maiestie was scarsely pleasde,
That in the Court I bare so great a traine.

King. They were to blame that said I was displeasde,
And you good Cosin to imagine it.
Twere hard with me if I should doubt my kinne,
Or be suspicious of my deerest freends:
Cousin, assure you I am resolute,
Whatsoever any whisper in mine eares,
Not to suspect disloyaltye in thee,
And so sweet Cuz farwell. Exit King.

Guise. So,
Now sues the King for fauour to the Guise,
And all his Minions stoup when I commaund:
Why this tis to haue an army in the field.
Now by the holy sacrament I swere,
As ancient Romanes ouer their Captiue Lords,
So will I triumph ouer this wanton King,
And he shall follow my proud Chariots wheeles.
Now doe I but begin to look about,
And all my former time was spent in vaine:
Holde Sworde,
For in thee is the Duke of Guises hope.

Enter one of the Murtherers.

Villaine, why dost thou look so gastly? speake.

Mur. O pardon me my Lord of Guise.

Guise. Pardon thee, why what hast thou done?

Mur. O my Lord, I am one of them that is set to

murder you.

Guise. To murder me villaine?

Mur. I my Lord, the rest haue taine their standings
in the next roome, therefore good my Lord goo not
forth.

Guise. Yet Caesar shall goo forth.

Let mean consaits, and baser men feare death,
But they are pesants, I am Duke of Guise:
And princes with their lookes ingender feare.

1. Stand close, he is comming, I know him by his

voice.

984–5 One line O: div. Dyce etc. 989 o'er Dyce etc. 994–5
One line O, Cunn. 995 Duke of om. Cunn. 1005–8
Prose O: corr. Malone, Dyce 1009 Prefix First Murd. [within]
Dyce
Guise. As pale as ashes, nay then tis time
To look about.

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

They stabbe him.

Guise. Oh I haue my deaths wound, giue me leaue to speak.

2. Then pray to God, and aske forgiuenes of the King.

Guise. Trouble me not, I neare offended him,
Nor will I aske forgiuenes of the King.
Oh that I haue not power to stay my life,
Nor immortalitie to be reueng’d:
To dye by Pesantes, what a greefe is this?
Ah Sextus, be reueng’d vpon the King,
Philip and Parma, I am slaine for you:
Pope excommunicate, Philip depose,
The wicked branch of curst Valois his line.

Vivie la messa, perish Hugonets,
Thus Caesar did goe foorth, and thus he dyed. He dyes.

Enter Captaine of the Guarde.

Captaine.
What, haue you done?
Then stay a while and Ile goe call the King,
But see where he comes.

My Lord, see where the Guise is slaine.

King. Ah this sweet sight is phisick to my soule,
Goe fetch his sonne for to beholde his death:
Surchargde with guilt of thousand massacres,
Mounser of Loraine sinke away to hell.
And in remembrance of those bloudy broyles,
To which thou didst alure me being aliue:
And heere in presence of you all I sweare,
I nere was King of France vntill this houre:
This is the traitor that hath spent my golde
In making forraine warres and cruile broiles.
Did he not draw a sorte of English priestes
From Doway to the Seminary at Remes,


1011-1043
To hatch forth treason against their natural Queen?
Did he not cause the King of Spain's huge fleet?
To threaten England and to menace me?
Did he not injure Mounser that's deceit?
Hath he not made me in the Pope's defence,
To spend the treasure that should strengthen my land
In civil broils between Navarre and me?
Tush, to be short, he meant to make me Munke,
Or else to murder me, and so be King.
Let Christian princes that shall hear of this,
(As all the world shall know our Guise is dead)
Rest satisfied with this that here I swear,
Nere was there King of France so yok't as I.

Enter the Guises sonne.

Boy, look where your father lyeth.

Yong Guise. My father slaine, who hath done this deed?

King. Sirra twas I that slew him, and will slay

Thee too, and thou prove such a traitor.

Yong Guise. Art thou King, and hast done this bloody deed?

Ile be reueng'd.

He offereth to throwe his dagger.

King. Away to prison with him, Ile clippe his winges
Or ere he passe my handes: away with him. Exit Boy.
But what avails that these traitors dead,
When Duke Dumaine his brother is alive,
And that young Cardinall that is growne so proud?
Goe to the Gouvernor of Orleance,
And will him in my name to kill the Duke.
Get you away and strangle the Cardinall.
These two will make one entire Duke of Guise,
Especially with our olde mothers helpe.

Enter Queen Mother.

King. And let her droue, my heart is light enough.

1044-1076
Mother, how like you this device of mine?
I slew the Guise, because I would be King.

Queene. King, why so thou wert before.
Pray God thou be a King now this is done.

King. Nay he was King and countermanded me,
But now I will be King and rule my selfe,
And make the Guisians stoup that are aliue.

Queene. I cannot speak for greefe: when thou wast borne,
I would that I had murdered thee my sonne.

My sonne? thou art a changeling, not my sonne.
I curse thee and exclaine thee miscrent,
Traitor to God, and to the realme of France.

King. Cry out, exclaine, houle till thy throat be hoarce,
The Guise is slaine, and I reioyce therefore:
And now will I to armes: come Epernoune,
And let her greeue her heart out if she will.

Exit the King and Epernoune.

Queene. Away, leaue me alone to meditate.
Sweet Guise, would he had died so thou wert heere:
To whom shall I bewray my secrets now,
Or who will helpe to builde Religion?
The Protestants will glory and insulte,
Wicked Nauarre will get the crowne of France,
The Popedome cannot stand, all goes to wrack,
And all for thee my Guise: what may I doe?
But sorrow seaze vpon my toyling scule,
For since the Guise is dead, I will not liue.

Enter two dragging in the Cardenall.

Car. Murder me not, I am a Cardenall.
1. Wert thou the Pope thou mightst not scape from vs.
Car. What will you fyle your handes with Churchmens bloud?
2. Shed your bloud, O Lord no: for we entend to strangle you.
Car. Then there is no remedye but I must dye.
1. No remedye, therefore prepare your selwe.
Car. Yet liues

My brother Duke Dumaine, and many moe:
To reuenge our deaths vpon that cursed King,
Vpon whose heart may all the furies gripe,
And with their pawes drench his black soule in hell.

1093+S.D. Exeunt Attendants add. Dyce etc.
1102+{Act III.}
1110-11.
One line O etc.

1077-1114
i. Yours my Lord Cardinall, you should haue saide. Now they strangle him.

So, pluck amaine,
He is hard hearted, therfore pull with violence.
Come take him away. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Dumayn reading of a letter, with others.

Dumaine.

My noble brother murthered by the King,
Oh what may I doe, for to reuenge thy death?
The Kings alone, it cannot satisfie.
Sweet Duke of Guise our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art dead, heere is no stay for vs:
I am thy brother, and ile reuenge thy death,
And roote Valoys his line from forth of France,
And beate proud Burbon to his natieue home,
That basely seekes to ioyne with such a King,
Whose murderous thoughts will be his ouerthrow.
Hee wild the Gouernour of Orleance in his name,
That I with speed should haue beene put to death.
But thats preuented, for to end his life,
And all those traitors to the Church of Rome,
That durst attempt to murder noble Guise.

Enter the Frier.

Frier.

My Lord, I come to bring you newes, that your brother
the Cardinall of Loraine by the Kings consent is lately
strangled vnto death.

Dumaine. My brother Cardenall slaine and I aliue?
O wordes of power to kill a thousand men.
Come let vs away and leauy men,
Tis warre that must asswage this tyrantes pride.
Frier. My Lord, heare me but speak,
I am a Frier of the order of the Iacobyns,
That for my conscience sake will kill the King.
Dumaine. But what doth moue thee aboue the rest to
doe the deed?
Frier. O my Lord, I haue beene a great sinner in my
dayes, and the deed is meritorious.
Dumaine. But how wilt thou get opportunity?
Frier. Tush my Lord, let me alone for that.
Dumaine. Frier come with me,
We will goe talke more of this within.

Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and enter the King of France,
and Nauarre, Epernoune, Bartus, Pleshe, and Souldiers.

King.

Brother of Nauarre I sorrow much,
That euer I was prou’d your enemy,
And that the sweet and princely minde you beare
Was euer troubled with iniurious warres:
I vow as I am lawfull King of France,
To recompençe your reconciled loue
With all the honors and affections,
That euer I vouchsafte my dearest frends.

Nauarre. It is enough if that Nauarre may be
Esteemed faithfull to the King of France,
Whose seruice he may still commaund till death.

King. Thankes to my Kingly Brother of Nauarre.

Then heere wee’l lye before Lutecia walles,
Girting this strumpet Cittie with our siege,
Till surfeiting with our afflictong armes,
She cast her hatefull stomack to the earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

And it please your Maiestie heere is a Frier of the
order of the Iacobins, sent from the President of Paris, that
craues accesse vnto your grace.

King. Let him come in.

Enter Frier with a Letter.

Epernoune.

I like not this Friers look.
Twere not amisse my Lord, if he were searcht.

King. Sweete Epernoune, our Friers are holy men,
And will not offer violence to their King,
For all the wealth and treasure of the world.
Frier, thou dost acknowledge me thy King?

Frier. I my good Lord, and will dye therein.

11164 Lutetia-walls Dyce, Bull.: Lucrecia walles O: Lutetia’s walls Cunn.

1148-1178
King. Then come thou neer, and tell what newes thou bringst.

Frier. My Lord,
The President of Paris greetes your grace,
And sends his dutie by these speedye lines,
Humblye crauing your gracious reply.

King. Ile read them Frier, and then Ile answere thee.

Frier. Sancte Iacobus, now haue mercye vpon me. He stabs the King with a knife as he readeth the letter, and then the King getteth the knife and killes him.

Epernoune.

O my Lord, let him liue a while.

King. No, let the villaine dye, and feele in hell
Just torments for his trechery.

Nauarre. What, is your highnes hurt?

King. Yes Nauarre, but not to death I hope. Goe call a surgeon hether strait.

Nauarre. God shield your grace from such a sodaine death:

Goe call the English Agent hether strait, Ile send my sister England newes of this, And giue her warning of her trecherous foes.

Nauarre. Pleaseth your grace to let the Surgeon search your wound.

King. The wound I warrant ye is deepe my Lord, Search Surgeon and resolue me what thou seest.

Enter the English Agent.

Agent for England, send thy mistres word,
What this detested Iacobin hath done.
Tell her for all this that I hope to live,
Which if I doe, the Papall Monarck goes
To wrack and antechristian kindome failes.
These bloody hands shall teare his triple Crowne,
And fire accursed Rome about his eares.
Ie fire his erazed buildings and inforse
The papall towers to kisse the holy earth.

Nauarre, giue me thy hand, I heere do sweare
To ruinate that wicked Church of Rome,
That hatcheth vp such bloudy practises,
And heere protest eternall loue to thee,
Whom God hath blest for hating Papery.

Nauarre. These words reuiue my thoughts and com-
forts me,
To see your highnes in this vertuous minde.

King. Tell me Surgeon, shall I liue?
Sur. Alas my Lord, the wound is dangerous,
For you are stricken with a poysioned knife.

King. A poysioned knife, what shall the French king dye,
Wounded and poysioned, both at once?

Eper. O that that damned villaine were aliue againe,
That we might torture him with some new found death.

Bar. He died a death too good, the devill of hell
Torture his wicked soule.

King. Ah curse him not sith he is dead. O,
The fatall poyson workes within my brest,
Tell me Surgeon and flatter not, may I liue?

Sur. Alas my Lord, your highnes cannot liue.

Nauarre. Surgeon, why saist thou so? the King may liue.

King. Oh no Nauarre, thou must be King of France.

Nauarre. Long may you liue, and still be King of France.

Eper. Or else dye Epernoune.

King. Sweet Epernoune thy King must dye. My Lords
Fight in the quarrell of this valiant Prince,
For he is your lawfull King and my next heire:

Valoyses lyne ends in my tragedie.
The Massacre at Paris.

Now let the house of Bourbon weare the crowne,
And may it neuer end in bloud as mine hath done. 1245
Weep not sweet Nauarre, but reuenge my death.
Ah Epernone, is this thy loue to me? Henry thy King wipes of these childish teares,
And bids thee whet thy sword on Sextus bones, 1250
That it may keenly slice the Catholicks.
He loues me not (the most) that sheds most teares,
But he that makes most lauish of his bloud.
Fire Paris where these trecherous rebels lurke.
I dye Nauarre, come beare me to my Sepulchre. 1255
Salute the Queene of England in my name,
And tell her Henry dyes her faithfull freend. He dyes.
Nauarre. Come Lords, take vp the body of the King,
That we may see it honourably interde:
And then I vow for to reuenge his death, 1260
As Rome and all those popish Prelates there,
Shall curse the time that ere Nauarre was King,
And rulde in France by Henries fatall death.

They march out with the body of the King, lying
on foure mens shoulders with a dead
march, drawing weapons
on the ground.

FINIS.
APPENDIX TO THE MASSACRE AT PARIS

Il. 812-827. In place of this passage, as given in the quarto, Collier published an amplified version which he claims to have derived from a manuscript source. The first allusion to the matter occurs in the introduction to Collier's edition of The Jew of Malta in the Dodsley of 1825, vol. viii, pp. 244, 245, where the editor says, alluding to the Massacre at Paris:

'A curious MS. fragment of one quarto leaf of this tragedy came into the hands of Mr. Rodd of Newport-street not long since, which, as it very materially differs from the printed edition, is here inserted literatim: it perhaps formed part of a copy belonging to the theatre at the time it was first acted, and it would be still more valuable should any accident hereafter shew that it is in the original handwriting of Marlow.'

He then inserts the following version of the scene:

'Enter a Souldier with a muskett.

Souldier. Now, ser, to you yt dares make a duke a cuckolde, and use a counterfeyt key to his privie chamber: thoughg you take out none but yo' owne treasure, yet you put in yt displeases him, and fill up his rome yt he shold occupie. Herein, ser, you forestalle the markett, and sett upe yo' standinge where you shold not. But you will say you leave him rome enoughe besides: that's no answere: he's to have the choyce of his owne freelande, yt it be not to free, there's the questione. Now for where he is your landlorde, you take upon you to be his, and will needs enter by defaulte. What thoughg you weree once in possession yett comminge upon you once unawares, he frayde you out againe: therefore your entrye is mere intrusion: this is against the law, ser. And thoughg I come not to keep possessione as I wolde I mighte, yet I come to keepe you out, ser,

Enter Minion.

You are welcome, ser! have at you. [He kills him.

Minion. Trayterous Guise ah, thou has mothered me!

Enter Guise.

Guise. Hold thee, tale soldier: take thee this and flye. [Exit.

Thus falls imperfett exhalation,
Which our great sonn of France cold not effecte;
A fyery meteor in the fermament.
Lye there, the kinge's delyght and Guise's scorne!
Revenge it, Henry, if thou list or dar'st;
I did it onely in dispight of thee.
Fondly hast thou incest (sic) the Guise's sowle
That if (sic) it self was hote enoughe to worke
Thy just degestion with extreamest shame,
The armye I have gathered now shall ayme:
Now at thie end thine exerpatione:
And when thou think'st I have forgotten this,
And that thou most reposes one my faythe,
Than will I wake thee from thy foolishe dreame,
And lett thee see thie self my prysoner.

[Exeunt.]

In Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, 1831 (iii. 133-5) the same passage is inserted with a slightly varying explanation of its origin. The spelling is absolutely different and many phrases are entirely changed. As the MS. has apparently been seen by no one else, and as the wording of the expanded passage is very suspicious, Collier's statement should be received with caution.
HERO AND LEANDER

*Hero and Leander* is probably the latest of Marlowe's writings. Left a fragment at the poet's death, it was licensed a few months later (September 28, 1593) by John Wolf, as 'a booke intituled *Hero and Leander* beinge an amorous poem devised by Christopher Marlow'. There is no evidence that Wolf actually published an edition; the earliest known to exist was issued in 1598 by Edward Blount, to whom Wolf seems in the meantime to have transferred his right in both this poem and in the translation of Lucan.

On March 2, 1597/8, Edward Blount assigned over to Paul Linley 'A booke in English called *Hero and Leander*', and the latter published in 1598 at least one complete version of the poem, including Chapman's continuation. Blount's right, derived from Wolf, seems to have extended only to Marlowe's portion of the poem; the rest Linley had probably secured from another source. The precise nature of the transaction between Blount and Linley is obscure. At the time that the former apparently gave up his interest in *Hero and Leander*—on what was by Elizabethan reckoning March 2, 1597—his own 1598 edition of the first two sestads can obviously not have been published. It may have been in type, and there may have been an agreement with Linley, permitting its publication before Linley himself brought out the complete work, but the probability is that Blount did not entirely abandon his copyright in the poem. It is certain that he was later connected with the publication of the 1609 and 1613 editions.

In 1600 Paul Linley seems to have retired from business, and the *Stationers' Register* contains the following entry for June 26 of that year: 'John flasket Entred for his  

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1 Cf. Introduction to *Lucan's First Book*, p. 642. The *Stationers' Register* does not, however, record any such transfer.  
2 Probably there were two 1598 editions which include the entire poem, besides Blount's edition of Marlowe's fragment.
copies by consent of our Maister and Master Man Warden these booke and partes of Booke folowyng whiche were Paule Lynlayes.' Then follow the titles of twenty-four works, one of which is 'Hero and Leander with the j. booke of Lucan by Marlowe'. Flasket published Hero and Leander in this same year (1600), and again in 1606. Strangely enough the title-page of the 1600 edition makes no mention of Chapman's continuation, which it contains, and advertises the presence of the Lucan translation, which, notwithstanding, does not appear in this book, but was published separately the same year by Thomas Thorpe with acknowledgements to Blount as former holder of the copyright. Flasket had his head quarters at Linley's old place of business, the sign of the Black Bear in Paul's Churchyard, and Blount advertises the sale of his 1609 and 1613 editions at the same place. Possibly the most reasonable explanation of the puzzle is to assume that some kind of loose partnership existed between Blount and Linley and later between Blount and Flasket in regard to Hero and Leander. In any case it would seem clear that Blount's 1598 edition, containing only Marlowe's portion of the poem without Chapman's Arguments and division into Sestiads, is the oldest chronologically and the most authoritative. My text follows this edition as far as it goes, the supplementary matter being given from the British Museum copy of Linley's 1598 edition.

The popularity of Hero and Leander with the Elizabethan public was enormous. The literature of the time abounds in allusions to the poem, and the list of early editions is a most impressive one. There were probably three separate editions in 1598, others in 1600, 1606, 1609, 1613, 1616, 1617, 1622, 1629, and 1637. Of these I have been unable so far to collate the third 1598 edition, the existence of which is not quite certainly established, or the unique copies of the 1616, 1617, and 1622 versions. From lines 183-198 of the third sestiad it seems probable that Chapman's conclusion was undertaken by the authority of Marlowe himself, though such an interpretation may easily be a straining of the vague hints of the lines in

1 Cf. Introduction to Lucan's First Book, p. 643, and p. 647, l. 9.
2 The relatively small value of the later editions is shown by the fact that none of them corrects the evidently incorrect succession of lines at the end of the second sestiad. Cf. note to ll. 279-300, p. 511.
Introduction.

question. During the year 1598, which was otherwise so important for the poem, there appeared another attempt at completing the torso. This continuation, which is of no poetic value, was the work of a feeble young poet, Henry Petowe, and was licensed April 14, 1598, by Andrew Harris, the publisher of the only edition. A ballad of Hero and Leander was entered on the Stationers' Register by John White on July 2, 1614.

Though Hero and Leander has often been called, and partly purports to be, a translation of the short Greek poem of the 'pseudo-Musaeus', it is almost entirely original throughout, except as regards the bare outline of the story. Chapman's completion of the poem seems, as has been said, to have been more or less authorized, and his supplementary cantos have been printed in every edition except the first. There is, however, very little cohesion as regards the plot between Marlowe's fragment and Chapman's, while in tone there is no resemblance whatever. The continuation has all the rhetorical stateliness of Chapman's best verse, and in places—notably in the tale of Teras—possesses real poetic feeling and grace, but in general Chapman's part of the poem is confused, obscure, and dull. The eight hundred lines written by Marlowe show a lucidity and an artistic mastery of detail, both in structure and in expression, which no other narrative poem in English literature perhaps can equal. We here see Marlowe's genius at its very best—certainly in its most complete and rounded development. It is doubtful whether the English heroic couplet through all its varied and honourable history from the time of Chaucer to that of John Keats, has ever been used with more perfect melody or more wonderful understanding of its peculiar capabilities than in the first two sestads of Hero and Leander. The verses have all the polish of Pope, and they have in addition a richness in sound and sense which finds its closest parallel in a work of the poet otherwise perhaps most nearly akin to Marlowe, the Endymion of Keats.

1 Cf. pp. 534-42.
HERO

AND

LEANDER.

By Christopher Marlowe.

LONDON,
Printed by Adam Islip,
for Edward Blunt.
1598.
HERO AND LEANDER:

Begun by Christopher Marloe; and finished by George Chapman.

Ut Nectar, Ingenium.

At London.
Printed by Felix Kingston, for Paule Linley, and are to be solde in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Blacke-beare.

1598.
1598<sup>1</sup> = Blount's quarto edition of that year, containing only Marlowe's part.
1598<sup>2</sup> = Linley's quarto edition of that year (Brit. Mus. C. 40. e. 68).
1600 = Quarto edition of that year.
1606 = " " " " " "
1609 = " " " " " "
1613 = " " " " " "
1616 = Edition of that year.
1617 = " " " " " "
1622 = Quarto edition of that year.
1629 = " " " " " "
1637 = " " " " " "

Dyce<sup>1</sup> = Dyce's first edition of Marlowe, 1850.
Dyce<sup>2</sup> = Dyce's revised edition of Marlowe, 1858, etc.
Cunn. = Cunningham's edition of Marlowe, 1870, etc.
T. B. = The present editor.

Broughton = Conjectures of J. B. in copy of Rob. (Brit. Mus. 11771 d).
E. P. = Quotations from *Hero and Leander* in *England's Parnassus*, 1600.
To the Right Worshipfull, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Knight.

Sir, wee thinke not our selues discharged of the dutie wee owe to our friend, when wee haue brought the breathlesse bodie to the earth: for albeit the eye there taketh his euer farwell of that beloued object, yet the impression of the man, that nain beene deare vnto vs, liuing an after life in our memory, there putteth vs in mind of farther obsequies due vnto the deceased. And namely of the performance of whatsoever we may judge shall make to his liuing credit, and to the effecting of his determinations prevented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectuall will) I suppose my selfe executor to the vnhappily deceased author of this Poem, vpon whom knowing that in his life time you bestowed many kind fauors, entertaining the parts of reckoning and woorth which you found in him, with good countenance and liberall affection: I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoever issue of his brain should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle aire of your liking: for since his selfe had ben accustomed therunto, it would prooue more agreeable and thrieving to his right children, than any other foster countenance whatsoever. At this time seeing that this vnfinished Tragedy happens vnder my hands to be imprinted; of a double duty, the one to your selfe, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most fauourable allowance, offering my utmost selfe now and euer to bee readie, At your Worships disposing:

Edward Blunt.

(Ep. Ded.) 1 not om. 1629, 1637 3 euer om. 1637 6 farther] other 1629, 1637 11 vnhappily 1598\(^1\), 2, 1600: vnhappie 1606–37 12 that om. 1629, 1637 18 therunto] thereto 1613–37 22 a om. 1637 adouble 1629 Signature Edward Blunt 1598\(^1\) : E. B. 1598\(^2\) etc.
Hero and Leander.

(The Argument of the First Sestyad.

Heros description and her Loues,
The Phane of Venus; where he moves
His worthie Loue-suite, and attaines;
Whose blisse the wrath of Fates restraines,
For Cupids grace to Mercurie,
Which tale the Author doth imple.\(^1\)

On Hellespont guiltie of True-loues blood,
In view and opposit two citties stood,
Seaborderers, disioin'd by Neptunes might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos, Hero dwelt; Hero the faire,
Whom young Apollo courted for her haire,
And offred as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze vpon.
The outside of her garments were of lawne,
The lining purple silke, with guilt starres drawne,
Her wide sleeues greene, and bordered with a groue,
Where Venus in her naked glory stroue,
To please the carelesse and disdainfull eies
Of proud Adonis that before her lies.
Her kirtle blew, whereon was many a staine,
Made with the blood of wretched Louers slaine.
Vpon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaues,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceaues.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When t'was the odour which her breath foorth cast,
And there for honie bees haue sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chains of peble stone,
Which lightned by her necke, like Diamonds shone.

\(^1\) Add. 1598 3 Seaborders 1598–1613: corr. 1629, 1637
4 th’other 1629, 1637 9 were\(\) was Rob. 10 lining] linnen
1637 17 wore 1637
She ware no gloues, for neither sunne nor wind
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warme or coole them, for they tooke delite
To play vpon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shels all siluered vsed she,
And brancht with blushing corall to the knee;
Where sparrowes pearcht, of hollow pearle and gold,
Such as the world would woonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fils,
Which as shee went would cherupe through the bils.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pyn’d,
And looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true, so like was one the other,
As he imagyn’d Hero was his mother.
And oftentimes into her bosome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw,
And laid his childish head upon her brest,
And with still panting rockt, there tooke his rest.
So louely faire was Hero, Venus Nun,
As nature wept, thinking she was vndone;
Because she tooke more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beautie her bereft:
Therefore in signe her treasure suffred wracke,
Since Heroes time, hath halfe the world beene blacke.
Amorous Leander, beautifull and yoong,
(Whose tragedie diuine Musæus soong)
Dwelt at Abidus: since him dwelt there none,
For whom succeeding times make greater mone.
His dangling tresses that were neuer shorne,
Had they beene cut, and vnto Colchos borne,
Would haue allur’d the vent’rous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden Fleece.
Faire Cinthia wisht his armes might be her sphære,
Greefe makes her pale, because she mooues not there.
His bodie was as straight as Circes wand,
Ione might haue sipt out Nectar from his hand.
Euen as delicious meat is to the tast,
So was his necke in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops shoulder. I could tell ye,
How smooth his brest was, & how white his bellie,
And whose immortall fingars did imprint
That heauenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his backe, but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loues of men,
Much lesse of powerfull gods: let it suffice,
That my slacke muse sings of Leanders eies,
Those orient cheekes and lippes, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kis
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the loue of any.
Had wilde Hippolitus Leander seene,
Enamoured of his beautie had he beene,
His presence made the rudest paisant melt,
That in the vast vplandish countrie dwelt,
The barbarous Thratian soldier moo’d with nought,
Was moo’d with him, and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in mans attire,
For in his lookes were all that men desire,
A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye,
A brow for loue to banquet roiallye,
And such as knew he was a man would say,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in loue, and lou’d of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.
The men of wealthie Sestos, euerie yeare,
(For his sake whom their goddesse held so deare,
Rose-cheekt Adonis) kept a solemnne feast.
Thither resorted many a wandring guest,
To meet their loues; such as had none at all,
Came louers home from this great festiuall.
For euerie street like to a Firmament
Glistered with breathing stars, who where they went,
Frighted the melancholie earth, which deem’d
Eternall heaven to burne, for so it seem’d,
As if another Phaeton had got
The guidance of the sunnes rich chariot.
But far aboue the loueliest Hero shin’d,
And stole away th’inhaunted gazers mind,
For like Sea-nymphs inneigling harmony,
So was her beautie to the standers by.
Nor that night-wandring pale and watrie starre
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling carre
From Latmus mount vp to the glomie skie,
Where crown’d with blazing light and maestie,

She proudly sits) more ouer-rules the flood,
Than she the hearts of those that neere her stood.
Euen as, when gawdie Nymphs pursue the chace,
Wretched Ixions shaggy footed race,
Incenst with sausage heat, gallop amaine
From stepe Pine-bearing mountains to the plaine:
So ran the people foorth to gaze vpon her,
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.
And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
Their fellowes being slaine or put to flight,
So at her presence all surpris'd and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornfull eies:
There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to asswage)
Compile sharpe satyrs, but alas too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate.
And many seeing great princes were denied,
Pyn'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast day, O cursed day and hower,
Went Hero thorow Sestos, from her tower
To Venus temple, wh'ere vnhappilye,
As after chaunc'd, they did each other spye.
So faire a church as this, had Venus none,
The wals were of discoloured Jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carued, and o'rehead,
A liuelie vine of greene sea agget spread;
Where by one hand, light headed Bacchus hoong,
And with the other, wine from grapes out wroong.
Of Christall shining faire the paumeant was,
The towne of Sestos cal'd it Venus glasse.
There might you see the gods in sundrie shapes,
Committing headdie ryots, incest, rapes:
For know, that vnderneath this radiant floure
Was Danaes statue in a brazen tower,
Ioue slylie stealing from his sisters bed,
To dallie with Idalian Ganimed,
And for his loue Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud:
Blood-quaffing Mars heauing the yron net,
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set:
Loue kindling fire, to burne such townes as Troy,
Syluanus weeping for the louely boy
That now is turn'd into a Cypres tree,
Vnder whose shade the Wood-gods loue to bee.
And in the midst a siluer altar stood;
There Hero sacrificing turtles blood,
Vaid to the ground, vailing her eie-lids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose:
Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head,
And thus Leander was enamoured.
Stone still he stood, and euermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
Relenting Heroes gentle heart was strooke,
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.

It lies not in our power to loue, or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by fate.
When two are stript long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should loose, the other win;
And one especiallie doe we affect
Of two gold Ingots like in each respect.
The reason no man knowes, let it suffise,
What we behold is censur'd by our eies.
Where both deliberat, the loue is slight,
Who euer lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?
He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly praid;
Chast Hero to her selfe thus softly said:
Were I the saint hee worships, I would heare him,
And as shee spake those words, came somewhat nere him.

He started vp, she blusht as one asham'd;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd.
He toucht her hand, in touching it she trembled,
Loue deepely grounded, hardly is dissembled.
These louers parled by the touch of hands,
True loue is mute, and oft amazed stands.
Thus while dum signs their yeelding harts entangled,
The aire with sparkes of liuing fire was spangled,
And night deepe drencht in mystie Acheron
Heau'd vp her head, and halfe the world vpon
Breath'd darkenesse forth (darke night is Cupids day).
And now begins Leander to display

A peri-phrase of night.

159 Vaild 1598', Dyce etc. : Taild 1598–1637: Kneel'd Rob.
180 those] these 1637 somewhat] something 1629, 1637 184
ground 1637 189–91 Marginal note om. 1600–37,
Loues holy fire, with words, with sighs and teares,
Which like sweet musicke entred Heroes eares,
And yet at euerie word shee turn'd aside,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide.
At last, like to a bold sharpe Sophister,
With chearefull hope thus he accosted her.
Faire creature, let me speake without offence,
I would my rude words had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then shouldst thou bee his prisoner who is thine.
Be not vnkind and faire, mishapen stuffe
Are of behauior boisterous and rufle.
O shun me not, but heare me ere you goe,
God knowes I cannot force loue, as you doe.
My words shall be as spotlesse as my youth,
Full of simplicitie and naked truth.
This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending,
From Venus altar to your footsteps bending)
Doth testifie that you exceed her farre,
To whom you offer, and whose Nunne you are.
Why should you worship her? her you surpasse,
As much as sparkling Diamonds flaring glasse.
A Diamond set in lead his worth retaines,
A heauenly Nimph, belov'd of humane swaines,
Receuies no blemish, but oft-times more grace,
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee, diuine and pure,
Dutifull seruice may thy loue procure,
And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beautie doest exceed loues mother.
Nor heauen, nor thou, were made to gaze vpon,
As heauen preserues all things, so saue thou one.
A stately builded ship, well rig'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maesticall:
Why vowest thou then to liue in Sestos here,
Who on Loues seas more glorious wouldst appeare?
Like vntun'd golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie vntoucht, will harshly iarre.
Vessels of Brasse oft handled, brightly shine,
What difference betwixt the richest mine
And basest mold, but vse? for both, not vs'nde,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'de,
When misers keepe it; being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.
Rich robes themselfes and others do adorne,
Neither themselfes nor others, if not wore.
Who builds a pallace and rams vp the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.
Ah simple Hero, learne thy selfe to cherish,
Lone women like to emptie houses perish.
Lesse sinnes the poore rich man that starues himselfe,
In heaping vp a masse of drossie pelfe,
Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
Which after his disceasse, some other gains.
But this faire iem, sweet in the losse alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none.
Or if it could, downe from th'enameld skie
All heauen would come to claime this legacie,
And with intestine broiles the world destroy,
And quite confound natures sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We humane creatures should enjoy that blisse
One is no number, mayds are nothing then,
Without the sweet societie of men.
Wilt thou liue single still? one shalt thou bee,
Though neuer-singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild sauages, that drinke of running springs,
Thinke water farre excels all earthly things:
But they that dayly tast neat wine, despise it.
Virginitie, albeit some highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base boullion for the stampes sake we allow,
Euen so for mens impression do we you,
By which alone, our reuerend fathers say,
Women receaue perfection euerie way.
This idoll which you terme Virginitie,
Is neither essence subject to the eie,
No, nor to any one exterior sence,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor is't of earth or mold celestiall,
Or capable of any forme at all.
Of that which hath no being doe not boast,
Things that are not at all are neuer lost.
Men foolishly doe call it vertuous,
What vertue is it that is borne with vs?
Much lesse can honour bee ascrib'd thereto,
Honour is purchac'd by the deedes wee do.
Beleeue me * Hero*, honour is not won,
Vntill some honourable deed be done.
Seeke you for chastitie, immortall fame,
And know that some haue wrong'd *Dianas* name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be faire, but some vile toongs will blot?
But you are faire (aye me) so wondrous faire,
So yoong, so gentle, and so debonnaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you liue alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
Then * Hero* hate me not, nor from me flie,
To follow swiftly blasting infamie.
Perhaps, thy sacred Priesthood makes thee loath,
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedlesse oath?

To *Venus*, answered shee, and as shee spake,
Forth from those two tralucent cesternes brake
A streame of liquid pearle, which downe her face
Made milk-white paths, wherон the gods might trace
To * Ioues* high court. Hee thus replide: The rites
In which *Loues* beauteous Empresse most delites,
Are banquets, Dorick musicke, midnight-reuell,
Plaies, maskes, and all that stern age counteth euill.
Thee as a holy Idiot doth she scorne,
For thou in vowing chastitie hast sworne
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Commit'st a sinne far worse than periurie,
Euen sacrilege against her Deitie,
Through regular and formall puritie.
To expiat which sinne, kisse and shake hands,
Such sacrifice as this *Venus* demands.

Thereat she smild, and did denye him so,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo.
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech.

Though neither gods nor men may thee deserue,
Yet for her sake whom you haue vow'd to serue,
Abandon fruitlesse cold *Virginitie*,
The gentle queene of *Loues* sole enimie.
Then shall you most resemble *Venus* Nun,
When Venus sweet rites are perform'd and done.
Flint-brested Pallas ioies in single life,
But Pallas and your mistresse are at strife.
Loue Hero then, and be not tirannous,
But heale the heart, that thou hast wounded thus,
Nor staine thy youthfull years with avarice,
The richest corne dies, if it be not reapt,
Beautie alone is lost, too warily kept.
These arguments he vs'de, and many more,
Wherewith she yeelded, that was woon before.
Heroes lookes yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are woon when they begin to iarre.
Thus hauing swallow'd Cupids golden hooke,
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, stroue she still,
And would be thought to graunt against her will.
So hauing paus'd a while, at last shee said:
Who taught thee Rhethoricke to deceiue a maid?
Aye me, such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the Orator.
With that Leander stoopt, to haue imbrac'd her,
But from his spreading armes away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: Gentle youth forbeare
To touch the sacred garments which I weare.
Upon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
Far from the towne (where all is whist and still,
Saue that the sea playing on yellow sand,
Sends foorth a ratling murmure to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
In silence of the night to visite vs.)
My turret stands, and there God knowes I play
With Venus swannes and sparrowes all the day.
A dwarfish beldame beares me companie,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night (that might be better spent)
In vaine discourse, and apish merriment.
Come thither. As she spake this, her toong tript,
For vnaawares (Come thither) from her slipt,
And sodainly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eies through anger rang'd.

And like a planet, mooing severall waies,
At one selfe instant, she poore soule assaiies,
Louing, not to loue at all, and euery part
Stroue to resist the motions of her hart.
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such,
As might have made heauen stoope to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and againe
Vow'd spotlesse chastitie, but all in vaine.
Cupid beats downe her praiers with his wings,
Her vowes aboue the emptie aire he flings :
All deepe enrag'd, his sinowie bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went,
Wherewith she strooken look'd so dolefully,
As made Loue sigh, to see his tirannie.
And as she wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd.
Then towards the pallace of the destinies,
Laden with languishment and griefe he flies,
And to those sterne nymphs humblie made request,
Both might enjoy ech other, and be blest.
But with a ghastly dreadfull countenaunce,
Threatning a thousand deaths at euery glaunce,
They answered Loue, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poore word, their hate to him was such.
Harken a while, and I will tell you why :
Heauens winged herrald, Loue-borne Mercury,
The selfe-same day that he asleepe had layd
Inchaunted Argus, spied a countrie mayd,
Whose carelesse haire, in stead of pearle t'adorne it,
Glist'red with deaw, as one that seem'd to skorne it:
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose,
Her mind pure, and her toong vntaught to close.
Yet proud she was, (for loftie pride that dwels
In tow'rd courts, is oft in sheapheards cels.)
And too too well the faire vermilion knew,
And siluer tincture of her cheekes, that drew
The loue of euery swaine : On her, this god
Enamoured was, and with his snakie rod,
Did charmee her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while vpon a hillocke downe he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancie to assay,
Till in his twining armes he lockt her fast,
And then he woo'd with kisses, and at last,
As sheep-heards do, her on the ground hee layd,
And tumbling in the grasse, he often strayd
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eie those parts, which no eie should behold.
And like an insolent commaundinge louer,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discouer
The way to new Elisium: but she,
Whose only dower was her chastitie,
Hauing striu'ne in vaine, was now about to crie,
And craue the helpe of sheep-heards that were nie.
Herewith he stayd his furie, and began
To giue her leaue to rise: away she ran,
After went Mercurie, who vs'd such cunning,
As she to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not wooon by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight.
And knowing Hermes courted her, was glad
That she such louelinesse and beautie had
As could prouoke his liking, yet was mute,
And neither would denie, nor graunt his sute.
Still vowd he loue, she wanting no excuse
To feed him with delaies, as women vse,
Or thirsting after immortalitie,—
All women are ambitious naturallie,—
Impos'd vpon her louer such a taske,
As he ought not performe, nor yet the aske.
A draught of flowing Nectar she requested,
Wherewith the king of Gods and men is feasted.
He readie to accomplish what she wil'd,
Stole some from Hebe (Hebe Ioues cup fil'd,)
And gaue it to his simple rustike loue,
Which being knowne (as what is hid from Joue?)
He inly storm'd, and waxt more furious
Than for the fire filcht by Prometheus,
And thrusts him down from heauen: he wandring here,
In mournfull tearmes, with sad and heauie cheare
Complained to Cupid. Cupid for his sake,
To be reueng'd on Ioue did vndertake.
And those on whom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the Adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forst them equallie
To dote vpon deceitfull Mercurie.
They offred him the deadly fatall knife,
That sheares the slender threads of humane life,
At his faire feathered feet the engins layd,
Which th'earth from ougly Chaos den vp-wayd:
These he regarded not, but did intreat,
That loue, vsurper of his fathers seat,
Might presently be banisht into hell,
And aged Saturne in Olympus dwell.
They granted what he crau'd, and once againe
Saturne and Ops began their golden raigne.
Murder, rape, warre, lust and trecherie,
Were with loue clos'd in Stigian Emprie.
But long this blessed time continued not:
As soone as he his wished purpose got,
He recklesse of his promise did despise
The loue of th'euerlasting Destinies.
They seeing it, both Loue and him abhor'd,
And Jupiter vnto his place restor'd.
And but that Learning, in despight of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,
And to the seat of loue it selfe aduance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignoraunce,
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and Pouertie should alwaies kis.
And to this day is euerie scholler poore,
Grosse gold from them runs headlong to the boore.
Likewise the angrie sisters thus deluded,
To venge themselues on Hermes, haue concluded
That Midas brood shall sit in Honors chaire,
To which the Muses sonnes are only heire:
And fruitfull wits that in aspiring are,
Shall discontent run into regions farre;
And few great lords in vertuous deeds shall ioy,
But be surpris'd with euery garish toy;
And still inrich the loftie seruile clowne,
Who with incroching guile keepes learning downe
Then muse not Cupids sute no better sped,
Seeing in their loues the Fates were injured.

(The end of the first Sestyad.

447 deadly fatall] fatall deadly 1637
457 warre, lust] war
465 but that] that but 1629, 1637
477 inaspiring Dyce etc. : high-aspiring conj. Bull.
THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND SESTYAD.

Hero of loue takes deeper sence,
And doth her loue more recompence.
Their first nights meeting, where sweet kisses
Are th' only crownes of both their blisses.
He swims t' Abydus, and returnes;
Cold Neptune with his beautie burnes,
Whose suite he shuns, and doth aspire
Heros faire towre, and his desire.)

By this, sad Hero, with loue vnacquainted,
Viewing Leanders face, fell downe and fainted.
He kist her, and breath'd life into her lips,
Wherewith as one displeas'd, away she trips.
Yet as she went, full often look'd behind,
And many poore excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stayd,
And would haue turn'd againe, but was afrayd,
In offering parlie, to be counted light.
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine Leander therewithall.
He being a nouice, knew not what she meant,
But stayd, and after her a letter sent,
Which joyfull Hero answerd in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the doore, hee need not clime,
And she her selfe before the pointed time
Had spread the boord, with roses strowed the roome,
And oft look't out, and mus'd he did not come.
At last he came, O who can tell the greeting
These greedie louers had at their first meeting.
He askt, she gaue, and nothing was denied,
Both to each other quickly were affied.
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts vnited,
And what he did she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the imbracements sweet,
When like desires and affections meet,
For from the earth to heauen is Cupid rais'd,
Where fancie is in equall ballance pais'd)

Add. 1598 etc. 17 lock 1629, 1637 30 and] and like
1629, 1637, Rob. to Bull.
Yet she this rashnesse sodainly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to her selfe lamented,
As if her name and honour had beene wrong'd,
By being possest of him for whom she long'd:
I, and shee wisht, albeit not from her hart,
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull God of amorous pleasure smil'd,
To see how he this captiue Nymph beguiTd.  
For hitherto hee did but fan the fire,
And kept it downe that it might mount the hier.
Now waxt she iealous, least his loue abated,
Fearing her owne thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore vnto him hastily she goes,
And like light Salmacis, her body throes
Vpon his bosome, where with yeelding eyes
She offers vp her selfe a sacrifice,
To slake his anger if he were displeas'd.
O what god would not therewith be appeas'd?
Like Æsops cocke, this iewell he enjoyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her fauour and good will had wone.
But know you not that creatures wanting sence
By nature haue a mutuall appetite,
And wanting organs to aduaunce a step,
Mou'd by Loues force, vnto ech other lep?
Much more in subiects hauing intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander rude in loue, and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore vnto his bodie hirs he clung,
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Striu'd with redoubled strength: the more she striued,
The more a gentle pleasing heat reuiued,
Which taught him all that elder louers know,
And now the same gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it,
Loue alwaies makes those eloquent that haue it.
Hero and Leander.

Shee, with a kind of graunting, put him by it,
And euer as he thought himselfe most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus she fled,
And seeming lauish, sau'de her maydenhead.
Ne're king more sought to keepe his diademe,
Than Hero this inestimable gemme.

Aboye our life we loue a stedfast friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kisse it, often looke thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gon:
No maruell then, though Hero would not yeeld
So soone to part from that she deerely held.
Jewels being lost are found againe,
T'is lost but once, and once lost, lost for euer.

Now had the morne espy'de her louers steeds,
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he stayd so long,
All headlong throwes her selfe the clouds among,
And now Leander fearing to be mist,
Imbrast her sodainly, tooke leaue, and kist.
Long was he taking leaue, and loath to go,
And kist againe, as louers vse to do.
Sad Hero wroong him by the hand, and wept,
Saying, let your vowes and promises be kept.
Then standing at the doore, she turn'd about,
As loath to see Leander going out.
And now the sunne that through th'orizon peepes,
As pittying these louers, downward creepes,
So that in silence of the cloudie night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the secret trustie night conceal'd
Leanders amorous habit soone reueal'd,
With Cupids myrtle was his bonet crownd,
About his armes the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading heare,
Nor could the youth abstaine, but he must weare
The sacred ring wherewith she was endow'd,
When first religious chastitie she vow'd:
Which made his loue through Sestos to bee knowne,
And thence vnto Abydus sooner blowne
Than he could saile, for incorporeal Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardie plumes
Are reeking water and dull earthlie fumes.
Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
But like exiled aire thrust from his sphere,
Set in a forren place, and straight from thence,
*Alcides* like, by mightie violence
He would haue chac'd away the swelling maine,
That him from her vniustly did detaine.
Like as the sunne in a Dyameter,
Fires and inflames obiects remoued farre,
And heateth kindly, shining lat'rally;
So beautie, sweetly quickens when t'is ny,
But being separated and remoued,
Burnes where it cherisht, murders where it loued.
Therefore eu'en as an Index to a booke,
So to his mind was yoong *Leanders* looke.
O none but gods haue power their loue to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is descride.
The light of hidden fire itselfe discouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betraies poore louers.
His secret flame apparantly was seene,
*Leanders* Father knew where hee had beene,
And for the same mildly rebuk't his sonne,
Thinking to quench the sparckles new begonne.
But loue resisted once, growes passionate,
And nothing more than counsaile louers hate.
For as a hote proud horse highly disdaines
To haue his head control'd, but breaks the raines,
Spits foorth the ringled bit, and with his houes
Checkes the submissiue ground: so hee that loues,
The more he is restraine'd, the woorse he fares.
What is it now, but mad *Leander* dares?
O *Hero*, *Hero*, thus he cry'de full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft,
Where hauing spy'de her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toyling *Hellespont*
To part in twaine, that hee might come and go,
But still the rising billowes answered no.
With that hee stript him to the yu'rie skin,
And crying, *Loue* I come, leapt liuely in.
Whereat the saphir visag'd god grew proud,
And made his capring Triton sound alowd,
Imagining that Ganimed displeas'd,
Had left the heauens; therefore on him hee seaz'd.
Leander striu'd, the waues about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
Was strewd with pearle, and in low corrall groues
Sweet singing Meremaids, sported with their loues
On heapes of heauie gold, and tooke great pleasure
To spurne in carelesse sort the shipwracke treasure.
For here the stately azure pallace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his traine abode.
The lustie god imbrast him, cald him loue,
And swore he neuer should returne to loue.
But when he knew it was not Ganned,
For vnder water he was almost dead,
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat downe the bold waues with his triple mace,
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kist him,
And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him.
Leander being vp, began to swim,
And looking backe, saw Neptune follow him,
Whereat agast, the poore soule gan to cry,
O let mee visite Hero ere I die.
The god put Helles bracelet on his arme,
And swore the sea should neuer doe him harme.
He clapt his plumpe cheekes, with his tresses playd,
And smiling wantonly, his loue bewrayd.
He watcht his armes, and as they opend wide,
At euery stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
And steale a kisse, and then run out and daunce,
And as he turnd, cast many a lustfull glaunce,—
And threw him gawdie toies to please his eie,—
And diue into the water, and there prie
Vpon his brest, his thighs, and euerie lim,
And vp againe, and close beside him swim,
And talke of loue: Leander made replie,
You are deceau'd, I am no woman I.
Thereat smilde Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a sheepheard sitting in a vale
Playd with a boy so faire and kind,
As for his loue both earth and heauen pyn'd;
That of the cooling river durst not drinke,
Least water-nymphs should pull him from the brinke.
And when hee sported in the fragrant lawnes,
Gote-footed Satyrs and vp-staring Fawnes
Would steale him thence. Ere halfe this tale was done,
Aye me, Leander cryde, th'enamoured sunne,
That now should shine on Thetis glassie bower,
Descends vpon my radiant Heroes tower.
O that these tardie armes of mine were wings!
And as he spake, vpon the waues he springs.
Neptune was angrie that hee gaue no eare,
And in his heart reuenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He cald it in, for loue made him repent.
The mace returning backe his owne hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this fresh bleeding wound Leander viewd,
His colour went and came, as if he rew'd
The greefe which Neptune felt. In gentle brests,
Re'enting thoughts, remorse and pittie rests.
And who haue hard hearts, and obdurate minds,
But vicious, harebraind, and illit'rat hinds?
The god seeing him with pittie to be moued,
Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
(Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,
With follie and false hope deluding vs.)
Wherefore Leanders fancie to surprize,
To the rich Ocean for gifts he flies.
'Tis wisedome to giue much, a gift preuailes,
When deepe perswading Oratorie failes.
By this Leander being nere the land,
Cast downe his wearie feet, and felt the sand.
Breathlesse albeit he were, he rested not,
Till to the solitarie tower he got,
And knockt and cald, at which celestiall noise
The longing heart of Hero much more ioies.
Then nymphs & sheapheards, when the timbrell rings,
Or crooked Dolphin when the sailor sings;
She stayd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunke with gladnesse, to the dore she goes,
Where seeing a naked man, she screech for feare,
Such sights as this to tender maides are rare,
And ran into the darke herselfe to hide.
Rich iewels in the darke are soonest spide.
Vnto her was he led, or rather drawne,
By those white limmes, which sparckled through the lawne.
The neerer that he came, the more she fled,
And seeking refuge, slipt into her bed.
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through numming cold all feeble, faint and wan:
    If not for loue, yet, loue, for pittie sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosome take,
At least vouchsafe these armes some little roome,
Who hoping to imbrace thee, cherely swome.
This head was beat with manie a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest vpon thy pillow.
Herewith afrighted Hero shrunke away,
And in her luke-warme place Leander lay,
Whose liuely heat like fire from heauen fet,
The drooping thoughts of base declining soules,
Then drie Mars carousing Nectar boules.
His hands he cast vpon her like a snare,
She overcame with shame and sallow feare,
Like chast Diana, when Acteon spyde her,
Being sodainly betraide, dyu’d downe to hide her.
And as her siluer body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her owne mind thought her selfe secure,
O’recast with dim and darksome couerture.
And now she lets him whisper in her eare,
Flatter, intreat, promise, protest and sweare,
Yet euer as he greedily assayd
To touch those dainties, she the Harpey playd,
And every lim did as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foe-man out.
For though the rising yu’rie mount he scal’d,
Which is with azure circling lines empal’d,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I tearme this,
By which loue sailes to regions full of blis,) 
Yet there with Sysiphus he toyl’d in vaine,
Till gentle parlie did the truce obtaine.
Wherein Leander on her quiuering brest,
Breathlesse spoke some thing, and sigh’d out the rest; 280
Which so preuail’d, as he with small ado
Inclos’d her in his armes and kist her to.
And euerie kisse to her was as a charmee,
And to Leander as a fresh alarme,
So that the truce was broke, and she alas,
(Poore sillie maiden) at his mercie was.
Loue is not ful of pittie (as men say)
But deaffe and cruell, where he meanes to pray.
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Foorth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing,
She trembling stroue, this strife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat
Of vnknowne ioy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her selfe she sought.
Seeming not woon, yet woon she was at length,
In such warres women vse but halfe their strength.
Leander now like Theban Hercules,
Entred the orchard of Th’esperides,
Whose fruit none rightly can describe but hee
That puls or shakes it from the golden tree:
And now she wisht this night were neuer done,
And sigh’d to thinke vpon th’approching sunne,
For much it greeu’d her that the bright day-light
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night,
And them like Mars and Ericine display,
Both in each others armes chained as they lay.
Againe she knew not how to frame her looke,
Or speake to him who in a moment tooke.
That which so long so charily she kept,
And faine by stealth away she would haue crept,
And to some corner secretly haue gone,
Leauing Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the suddaine cling’d her so about,

279-300 Owing probably to the displacement of a leaf in Marlowe’s
lost MS. these lines are given in wrong sequence in all previous
editions. The early quartos all insert ll. 279-90 between 300 and 301,
which cannot be right. Singer in his edition of 1821 shifted ll. 289, 290
to a position between 278 and 291, and this order (278, 289-300, 279-88,
301) has been retained by all subsequent editors. 280 some things
1598, 1600 281 he om. 1637 287 pittie] mercy. 304
this] the 1600 305 them conj. Broughton, Dyce etc.: then Qq
display Singer etc.: displayd Qq 306 others] other 1600 lay
Singer etc.: layd Qq 308 who] whom 1600
That Meremaid-like vnto the floore she slid,
One halfe appear'd, the other halfe was hid.
Thus neere the bed she blushing stood ypright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight breake, which through the heare,
As from an orient cloud, glymse here and there.

And round about the chamber this false morne
Brought foorth the day before the day was borne.
So Heroes ruddie cheeke Hero betrayd,
And her all naked to his sight displayd,
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure tooke
Than Dis, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.

By this Apollos golden harpe began
To sound foorth musicke to the Ocean,
Which watchfull Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd,
And ran before, as Harbenger of light,
And with his flaring beames mockt ougly night,
Till she o'recome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Dang'd downe to hell her loathsome carriage.

Desunt nonnulla.
TO MY BEST ESTEEMED 
AND WORTHELY HONORED 
LADY, THE LADY WALSINGHAM, 
one of the Ladies of her Maiesties 
Bed-chamber. 

I present your Ladiship with the last affections of the first 
two Louers that ever Muse shrinde in the Temple of Memorie; 
being drawne by strange instigation to employ some of my serious 
time in so trifeling a subject, which yet made the first Author, 
diuine Musæus, eternall. And were it not that wee must subiect 
our accounts of these common received conceits to servile custome; 
it goes much against my hand to signe that for a trifling subject, 
on which more worthines of soule hath been shewed, and weight 
of diuine wit, than can vouchsafe residence in the leaden grauitie 
of any Mony-Monger; in whose profession all serious subjects 
are concluded. But he that shuns trifles must shun the world; 
out of whose reverend heapes of substance and austeritie, I 
can, and will, ere long, single, or tumble out as brainles and passionate 
fooleries, as euer panted in the bosome of the most ridiculous 
Lover. Accept it thherefore (good Madam) though as a trifle, yet 
as a serious argument of my affection: for to bee thought thanke-
full for all free and honourable fauours, is a great summe of 
that riches my whole thrift intendeth. 

Such uncourtly and sillie dispositions as mine, whose con-
tentment hath other objects than profit or glorie; are as glad, 
simply for the naked merit of vertue, to honour such as advance 
her, as others that are hired to commend with deepeliest politique 
bountie. 

It hath therefore adioynde much contentment to my desire of 
your true honour to heare men of desert in Court adde to mine 
owne knowledge of your noble disposition, how gladly you doe 
your best to preferre their desires; and haue as absolute respect 
to their meere good parts, as if they came perfumed and charmed 
with golden incitements. And this most sweet inclination, that 
flowes from the truth and eternitie of Nobles, assure your 
Ladiship doth more suite your other Ornaments, and makes more 
to the advancement of your Name, and happines of your pro-
ceedings, then if (like others) you displaied Ensignes of state 
and sourenes in your forehead, made smooth with nothing but 
sensualitie and presents. 

This poore Dedication (in figure of the other unitie betwixt 
MARLOWE
Sir Thomas and your selfe) hath rejoynd you with him, my honoured best friend, whose continuance of ancient kindnes to my still-obscred estate, though it cannot encrease my loue to him, which hath euer been entirely circulare; yet shall it encourage my deserts to their utmost requitall, and make my hartie grati-
tude speake; to which the vnhappines of my life hath hetherto been uncomfortable and painfull dumbnes.

By your Ladiships vowd in most wished seruice:

George Chapman.
The Argument of the
Third Sestyad.

Leander to the envious light
Resignes his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont againe;
Thesme the Deitie soveraigne
Of Customes and religious rites
Appeares, reproouing his delites
Since Nuptiall honors he neglected;
Which straight he vowes shall be effecte.
Faire Hero left Deuirginate
Wais, and with furie wailes her state:
But with her loue and womans wit
She argues, and approueth it.

New light giues new directions, Fortunes new
To fashion our indeuours that ensue,
More harsh (at lest more hard) more graue and hie
Our subiect runs, and our sterne Muse must flie.
Loues edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, ioyes, longings, that before became
High vnexperienst blood, and maids sharpe plights
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That being enioyd aske judgement; now we praise,
As hauing parted: Euenings crowne the daies.
And now ye wanton loues, and yong desires,
Pied vanitie, the mint of strange Attires;
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentfull Musicks, and attractiue Dances,
And you detested Charmes constraining loue,
Shun loues stolne sports by that these Louers proue.

By this the Soueraigne of Heauens golden fires,
And yong Leander, Lord of his desires,
Together from their louers armes arose:
Leander into Hellespontus throwes
His Hero-handled bodie, whose delight
Made him disdaine each other Epethite.
And as amidst the enamourd waues he swims,
The God of gold of purpose guilt his lims,
That this word guilt, including double sence,
The double guilt of his Incontinence,

Argument. 6 reproving Dyce etc.: improuing Qq
Might be exprest, that had no stay t'employ
The treasure which the Loue-god let him ioy
In his deare Hero, with such sacred thrift,
As had beseemd so sanctified a gift:
But like a greedie vulgar Prodigall
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that vnblessed blessing,
Which for lusts plague doth perish with possessing.

Joy grauen in sence, like snow in water wast;
Without preserue of vertue nothing lasts.
What man is he that with a welthie eie
Enioyes a beautie richer than the skie,
Through whose white skin, softer then soundest sleep,
With damaske eyes, the rubie blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure vaines,
Whose mixture and first fire, his loue attaines;
Whose both hands limit both Loues deities,
And sweeten humane thoughts like Paradise;
Directed with an earth-exempted minde;
Who thinks not heauen with such a loue is giuen?
And who like earth would spend that dower of heauen,
With ranke desire to ioy it all at first?
What simply kils our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakednes, and makes vs liue,
Praise doth not any of her favours giue:
But what doth plentifully minister
Beautious apparell and delicious cheere,
So orderd that it still excites desire,
And still giues pleasure freenes to aspire
The palme of Bountie, euer moyst preserving:
To loues sweet life this is the courtly caruing.
Thus Time, and all-states-ordering Ceremonie
Had banisht all offence: Times golden Thie
Vpholds the flowrie bodie of the earth
In sacred harmonie, and euer birth
Of men, and actions makes legitimate,
Being vsde aright; The use of time is Fate.

Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more
This prize of Loue home to his fathers shore;
Where he vnlades himselfe of that false welth
That makes few rich, treasures composde by stelth;
And to his sister kinde Hermione,
(Who on the shore kneeld, praying to the sea
For his returne) he all Loues goods did show
In Hero seasde for him, in him for Hero.

His most kinde sister all his secrets knew,
And to her singing like a shower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs tooke in
Streames dead for loue to leaue his iuorie skin,
Which yet a snowie some did leaue aboue,
As soule to the dead water that did loue;
And from thence did the first white Roses spring,
(For loue is sweet and faire in euery thing)
And all the sweetned shore as he did goe,
Was crownd with odrous roses white as snow.
Loue-blest Leander was with loue so filled,
That loue to all that toucht him he instilled.
And as the colours of all things we see,
To our sights powers communicated bee:
So to all obiects that in compasse came
Of any sence he had, his sences flame
Flowd from his parts with force so virtuall,
It fir'd with sence things weree insensuall.

Now (with warme baths and odours comforted)
When he lay downe he kindly kist his bed,
As consecrating it to Hero's right,
And vowd thereafter that what euer sight
Put him in minde of Hero, or her blisse,
Should be her Altar to prefer a kisse.

Then laid he forth his late inriched armes,
In whose white circle Loue writ all his charmes,
And made his characters sweet Hero's lims,
When on his breasts warme sea she sideling swims.
And as those armes (held vp in circle) met,
He said: See sister Hero's Carquenet,
Which she had rather weare about her neck,
Then all the jewelz that doth Iuno deck.

But as he shooke with passionate desire,
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A musick so diuine did pierce his eare,
As neuer yet his rauisht sence did heare:
When suddenly a light of twentie hews
Brake through the rooFE, and like the Rainbow views
Amazd Leander; in whose beames came downe
The Goddesse Ceremonie, with a Crowne
Of all the stars, and heauen with her descended.
Her flaming haire to her bright feete extended,
By which hung all the bench of Deities;
And in a chaine, compact of eares and cies,
She led Religion; all her bodie was
Cleere and transparent as the purest glasse:
For she was all presented to the sence;
Deuotion, Order, State, and Reuerence
Her shadowes were; Societie, Memorie;
All which her sight made liue, her absence die.
A rich disparent Pentackle she weares,
Drawne full of circles and strange characters:

90 were T. B. : meere Qq, Dyce etc.
Her face was changeable to euerie eie;
One way lookt ill, another graciouslie;
Which while men viewd, they cheerfull were & holy:
But looking off, vicious and melancholy:
The snakie paths to each obserued law
Did Policie in her broad bosome draw:
One hand a Mathematique Christall swayes,
Which gathering in one line a thousand rayes
From her bright eyes, Confusion burnes to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth.
By it Morallitie and Comelinesse
Themselues in all their sightly figures dresse.
Her other hand a lawrell rod applies,
To beate back Barbarisme, and Auarice,
That followed eating earth, and excrement
And humane lims; and would make proud ascent
To seates of Gods, were Ceremonie slaine;
The Howrs and Graces bore her glorious traine,
And all the sweetes of our societie Were Spherde, and treasurde in her bountious eie.
Thus she appeard, and sharply did reproue
Leanders bluntnes in his violent loue;
Tolde him how poore was substance without rites,
Like bils vnsignd, desires without delites;
Like meates vnseasond; like ranke corne that growes
On Cottages, that none or reapes or sows:
Not being with ciuill forms confirm'd and bounded,
For humane dignities and comforts founded:
But loose and secret all their glories hide,
Feare fils the chamber, darknes decks the Bride.
She vanisht, leauing pierst Leanders hart
With sence of his vnceremonious part,
In which with plaine neglect of Nuptiall rites,
He close and flatly fell to his delites:
And instantly he vowd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his maried state.
So vp he gets and to his father goes,
To whose glad eares he doth his vowes disclose:
The Nuptials are resolu'd with vtmost powre,
And he at night would swim to Heros towre.
From whence he ment to Sestus forked Bay
To bring her couerly, where ships must stay,
Sent by her father throughly rigid and mand,
To waft her safely to Abydus Strand.
There leaue we him, and with fresh wing pursue
Astonisht Hero, whose most wished view
I thus long haue forborne, because I left her
So out of countnance, and her spirits bereft her.
To looke of one abasht is impudence,
When of sleight faults he hath too deepe a sence.
Hero and Leander.

Her blushing het her chamber: she lookt out,
And all the ayre she purpled round about,
And after it a foule black day befell,
Which euer since a red morne doth foretell,
And still renewes our woes for Heros wo,
And foule it prou'd, because it figur'd so
The next nights horror, which prepare to heare;
I faile if it prophane your daintiest care.

Then thou most strangely-intellectuall fire,
That proper to my soule hast power t'inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy vnsheared flame visitst the springs
Of spirits immortall; Now (as swift as Time
Doth follow Motion) finde th'eternall Clime
Of his free soule, whose liuing subject stood
Vp to the chin in the Pyrean flood,
And drunke to me halfe this Musean storie,
Inscribing it to deathles Memorie:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deepe,
That neithers draught be consecrate to sleepe.
Tell it how much his late desires I tender,
(If yet it know not) and to light surrender
My soules darke ofspring, willing it should die
To loues, to passions, and societie.

Sweet Hero left vpon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead, her vowes, Leander gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new come thoughts that yet she neuer knew,
Euen to her selfe a stranger; was much like
Th' Iberian citie that wars hand did strike
By English force in princely Essex guide,
When peace assur'd her towres had fortiside;
And golden-fingred India had bestowd
Such wealth on her, that strength and Empire flowd
Into her Turrets; and her virgin waste
The wealthie girdle of the Sea embraste:
Till our Leander that made Mars his Cupid,
For soft loue-sutes, with iron thunders chid:
Swum to her Towers, dissolu'd her virgin zone;
Lead in his power, and made Confusion
Run through her streets amazd, that she supposde
She had not been in her owne walls inclosde,
But rapt by wonder to some forraine state,
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate:
And all her peacefull mansions possest
With wars iust spoyle, and many a forraine guest
From euery corner driuing an enioyer,
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
So far'd fayre Hero in th'expugned fort
Of her chast bosome, and of euery sort

183 thou T. B.: how Qq: now Rob., Cunn.: no Dyce, Bull.
Strange thoughts possesst her, ransacking her brest
For that that was not there, her wonted rest.
She was a mother straight and bore with paine
Thoughts that spake straight and wisht their mother slaine;
She hates their liues, & they their own & hers:
Such strife still growes where sin the race prefers.
Loue is a golden bubble full of dreams,
That waking breakes, and fits us with extreames.
She mus'd how she could looke vpon her Sire,
And not shew that without, that was intire.
For as a glasse is an inanimate eie,
And outward formes imbraceth inwardlie:
So is the eye an animate glasse that showes
In-formes without us.
And as Phoebus throwes His beames abroad, though he in clowdes be closde,
Still glancing by them till he finde opposde
A loose and rorid vapour that is fit
T'euent his searching beames, and vseth it
To forme a tender twentie-coloured eie,
Cast in a circle round about the skie.
So when our firie soule, our bodies starre,
(That euery is in motion circulare)
Conceiuces a forme; in seeking to display it
Through all our clowdie parts, it doth conuey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this euent vn-courtly Hero thought
Her inward guilt would in her lookes haue wrought:
For yet the worlds stale cunning she resisted
To beare foule thoughts, yet forge what lookes she listed,
And held it for a very sillie sleight,
To make a perfect mettall counterfeit,
Glad to disclaime her selfe, proud of an Art,
That makes the face a Pandar to the hart.
Those be the painted Moones, whose lights prophane
Beauties true Heauen, at full still in their wane.
Those be the Lapwing faces that still crie,
Here tis, when that they vow is nothing nie.
Base fooles, when euery moorish fowle can teach
That which men thinke the height of humane reach.
But custome that the Apoplexie is
Of beddred nature and liues led amis,
And takes away all feeling of offence:
Yet brazde not Heros brow with impudence;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pas,
To seeme in countnance other then she was,
As if she had two soules; one for the face,
One for the hart; and that they shifted place
As either list to vtter, or conceale
What they conceiu'd; or as one soule did deale
With both affayres at once, keeps and eiects
Both at an instant contrarie effects:
Retention and ejection in her powrs
Being acts alike: for this one vice of ours,
That forms the thought, and swaies the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our vterrance.
These and more graue conceits toyld H eros spirits:
For though the light of her discoursiue wits
Perhaps might finde some little hole to pas
Through all these worldly cinctures; yet (alas)
There was a heauenly flame incompast her;
Her Goddesse, in whose Phane she did prefer
Her virgin vows; from whose impulsiue sight
She knew the black shield of the darkest night
Could not defend her, nor wits subtilst art:
This was the point pierst Hero to the hart.
Who heauie to the death, with a deep sigh
And hand that languisht, tooke a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black Cypres made,
In which she sate, hid from the day in shade,
Euen ouer head and face downe to her feete;
Her left hand made it at her bosome meeete;
Her right hand leand on her hart-bowing knee,
Wrpnt in vnshapefull foulds twas death to see:
Her knee stayd that, and that her falling face
Each limme helpt other to put on disgrace.
No forme was seene, where forme held all her sight:
But like an Embrion that saw neuer light:
Or like a scorched statue made a cole
With three-wingd lightning: or a wretched soule
Muffled with endles darknes, she did sit:
The night had neuer such a heauie spirit.
Yet might an imitating eye well see,
How fast her cleere teares melted on her knee
Through her black vaile, and turnd as black as it,
Mourning to be her teares: then wrought her wit
With her broke vow, her Goddesse wrath, her fame,
All tooles that enginous despayre could frame:
Which made her strow the floore with her torne haire,
And spread her mantle peece-meale in the aire.
Like loues sons club, strong passion strook her downe,
And with a piteous shriek e inforst her swoune:
Her shriek e made with another shrieeke ascend
The frighted Matron that on her did tend:
And as with her owne crie her sence was slaine,
So with the other it was calde againe.
She rose and to her bed made forced way,
And layd her downe euen where Leander lay:
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebd with Leander: but now turnd the flood,
And all her fleete of sprites came swelling in
With childe of saile, and did hot fight begin
With those seueré conceits, she too much markt,
And here Leanders beauties were im Barkt.
He came in swimming painted all with ioyes,
Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroyes
All her destroying thoughts: she thought she felt
His heart in hers with her contentions melt,
And chid her soule that it could so much erre,
To check the true ioyes he deseru'd in her.
Her fresh heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
And she supposes she saw in Neptunes skyes
How her star wandred, washt in smarting brine
For her loues sake, that with immortall wine
Should be embath'd, and swim in more hearts case,
Than there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her Cupid prompted spirit: Shall I
Sing mones to such delightsome harmony?
Shall slick-tongde fame patcht vp with voyces rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,
(Begot when father Judgement is away,
And gossip-like, sayes because others say,
Takes newes as if it were too hot to eate,
And spits it slauring forth for dog-fees meate)
Make me for forging a phantastique vow,
Presume to beare what makes graue matrons bow?
Good vowes are neuer broken with good deedes,
For then good deedes were bad: vowes are but seedes,
And good deedes fruits; even those good deedes that grow
From other stocks than from th'observed vow.
That is a good deede that preuents a bad:
Had I not yeelded, slaine my selfe I had.

*Hero Leander is, Leander Hero:*
Such vertue loue hath to make one of two.
If then Leander did my maydenhead git,
Leander being my selfe I still retaine it.
We breake chast vowes when we line loosely euer:
But bound as we are, we liue loosely neuer:
Two constant louers being ioynd in one,
Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.
We know not how to vow, till loue vnblinde vs,
And vowes made ignorantly neuer binde vs.
Too true it is that when t'is gone men hate
The ioyes as vaine they tooke in loues estate:
But that's since they haue lost the heauenly light
Should shew them way to judge of all things right.
When life is gone death must implant his terror,
As death is foe to life, so loue to error.
Before we loue how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundrie fancies hunted here:
Now with desire of wealth transported quite
Beyond our free humanities delight:
Now with ambition climing falling towrs,
Whose hope to scale our feare to fall deuours:
Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all ioyes impure;
In things without vs no delight is sure.
But loue with all ioyes crownd, within doth sit;
O Goddesse pitie loue and pardon it.
This spake she weeping: but her Goddesse eare
Burnd with too sterne a heat, and would not heare.
Aie me, hath heauens straight fingers no more graces
For such as Hero, then for homeliest faces?
Yet she hope well, and in her sweet conceit
Waying her arguments, she thought them weight:
And that the logick of Leanders beautie,
And them together would bring proofes of dutie.
And if her soule, that was a skilfull glance
Of Heauens great essence, found such imperance
In her loues beauties; she had confidence
Louve lou’d him too, and pardond her offence.

Beautie in heauen and earth this grace doth win,
It suphle vigor, and it lessens sin.
Thus, her sharpe wit, her loue, her secrecie,
(Trouping together, made her wonder why
She should not leave her bed, and to the Temple?
Her health said she must liue; her sex, dissemble.
She viewd Leanders place, and wish’d he were
Turnd to his place, so his place were Leander.
Aye me (said she) that loues sweet life and sence
Should doe it harme! my loue had not gone hence,
Had he been like his place. O blessed place,
Image of Constancie. Thus my loues grace
Parts no where but it leaues some thing behind
Worth observation: he renounes his kinde.
His motion is like heauens Orbiculer:
For where he once is, he is euer there.
This place was mine: Leander now t’is thine;
Thou being my selfe, then it is double mine:
Mine, and Leanders mine, Leanders mine.
O see what wealth it yeelds me, nay yeelds him:
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
Rich, fruitfull loue, that doubling selfe estates
Elixer-like contracts, though separates.
Deare place, I kisse thee, and doe welcome thee,
As from Leander euer sent to mee.

The end of the Third Sestiad.)
Hero, in sacred habit deckt,
Doth private sacrifice effect.
Her Skarfs description wrought by fate,
Ostents that threaten her estate.
The strange, yet Phisicall euents,
Leanders counterfeit presents.
In thunder Ciprides descends,
Presaging both the lovers ends.
Ecte the Goddesse of remorces,
With vocall and articulate force
Insires Leucote, Venus swan,
T' excuse the beautious Sestian.
Venus, to wreake her rites abuses,
Creates the monster Eronusis;
Enflaming Heros Sacrifice,
With lightning darted from her eyes:
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That euer since laints every breast.

Now from Leanders place she rose, and found
Her haire and rent robe scattred on the ground:
Which taking vp, she euery pece did lay
Vpon an Altar; where in youth of day
She vsde t'exhibite priuate Sacrifice:
Those would she offer to the Deities
Of her faire Goddesse, and her powerfull son,
As relics of her late-felt passion:
And in that holy sort she vowed to end them,
In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her loues holy fire,
As they should in the flames she ment t'inspire.
Then put she on all her religious weedes,
That deckt her in her secret sacred deedes:
A crowne of Isickles, that suone nor fire
Could euer melt, and figur'd chast desire.
A golden star shine in her naked breast,
In honour of the Queene-light of the East.
In her right hand she held a siluer wand,
On whose bright top Peristera did stand,

Argument. 14-16 The marginal note is partially clipped away in the British Museum copy of ed. 1598
Who was a Nymph, but now transformd a Doue,  
And in her life was deare in Venus loue:  
And for her sake she euer since that time,  
Chusde Doues to draw her Coach through heauens blew clime.  
Her plentious haire in curled billowes swims  
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious lims  
Sustainde no more but a most subtile vaile  
That hung on them, as it durst not assaile  
Their different concord: for the weakest ayre  
Could raise it swelling from her bewtis fayre:  
Nor did it couer, but adumbrate onelie  
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eie  
Might see (as it did shadow) fearfullie  
All that all-loue-deseruing Paradise:  
It was as blew as the most freezing skies,  
Neere the Seas hew, for thence her Goddesse came:  
On it a skarfe she wore of wondrous frame;  
In midst whereof she wrought a virgins face,  
From whose each cheeke a firie blush did chace  
Two crimson flames, that did two waies extend,  
Spreading the ample skarfe to either end,  
Which figur'd the diuision of her minde,  
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclinde,  
And stood not resolute to wed Leander.  
This seru'd her white neck for a purple sphere,  
And cast it selfe at full breadth downe her back.  
There (since the first breath that begun the wrack  
Of her free quiet from Leanders lips)  
She wrought a Sea in one flame full of ships:  
But that one ship where all her wealth did passe  
(Like simple marchants goods) Leander was:  
For in that Sea she naked figured him;  
Her diuing needle taught him how to swim,  
And to each thred did such resemblance giue,  
For ioy to be so like him, it did liue.  

Things senceles liue by art, and rationall die,  
By rude contempt of art and industrie.  
Scarce could she work but in her strength of thought,  
She feard she prickt Leander as she wrought:  
And oft would shrieke so, that her Guardian frighted,  
Would staring haste, as with some mischiefe cited.  
They double life that dead things griefs sustayne:  
They kill that feel not their friends liuing payne.  
Sometimes she feard he sought her infamie,  
And then as she was working of his eie,  
She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill:  
But as she prickt, it grew more perfect still.  
Trifling attempts no serious acts advance;  
The fire of loue is blowne by dalliance.  
In working his fayre neck she did so grace it,  
She still was working her owne armes t'imbrace it:
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seene
Aboue the streame, and with a pure Sea greene
She did so queintly shadow every lim,
All might be seene beneath the waues to swim.
    In this conceited skarfe she wrought beside
A Moone in change, and shooting stars did glide
In number after her with bloodie beames,
Which figur'd her affects in their extreames,
Pursuing Nature in her Cynthian bodie,
And did her thoughts running on change implie:
For maids take more delights when they prepare
And thinke of wifes states, than when wifes they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a Fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that Ocean;
Who drew so hard ye might discouer well,
The toughned sinewes in his neck did swell:
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise:
Yet was of nought but of a Serpent sped,
That in his bosome flew and stung him dead.
And this by fate into her minde was sent,
Not wrought by meere instinct of her intent.
At the skarfs other end her hand did frame,
Neere the forkt point of the deuided flame,
A countrie virgin keeping of a Vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-louing Grashopper,
And by her lay her skrip that nourisht her.
Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung,
And tufts of wauing reedes about her sprung:
Where lurkt two Foxes, that while she applide
Her trifling snares, their theeueries did deuide:
One to the vine, another to her skrip,
That she did negligently ouerslip:
By which her fruitfull vine and holesome fare
She suffred spoyled to make a childish snare.
These omenous fancies did her soule expresse,
And euery finger made a Prophesesse,
To shew what death was hid in loues disguise,
And make her judgement conquer destinies.
O what sweet formes fayre Ladies soules doe shrowd,
Were they made scene & forced through their blood,
If through their beauties like rich work through lawn,
They would set forth their minds with vertues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers flie,
To still their yas thoughts with industrie:
That their plied wits in numbred silks might sing
Passions huge conquest, and their needels leading
Affection prisoner through their own-built citties,
Pinniond with stories and Arachnean ditties.
Proceed we now with *Heros* sacrifice;
She odours burnd, and from their smoke did rise
Vnsauorie fumes, that ayre with plagues inspired,
And then the consecrated sticks she fired,
On whose pale flame an angrie spirit flew,
And beat it downe still as it vpward grew.
The virgin Tapers that on th'altar stood,
When she inflam'd them burnd as red as blood:
All sad ostents of that too neere successe,
That made such mowing beauties motionlesse.
Then *Hero* wept; but her affrighted eyes
(She quickly wrastled from the sacrifice:
Shut them, and inwards for *Leander* lookt,
Searcht her soft bosome, and from thence she pluckt
His louely picture: which when she had viewd,
Her beauties were with all loues ioyes renewd.
The odors sweetned, and the fires burnd cleere,
*Leanders* forme left no ill object there.
Such was his beautie that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite,
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plaste in it to make it knowne
Art was her daughter, and what humane wits
For studie lost, intombd in drossie spirits.
After this accident (which for her glorie
*Hero* could not but make a historie)
Th' inhabitants of *Sestus*, and *Abydus*
Did euerie yeare with feasts propitious
To faire *Leanders* picture sacrifice,
And they were persons of especiall prize
That were allowd it, as an ornament
T' inrich their houses; for the continent
Of the strange vertues all approu'd it held:
For euen the very looke of it repeld
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no hearbs could cure.
The woolfie sting of Auarice it would pull,)
And make the rankest miser bountifull.
It kild the feare of thunder and of death;
The discords that conceits ingendereth
Twixt man and wife it for the time would cease:
The flames of loue it quencht, and would increase:
Held in a princes hand it would put out
The dreadfulst Comet: it would ease all doubt
Of threatened mischiefes: it would bring asleepe
Such as were mad: it would enforce to wepe
Most barbarous eyes: and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung *Leandrian* sects,

132 *Here again a page is omitted in the British Museum copy of ed. 1598*. Lines 133-58 follow the edition of 1600.
Of which was Hero first: For he whose forme (Held in her hand) cleerd such a fatall storme, From hell she thought his person would defend her, Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her. With this confirmd, she vowd to banish quite All thought of any check to her delite: And in contempt of sillie bashfulnes, She would the faith of her desires profess: Where her Religion should be Policie, To follow loue with zeale her pietie: Her chamber her Cathedrall Church should be, And her Leander her chiefe Deitie. For in her loue these did the gods forego; And though her knowledge did not teach her so, Yet did it teach her this, that what her hart Did greatest hold in her selfe greatest part, That she did make her god; and t'was lesse nought To leaue gods in profession and in thought, Than in her loue and life: for therein lies Most of her duties, and their dignities; And raile the brain-bald world at what it will, Thats the grand Atheisme that raignes in it still. Yet singularitie she would vse no more, For she was singular too much before: But she would please the world with fayre pretext; Loue would not leaue her conscience perplext. Great men that will haue lesse doe for them still, Must beare them out though th'acts be nere so ill. Meannes must Pandar be to Excellencie, Pleasure attones Falshood and Conscience: Dissembling was the worst (thought Hero then) And that was best now she must liue with men. O vertuous loue that taught her to doe best, When she did worst, and when she thought it lest. Thus would she still proceed in works diuine, And in her sacred state of priesthood shine, Handling the holy rites with hands as bold, As if therein she did loues thunder hold; And need not feare those menaces of error, Which she at others threw with greatest terror. O lonely Hero, nothing is thy sin, Wayd with those foule faults other Priests are in; That hauing neither faiths, nor works, nor bewties, T'engender any scuse for slubberd duties, With as much countenance fill their holie chayres, And sweat denouncements gainst prophane affayres, As if their liues were cut out by their places, And they the only fathers of the Graces. Now as with setled minde she did repaire Her thoughts to sacrifice her rauisht haire
And her torne robe which on the altar lay,
And only for Religions fire did stay;
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a volley as the world did threaten,
Gien Venus as she parted th'ayrie Sphere,
Descending now to chide with Hero here:
When suddenly the Goddesse waggoners,
The Swans and Turtles that in coupled pheres
Through all worlds bosoms draw her influence,
Lighted in Heros window, and from thence
To her fayre shoulders flew the gentle Doues,
Gracefull Edone that sweet pleasure loues,
And ruffoot Christe with the tufted crowne,
Both which did kisse her, though their Goddes frownd.
The Swans did in the solid flood, her glasse,
Proyne their fayre plumes; of which the fairest was
Ioué-lou'd Leucote, that pure brightnes is;
The other bountie-louing Dapsilis.
All were in heauen, now they with Hero were:
But Venus lookes brought wrath, and vrged feare.
Her robe was skarlet, black her heads attire,
And through her naked breast shinde streams of fire,
As when the rarefied ayre is driuen
In flashing streames, and opes the darkned heauen.
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore,
And breaking th'icie wreath sweet Hero wore,
She forst about her browes her wreath of yew,
And sayd: Now minion to thy fate be trew,
Though not to me, indure what this portends;
Begin where lightnes will, in shame it ends.
Loue makes thee cunning; thou art currant now:
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow
Deceit with her pide garters must reioyne,
And with her stampe thou countnances must coyne:
Coynes and pure deceits for purities,
And still a mayd wilt seeme in cosoned eies,
And haue an antike face to laugh within,
While thy smooth lookes make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips (lest thought forsworne) forswore,
Be neuer virgins vow worth trusting more.
When Beauties dearest did her Goddesse heare
Breathe such rebukes gainst that she could not cleare,
Dumbe sorrow spake alowd in teares and blood
That from her griefe-burst vaines in piteous flood,
From the sweet conduits of her fauor fell:
The gentle Turtles did with moanes make swell
Their shining gorges: the white black-eyde Swans
Did sing as wofull Epicedians,
As they would straightwaies dye: when pities Queene
The Goddesse Ecte, that had euere beene

264 fauor] sauor 15982
Hid in a warie clowde neere Heros cries,
Since the first instant of her broken eies,
Gaue bright Leucote voyce, and made her speake,
To ease her anguish, whose swolne breast did breake
With anger at her Goddesse, that did touch
Heros so neere for that she vsde so much.
And thrusting her white neck at Venus, sayd:
Why may not amorous Heros see me a mayd,
Though she be none, as well as you suppresse
In modest cheekes your inward wantonnesse?
How often wee drawne you from aboue,
T'exchange with mortals rites for rites in loue?
Why in your preist then call you that offence
That shines in you, and is your influence?
With this the furies stopt Leucotes lips,
Enioynd by Venus, who with Rosie whips
Beate the kind Bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did set on fire faire Heros sacrifice,
Which was her torne robe, and inforced hayre;
And the bright flame became a mayd most faire
For her aspect: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where harts all set on fire
Strugled in pants and could not get releast:
Her armes were all with golden pincers drest,
And twentie fashiond knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her bodie girdled with painted Snakes.
Her doune parts in a Scorpions taile combinde,
Freckled with twentie colours; pyed wings shinde
Out of her shoulders; Cloth had neuer die,
Nor sweeter colours neuer viewed eie,
In scorching Turkie, Cares, Tartarie,
Than shinde about this spirit notorious;
Nor was Arachnes web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was Eronusis. Venus flew
From Heros sight, and at her Chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steepe a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings: and then she bad her hast,
Since Heros had dissembled, and disgrast
Her rites so much, and euery breast infect
With her deceits; she made her Architect
Of all dissimulation, and since then
Neuer was any trust in maides nor men.
O it spighted
Fayre Venus hart to see her most delighted,
And one she chusde for temper of her minde,
To be the only ruler of her kinde,
So soone to let her virgin race be ended;
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
But that in strife for chastnes with the Moone, 
Spitefull Diana bad her shew but one, 
That was her seruant vowed, and liu'd a mayd, 
And now she thought to answer that vpbrayd, 
*Hero* had lost her answer; who knowes not

*Venus* would seeme as farre from any spot

Of light demeanour, as the very skin
Twixt Cynthias browes? Sin is asham'd of Sin.

Vp *Venus* flew, and scarce durst vp for feare

Of *Phæbes* laughter, when she past her Sphere:

And so most vgly clouded was the light,

That day was hid in day; night came ere night,

And *Venus* could not through the thick ayre pierce,

Because she was so plentifull a theame

To such as wore his Lawrell *Anademe*,

Like to a firie bullet made descent,

And from her passage those fat vapours rent,

That being not throughly rarefide to raine,

Melted like pitch as blew as any vaine,

And scalding tempests made the earth to shrinke

Vnder their fervor, and the world did thinke

In euery drop a torturing Spirit flew,

It pierst so deeply, and it burnd so blew.

Betwixt all this and *Hero*, *Hero* held

*Leanders* picture as a Persian shield:
And she was free from feare of worst successe;

The more ill threats vs, we suspect the lesse:

As we grow haples, violence subtle growes,

Dumb, deafe, & blind, & comes when no man knowes.

*The end of the fourth Sestyad.*
THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFT SESTYAD.

Day doubles her accustomd date,
As loth the night, incenst by fate,
Should wrack our louers; Heros plight,
Longs for Leander, and the night:
Which ere her thirstie wish recouers,
She sends for two betrothed louers,
And marries them, that (with their crew,
Their sports and ceremonies due)
She couertly might celebrate
With secret ioy her owne estate.
She makes a feast, at which appeares
The wilde Nymph Teras, that still beares
An Ivory Lute, tels Omenous tales,
And sings at solemnse festiuales.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in Leanders stay.
Sol, and the soft-foote Hours hung on his armes,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harmes:
That day Aurora double grace obtainde
Of her loue Phcebus; she his Horses rainde,
Set on his golden knee, and as she list
She puld him back; and as she puld, she kist
To haue him turne to bed; he lou'd her more,
To see the loue Leander Hero bore.
Examples profit much; ten times in one,
In persons full of note, good deedes are done.

Day was so long, men walking fell asleepe,
The heauie humors that their eyes did steepe,
Made them feare mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
For couetous churles, and for ambitious heads,
That spight of Nature would their busines plie.
All thought they had the falling Epilepsie,
Men groueld so vpon the smotherd ground,
And pittie did the hart of heauen confound.
The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
Downe to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true louers deaths, and all worlds teares:
But death before had stopt their cruell eares.
All the Celestials parted mourning then,
Pierst with our humane miseries more then men.
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischiefe fill,
But want of feeling one anothers ill.

With their descent the day grew something fayre,
And cast a brighter robe vpon the ayre.
Hero to shorten time with merriment,
For yong Alcmane, and bright Mya sent,
Two louers that had long crau’d mariadge dues
At Heros hands: but she did still refuse,
For louely Mya was her consort vowd
In her maids state, and therefore not allowd
To amorous Nuptials: yet faire Hero now
Intended to dispence with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marrie her:
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
They came; sweet Musick vsherd th’odoruous way,
And wanton Ayre in twentie sweet forms danst
After her fingers; Beautie and Loue aduanst
Their ensignes in the downles rosie faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,
Welcomd them kindly, did much loue protest,
Winning their harts with all the meanes she might,
That when her fault should chance t’abide the light,
Their loues might couer or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pittie sit.
She married them, and in the banquet came
Borne by the virgins: Hero strin’d to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me, but hard it is
To imitate a false and forced blis.
Ill may a sad minde forge a merrie face,
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.
Then layd she wine on cares to make them sinke;
Who feares the threats of fortune, let him drinke.
To these quick Nuptials entred suddenly
Admired Teras with the Ebon Thye,
A Nymph that haunted the greene Sestyan groues,
And would consort soft virgins in their loues,
At gaysome Triumphs, and on solemn dre dayes,
Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes:
And finger’d of a siluer Lute she tide
With black and purple skarfs by her left side.
Apollo gaue it, and her skill withall,
And she was term’d his Dwarfe she was so small.
Yet great in vertue, for his beames enclosede
His vertues in her: neuer was proposde
Riddle to her, or Augurie, strange or new,
But she resolu’d it: neuer slighte tale flew
From her charmd lips without important sence,
Shewne in some graue succeeding consequence.
This little Siluane with her songs and tales
Gaue such estate to feasts and Nuptiales,
That though oft times she forewent Tragedies,
Yet for her strangenes still she pleasde their eyes,
And for her smalnes they admir'd her so,
They thought her perfect borne and could not grow.
   All eyes were on her: *Hero* did command
An Altar deckt with sacred state should stand,
At the Feasts vpper end close by the Bride,
Then all were silent; evey one so heares,
   As all their sences climbd into their eares:
And first this amorous tale that fitted well
Fayre *Hero* and the Nuptials she did tell:

*The tale of Teras.*

*Hymen* that now is god of Nuptiall rites,
And crownes with honor loue and his delights,
   Of *Athens* was a youth so sweet of face,
   That many thought him of the femall race:
   Such quickning brightnes did his cleere eyes dart,
   Warme went their beames to his beholders hart.
   In such pure leagues his beauties were combinde,
   That there your Nuptiall contracts first were signde.
   For as proportion, white and crimisne,
   In Beauties mixture, all right cleere, and sweet;
   The eye responsible, the golden haire,
   And none is held without the other faire:
   All spring together, all together fade;
   Such intermixt affections should inuade
Two perfect louers: which being yet vnseene,
   Their vertues and their comforts copied beene,
   In Beauties concord, subject to the eie;
   And that, in *Hymen*, pleasde so matchleslie,
   That louers were esteemde in their full grace,
   Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymens* face;
   And such sweete concord was thought worthie then
   Of torches, musick, feasts, and greatest men:
   So *Hymen* lookt, that even the chastest minde
He mou'd to ioyne in ioyes of sacred kinde:
   For onely now his chins first doune consorted
   His heads rich fleece, in golden curles contorted;
   And as he was so lou'd, he lou'd so too,
   So should best bewties, bound by Nuptialls doo.
   Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men saide
   The noblest, fayrest, and the richest maide
Of all th' *Athensian* damzels, *Hymen* lou'd
   With such transmission, that his heart remou'd
From his white brest to hers, but her estate
   In passing his was so interminate
For wealth and honor, that his loue durst feede
   On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breede
Hope of requitall, the grand prise of loue;
   Nor could he heare or see but he must proue
How his rare bewties musick would agree
With maids in consort: therefore robbed he
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
And clad in such attire as Virgins wore,
He kept them companie, and might right well,
For he did all but Eucharis excell
In all the payre of Beautie: yet he wanted
Vertue to make his owne desires implanted
In his deare Eucharis; for women neuer
Louve beautie in their sex, but enuie euer.
His judgement yet (that durst not suite addresse,
Nor past due meanes presume of due successe)
Reason gat fortune in the end to speede
To his best praye(r)s: but strange it seemd indeede,
That fortune should a chast affection blesse,
Preferment seldome graceth bashfulness.
Nor grast it Hymen yet; but many a dart
And many an amorous thought enthrald his hart,
Ere he obtaind her; and he sick became,
Forst to abstaine her sight, and then the flame
Rag'd in his bosome. O what griefe did fill him:
Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wondred where Dicetia stayd,
For so did Hymen terme himselfe a mayd.
At length with sickly lookes he greeted them:
Tis strange to see gainst what an extreme streame
A louer striues; poore Hymen lookt so ill,
That as in merit he increased still,
By suffring much, so he in grace decreast.
Women are most wonne when men merit least:
If merit looke not well, loue bids stand by,
Loues speciall lesson is to please the eye.
And Hymen soone recouering all he lost,
Deceiuing still these maids, but himselfe most.
His loue and he with many virgin dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauties flames,
Leauing the towne with songs and hallowed lights,
To doe great Ceres Eleusina rites
Of zealous Sacrifice, were made a pray
To barbarous Rouers that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforst their shining spoyle,
Farre from the darkned Citie, tir’d with toyle.
And when the yellow issue of the skie
Came trouping forth, elous of crueltie
To their bright fellowes of this vnder heauen,
Into a double night they saw them driuen,
A horride Caue, the theeues black mansion,
Where wearie of the iourney they had gon,
Their last nights watch, and drunke with their sweete gains,
Dull Morpheus entred, laden with silken chains,
Stronger then iron, and bound the swelling vaines
And tyred sences of these lawles Swaines.
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burn’d;
O what a hell was heauen in! how they mournd
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! Golden storms
Fell from their eyes: As when the Sunne appeares,
And yet it raines, so shewd their eyes their teares.
And as when funerall dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What paines he felt, how long in paine he lay,
How little food he eate, what he would say;
And then mixe mournfull tales of others deaths,
Smothering themselfes in clowds of their owne breaths;
At length, one cheering other, call for wine,
The golden boale drinks teares out of their eine,
As they drinke wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieue their woes:
So cast these virgins beauties mutuall raies,
One lights another, face the face displaies;
Lips by reflexion kist, and hands hands shooke,
Euen by the whitenes each of other tooke.
But Hymen now vsde friendly Morpheus aide,
Slew euer theeфе, and rescude euer yere maide.
And now did his enamourd passion take.
Hart from his hartie deede, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;
And now came Loue with Proteus, who had long
Inggl’d the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win Loues stay with him, and make him loue him:
And when he saw no strength of sleight could moue him
To make him loue, or stay, he nimbly turnd
Into Loues selfe, he so extremely burnd.
And thus came Loue with Proteus and his powre,
T’encounter Eucharis: first like the flowre
That Iunos milke did spring, the siluer Lillie,
He fell on Hymens hand, who straight did spie
The bounteous Godhead, and with wondrous ioy
Offred it Eucharis. She wondrous coy
Drew back her hand: the subtle flowre did woo it,
And drawing it neere, mixt so you could not know it.
As two cleere Tapers mixe in one their light,
So did the Lillie and the hand their white:
She viewd it, and her view the forme bestowes
Amongst her spirits: for as colour flowes
From superficies of each thing we see,
Euen so with colours formes emitted bee:
And where Loues forme is, loue is, loue is forme;
He entred at the eye, his sacred storme
Rose from the hand, loues sweetest instrument:
It stird her bloods sea so, that high it went,
And beate in bashfull waues gainst the white shore
Of her diuided cheekes; it rag'd the more,
Because the tide went gainst the haughtie winde
Of her estate and birth: And as we finde
In, fainting ebs, the flowrie Zephire hurles
The greene-hayrd Hellespont, broke in siluer curies,
Gainst Heros towre: but in his blasts retreate,
The waues obeying him, they after beate,
Leauing the chalkie shore a great way pale,
Then moyst it freshly with another gale:
So ebd and flowde the blood in Eucharis face,
Coynesse and Loue striu'd which had greatest grace.
Virginitie did fight on Coynesse side;
Feare of her parents frownes, and femall pride,
Lothing the lower place more then it loues
The high contents desert and vertue moues.
With loue fought Hymens beautie and his valure,
Which scarce could so much fauour yet allure
To come to strike, but fameles idle stood,
Action is firie valours soueraigne good.
But Loue once entred, wisht no greater ayde
Then he could find within; thought thought betrayd,
The bribde, but incorrupted Garrison
Sung Io Hymen; there those songs begun,
And Loue was growne so rich with such a gaine,
And wanton with the ease of his free raigne,
That he would turne into her roughest frownes
To turne them out; and thus he Hymen crownes
King of his thoughts, mans greatest Emperie:
This was his first braue step to deitie.
Home to the mourning cittie they repayre,
With newes as holesome as the morning ayre
To the sad parents of each saued maid:
But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid
This plat, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the Moone at full, and full as bright.
Because the parents of chast Eucharis
Exceding Hymens so, might crosse their blis;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force: so when they saw
Their daughter safe, take vantage of their owne,
Praise Hymens valour much, nothing bestowne:
Hymen must leau the virgins in a Groue
Farre off from Athens, and go first to proue
If to restore them all with fame and life,
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.
This told to all the maids, the most agree:
The riper sort knowing what t'is to bee
The first mouth of a newes so farre deriu'd, 280
And that to heare and beare newes braue folks liu'd,
As being a carriage speciall hard to beare
Occurrents, these occurrents being so deare,
They did with grace protest, they were content
T'accoast their friends with all their complement
For Hymens good: but to incurre their harme,
There he must pardon them. This wit went warme
To Adoleshes braine, a Nymph borne hie,
Made all of voyce and fire, that vpwards flie:
Her hart and all her forces nether traine
Climbd to her tongue, and thither fell her braine,
Since it could goe no higher, and it must go:
All powers she had, euen her tongue, did so.
In spirit and quicknes she much ioye did take,
And lou'd her tongue, only for quicknes sake,
And she would hast and tell.
The rest all stay,
Hymen goes on(e), the Nymph another way:
And what became of her He tell at last:
Yet take her visage now: moyst lipt, long fa'ust,
Thin like an iron wedge, so sharpe and tart,
As twere of purpose made to cleaue Loues hart.
Well were this louely Beautie rid of her,
And Hymen did at Athens now prefer
His welcome suite, which he with ioye aspirde:
A hundred princely youths with him retirede
To fetch the Nympha: Chariots and Musick went, 305
And home they came: heauen with applauses rent.
The Nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the towne
Fresh in their ioyes might doe them most renowne.
First gold-lockt Hymen did to Church repaire,
Like a quick offring burnd in flames of haire.
And after, with a virgin firmament,
The Godhead-prouing Bride attended went
Before them all; she lookt in her command,
As if forme-giuing Cyprias siluer hand
Gripte all their beauties, and crusht out one flame,
She blusht to see how beautie overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Fiue louely children deckt with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing Torches by,
For light was held a happie Augurie
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The od disparent number they did chuse,
To shew the vnion married loues should vse,
Since in two equall parts it will not seuer,
But the midst holds one to reioyne it euer,
As common to both parts: men therfore deeme,
That equall number Gods doe not esteeme,

289 nether] neither 1598
Being authors of sweet peace and vnitie, 330
But pleasing to th'infernall Emperie,
Vnder whose ensignes Wars and Discords fight,
Since an eu en number you may disunite
In two parts equall, nought in middle left,
To reunite each part from other rest:
And sие they hold in most especiall prise,
Since t'is the first od number that doth rise
From the two formost numbers vnitie
That od and eu en are; which are two, and three,
For one no number is: but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number. Next did go
A noble Matron that did spinning beare
A huswifes rock and spindle, and did weare
A Weathers skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To intimate that eu en the daintiest peace,
And noblest borne dame should industrious bee:
That which does good disgraceth no degree.

And now to Iunos Temple they are come,
Where her graue Priest stood in the mariage rome.
On his right arme did hang a skarlet vaile,
And from his shoulders to the ground did traile,
On either side, Ribands of white and blew;
With the red vaile he hid the bashfull hew
Of the chastiе Bride, to shew the modest shame,
In coupling with a man should grace a dame.
Then tooke he the disparent Silks, and tide
The Louers by the wasts, and side to side,
In token that thereafter they must binde
In one selе sacred knot each others minde.

Before them on an Altar he presented
Both fire and water: which was first inuented,
Since to ingenerate euery humane creature,
And euery other birth produ'st by Nature,
Moysture and heate must mixe: so man and wife
For humane race must ioyne in Nuptiall life.

Then one of Iunos Birds, the painted Iay,
He sacrificde, and tooke the gall away.
All which he did behinde the Altar throw,
In signe no bitternes of hate should grow
Twixt maried loues, nor any least disdaine.
Nothing they spake, for twas esteemd too plaine
For the most silken mildnes of a maid,
To let a publique audience heare it said
She boldly tooke the man: and so respected
Was bashfullnes in Athens: it erected
To chast Agneia, which is Shamefastnesse,
A sacred Temple, holding her a Goddesse.
And now to Feasts, Masks, and triumphant showes,
The shining troupes retournd, euen till earths throwes
Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night,
When the sweet Nuptiall song that vsde to cite
All to their rest, was by Phemonoe sung,
First Delphian Prophetesse, whose graces sprung
Out of the Muses well: she sung before
The Bride into her chamber: at which dore
A Matron and a Torch-bearer did stand;
A painted box of Confits in her hand
The Matron held, and so did other some
That compast round the honourd Nuptiall rome.
The custome was that euery maid did weare,
During her maidenhead, a silken Sphere
About her waste, aboue her inmost weede,
Knit with Minervas knot, and that was freede
By the faire Bridegrome on the mariage night,
With many ceremonies of delight:
And yet eternisde Hymens tender Bride,
To suffer it dissolu’d so sweetly cride.
The maids that heard so lou’d, and did adore her,
They wisht with all their hearts to suffer for her.
So had the Matrons, that with Confits stood
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmeles paines,
That euery one a showre of Confits raines.
For which the Brideyouths scrambling on the ground,
In noyse of that sweet haile her cryes were drownd.
And thus blest Hymen ioyde his gracious Bride,
And for his ioy was after deifide.

The Saffron mirror by which Phæbus loue,
Greene Tellus decks her, now he held aboue
The clowdy mountaines: and the noble maide,
Sharp-visag’d Adolesche, that was straide
Out of her way, in hasting with her newes,
Not till this hour th’ Athenian turrets viewes,
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And how faire Hymens honors did excell
For those rare newes, which she came short to tell.
To heare her deare tongue robd of such a ioy
Made the well-spoken Nympf take such a toy,
That downe she sunke: when lightning from aboue
Shrunk her leane body, and for meere free loue,
Turnd her into the pied-plum’d Psittacus,
That now the Parrat is surnam’d by vs,
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates
Nought but newes common to the commonst mates.
This tolde, strange Teras toucht her Lute and sung
This dittie, that the Torchie euening sprung.

404 her Dyce etc.: their Qq 412 this 1598, Dyce etc.: his 1600-37
Hero and Leander.

Epithalamion Teratos.

Come, come deare night, Loues Mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitfull summer of his blisses,
Loues glorie doth in darknes shine.
430
O come soft rest of Cares, come night,
Come naked vertues only tire,
The reaped harvest of the light,
Bound vp in sheaues of sacred fire.

Come Night and lay thy veluet hand
On glorious Dayes outfacing face;
And all thy crownd flames command
For Torches to our Nuptiall grace.

No neede haue we of factious Day,
To cast in enuie of thy peace
Her bals of Discord in thy way:
Here beauties day doth never cease,
450
And varied in a triple sphere.

Hero, Alcmane, Mya so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here let Thetis thrice refine thee.

The Euening starre I see:
Rise youths, the Euening starre
Helps Loue to summon warre,
Both now imbracing bee.
Rise youths, loues right claims more then banquets, rise.
Now the bright Marygolds that deck the skies,

Phaebus celestiall flowers, that (contrarie
To his flowers here) ope when he shuts his eie,
And shuts when he doth open, crowne your sports:
Now loue in night, and night in loue exhorts
Courtship and Dances: All your parts employ,
And suite nights rich expansure with your ioy,

Loue paints his longings in sweet virgins eyes:
Rise youths, loues right claims more then banquets, rise.
Rise virgins, let fayre Nuptiall loues enfolde
Your fruitful breasts: the maidenheads ye holde
Are not your owne alone, but parted are; Part in disposing them your Parents share, And that a third part is: so must ye saue Your loues a third, and you your thirds must haue. Loue paints his longings in sweet virgins eyes: Rise youths, loues right claims more then banquets, rise.

Herewith the amorous spirit that was so kinde To Teras haire, and combd it downe with winde, Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine, Would needes haue Teras gone, and did refraine To blow it downe: which staring vp, dismayd The timorous feast, and she no longer staid: But bowing to the Bridegrome and the Bride, Did like a shooting exhalation glide Out of their sights: the turning of her back Made them all shriek, it lookt so ghastly black. O haples Hero, that most haples clowde Thy soone-succeeding Tragedie foreshowde. Thus all the Nuptiall crew to ioyes depart, But much-wrongd Hero stood Hels blackest dart: Whose wound because I grieue so to display, I vse digressions thus t'encrease the day.

The end of the fift Sestyad.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXT SESTYAD.

Leucote flyes to all the windes, And from the fates their outrage bindes, That Hero and her loue may meete. Leander (with Loues compleat Fleete Mand in himselfe) puts forth to Seas, When straight the ruthles Destinies With Ate stirre the windes to warre Vpon the Hellespont: Their iarre Drownes poore Leander. Heros eyes, Wet witnesses of his surprise, Her Torch blowne out, Griefe casts her downe Vpon her loue, and both doth drowne. In whose iust ruth the God of Seas Transformes them to th' Acanthides.

No longer could the day nor Destinies Delay the night, who now did frowning rise Into her Throne; and at her humorous brests Visions and Dreames lay sucking: all mens rests
Fell like the mists of death vpon their eyes,
Dayes too long darts so kild their faculties.
The windes yet, like the flowrs to cease began:
For bright Leucote, Venus whitest Swan,
That held sweet Hero deare, spread her fayre wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From Venus to the Fates, t'entreate them lay
Their charge vpon the windes their rage to stay,
That the sterne bataille of the Seas might cease,
And guard Leander to his loue in peace.
The Fates consent, (aye me dissembling Fates)
They shewd their fauours to conceale their hates,
And draw Leander on, least Seas too hie
Should stay his too obsequious destinie:
Who like a fleering slauish Parasite,
In warping profit or a traiterous sleight,
Hoopes round his rotten bodie with deoutes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes,
Praying with open throte (and othes as fowlie)
As his false heart) the beautie of an Owle,
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,
That cannot leaue, but leapes vpon his lips
Like a cock-sparrow, or a shameles queane
Sharpe at a red-lipt youth, and nought doth meane
Of all his antick shewes, but doth repayre
More tender fawnes, and takes a scattred hayre
From his tame subiects shoulder; whips, and cals
For euery thing he lacks; creepes gainst the wals
With backward humblesse, to giue needles way:
Thus his false fate did with Leander play.
First to black Eurus flies the white Leucote,
Borne mongst the Negros in the Leuant Sea,
On whose curld head the glowing Sun doth rise,
And shewes the soueraigne will of Destinies,
To haue him cease his blasts, and downe he lies.
Next, to the fennie Notus course she holds,
And found him leaning with his armes in folds
Vpon a rock, his white hayre full of showres,
And him she chargeth by the fatall powres,
To hold in his wet cheekes his clowdie voyce.
To Zephire then that doth in flowres reioyce.
To snake-foote Boreas next she did remoue,
And found him tossing of his rauisht loue,
To heate his frostie bosome hid in snow,
Who with Leucotes sight did cease to blow.
Thus all were still to Heros harts desire,
Who with all speede did consecrate a fire
Of flaming Gummes, and comfortable Spice,
To light her Torch, which in such curious price
She held, being obiect to Leanders sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must giue it light.
She lou'd it so, she grieu'd to see it burne,
Since it would waste and soone to ashes turne:
Yet if it burnd not, twere not worth her eyes,
What made it nothing, gaue it all the prize.
Sweet Torch, true Glasse of our societie;
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert lou'd for good, held high, giuen show:
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obscur'd, held low.
Doe good, be pinde; be deedles good, disgrast:
Vnles we feede on men, we let them fast.
Yet Hero with these thoughts her Torch did spend.
When Bees makes waxe, Nature doth not intend
It shall be made a Torch: but we that know
The proper vertue of it make it so,
And when t'is made we light it: nor did Nature
Propose one life to maids, but each such creature
Makes by her soule the best of her free state,
Which without loue is rude, disconsolate,
And wants loues fire to make it milde and bright,
Till when, maids are but Torches wanting light.
Thus gainst our grieue, not cause of grieue we fight,
The right of nought is gleande, but the delight.
Vp went she, but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.
She was the rule of wishes, summe and end
For all the parts that did on loue depend:
Yet cast the Torch his brightnes further forth;
But what shines neerest best, holds truest worth.
Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kisse the Torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powres in her desires awaked,
Her loue and vertues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kisse but fire that only shewes pursue,
Her Torch and Hero, figure shew and vertue.

Now at oppsode Abydus nought was heard,
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slaine for the Nuptials, cracks of falling woods,
Blowes of broad axes, powrings out of floods.
The guiltie Hellespont was mixt and stainde
With bloodie Torrents, that the shambles raind;
Not arguments of feast, but shewes that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More blood was spilt, more honors were addrest,
Then could haue graced any happie feast.
Rich banquets, triumphs, euery pomp employes
His sumptuous hand: no misers nuptiall ioyes.
Ayre felt continuall thunder with the noyse,
Made in the generall mariage violence:
And no man knew the cause of this expence,
But the two haples Lords, Leanders Sire,
And poore Leander, poorest where the fire
Of credulous loue made him most rich surmisde.
As short was he of that himselfe he prisde,
As is an emptie Gallant full of forme,
That thinks each looke an act, each drop a storme,
That falls from his braue breathings; most brought vp
In our Metropolis, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts; and much Palme beares,
For his rare judgement in th'attire he weares,
Hath seen the hot Low Countries, not their heat,
Obserues their rampires and their buildings yet.
And for your sweet discourse with mouthes is heard,
Giving instructions with his very beard.
Hath gone with an Ambassadour, and been
A great mans mate in trauailing, euen to Rhene,
And then puts all his worth in such a face,
As he saw braue men make, and striues for grace
To get his newes forth; as when you descrie
A ship with all her sayle contends to fie
Out of the narrow Thames with windes vnapt,
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reacht; then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall
Of halfe a burdbolts shoote; keeping more coyle,
Then if she danst vp on the Oceans toyle:
So serious is his trifling companie,
In all his swelling ship of vacantrie.
And so short of himselfe in his high thought.
Was our Leander in his fortunes brought
And in his fort of loue that he thought won,
But otherwise he skornes comparison.
O sweet Leander, thy large worth I hide
In a short graue; ill fauourd stormes must chide
Thy sacred fauour; I in floods of inck
Must drowne thy graces, which white papers drink,
Euen as thy beauties did the foule black Seas:
I must describe the hell of thy disease,
That heauen did merit: yet I needes must see
Our painted fooles and cockhorse Pessantrie
Still still vsurp, with long лiues, loues, and lust,
The seates of vertue, cutting short as dust
Her deare bought issue; ill to worse conuerts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.
Night close and silent now goes fast before
The Captaines and their souldiers to the shore,
On whom attended the appointed Fleete
At Sestus Bay, that should Leander meete,
Who fainde he in another ship would passe:
Which must not be, for no one meane there was
To get his loue home, but the course he tooke.
Forth did his beautie for his beautie looke,

MARLOWE
And saw her through her Torch, as you beholde
Sometimes within the Sunne a face of golde,
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that traditions force,
That saies a God sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him, to whom he shewd
His guide by Sea: and sayd: Oft haue you viewd
In one heauen many starres, but neuer yet
In one starre many heauens till now were met.
See louely sister, see, now Hero shines
No heauen but her appeares: each star repines,
And all are clad in clowdes, as if they mournd,
To be by influence of Earth out-burnd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth vertues traine,
Still to be constant in Hels blackest raigne,
Though euen the gods themselues do so entreat them
As they did hate, and Earth as she would eate them,

Off went his silken robe, and in he leapt;
Whom the kinde waues so licorously cleapt,
Thickning for haste one in another so,
To kisse his skin, that he might almost go
To Heros Towre, had that kind minuit lasted.
But now the cruell fates with Ate hasted
To all the windes, and made them battalle fight
Vpon the Hellespont, for eithers right
Pretended to the windie monarchie.
And forth they brake, the Seas mixt with the skie,
And tost distrest Leander, being in hell,
As high as heauen; Blisse not in height doth dwell.
The Destinies sate dancing on the waues,
To see the glorious windes with mutuall braues
Consume each other: O true glasse to see,
How ruinous ambitious Statists bee
To their owne glories! Poore Leander cried
For help to Sea-borne Venus; she denied:
To Boreas, that for his Althias sake,
He would some pittie on his Hero take,
And for his owne loues sake, on his desires:
But Glorie neuer blowes cold Pitties fires.
Then calde he Neptune, who through all the noise
Knew with affright his wrackt Leanders voice:
And vp he rose, for haste his forehead hit
Gainst heauens hard Christall; his proud waues he smit
With his forkt scepter, that could not obay,
Much greater powers then Neptunes gaue them sway.
They lou'd Leander so, in groanes they brake
When they came neere him; and such space did take
Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrov.es earth was shone,
And the poore louer tooke a little breath:
But the curst Fates sate spinning of his death
On every waeue, and with the seruile windes
Tumbled them on him: And now Hero findes
By that she felt her deare Leanders state.
She wept and prayed for him to every fate,
And every winde that whipt her with her haire
About the face she kist and spake it faire,
Kneeld to it, gaue it drinke out of her eyes
To quench his thirst: but still their cruelties
Euen her poore Torch enuied, and rudely beate
The bating flame from that deare foode it eate:
Deare, for it nourisht her Leanders life,
Which with her robe she rescude from their strifie:
But silke too soft was, such hard hearts to breake,
And she deare soule, euen as her silke, faint, weake
Could not preserve it: out, O out it went.
Leander still cald Neptune, that now rent
His brackish curles, and tore his wrinckled face
Where teares in billowes did each other chace,
And (burst with ruth) he hurld his marble Mace
At the sterne Fates: it wounded Lachesis
That drew Leanders thread, and could not misse
The thread it selfe, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full and quite did sunder it.
The more kinde Neptune rag'd, the more he raste
His loues liues fort, and kild as he embraste.
Anger doth still his owne mishap encrease;
If any comfort liue, it is in peace.
O theeuish Fates, to let Blood, Flesh, and Sence
Build two fayre Temples for their Excellence,
To rob it with a poysoned influence.
Though soules gifts starue, the bodies are held dear
In vgliest things; Sence-sport preserues a Beare.
But here nought serves our turnes; O heauen & earth,
How most most wretched is our humane birth?
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storme in Heros hart,
Greater then they could make, & skornd their smart.
She bowd her selfe so low out of her Towre,
That wonder twas she fell not ere her howre,
With searching the lamenting waues for him;
Like a poore Snayle, her gentle supple lim
Hung on her Turrets top so most downe right,
As she would diue beneath the darknes quite,
To finde her Iewell; Iewell, her Leander,
A name of all earths Iewels pleasde not her,
Like his deare name: Leander, still my choice,
Come nought but my Leander; O my voice
Turne to Leander: hence-forth be all sounds,
Accents, and phrases that shew all griefes wounds,
Analisde in Leander. O black change!
Trumpets doe you with thunder of your clange,
Driue out this changes horror, my voyce faints: 260
Where all ioy was, now shrieue out all complaints.
Thus cryed she, for her mixed soule could tell
Her loue was dead: And when the morning fell
Prostrate vpon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes that bled out of her cheekes did show
Leander brought by Neptune, brusde and torne
With Citties ruines he to Rocks had worne,
To filthie vserving Rocks that would haue blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was much much more,
Then might haue seru’d to kill her; should her store
Of giant sorrowes speake? Burst, dye, bleede,
And leaue poore plaints to vs that shall succeede.
She fell on her loues bosome, hugg’d it fast,
And with Leanders name she breath’d her last.
Neptune for pittie in his armes did take them,
Flung them into the ayre, and did awake them. 275
Like two sweet birds surnam’d th’ Acanthides,
Which we call Thistle-warpes, that neere no Seas
Dare euer come, but still in couples flie,
And feede on Thistle tops, to testifie
The hardnes of their first life in their last:
The first in thornes of loue, and sorrowes past,
And so most beautifull their colours show,
As none (so little) like them: her sad brow
A sable velvet feather couers quite,
Euen like the forehead clothes that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, Ladies vse to weare:
Their wings blew, red and yellow mixt appeare,
Colours, that as we construe colours paint
Their states to life; the yellow shewes their saint,
The deuill Venus, left them; blew their truth,
The red and black, ensignes of death and ruth.
And this true honor from their loue-deaths sprung,
They were the first that euer Poet sung.

FINIS.
LYRIC POEMS

Apart from the translation of Ovid’s Elegies, the only lyric poems which can reasonably be attributed to Marlowe are the two here printed. It is not unlikely that others may have perished or may still exist in some of the anonymous miscellanies of the Elizabethan age.

The famous song of ‘The passionate Shepherd to his love’ has come down to us in four different versions, none of which seems to be entirely accurate. I follow that given in the popular anthology, *England’s Helicon* (1600),¹ but print, of course, all the variant readings in the notes. The text of the recently discovered Thornborough Commonplace Book (MS.) is very interesting and probably corrects the printed versions in one or two particulars, though it was almost certainly written down from memory. There is no evidence for the date of this poem, except that it would seem to be older than the parody of it in *The Jew of Malta*.²

The fragment printed on page 552 occurs on p. 480 f. of *England’s Parnassus*. Nothing further is known of it. Mr. Charles Crawford³ has evolved the theory that Marlowe wrote a long poem in imitation of ‘Come live with me’, of which this fragment is the only extant portion, and that the poem so written was later drawn upon for descriptive material in *Dido* and other plays. The fragment begins one of the divisions in which the editor of *England’s Parnassus* (1600) groups his selections, and the heading ‘Description of Seas, Waters, Rivers, &c.’ refers naturally to the entire group and not to the individual poem.

¹ Signatures (A a i) and A a 2. ² Cf. p. 289, l. 1816. ³ Cf. *Collectanea*, First Series, 1906, pp. 1–16.
The passionate Sheepheard to his loue.

Come liue with mee, and be my loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That Vallies, groues, hills and fieldes,
Woods, or steepie mountaine yeeldes.

And wee will sit vpon the Rocks,
Seeing the Sheepheards feede theyr flocks
By shallow Riuers, to whose falls
Melodious byrds sings Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbroydred all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Fayre lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and Iuie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Sheepheards Swaines shall daunce & sing
For thy delight each May-morning.
If these delights thy minde may moue,
Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

FINIS.

Chr. Marlow.
The passionate Sheepheard to his loue. 551


Description of Seas, Waters, Riuers, &c.

I walkt along a streame for purenesse rare,
Brighter then sun-shine, for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious pray,
That in the pibble paund chanell lay.
No molten Christall, but a richer mine,
Euen natures rarest alchumie ran there,
Diamonds resolud, and substance more diuine,
Through whose bright gliding current might appeare
A thousand naked Nymphes, whose yuorie shine,
Enameling the bankes, made them more deare
Then euer was that glorious Pallas gate,
Where the day-shining sunne in triumph sate.
Vpon this brim the Eglantine and Rose,
The Tamoriscke, Oliue, and the Almond tree,
As kind companions in one vnion growes,
Folding their twindring armes as oft we see
Turtle-taught louers either other close,
Lending to dulnesse feeling Sympathie.
And as a costly vallance ore a bed,
So did their garland tops the brooke orespred:
Their leaues that differed both in shape and showe,
(Though all were greene) yet difference such in greene,
Like to the checkered bent of Iris bowe,
Prided the running maine as it had beene—

Ch. Marlowe.
OVID'S ELEGIES

Early editions. Marlowe's translation of the Elegies of Ovid survives in at least six early editions. All are undated and all claim—with probable untruth—to have been printed at Middleburgh in Holland. There is no mention of the work in the Stationers' Register, and, indeed, none could be expected, for everything indicates that it was published surreptitiously and with the express disapproval of the authorities. Copies of one edition were publicly burned at Stationers' Hall on June 4, 1599, by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London.  

In the absence of all the usual criteria for date and provenance, it is a matter of some difficulty to distinguish the various editions from one another and to decide the question of their sequence. The six which I have been able to identify fall into three groups. Two (Ish. and Bind.) are incomplete; they represent a mere selection from the elegies. Two others (Mal. 368 and Mal. 133) are shown by their typography, in such matters, for example, as the use of 'u' and 'v', to be half a century later than Marlowe's time; these editions, which can hardly have been printed earlier than 1640, are practically of no value whatever. Two other versions (Mas. and Douce) give a complete text and appear to date from the close of the sixteenth century.

It has generally been assumed that the abridged editions (Ish., Bind.), containing only ten of the most licentious elegies, are more ancient than the others, but we have no proof of this. As far as the evidence at hand goes, they may equally well be cheap pirated reprints of such portions of the work as would find readiest acceptance among the vulgar. All the texts are marred by the numerous blunders which one would expect to find in hasty and surreptitious

1 Cf. Arber, Transcript Stationers' Register, iii. 677–8. The wrath of the authorities appears to have been directed rather against Davies's Epigrams than against the Elegies themselves.
productions. None can be received as the editio princeps, but that on which I have in general based my text (Mas.) appears to be certainly the best and not improbably the oldest.

**Date of composition and general character.** Whatever may be the date of the extant editions, there would seem to be little doubt as to the period of composition of the poems. No difference in style or method is observable between the elegies included in the abridged editions and the rest. All are characterized alike by boyish stiffness of expression, by metrical inexperience, and defective scholarship. The one example of mature versification to be found in the collection is the second rendering of Elegy I. 15 on pp. 58r, 582, where Ben Jonson seems to have filed and polished Marlowe’s crude version (pp. 579, 580) before inserting it as his own into the Poetaster.¹ The translation of the elegies is almost certainly the work of Marlowe’s Cambridge period, and is very probably the earliest of his extant writings. Laughable mistranslations of the original, which a mature poet, however bad a Latinist, could never have admitted into his verse, are here quite common. Two famous ones have been noted by nearly all the editors: the rendering of ‘Carmine dissiliunt, abruptis faucibus, angues’ by ‘Snakes leape by verse from caues of broken mountaines’ (II. 1, 25), and the translation of ‘cānēbat frugibus’ as ‘did sing with corne’ (III. 9, 39). Very often also the young poet, though understanding the sense of the original, is unable to find an idiomatic equivalent, and in excess of piety produces an English paraphrase which until compared with the Latin is wholly unintelligible. A third fault of the work cannot be justly charged to the account of the translator. It is evident that Marlowe’s text of Ovid was in many points inferior to that of modern editions, and its bad readings have naturally found their way into the translation. A single line will illustrate at once all three of the defects just referred to. In I. 7, ll. 39, 40 (p. 568), we read:

> Let the sad captiue formost with lockes spred
> *On her white necke but for hurt cheekes be led.*

Here the second line, which in itself is utterly meaningless, receives no elucidation from the Latin of modern texts of

¹ There is no apparent ground for the assumption of Gifford, Dyce, and others, that both versions are by Jonson.
Ovid, ‘Si sierent laesae, candida tota, genae,’ but the occurrence of the nonsense is at least rendered explicable when we find that a 1568 edition of the Amores substitutes colla for tota.

Judged by absolute standards, Marlowe’s Elegies must be agreed to be a failure both as poetry and as a rendering of the Latin. When considered, however, as a very early metrical exercise, the translation shows decided promise. The most striking merit is probably the enthusiasm with which the dull work is performed; though many lines are flat and pointless to the reader, there is none which seems to have been tame in the writing. Through all his rather disastrous struggles with an unmastered art and a very imperfectly mastered language, the translator has manifestly been supported by a real poetic fervour. Occasionally the lines have a very melodious cadence, and there is prevailingly a richness of vocabulary and epithet which promise much. Finally, these poems display a facility in riming which in a young poet is extraordinary, and which more perhaps than anything else in the work presages the incomparable melody of the first and second books of Hero and Leander.

The text of Sir John Davies’s Epigrams is affixed to that of the Elegies in all known editions, and is here reprinted from Mas. In accordance with my rule for the treatment of ‘Spuria’, variant readings are recorded only where the text of Mas. appears to be corrupt. The twenty-ninth epigram is twice referred to by Th. Bastard in his Chrestoloros, 1598.1 Malone regards this as establishing a posterior limit for the publication of the Elegies and Epigrams, but the evidence is of little value, since Bastard may well have known the epigram in question before it appeared in a printed book.

1 Bk. II, Epigram 15; Bk. III, Epigram 3. Bastard’s work has been reprinted, Publications Spenser Society, 47, 1888.
ALL

OVIDS ELEGIES:

3. BOOKES.

By C. M.

Epigrams by J. D.

[***]

[***]

At Middlebourgh.
Mas. = Octavo edition (Bodley, Mason AA 207).
Douce = Octavo edition (Bodley, Douce O 31).
Ish. = Isham copy, reprinted by Ch. Edmonds, 1870.
         Small fours. 'Certaine elegies,'
Bind. = British Museum copy (C 34 a 57). Formerly
         J. Bindley's. 'Certaine Elegies.'
Mal. 368 = Octavo edition so numbered in Bodley (also
Mal. 133 = Octavo edition so numbered in Bodley (also
         Brit. Mus. $1058\, g\, 20$)

MS. = Manuscript version of Davies' Epigrams, quoted
       by Dyce.
Dyce

Dyce = Dyce's first edition of Marlowe, 1850.
Dyce² = Dyce's revised edition of Marlowe, 1858, etc.
Cunn. = Cunningham's edition of Marlowe, 1870, etc.
T. B. = The present editor.

Malone = Conjectures by M. in MS. transcript of a copy of
        ? Bind. (Bodley, Mal. 133).
P. Ouidij Nasonis Amorum,
Liber primus.

ELEGIA. i.

Quemadmodum a Cupidine pro bellis
amores scribere coactus sit.

We which were Ouid's fiue booke now are three,
For these before the rest preferreth he.
If reading fiue thou plainst of tediousnesse,
Two tane away, thy labour will be lesse.
With Muse prepar'd I meant to sing of Armes,
Choosing a subject fit for fierce alarms.
Both verses were a like till loue (men say)
Began to smile and tooke one foote away.
Rash boy, who gau thee power to change a line?
We are the Muses Prophets, none of thine.
What if thy mother take Dian's bowe?
Shall Dian fanne, when loue begins to glowe?
In wooddie groues ist meete that Ceres raigne,
And quier-bearing Dian till the plaine?
Who'le set the faire trest sunne in battell ray?
While Mars doth take the Aonian Harpe to play?
Great are thy kingdomes, ouer strong and large,
Ambitious impe, why seekst thou further charge?
Are all things thine? the Muses Tempe thine?
Then scarce can Phæbus say, this Harpe is mine.
When in this workes first verse I trode aloft,
Louve slackt my Muse, and made my numbers soft.
I haue no mistresse, nor no fauvorit,
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit.
Thus I complain'd, but loue vnlockt his quier,
Tooke out the shaft, ordain'de my heart to shiuer:

4 thy] the Bind. 5 prepar'd] vpreard Ish., Bind. meane
Ish., Bind. Armes] ames Bind. 8 take Ish., Bind. 11
What] That Ish., Bind. 19 Tempe Ish., Bind. : Temple Mas,
And bent his sinewie bowe vpon his knee, 
Saying, Poet heere's a worke beseeming thee. 
Oh woe is mee, hee neuer shootes but hits, 
I burne, loue in my idle bosome sits. 
Let my first verse be sixe, my last fiue feete, 
Fare-well sterne warre, for blunter Poets meete. 
Elegian Muse, that warblest amorous laies, 
Girt my shine browe with Sea-banke Mirtle sprays.

ELEGIA. 2.

Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum 
duci se a cupidine patiatur.

What makes my bed seeme hard seeing it is soft? 
Or why slips downe the couerlet so oft? 
Although the nights be long, I sleepe not tho, 
My sides are sore with tumbling too and fro. 
Were loue the cause, it's like I should descry him, 
Or lyes he close, and shootes where none can spie him? 
'Twas so, hee strooke mee with a slender dart, 
'Tis cruell loue turmoyles my captiue heart. 
Yeelding or strugling do we give him might, 
Lets yeeld, a burthen easly borne is light.

I saw a brandisht fire encrease in strength, 
Which being not shakt, I saw it dye at length. 
Young Oxen newly yoakt are beaten more 
Then Oxen which haue drawne the plough before. 
And rough Iades mouthes with stuborne bits are torne, 
But managde horses heads are lightly borne. 
Vnwilling louers loue doth more torment 
Then such as in their bondage feele content. 
Loe I confesse, I am thy captiue I, 
And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie.

What needst thou warre? I sue to thee for grace, 
With armes to conquer armelesse men is base. 
Yoake Venus Doues, put Mirtle on thy haire, 
Vulcan will giue thee chariots rich and faire.

34 sprays Dyce etc.: praise old cdd. 34 + Signature C. Marlowe 
add. Ish., Bind.

The people thee applauding thou shalt stand,
Guiding the harmelesse Pigeons with thy hand.
Yong men, and women shalt thou lead as thrall,
So will thy triumph seeme magnificall.
I lately caught, will haue a new made wound,
And captiue like be manacled and bound.
Good meaning shame, and such as seeke loues wracke,
Shall follow thee their hands tyed at their backe.
Thee all shall feare, and worship as a King,
To Triumph shall thy people sing.
Smooth speeches, feare, and rage shall by thee ride,
Which troopes have alwayes beene on Cupids side;
Thou with these souldiours conquerest gods and men,
Take these away, where is thine honour then?
Thy mother shall from heauen applaud this showe,
And on their faces heapes of Roses strowe.
With beautie of thy wings thy faire haire guilded,
Ride golden loue in chariots richly builded.
Vnlesse I erre, full many shalt thou burne,
And giue wounds infinite at euery turne.
In spite of thee forth will thine arrowes flye,
A scortching flame burns all the standers by.
So hauing conquer’d Inde was Bacchus hew,
Thee pompous Birds, and him two Tygers drew.
Then seeing I grace thy show in following thee,
Forbeare to hurt thy selfe in spoiling me.
Behold thy kinsmans Caesars prosperous bands,
Who guards the conquered with his conquering hands.

ELEGI A. 3.

Ad amicam.

I aske but right: let hir that caught me late,
Either loue, or cause that I may neuer hate.
I aske too much, would she but let me loue her!
Louve knowes with such like praiers I daily moue her.

26 thy om. Bind. 28 triumphs Ish., Bind. 34 Triumphhe
T. B.: triumphing old edd. etc. 36 haue] hath Ish. 38
thine] thy Ish., Bind. 44 wounds] wordes Bind. 45 thine]
thy Ish., Bind. 51 kinsman Dyce etc. 52 the] thee Mas.
Elegia 3. amicam] amicum Ish., Bind. 1 hir Ish., Bind.: hc
Mas.: he Douce, Mal. 368: him Mal. 133 2 neuer om. Bind.
3 aske] craue Bind., Dyce 4 Loue Ish.. Bind.: Ioue Mas. to
Mal., Dyce etc.
Accept him that will serue thee all his youth,
Accept him that will loue with spotlesse truth
If loftie titles cannot make me thine,
That am descended but of Knightly line,
(Soone may you plow the little land I haue,
I gladly grant my parents giuen to saue)
_Apollo, Bacchus_ and the Muses may,
And _Cupid_ who hath markt me for thy pray;
My spotlesse life, which but to Gods giues place,
Naked simplicitie, and modest grace.
I loue but one, and her I loue, change neuer,
If men haue faith, Ile liue with thee for euer.
The yeares that fatall destinie shall giue
Ile liue with thee, and dye, ere thou shall grieue.
Be thou the happy subiect of my bookes,
That I may write things worthy thy faire lookes.
By verses horned _Io_ got her name,
And she to whom in shape of Swanne _Ioue_ came,
And she that on a fain'd Bull swamme to land,
Griping his false horns with her virgin hand.
So likewise we will through the world be rung,
And with my name shall thine be alwayes sung.

_ELEGIA. 4._

_Amicam, qua arte, quibusue nutibus in cena, praevente viro vt debeat, admonet._

Thy husband to a banquet goes with me,
Pray God it may his latest supper be.
Shall I sit gazing as a bashfull guest,
While others touch the damsell I loue best?
Wilt lying vnder him his bosome clippe?
About thy neck shall he at pleasure skippe?
Marueile not, though the faire Bride did incite
The drunken _Centaures_ to a sodaine fight.
I am no halfe horse, nor in woods I dwell,
Yet scare my hands from thee containe I well.

6 with] thee with _Bind._  
7 make me] cause me to be _Bind._  
9 lands _Ish., Bind._  
11 15 her] he _Bind._  
14 18 ere] or _Ish., Bind._  
15 shalt _Ish., Bind., Douce, Mal. 133_  
16 18 horned] honored _Mal._  

Elegia 4. _om. Ish., Bind._  
5 Wilt] With _Douce_
But how thou shouldst behave thy selfe now know;
Nor let the windes away my warnings blowe.
Before thy husband come, though I not see
What may be done, yet there before him bee.
Lie with him gently, when his limbes he spread
Upon the bed, but on my foote first tread.
View me, my becks, and speaking countenance;
Take, and receive each secret amorous glaunce.
Words without voyce shall on my eye browes sit,
Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ.

When our lascivious toyes come in thy minde,
Thy Rosie cheekes be to thy thombe inclinde.
If ought of me thou speak'st in inward thought,
Let thy soft finger to thy eare be brought,
When I (my light) do or say ought that please thee,
Turne round thy gold-ring, as it were to ease thee.
Strike on the boord like them that pray for euil,
When thou doest wish thy husband at the deuill.
What wine he fills thee wisely will him drinke,
Aske thou the boy what thou enough doest thinke.

When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,
And where thou drinkst, on that part I will sup.
If hee giues thee what first himselfe did tast,
Euen in his face his offered Goblets cast.
Let not thy necke by his vile armes be prest,
Nor leane thy soft head on his boistrous brest.
Thy bosomes Roseat buds let him not finger,
Chiefely on thy lips let not his lips linger.
If thou giuest kisses, I shall all disclose,
Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose.
Yet this Ile see, but if thy gowne ought couer,
Susiptious feare in all my veins will houer.
Mingle not thighs, nor to his legge ioyne thine,
Nor thy soft foote with his hard foote combine.
I haue beene wanton, therefore am perplext,
And with mistrust of the like measure vext.
I and my wench oft vnder clothes did lurke,
When pleasure mou'd vs to our sweetest worke.
Do not thou so, but throw thy mantle hence,
Least I should thinke thee guilty of offence.

12 warning Mal.
16 feete Douce
21 in] to Cunn., Bull.
22 thombe] tombe
18 receive] return
Mal.
34 Goblets] gobbets Dyce to Bull.
36 leave Mas.,
Douce
Entreat thy husband drinke, but do not kisse,  
And while he drinkes, to adde more do not misse,  
If hee lyes downe with Wine and sleepe opprest,  
The thing and place shall counsell vs the rest.  
When to go homewards we rise all along,  
Haue care to walke in middle of the throng.  
There will I finde thee, or be found by thee,  
There touch what euer thou canst touch of mee.  
Aye me, I warne what profits some few howers,  
But we must part, when heau’n with black night lowers.  
At night thy husband clippes thee, I will weepe  
And to the dores sight of thy selfe keepe:  
Then will he kisse thee, and not onely kisse  
But force thee giue him my stolne honey blisse.  
Constrain’d against thy will giue it the pezant,  
Forbeare sweet wordes, and be your sport vnpleasant.  
To him I pray it no delight may bring,  
Or if it do, to thee no ioy thence spring:  
But though this night thy fortune be to trie it,  
To me to morrow constantly deny it.

ELEGIA. 5.

Corinnae Concubitus.

In summers heate and mid-time of the day  
To rest my limbes vpon a bed I lay,  
One window shut, the other open stood,  
Which gaue such light as twincles in a wood,  
Like twilight glimps at setting of the Sunne  
Or night being past, and yet not day begunne.  
Such light to shamefast maidens must be showne,  
Where they may sport, and seeme to bee vnknowne.  
Then came Corinna in a long loose gowne,  
Her white neck hid with tresses hanging downe:  
Resembling fayre Semiramis going to bed  
Or Layis of a thousand wooers sped.  
I snacht her gowne, being thin, the harme was small,  
Yet striu’d she to be couered there withall.

Elegia 5.  7 shame-fac’d Mal. 133  10 tresses] trells Bind.  
Quid Elegies.

And striv'ning thus as one that would be cast,
Betray'd her selfe, and yelded at the last.
Starke naked as she stood before mine eye,
Not one wen in her body could I spie.
What armes and shoulders did I touch and see,
How apt her breasts were to be prest by me?
How smooth a belly vnder her wast saw I?
To leaue the rest, all lik'd me passing well,
I cling'd her naked body, downe she fell,
Iudge you the rest: being tirde she bad me kisse,
Io\m send me more such after-noones as this.

ELEGIA. 6.

Ad Ianitorem, vt fores sibi aperiat.

Vnworthy porter, bound in chaines full sore.
On mooued hookes set ope the churlish dore.
Little I aske, a little entrance make:
The gate halfe ope my bent side in will take.
Long loue my body to such vse makes slender
And to get out doth like apt members render.
He shewes me how vnheard to passe the watch,
And guides my feete least stumbling falles they catch.
But in times past I fear'd vaine shades, and night,
Wondring if any walked without light.
Loue hearing it laug'd with his tender mother
And smiling sayed, be thou as bold as other.
Forth-with loue came: no darke night-flying spright,
Nor hands prepar'd to slaughter, me affright.
Thee feare I too much: only thee I flatter,
Thy lightning can my life in pieces batter.
Why enuiest me this hostile denne vnbarre?
See how the gates with my teares wat'red are.
When thou stood'st naked ready to be beate,
For thee I did thy mistris faire entreate.
But what entreates for thee some-times tooke place,
(O mischiefe) now for me obtaine small grace.

23 lik'd[ plesde Bind. 24 naked] faire white Bind. 25
tirde] tride Mas., Douce, Mal.
Elegia 6. om. Ish., Bind. 5 makes Dyce etc.: make Mas. to Mal.
17 denne] dende Mas. to Mal. 368: dendra Mal. 133:
Qy. den t’?
Gratis thou maiest be free, giue like for like.
Night goes away: the dores barre backeward strike.
Strike, so againe hard chaines shall binde thee neuer, 25
Nor seruile water shalt thou drinke for euer.
Hard-hearted Porter doest and wilt not heare?
With stiffe oake propt the gate doth still appeare.
Such rampierd gates beseiged Cittyes ayde,
In midst of peace why art of armes afraide?
Excludst a louer, how wouldst vse a foe?
Strike backe the barre, night fast away doth goe.
With armes or armed men I come not guarded,
I am alone, were furious loue discards.
Although I would, I cannot him cashee
Before I be diuided from my geere.
See loue with me, wine moderate in my braine,
And on my haires a crowne of flowers remaine.
Who feares these armes? who wil not go to meete them?
Night runnes away; with open entrance greete them?
Art carelesse? or ist sleepe forbids thee heare
Giuing the windes my words running in thine eare?
Well I remember when I first did hire thee
Watching till after mid-night did not tire thee.
But now perchaunce thy wench with thee doth rest.
Ah howe thy lot is aboue my lot blest:
Though it be so, shut me not out therefore.
Night goes away: I pray thee ope the dore.
Err we? or do the turned hinges sound,
And opening dores with creaking noyse abound?
We erre: a strong blast seem'd the gates to ope:
Aie me, how high that gale did lift my hope!
If Boreas beares Orithyas rape in minde,
Come breake these deafe dores with thy boysterous wind.
Silent the Cittie is: nights deawie hoast
March fast away: the barre strike from the poast,
Or I more sterne then fire or sword will turne,
And with my brand these gorgeous houses burne.
Night, loue, and wine to all extreames perswade:
Night, shamelesse wine, and loue are fearelesse made.
All haue I spent: no threats or prayers moue thee,
O harder then the dores thou gardest I proue thee.

34 were] we Mal. 133  50 abound] rebound conj. Bull.  53
beares] beare Mal. 133 : bear'st Dyce, Cunn.  58 these] the Mal.
61 haue 1] I have Mal. 133
No pritty wenches keeper maist thou bee:
The carefull prison is more meete for thee.
Now frosty night her flight beginnes to take,
And crowing Cocks poore soules to worke awake.
But thou my crowne, from sad haires tane away,
On this hard threshold till the morning lay.
That when my mistresse there beholds thee cast,
She may perceiue how we the time did wast:
What ere thou art, farewell, be like me paind,
Carelesse, farewell, with my falt not distaind.
And farewell cruell posts, rough thresholds block,
And dores conioynd with an hard iron lock.

ELEGIA. 7.

Ad pacandam amicam, quam verberauerat.

Binde fast my hands, they haue deserued chaines,
While rage is absent, take some friend the payres.
For rage against my wench mou’d my rash arme,
My Mistresse weepes whom my mad hand did harme.
I might haue then my parents deare misus’d,
Or holy gods with cruell strokes abus’d.
Why? Aiax maister of the seuen-souled shield,
Butcherd the flocks he found in spatiouse field,
And he who on his mother veng’d his sire
Against the destinies durst sharpe darts require.
Could I therefore her comely tresses teare?
Yet was she graced with her ruffled hayre.
So fayre she was, Atalanta she resembled,
Before whose bow th’ Arcadian wild beasts trembled.
Such Ariadne was, when she bewayles
Her periur’d Theseus flying vowes and sayles,
So chast Minerva did Cassandra fall
Deflowr’d except, within thy Temple wall.
That I was mad, and barbarous all men cried,
She nothing said, pale feare her tongue had tyed.
But secretlie her lookes with checks did trounce mee,
Her teares, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.
Would of mine armes, my shoulders had beene scanted,
Better I could part of my selfe haue wanted.

66 soules om. Mal. 133 69 thee] the Mal. 72 disdaind Mal.
Elegia 7. om. Ish., Bind. 4 hand] arme Mal. 133
thy] the Mal. 133 20 tyed] died Mal. 133
To mine owne selfe haue I had strength so furious? 
And to my selfe could I be so inurious? 
Slaughter and mischiefs instruments, no better, 
Deserued chains these cursed hands shall fetter, 
Punisht I am, if I a Romaine beat,
Ouer my Mistris is my right more great? 
Tydides left worst signes of villanie, 
He first a Goddesse strooke; an other I.
Yet he harm'd lesse, whom I profess'd to loue I harm'd: a foe did Diomedes anger moue.
Go now thou Conqueror, glorious triumphs raise,
Pay vowes to Ioue, engirt thy hayres with baies, 
And let the troupes which shall thy Chariot follow,
Io, a strong man conquerd this Wench, hollow.
Let the sad captiue formost with lockes spred
On her white necke but for hurt cheekes be led.
Meeter it were her lips were blewe with kissing
And on her necke a wantons marke not missing. 
But though I like a swelling floud was driuen,
And as a pray vnto blinde anger giuen,
Wa'st not enough the fearefull Wench to chide?
Nor thunder in rough threatings haughty pride?
Nor shamefully her coate pull ore her crowne,
Which to her wast her girdle still kept downe,
But cruelly her tresses hauing rent
My nayles to scratch her louely cheekes I bent. 
Sighing she stood, her bloodlesse white lookes shewed
Like marble from the Parian Mountaines hewed. 
Her halfe dead ioynts, and trembling limmes I sawe,
Like Popler leaues blowne with a stormy flawe,
Or slender eares, with gentle Zephire shaken,
Or waters tops with the warme south-winde taken. 
And downe her cheekes, the trickling teares did flow,
Like water gushing from consuming snowe.
Then first I did perceiue I had offended,
My bloud the teares were that from her descended.
Before her feete thrice prostrate downe I fell,
My feared hands thrice back she did repell.
But doubt thou not (reuenge doth griefe appease)
With thy sharpe nayles vpon my face to seaze.
Besscratch mine eyes, spare not my lockes to breake, 
(Anger will helpe thy hands though nere so weake.) 
And least the sad signes of my crime remaine, 
Put in their place thy keembed haires againe.

**ELEGIA.** 8.

*Exæcratur lenam, qua puellam suam meretricia arte instituebat.*

There is, who ere will knowe a bawde aright 
Giue eare, there is an old trot *Dipsas* hight. 
Her name comes from the thing: she being wise 
Sees not the morne on rosie horses rise. 
She magick arts and *Thessale* charmes doth know, 
And makes large streams back to their fountaines flow. 
She knows with gras, with thrids on wrôg wheelees spun, 
And what with Mares ranck humour may be done. 
When she will, cloudes the darckned heau'n obscure, 
When she will, day shines euery where most pure. 
(If I haue faith) I sawe the starres drop bloud, 
The purple moone with sanguine visage stood. 
Her I suspect among nights spirits to fly, 
And her old body in birdes plumes to lie. 
Fame saith as I suspect, and in her eyes 
Two eye-balles shine, and double light thence flies. 
Great grand-sires from their antient graues she chides 
And with long charmes the solide earth diuides. 
She drawes chast women to incontinence, 
Nor doth her tongue want harmefull eloquence. 
By chaunce I heard her talke, these words she sayd 
While closely hid betwixt two dores I layed: 
Mistris, thou knowest thou hast a blest youth pleas'd 
He staide, and on thy lookes his gazes seaz'd. 
And why shouldst not please? none thy face exceeds. 
Aye me, thy body hath no worthy weedes. 
As thou art faire, would thou wert fortunate, 
Wert thou rich, poore should not be my state. 
Th'opposed starre of *Mars* hath done thee harme, 
Now *Mars* is gone: *Venus* thy side doth warme,
And brings good fortune: a rich lover plants
His love on thee, and can supply thy wants.
Such is his form as may with thine compare,
Would he not buy thee thou for him shouldst care.—
She blusht.—Red shame becomes white cheekes, but this
If feigned, doth well; if true it doth amisse.
When on thy lappe thine eyes thou dost deiect
Each one according to his gifts respect.
Perhaps the Sabines rude, when Tatius raignde,
To yeeld their love to more then one disdainde.
Now Mars doth rage abroad without all pity,
And Venus rules in her Æneas Citty.
Faire women play, shee's chast whom none will haue,
Or, but for bashfulnesse her selfe would craue.
Shake off these wrinckles that thy front assault,
Wrinckles in beauty is a grieuous fault.
Penelope in bowes her youths strength tride,
Of horne the bowe was that approu'd their side.
Time flying slides hence closely, and deceaues vs,
And with swift horses the swift yeare soone leaues vs.
Brasse shines with vfe; good garments would be wonne,
Houses not dwelt in are with filth forlore.
Beauty not exercisde with age is spent,
Nor one or two men are sufficient.
Many to rob is more sure, and lesse hatefull,
From dog-kept flocks come preys to woolues most gratefull.
Behold what giues the Poet but new verses?
And thereof many thousand he rehearses.
The Poets God arayed in robes of gold,
Of his gilt Harpe the well tun'd strings doth hold.
Let Homer yeeld to such as presents bring
(Trust me) to giue, it is a witty thing.
Nor, so thou maist obtaine a wealthy prize,
The vaine name of inferiour slaues despize.
Nor let the armes of antient lines beguile thee,
Poore lover with thy gransires I exile thee.
Who seekes, for being faire, a night to haue?
What he will giue, with greater instance craue.
Make a small price, while thou thy nets doest lay,
Least they should fly, being tane, the tirant play.
Dissemble so, as lou'd he may be thought,
And take heed least he gets that love for nought.

31 fortunes Mal. 133 65 lines Dyce to Bull.: lines Mas. to Mal.
Deny him oft, feigne now thy head doth ake:
And Isis now will shew what scuse to make.
Receiue him soone, least patient vse he gaine,
Or least his loue oft beaten backe should waine:
To beggers shut, to bringers ope thy gate.
Let him within heare bard out louers prate.
And as first wrongd the wronged some-times banish,
Thy fault with his fault so repuls’d will vanish
But never giue a spatiouse time to ire,
Anger delaide doth oft to hate retire.
And let thine eyes constrained learne to wepe,
That this, or that man may thy cheekes moist keepe.
Nor, if thou couzenst one, dread to for-sweare,
„Venus to mockt men lendes a sencelesse eare.
Servants fit for thy purpose thou must hire
To teach thy louer, what thy thoughts desire.
Let them aske some-what, many asking little,
Within a while great heapes grow of a tittle.
And sister, Nurse, and mother spare him not,
By many hands great wealth is quickly got.
When causes fale thee to require a gift,
By keeping of thy birth make but a shift.
Beware least he vnriuaTd loues secure,
Take strife away, loue doth not well endure.
On all the bed mens tumbling let him viewe
And thy neck with lascious markes made blew.
Chiefely shew him the gifts, which others send:
If he giues nothing, let him from thee wend.
When thou hast so much as he giues no more,
Pray him to lend what thou maist nere restore.
Let thy tongue flatter, while thy minde harmeworkes:
Vnder sweete hony deadly poison lurkes.
If this thou doest to me by long vse knowne,
Nor let my words be with the windes hence blowne,
Oft thou wilt say, line well, thou wilt pray oft,
That my dead bones may in their graue lie soft.
As thus she spake, my shadow me betraide
With much ado my hands I scarsely staide.
But her bleare eyes, balde scalpes thin hoary flieces
And riueld cheekes I would haue puld a pieces.

77 thy] the Mal. 86 mocke Mal. 133 90 tittle] little
Douce 93 When causes fale] What were it for Douce 97
bed mens’ Dyce to Bull. : beds men Mas. to Mal. 111 thin Dyce
to Bull. : thine Mas. to Mal. 112 a] in Mal. 133
The gods send thee no house, a poore old age, 
Perpetuall thirst, and winters lasting rage.

**ELEGIA. 9.**

*Ad Atticum, amantem non oportere desidiosum esse, sicuti nec militem.*

All Louers warre, and *Cupid* hath his tent, 
*Atticke*, all louers are to warre farre sent. 
What age sits *Mars*, with *Venus* doth agree, 
Tis shame for eld in warre or loue to be. 
What yeares in souldiours Captaines do require 
Those in their louers, pretty maydes desire. 
Both of them watch: each on the hard earth sleepe: 
His Mistris dores this; that his Captaines keepes. 
Souldiers must travaile farre: the wench forth send, 
Her valiant louver followes without end. 
Mounts, and raine-doubled flouds he passeth ouer, 
And treads the deserts snowly heapes do couer. 
Going to sea, *East* windes he doth not chide 
Nor to hoist saile attends fit time and tyde. 
Who but a souldiour or a louver is bould 
To suffer storme mixt snowes with nights sharpe cold? 
One as a spy doth to his enemies goe, 
The other eyes his riuall as his foe. 
He Citties greate, this thresholds lies before: 
This breakes Towne gates, but he his Mistris dore. 
Oft to invade the sleeping foe tis good 
And arm’d to shed vnarmed peoples bloud. 
So the fierce troupes of *Thracian Rhesus* fell 
And Captiue horses bad their Lord fare-well. 
Sooth Louers watch till sleepe the hus-band charmes, 
Who slumbring, they rise vp in swelling armes. 
The keepers hands and corps-dugard to passe 
The souldiours, and poore louers worke ere was. 
Doubtfull is warre and loue, the vanquisht rise 
And who thou neuer think’st should fall downe lies. 
Therefore who ere loue sloathfulness doth call, 
Let him surcease: loue tries wit best of all. 
*Achilles* burnd *Briseis* being tane away: 
*Troianes* destroy the *Greeke* wealth, while you may.

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Hector to armes went from his wiues embraces, And on Andromache his helmet laces. Great Agamemnon was, men say, amazed, On Priams loose-trest daughter when he gazed. Mars in the deed the black-smithes net did stable, In heauen was neuer more notorious fable. My selfe was dull, and faint, to sloth inclinde, Pleasure, & ease had mollifide my minde. A faire maides care expeld this sluggishnesse, And to her tentes wild me my selfe addresse. Since maist thou see me watch and night warres moue:
He that will not growe slothfull let him loue.

ELEGIA. 10.

Ad puellam, ne pro amore preemia poscat.

Such as the cause was of two husbands warre, Whom Troiane ships fecht from Europa farre; Such as was Leda, whom the God deluded In snowe-white plumes of a false swanne included; Such as Amimone through the drie fields strayed When on her head a water pitcher laied:
Such wert thou, and I fear’d the Bull and Eagle And what ere loue made loue should thee inuegle.
Now all feare with my mindes hot loue abates, No more this beauty mine eyes captiuates.
Ask’st why I chaunge? because thou crau’st reward: This cause hath thee from pleasing me debard. While thou wert plaine, I lou’d thy minde and face: Now inward faults thy outward forme disgrace. Loue is a naked boy, his yeares saunce staine And hath no cloathes, but open doth remaine. Will you for gaine haue Cupid sell himselfe? He hath no bosome, where to hide base pelfe. Loue and Loues sonne are with fierce armes to oddes; To serue for pay beseemes not wanton gods. The whore stands to be bought for each mans mony And seekes vild wealth by selling of her Cony, Yet greedy Bauds command she curseth still, And doth constraind, what you do of good will.

35 wife’s Rob. etc. 36 Adromache Mas. to Mal.
Elegia 10. om. Ish., Bind. 11 Ask’t Mal. 19 to] at
Dyce to Bull.
Take from irrationall beasts a president,
Tis shame their wits should be more excelent.
The Mare askes not the Horse, the Cowe the Bull,
Nor the milde Ewe gifts from the Ramme doth pull.
Only a Woman gets spoiles from a Man,
Farmes out her-self on nights for what she can,
And lets what both delight, what both desire,
Making her joy according to her hire.
The sport being such as both alike sweete try it,
Why should one sell it, and the other buy it?
Why should I loose, and thou gaine by the pleasure
Which man and woman reape in equall measure?
Knights of the post of periuries make saile,
The vniust Judge for bribes becomes a stale.
Tis shame sould tongues the guilty should defend
Or great wealth from a judgement seate ascend.
Tis shame to growe rich by bed merchandize,
Or prostitute thy beauty for bad prize.
Thankes worthely are due for things vnought,
For beds ill hyr'd we are indebted nought.
The hirer payeth al, his rent discharg'd
From further duty he rests then inlarg'd.
Faire Dames for-beare rewards for nights to craue,
Ill gotten goods good end will neuer haue.
The Sabine gauntlets were too dearly wunne
That vnto death did presse the holy Nunne.
The sonne slew her, that forth to meete him went,
And a rich neck-lace caus'd that punishment.
Yet thinke no scorne to aske a wealthy churle,
He wants no gifts into thy lap to hurle.
Take clustred grapes from an ore-laden vine,
May bounteous loue Alcinous fruite resign.
Let poore men show their seruice, faith, and care
All for their Mistrisse, what they haue, prepare.
In verse to praise kinde Wenches tis my part,
And whom I like eternzize by mine art.
Garments do weare, iewells and gold do wast,
The fame that verse giues doth for euer last.
To giue I loue, but to be ask't disdayne,
Leaue asking, and Ile giue what I refraine.

29 Spoyle Douce 41 bed] bad Mal. 56 May Dyce etc.: Many Mas. to Mal. 59 verses Mal. 133 praise]
prepare Douce 60 minc] my Mal.
ELEGIA. II.

Napen alioquitur, vt paratas tabellas ad Corinnam perferat.

In skilfull gathering ruffled haires in order, Napo free-borne, whose cunning hath no border, Thy service for nights scapes is knowne commodious And to giue signes dull wit to thee is odious. Corinna clips em oft by thy perswasion, Neuer to harme me made thy faith euasion. Receiue these lines, them to my Mistrisse carry, Be sedulous, let no stay cause thee tarry. Nor flint, nor iron, are in thy soft brest But pure simplicity in thee doth rest And tis suppos'd loues bowe hath wounded thee: Defend the ensignes of thy warre in mee. If, what I do, she askes, say hope for night, The rest my hand doth in my letters write. Time passeth while I speake, giue her my writ But see that forth-with shee peruseth it. I charge thee marke her eyes and front in reading, By speechlesse lookes we guesse at things succeeding. Straight being read, will her to write much backe, I hate faire Paper should writte matter lacke. Let her make verses, and some blotted letter, On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better. What neede she tire her hand to hold the quill? Let this word, come, alone the tables fill. Then with triumphant laurell will I grace them And in the midst of Venus temple place them, Subscribing that to her I consecrate My faithfull tables being vile maple late.

ELEGIA. 12.

Tabellas quas miserat execratur, quod amica noctem negabat.

Bewaile my chaunce: the sad booke is returned, This day denyall hath my sport adiourned.

Elegia 11. om. Ish., Bind. 4 sighes Douce to thee om. Douce 23 tire Dyce etc.: try Mas. to Mal.

Presages are not vaine, when she departed 
_Nape_ by stumbling on the thre-shold started.
Going out againe passe forth the dore more wisely
And som-what higher beare thy foote precisely.
Hence luck-lesse tables, funerall wood, be flying
And thou the waxe stuff full with notes denying,
Which I thinke gather’d from cold hemlocks flower
Wherein bad hony _Corsicke_ Bees did power.
Yet as if mixt with red leade thou wert ruddy,
That colour rightly did appeare so bloudy.
As euill wood throwne in the high-waies lie,
Be broake with wheeles of chariots passing by.
And him that hew’d you out for needfull vses
Ile proue had hands impure with all abuses.
Poore wretches on the tree themselues did strangle,
There sat the hang-man for mens neckes to angle.
To hoarse scrich-owles foule shadowes it allowes,
Vultures and furies nestled in the boughes.
To these my loue I foolishly committed
And then with sweete words to my Mistrissee fitted.
More fitly had they wrangling bondes contained.
From barbarous lips of some Atturney strained.
Among day bookes and billes they had laine better
In which the Merchant wayles his banquerout debter.
Your name approues you made for such like things,
The number two no good diuining brings.
Angry, I pray that rotten age you wrackes
And sluttish white-mould ouergrowe the waxe.

_ELEGIA._ 13.

_Ad Auroram, ne properet._

Now ore the sea from her old Loue comes she
That drawes the day from heauens cold axletree.
_Aurora_ whither slidest thou? downe againe
And birdes for _Memnon_ yearely shal be slaine.
Now in her tender armes I sweetly bide,
If euer, now well lies she by my side.
The aire is cold, and sleepe is sweetest now
And birdes send forth shrill notes from every bough:
Whither runst thou, that men, and women loue not?
Hold in thy rosy horses that they moue not.
Ere thou rise, starres teach sea-men where to saile,
But when thou commest they of their courses faile.
Poore trauailers though tierd, rise at thy sight,
And souliours make them ready to the fight.
The painefull hinde by thee to field is sent,
Slow Oxen hinde early in the yoake are pent.
Thou cousenst boyes of sleepe, and doest betray them
To Pedants that with cruell lashes pay them.
Thou mak'st the surety to the Lawyer runne,
That with one word hath nigh him selfe vndone.
The Lawyer and the client hate thy view,
Both whom thou raisest vp to toyle anew.
By thy meanes women of their rest are bard,
Thou setst their labouring hands to spin and card.
All could I beare, but that the wench should rise
Who can endure saue him with whom none lyes?
How oft wisht I, night would not glue thee place,
Nor morning starres shunne thy vprising face.
How oft that either winde would breake thy coach,
Or steeds might fall forc'd with thick clouds approach.
Whether goest thou hatefull Nimph? Memnon the elfe
Receiu'd his cole-black colour from thy selfe.
Say that thy loue with Caephalus were not knowne,
Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not showne?
Would Tithon might but talke of thee a while,
Not one in heauen should be more base and vile.
Thou leauest his bed, because hee's faint through age,
And early mountest thy hatefull carriage.
But heldst thou in thine armes some Ceephalus,
Then wouldst thou cry, stay night and runne not thus.
Doest punish me, because yeares make him waine?
I did not bid thee wed an aged swaine.
The Moone sleepe with Endymion euery day,
Thou art as faire as she, then kisse and play.
Ioue that thou shoulst not hast but waite his leasure,
Made two nights one to finish vp his pleasure.
I chid no more, she blusht and therefore heard me,  
Yet lingered not the day, but morning scard me.

\textit{ELEGIA. 14.}

_Puellam consolatur cui præ nimia cura_  
_comæ deciderant._

Leaue colouring thy tresses I did cry,  
Now hast thou left no haires at all to die.  
But what had beene more faire had they beene kept?  
Beyond thy robes thy dangling lockes had swept.  
Feardst thou to dresse them being fine and thinne  
Like to the silke the curious _Seres_ spinne,  
Or thrids which spiders slender foote drawes out  
Fastning her light web some old beame about?  
Not black, nor golden were they to our viewe,  
Yet although neither mixt of eithers hue,  
Such as in hilly _Idas_ watry plaines,  
The Cedar tall spoyl'd of his barke retaines.  
Ad they were apt to curle an hundred waies,  
And did to thee no cause of dolour raise.  
Nor hath the needle, or the combes teeth reft them,  
The maide that kembd them euer safely left them.  
Oft was she drest before mine eyes, yet neuer,  
Snatching the combe, to beate the wench out driue her.  
Oft in the morne her haires not yet digested,  
Halfe sleeping on a purple bed she rested,  
Yet seemely like a _Thracian Bacchinall_  
That tyr'd doth rashly on the greene grasse fall.  
When they were slender, and like downy mosse,  
Thy troubled haires, alas, endur'd great losse.  
How patiently hot irons they did take  
In crooked trannells crispy curles to make.  
I cryed, tis sinne, tis sinne, these haires to burne,  
They well become thee, then to spare them turne.  
Farre off be force, no fire to them may reach,  
Thy very haires will the hot bodkin teach.

47 chid Ish., Dyce to Bull.: chide Mas. to Mal., Bind.  
4 lackes Mas., Douce  
neither Dyce etc.: either Mas. to Mal.  
13 Ad] And Douce to Mal.  
22-33 The first letter or two of each of these lines is illegible in Mas.  
24 Thy Dyce etc.: They Mas. to Mal.  
26 trammels Rob., Cunn.
Lost are the goodly lockes, which from their crowne
Phœbus and Bacchus wisht were hanging downe.
Such were they as Diana painted stands
All naked holding in her wawe-moist hands.
Why doest thy ill kembd tresses losse lament?
Why in thy glasse doest looke being discontent?
Bee not to see with wonted eyes inclinde,
To please thy selfe, thy selfe put out of minde.
No charmed herbes of any harlot skathd thee,
No faithlesse witch in Thessale waters bath’d thee.
No sicknesse harm’d thee, farre be that away,
No enuous tongue wrought thy thicke lockes decay.
By thine owne hand and fault thy hurt doth growe,
Thou mad’st thy head with compound poyson flow.
Now Germany shall captiue haire-tyers send thee,
And vanquish people curious dressings lend thee,
Which some admiring, O thou oft wilt blush
And say he likes me for my borrowed bush,
Praysing for me some vnknowne Guelder dame,
But I remember when it was my fame.
Alas she almost weepes, and her white cheekes,
Died red with shame, to hide from shame she seekes.
She holds, and viewes her old lockes in her lappe,
Aye me, rare gifts vnworthy such a happe.
Cheere vp thy selfe, thy losse thou maiest repaire,
And be heereafter seene with natiue haire.

ELEGIA. 15.

Ad inuidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.

Enuie why carpest thou my time is spent so ill,
And termst my workes fruite of an idle quill?
Or that vnlike the line from whence I come,
Warres dustie honours are refusd being yong?
Nor that I study not the brawling lawes,
Nor set my voyce to sale in euery cause?
Thy scope is mortall, mine eternall fame,
That all the world may euer chaunt my name.

37 see] see thy Mal. 133
Elegia 15. 2 tearmes Ish., Bind. my] our Ish., Bind.
3 come] sprung Dyce etc. Cf. Jonson’s version below, l. 3
4 dustie] rustic Mas. to Mal. 8 may] might Ish., Bind.
Homer shall lie while Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or into Sea swift Simois doth slide.
Ascras lies, while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crooked Sickles come downe fell.
The world shall of Callimachus euer speake,
His Arte excelleth, although his witte was weake.
For euer lasts high Sophocles proud vaine,
With Sunne and Moone Aratm shall remaine.
While bond-men cheate, fathers hard, bawds whorish,
And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit,
Are both in names eternall legend writ.
What age of Varroes name shall not be tolde,
And Iasons Argos and the fleece of golde?
Loftie Lucretius shall lie that howre,
That nature shall dissolue this earthly bower.
Eneas warre, and Tityrus shall be read,
While Rome of all the conquered world is head.
Till Cupids Bowe and fiery Shafts be broken,
Thy verses sweet Tibullus shalbe spoken.
And Gallus shall be knowne from East to West,
So shall Licoris whom he loued best.
Therefore when Flint and Iron weare away,
Verse is immortall, and shall nere decay.
To verse let Kings giue place, and Kingly showes,
And bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus flowes.
Let base conceipted witts admire vilde things,
Faire Phoebus lead me to the Muses springs.
About my head be quiuering mirtle wound,
And in sad louers heads let me be found.
The liuing, not the dead can ennue bite,
For after death all men receiue their right.
Then though death rakes my bones in funerall fire,
Ile lieue, and as he puls me downe mount higher.

13, 14 om. Ish., Bind. 16 Aeratus Ish.: Eratus Bind.
below, l. 17 22 Argo Dyce etc. 26 conquering Ish., Bind.
30 Licorus Ish., Bind. 32 nere om. Bind. 33 To . . place]
Let Kings giue place to verse Ish., Bind. 34 And] The Ish.,
Bind. 37 be] the Mai. 41 rakes] rackes Ish., Bull.: rocks
Bind., Dyce: takes Mai. 133
Quids Elegies.

The same by B. I.

Enuie, why twitst thou me, my Time's spent ill?
And call'st my verse fruites of an idle quill?
Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprong)
Wars dustie honors I pursue not young?
Or that I studie not the tedious lawes;
And prostitute my voyce in every cause?
Thy scope is mortall; mine eternall Fame,
Which through the world shall euer chant my name.
Homer will live, whil'st Tenedos stands, and Ide,
Or to the sea, fleete Simois doth slide:
And crooked sickles crop the ripened eare,
Callimachus, though in Inuention lowe,
Shall still be sung, since he in Arte doth flowe.
No losse shall come to Sophocles proud vaine,
With Sunne and Moone Aratus shall remaine.
Whil'st Slaues be false, Fathers hard, & Bauds be whorish,
Whilst Harlots flatter, shall Menander florish.
Ennius, though rude, and Accius high-reard straine,
A fresh applause in every age shall gaine.
Of Varro's name, what eare shall not be tolde?
Of Iasons Argo? and the Fleece of golde?
Then shall Lucretius loftie numbers die,
When Earth, and Seas in fire and flames shall frie.
Titirus, Tillage, Aney shall be read,
Whil'st Rome of all the conquer'd world is head.
Till Cupids fires be out, and his bowe broken,
Thy verses (neate Tibullus) shall be spoken.
Our Gallus shall be knowne from East to west:
So shall Licoris, whom he now loues best.
The suffering Plough-share or the flint may weare:
But heauenly Poësie no death can feare.
Kings shall giue place to it, and Kingly showes,
The bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus flowes.
Kneele hindes to trash: me let bright Phoebus swell,
With cups full flowing from the Muses well.
The frost-drad myrtle shall impale my head.
And of sad louers Ile be often read.

Quid, the living, not the dead, doth bite.
For after death all men receive their right.
Then when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

P. Ouidii Nasonis Amorum
Liber Secundus

ELEGIA. i.

Quod pro gigantomachia amores scribere
sit coactus

I Ouid Poet of my wantonnesse,
Borne at Peligny, to write more addresse.
So Cupid wills, farre hence be the seuer,
You are vnapt my looser lines to heare.
Let Maydes whom hot desire to husbands leade,
And rude boyes toucht with vnknowne loue me reade,
That some youth hurt as I am with loues bowe
His owne flames best aquainted signes may knowe,
And long admiring say, by what meanes learnd
Hath this same Poet my sad chaunce discernd?
I durst the great celestiall battells tell,
Hundred-hand Gyges, and had done it well,
With earthes revenge and how Olimpus toppe
High Ossa bore, mount Pelion vp to proppe.
Ioue and Ioues thunderbolts I had in hand
Which for his heauen fell on the Gyants band.
My wench her dore shut, Ioues affares I left,
Euen Ioue himselfe out off my wit was reft.
Pardon me Ioue, thy weapons ayde me nought,
Her shut gates greater lightning then thyne brought.
Toyes, and light Elegies my darts I tooke,
Quickly soft words hard dores wide open strooke.
Verses reduce the horned bloody moone
And call the sunnes white horses backe at noone.
Snakes leape by verse from caues of broken mountaines
And turned streames run back-ward to their fountaines.

Elcgia i. om. Ish., Bind. 1 my Dyce etc.: thy Mas. to Mal.
17 Ioues] loues Douce 19 weapon Mal. 133 24 backe
Dyce etc.: blacke Mas. to Mal.
Quids

Verses ope dores, and lockes put in the poast,
Although of oake, to yeeld to verses boast.
What helpes it me of fierce Achill to sing?
What good to me wil either Aiax bring?
Or he who war’d and wand’red twenty yeare?
Or wofull Hector whom wilde iades did teare?
But when I praise a pretty wenches face
Shee in requitall doth me oft imbrace.

A great reward: Heroes, O famous names
Farewel, your fauour nought my minde inflames.
Wenchers apply your faire looks to my verse
Which golden loue doth vnto me rehearse.

ELEGIA. 2.

Ad Bagoum, vt custodiam puellæ sibi commisce laxiorem habeat.

Bagous whose care doth thy Mistrisse bridle,
While I speake some fewe, yet fit words be idle.
I sawe the damsell walking yesterday
There where the porch doth Danaus fact display.
Shee pleas’d me soone, I sent, and did her woo,
Her trembling hand writ back she might not doo.
And asking why, this answere she redoubled,
Because thy care too much thy Mistresse troubled.
Keeper if thou be wise cease hate to cherish,
Beleeue me, whom we feare, we wish to perish.
Nor is her husband wise, what needes defence
When vn-protected ther is no expence?
But furiously he follow his loues fire
And thinke her chast whom many doe desire.
Stolne liberty she may by thee obtaine,
Which giuing her, she may giue thee againe.
Wilt thou her fault learne, she may make thee tremble,
Feare to be guilty then thou maiest desemble.
Thinke when she reades, her mother letters sent her,
Let him goe forth knowne, that vnknowne did enter,

35 O] of Dyce etc.

Elegia 2. om. Ish., Bind. 1 thy] my Mal. 4 fact] pack
conj. Cunn. 8 they care Mas., Douce 12 unprotected
Dyce to Bull.: vn-protested Mas. to Mal. 133 13 followed
Mal., Dyce 14 thinkes Douce: thinkes Mas., Mal., Dyce etc.
Let him goe see her though she doe not languish
And then report her sicke and full of anguish.
If long she stayes, to thinke the time more short
Lay downe thy forehead in thy lap to snort.
Enquire not what with Isis may be done
Nor feare least she to th'theater's runne.
Knowing her scapes thine honour shall encrease,
And what lesse labour then to hold thy peace?
Let him please, haunt the house, be kindly vsd,
Enjoy the wench, let all else be refusd.
Vaine causes faine of him, the true to hide
And what she likes, let both hold ratifide.
When most her husband bends the browes and frownes
His fauning wench with her desire he crownes.
But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall
Counterfet teares: and thee lewd hangman call.
Obiect thou then what she may well excuse,
To staine all faith in truth, by false crimes vse.
Of wealth and honour so shall grow thy heape,
Do this and soone thou shalt thy freedome reape.
On tell-tales neckes thou seest the linke-knitt chains,
The filthy prison faithlesse breasts restraines.
Water in waters, and fruite flying touch
Tantalus seekes, his long tongues gaine is such.
While Iunos watch-man Io too much eyde,
Him timelesse death tooke, she was deifide.
I sawe ones legges with fetters blacke and blewe,
By whom the husband his wiues incest knewe.
More he deseru'd, to both great harme he fram'd,
The man did grieue, the woman was defam'd.
Trust me all husbands for such faults are sad
Nor make they any man that heare them glad.
If he loues not, deafe eares thou doest importune,
Or if he loues, thy tale breeds his misfortune.
Nor is it easily prou'd though manifest,
She safe by fauour of her iudge doth rest.
Though himselfe see, heele credit her denyall,
Condemne his eyes, and say there is no tryall.
Spying his mistrisse teares, he will lament
And say this blabbe shall suffer punnishment.
Why fightst gainst oddes? to thee being cast do happe
Sharpe stripes. she sitteth in the iudges lappe.
To mee for poyson or vile facts we craue not,
My hands an vnsheath'd shyning weapon haue not
Wee seeke that through thee safely loue we may,
What can be easier then the thing we pray?

ELEGIA. 3.
Ad Eunuchum servauntem dominam.
Aye me an Eunuch keepes my mistrissee chaste,
That cannot Venus mutuall pleasure taste.
Who first depriu'd yong boyes of their best part,
With selfe same woundes he gaue, he ought to smart.
To kinde requests thou wouldst more gentle proue,
Thou wert not borne to ride, or armes to beare,
Thy hands agree not with the warlike speare.
Men handle those, all manly hopes resigne,
Thy mistrissee enseignes must be likewise thine.
Please her, her hate makes others thee abhorre,
If she discardest thee, what use seruest thou for?
Good forme there is, yeares apt to play togethers,
Vnmeete is beauty without use to wither.
Shee may deceiue thee, though thu her protect,
What two determine never wants effect.
Our prayers moue thee to assist our drift,
While thou hast time yet to bestowe that gift.

ELEGIA. 4.
Quod amet mulieres, cuiuscunque formæ sint.
I meane not to defend the scapes of any,
Or justifie my vices being many.
For I confesse, if that might merite fauour,
Heere I display my lewd and loose behauior.
I loathe, yet after that I loathe I runne,
Oh how the burthen irkes, that we should shunne.
I cannot rule my selfe, but where loue please
Am driuen like a ship vpon rough seas.
No one face likes me best, all faces moue,
A hundred reasons make me euer loue.

MARLOWE
If any eye me with a modest looke,  
I burn, and by that blushfull glance am tooke.
And she thats coy I like for being no clowne,
Me thinkes she would be nimble when shees downe.
Though her sowre looks a Sabines browe resemble,
I thinke sheele do, but deeply can dissemble.
If she be learn'd, then for her skill I craue her,
If not, because shees simple I would haue her.
Before Callimachus one preferres me farre,
Seeing she likes my bookes why should we iarre?
An other railes at me and that I write
Yet would I lie with her if that I might.
Trips she, it likes me well, plods she, what than?
She would be nimble, lying with a man.
And when one sweetely sings, then straight I long
To quauer on her lips euen in her song.
Or if one touch the Lute with arte and cunning
Who wold not loue those hands for their swift running?
And her I like that with a maiesty
Folds vp her armes and makes lowe curtesy.
To leave my selfe, that am in loue with all,
Some one of these might make the chastest fall.
If she be tall, shees like an Amazon,
And therefore filles the bed she lies vpon.
If short, she lies the rounder: to say troth,
Both short and long please me, for I loue both.
I thinke what one vndeckt would be, being drest:
Is she attired, then shew her graces best.
A white wenche thralles me, so doth golden yellowe
And nut-browne girles in doing haue no fellowe.
If her white necke be shadoed with blacke haire,
Why so was Laedas, yet was Leda faire.
Amber trest is she, then on the morne thinke I,
My loue alludes to everie history:
A yong wenche pleaseth, and an old is good,
This for her lookes, that for her woman-hood.
Nay what is she that any Roman loues
But my ambitious ranging minde approues?

12 burn Dyce etc.: blush old edd. I burn, and] And blush, I conj. 
Malone glance] glasse Ish., Bind. 14 would] should Ish.,
Bind. nimble] quick Bind. shees] she is Bind. 22 lie] be
Bind. 24 would] will Douce 28 hands] nimble handes Bind.
om Ish., Bind. 43 Amber] Yellow Ish., Bind. 46 that
and that Douce 48 ranging] raging Mal. 133.
ELEGIA. 5.

Ad amicam corruptam.

No loue is so dere (quiuerd Cupid flie)
That my chiefe wish should be so oft to die.
Minding thy fault, with death I wish to reuill,
Alas a wench is a perpetuall euill.
No intercepted lines thy deedes display,
No gifts giuen secretly thy crime bewray:
That my chief wish should be so oft to die.
Minding thy fault, with death I wish to reuill,
Alas a wench is a perpetuall euill.
No intercepted lines thy deedes display,
No gifts giuen secretly thy crime bewray:
Would my proofes as vaine might be withstood,
Aye me poore soule, why is my cause so good?
He's happy, that his loue dares boldly credit,
To whom his wench can say, I neuer did it.
He's cruel, and too much his griefe doth fauour
That seekes the conquest by her loose behauiour.
Poore wretch I sawe when thou didst thinke I slumbred,
Not drunke your faults on the spilt wine I numbred.
I sawe your nodding eye-browes much to speake,
Euen from your cheekes parte of a voice did breake.
Not silent were thine eyes, the boord with wine
Was scribed, and thy fingers writ a line.
I knew your speech (what do not louers see?)
And words that seem'd for certaine markes to be.
Now many guests were gone, the feast being done,
The youthfull sort to diuers pastimes runne.
I sawe you then vnlawfull kisses ioyne,
(Such with my tongue it likes me to purloyne).
None such the sister giues her brother graue,
But such kinde wenches let their louers haue.
Phoebus gaue not Diana such, tis thought,
But Venus often to her Mars such brought.
What doest, I cryed, transportst thou my delight?
My lordly hands ile throwe vpon my right.
Such blisse is onely common to vs two,
In this sweete good why hath a third to do?
This, and what grife inforc'd me say I say'd,
A scarlet blush her guilty face arayed.
Euen such as by Aurora hath the skie,
Or maides that their betrothed husbands spie.
Such as a rose mixt with a lilly breedes,
Or when the Moone trauailes with charmed steedes,
Or such, as least long yeares should turne the die,

_Elegia_ staynes Assyrian iuory.

To these, or some of these like was her colour,
By chaunce her beauty neuer shined fuller.

She viewed the earth: the earth to viewe beseem'd her.
She looked sad: sad, comely I esteem'd her.

Euen kembed as they were, her lockes to rend,
And scratch her faire soft cheekes I did intend.

Seeing her face, mine vpreard armes descended,
With her owne armor was my wench defended.
I that ere-while was fierce, now humbly sue,
Least with worse kisses she should me indue.

She laught, and kissed so sweetely as might make
Wrath-kindled _Ioue_ away his thunder shake.

I grieue least others should such good perceiue,
And wish hereby them all vnknowne to leaue.

Also much better were they then I tell,
And euer seemed as some new sweete befell.

Tis ill they pleas'd so much, for in my lips,
Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips.
This grieues me not, no ioyned kisses spent
Bewaile I onely, though I them lament.

No where can they be taught but in the bed,
I know no maister of so great hire sped.

_ELEGIA._ 6.

_In mortem psittaci._

The parrat from east _India_ to me sent,
Is dead, al fowles her exequies frequent.
Go goodly birdes, striking your breasts beware,
And with rough clawes your tender cheekes asaille.

For wofull haires let piece-torne plumes abound,
For long shrild trumpets let your notes resound.

Why _Philomele_ doest _Tereus_ leudnesse mourne?
All wasting years haue that complaint out worne.

50 _indue_] endure Mal. 133
Elegia 6. _om._ Ish., _Bind._ 3 _godly_] Dyce etc. 8 out
_T. B._ : not _Mas._ to _Mal._ : now _Dyce_ etc.
Quids Elegies.

Thy tunes let this rare birdes sad funerall borrowe,
Itis as great, but auntient cause of sorrowe. 10
All you whose pineons in the cleare aire sore,
But most thou friendly turtle-doue, deplore.
Full concord all your liues was you betwixt,
And to the end your constant faith stood fixt.
What Pylades did to Orestes proue, 15
Such to the parrat was the turtle doue.
But what auailde this faith? her rarest hue?
Or voice that howe to change the wilde notes knew?
What helps it thou wert giuen to please my wench?
Birdes haples glory, death thy life doth quench. 20
Thou with thy quilles mightst make greene \textit{Emerald} dark,
And passe our scarlet of red saffrons marke.
No such voice-feigning bird was on the ground,
Thou spokest thy words so well with stammering sound.
Enuy hath rapt thee, no fierce warres thou mouedst, 25
Vaine babling speech, and pleasant peace thou louedst.
Behold how quaiies among their battailes liue,
Which do perchance old age vnto them giue.
A little fild thee, and for loue of talke,
Thy mouth to taste of many meates did balke. 30
Nuts were thy food, and Poppie causde thee sleepe,
Pure waters moisture thirst away did keepe.
The rauenous vulture liues, the Puttock houers
Around the aire, the Cadesse raine discouers,
And Crowes suruiues armes-bearing \textit{Pallas} hate, 35
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.
Dead is that speaking image of mans voice,
The Parrat giuen me, the farre worlds best choice.
The greedy spirits take the best things first,
Supplying their voide places with the worst. 40
\textit{THERSITES} did \textit{PROTESILAUS} suruiue,
And \textit{HECTOR} dyed his brothers yet alie.
My wenches vowes for thee what should I show,
Which stormie South-windes into sea did blowe? 45
The seuenth day came, none following mightst thou see
And the fates distaffe emptie stood to thee,
Yet words in thy benummed palate rung,
Farewell \textit{CORINNA} cryed thy dying tongue.

\begin{footnotes}
\footnote{10 It\textit{is as]} It is as Mas. to Mal.: Itys a Dyce etc.}{22 }\footnote{Saffron}{\textit{Mal. 133}}
\footnote{25 warres} \textit{Mal. 133}{\textit{waters}} \footnote{Mai. 133}{\textit{did}} \footnote{Mai. 133}{\textit{didst}} \footnote{Mai. 133}{\textit{crow Dyce etc.}} \footnote{38 world's Dyce etc.: words}{\textit{Mas. to Mal.}}
\footnote{48 Corinda cryed the \textit{Mal. 133}}
\end{footnotes}
Elisium hath a wood of holme trees black,  
Whose earth doth not perpetuall greene-grasse lacke,  
There good birds rest (if we beleue things hidden)  
Whence vnicleane fowles are said to be forbidden.  
There harmelesse Swans feed all abroad the riuer,  
There liues the Phoenix one alone bird euer.  
There vnclene fowles are said to be forbidden.  
There good birds rest (if we beleue things hidden)  
Whence vnicleane fowles are said to be forbidden.  
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There harmelesse Swans feed all abroad the riuer,  
There liues the Phoenix ...
Quids Elegies.

Adde she was diligent thy locks to braide,
And for her skill to thee a grateful maide,
Should I sollicit her that is so iust,
To take repulse, and cause her shew my lust?
I sweare by Venus, and the wingd boyes bowe,
My selfe vnguilty of this crime I know.

ELEGIA. 8.

Ad Cypassim ancillam Corinæ.

Cypassis that a thousand wayes trimst haire,
Worthy to keeme none but a Goddesse faire,
Our pleasant scapes shew thee no clowne to be,
Apt to thy mistrissee, but more apt to me.

Who that our bodies were comprest bewrayde?
Whence knowes Corinna that with thee I playde?
Yet blush I not, nor vsde I any saying,
That might be vrg'd to witnesse our false playing.
What if a man with bond-women offend,
To prove him foolish did I ere contend?

Achilles burnt with face of captiue Briseis,
Great Agamemnon lou'd his servant Chriseis.
Greater then these my selfe I not esteeme,
What graced Kings, in me no shame I deeme.

But when on thee her angry eyes did rush,
In both thy cheekes she did perceiue thee blush.
But being present, might that worke the best,
By Venus Deity how did I protest.
Thou Goddesse doest command a warme South-blast,
My false oathes in Carpathian seas to cast.

For which good turne my sweete reward repay,
Let me lie with thee browne Cypasse to day.
Vngrate why feignest new feares? and doest refuse;
Well maiest thou one thing for thy Mistresse vse.
If thou deniest foole, Ile our deeds expresse,
And as a traitour mine owne fault confess,
Telling thy mistresse, where I was with thee,
How oft, and by what means we did agree.

O Cupid that doest neuer cease my smart,
O boy that lyest so slothfull in my heart.
Why me that alwayes was thy souldiour found,
Doest harme, and in thy tents why doest me wound?
Why burnes thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy friends?
More glory by thy vanquisht foes assends.
Did not Pelides whom his Speare did grieue,
Being requirde, with speedy helpe relieue?
Hunters leaue taken beasts, pursue the chase,
And then things found do euer further pace.

We people wholy giuen thee feele thine armes,
Thy dull hand stayes thy striuing enemies harmes.
Doest ioy to haue thy hooked Arrowes shaked
In naked bones? loue hath my bones left naked.
So many men and maidens without loue,
Hence with great laude thou maiest a triumph moue.

Rome if her strength the huge world had not fild,
With strawie cabins now her courts should build.
The weary souldiour hath the conquerd fields,
His sword layed by, safe, though rude places yeelds.
The Docke inhabours ships drawne from the flouds,
Horse freed from seruice range abroad the woods,
And time it was for me to liue in quiet,
That haue so oft seru'd pretty wenches dyet.
Yet should I curse a God, if he but said,
Liue without loue, so sweete ill is a maide.
For when my loathing it of heate depriues me,
I know not whether my mindes whirle-wind driues me.
Euen as a head-strong courser beares away
His rider vainely striuing him to stay,
Or as a sodaine gale thrustes into sea
The hauen touching barcke now nere the lea,
So wauering Cupid brings me backe amaine,
And purple loue resumes his dartes againe.
Strike boy, I offer thee my naked brest,
Heere thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest.
Here of themselves thy shafts come, as if shot,
Better then I their quiuer knowes them not.

Elegia 9. om. Ish., Bind. 4 thy] my Mal. 20 though]
through Mal. 133: to Rob. 32 hauen] heauen Mas., Douce
Haples is he that all the night lies quiet
And slumbring, thinkes himselfe much blessed by it. 40
Foole, what is sleepe but image of cold death?
Long shalt thou rest when Fates expire thy breath,
But me let crafty damsells words deceiue,
Great ioyes by hope I inly shall conceiue.
Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard,
Let her enjoy me oft, oft be debard.
Cupid by thee, Mars in great doubt doth trample,
And thy step-father fights by thy example.
Light art thou, and more windie then thy winges,
Ioyes with vncertaine faith thou takest and brings. 50
Yet loue, if thou with thy faire mother heare,
Within my brest no desert empire beare,
Subdue the wandring wenches to thy raigne,
So of both people shalt thou homage gaine.

**ELEGIA. 10.**

*Ad Græcinum quod eodem tempore duas amet.*

Græcinus (well I wot) thou touldst me once,
I could not be in loue with two at once.
By thee deceiued, by thee surpriz’d am I,
For now I loue two women equally.
Both are well fauour’d, both rich in aray,
Which is the loueliest it is hard to say.
This seemes the fairest, so doth that to me,
And this doth please me most, and so doth she.
Euen as a boate, tost by contrary winde,
So with this loue, and that, wauers my minde.
Venus, why doublest thou my endlesse smart?
Was not one wench enough to grieue my hart?
Why addst thou stars to heauen, leaues to greene woods
And to the vast deepe sea fresh water flouds?
Yet this is better farre then lie alone,
Let such as be mine enemies haue none.
Yea let my foes sleepe in an empty bed,
And in the midst their bodies largely spread.
But may soft loue rowse vp my drowsie eyes,
And from my mistris bosome let me rise. 20

46 her . . me] me enjoy her Dyce to Bull.
Elegia 10. 5 rich in] in rich Douce 8 And om. Ish., Bind.
Let one wenche cloy me with sweete loues delight
If one can doote, if not, two every night.
Though I am slender, I haue store of pith
Nor want I strength but weight to presse her with.
Pleasure addes fuell to my lust-full fire,
I pay them home with that they most desire.
Oft haue I spent the night in wantonnesse,
And in the morne beene liuely nere the lesse.
Hee's happy who loues mutuall skirmish slayes,
And to the Gods for that death Ouid prayes.
Let souldiours chase their enemies amaine,
But when I dye, would I might droupe with doing,
And in the midst thereof, set my soule going,
That at my funeralls some may weeping crye,
Euen as he led his life, so did he dye.

ELEGIA. ii

Ad amicam nauigantem.

The lofty Pine from high mount Pelion raught
Ill waies by rough seas wödring waues first taught,
Which rashly twixt the sharpe rocks in the deepe,
Caried the famous golden-fleeced sheepe.
O would that no Oares might in seas haue suncke,
The Argos wrackt had deadly waters drunke.

Loe country Gods, and known bed to forsake
Corinna meanes, and dangerous wayes to take.
For thee the East and West winds make me pale,
With Icy Boreas, and the Southerne gale:
Thou shalt admire no woods or Citties there,
The vniust seas all blewish do appeare.
The Ocean hath no painted stones or shelles,
The sucking shore with their abundance swels.

29 slayes Ish., Bind., Dyce etc.: layes Mas. to Mal.
33 and add. Cunn., Bull. 34 Being Cunn.,
Bull.: And being old edd., Dyce 36 set] let Bind.
Elegia 11. om. Ish., Bind. 2 wödring Mal. 133
Argo wreck'd Dyce etc. 7 known Dyce etc.: know old edd.
Maides, on the shore with marble white feete tread,
So farre 'tis safe, but to go farther dread.
Let others tell how winds fierce battailes wage,
How Scyllaes and Caribdis waters rage,
And with what rocke the feard Ceraninia threat,
In what gulfe either Syrtes haue their seate.
Let others tell this, and what each one speaks
Beleeue, no tempest the beleeuer wreakes.

Too late you looke back, when with anchors weighd,
The crooked Barque hath her swift sailes displayd.
The carefull ship-man now feares angry gusts,
And with the waters sees death neere him thrusts.
But if that Triton tosse the troubled floud,
In all thy face will be no crimsen bloud.
Then wilt thou Ladas noble twinne-starres pray,
And he is happy whom the earth holds, say.
It is more safe to sleepe, to read a booke,
The Thracian Harpe with cunning to haue strooke,
But if my words with winged stormes hence slip,
Yet Galatea fauour thou her ship.
The losse of such a wench much blame will gather,
Both to the Sea-nimphes, and the Sea-nimphes father.
Go minding to returne with prosperous winde,
Whose blast may hether strongly be inclinde,
Let Nereus bend the waues vnto this shore,
Hether the windes blowe, here the spring-tide rore.
Request milde Zephires helpe for thy auaille,
And with thy hand assist thy swelling saile.
I from the shore thy knowne ship first will see,
And say it brings her that preserueth me;
Ile clip and kisse thee with all contentation,
For thy returne shall fall the vowd oblation,
And in the forme of beds weele strowe soft sand,
Each little hill shall for a table stand:
There wine being fild, thou many things shalt tell,
How almost wrackt thy ship in maine seas fell,
And hasting to me, neither darkesome night,
Nor violent South-windes did thee ought affright.
Ile thinke all true, though it be feigned matter.
Mine owne desires why should my selfe not flatter?
Let the bright day-starre cause in heauen this day be,
To bring that happy time so soone as may be.

15 rocks Dyce etc. Ceraunia Dyce etc. 23 anchor Douce
42 the swelling Dyce
Quids

Elegies.

ELEGIA. 12.

Exultat, quod amica potitus sit.

About my temples go triumphant bayes,
Conquer'd Corinna in my bosome layes.
She whom her husband, guard, and gate as foes,
Least Arte should winne her, firmly did inclose.
That victory doth chiefly triumph merit,
Which without bloud-shed doth the pray inherit.
No little ditched townes, no lowlie walles,
But to my share a captiue damsell falles.
When Troy by ten yeares battle tumbled downe,
With the Atrides many gainde renowne.
But I no partner of my glory brooke,
Nor can an other say his helpe I tooke.
I guide and souldiour wunne the field and weare her,
I was both horse-man, foote-man, standard bearer.
Nor in my act hath fortune mingled chance,
O care-got triumph hetherwards aduance.
Nor is my warres cause new, but for a Queene
Europe, and Asia in firme peace had beene.
The Lapithes, and the Centaures for a woman,
To cruell armes their drunken selues did summon.
A woman forc'd the Troyanes new to enter
Warres, iust Latinus, in thy kingdomes center:
A woman against late-built Rome did send
The Sabine Fathers, who sharpe warres intend.
I saw how Bulls for a white Heifer striue,
Shee looking on them did more courage giue.
And me with many, but yet me without murther,
Cupid commands to moue his ensignes further.

ELEGIA. 13.

Ad Isidem, vt parientem Corinnam iuuet.

While rashly her wombes burthen she casts out,
Wearie Corinna hath her life in doubt.
She secretly with me such harme attempted,
Angry I was, but feare my wrath exempted.

Elegia 12. om. Ish., Bind. 2 bosomes Mal. 368 12 his]
this Mal. 133 27 yet me] yet Mal. : me Dyce etc.
But she conceiv'd of me, or I am sure
I oft haue done, what might as much procure.
Thou that frequents Canopus pleasant fields,
Memphis, and Pharos that sweete date trees yeelds,
And where swift Nile in his large channell slipping,
By seauen huge mouthes into the sea is dipping,
By fear'd Anubis visage I thee pray,
So in thy Temples shall Osiris stay,
And the dull snake about thy offrings creepe,
And in thy pompe hornd Apis with thee keepe:
Turne thy lookes hether, and in one spare twaine,
Thou giuest my mistris life, she mine againe.
Shee oft hath seru'd thee vpon certaine dayes,
Where the French rout engirt themselues with Bayes.
On labouring women thou doest pitty take,
Whose bodies with their heauy burthens ake.
My wench Lucina, I intreat thee fauour,
Worthy she is, thou shouldst in mercy saue her.
In white, with incense Ile thine Altars greete,
My selfe will bring vowed gifts before thy feete,
Subscribing, Naso with Corinna sau'd.
Do but deserue gifts with this title grau'd,
But if in so great feare I may aduize thee,
To haue this skirmish fought, let it suffice thee.

ELEGIA. 14.

In amicam, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit.

What helps it Woman to be free from warre?
Nor being arm'd fierce troupes to follow farre,
If without battell selfe-wrought wounds annoy them,
And their owne priuie weapon'd hands destroy them?
Who vnborne infants first to slay inuented
Deseru'd thereby with death to be tormented.
Because thy belly should rough wrinckles lacke,
Wilt thou thy wombe-inclosed off-spring wracke?
Had ancient Mothers this vile custome cherisht,
All humaine kinde by their default had perisht,
Or stones, our stockes originall, should be hurld
Againe by some in this vnpeopled world.
Who should haue Priams wealthy substance wonne,
If watry Thetis had her childe fordone?
In sweling wombe her twinnes had Ilia kilde,
He had not beene that conquering Rome did build.
Had Venus spoilde her bellies Troyane fruite,
The earth of Cæsars had beene destitute.
Thou also, that wert borne faire, hadst decayed,
If such a worke thy mother had assayed.
My selfe that better dye with louing may
Had seene, my mother killing me, no day.
Why takest increasing grapes from Vine-trees full?
With cruell hand why doest greene Apples pull?
Fruites ripe will fall, let springing things increase,
Life is no light price of a small surcease:
Why with hid irons are your bowels torne?
And why dire poison giue you babes vnborne?
At Cholcis stain'd with childrens bloud maile,
And mother-murtherd Itis thee bewaile,
Both vnkinde parents, but for causes sad,
Their wedlocks pledges veng'd their husbands bad.
What Tereus, what Jason you prouokes,
To plague your bodies with such harمهfull strokes?
Armenian Tygers neuer did so ill,
Nor dares the Lyonesse her young whelpes kill.
But tender Damsels do it, though with-pane,
Oft dyes she that her paunch-wrapt child hath slaine
Shee dyes, and with loose haires to graue is sent,
And who ere see her, worthily lament.
But in the ayre let these words come to nought,
And my presages of no weight be thought.
Forgiue her gratious Gods this one delict,
And on the next fault punishment inflict.

ELEGIA. 15.

Ad annulum, quem dono amicae dedit.

Thou ring that shalt my faire girles finger binde,
Wherein is seene the giuers louing minde:
Be welcome to her, gladly let her take thee,
And her small ioynts incircling round hoope make thee.
Fit her so well, as she is fit for me:
Then would I wish thee touch my mistris pappe,
And of iust compasse for her knuckles bee.

Blest ring thou in my mistris hand shalt lye.
And of just compasse for her knuckles bee.
Blest ring thou in my mistris hand shalt lye.

Fit her so well, as she is fit for me:
And of hist compasse for her knuckles bee.

Blest ring thou in my mistris hand shalt lye.

My selfe poore wretch mine owne gifts now enuie.
O would that sodainly into my gift,
I could my selfe by secret Magick shift.

Then would I wish thee touch my mistris pappe,
And hide thy left hand vnderneath her lappe.
I would get off though straight, and sticking fast,
And in her bosome strangely fall at last.
Then I, that I may seale her priuy leaues,
Least to the waxe the hold-fast drye gemme cleaues,

Wold first my beautious wenches moist lips touch,
Onely Ile signe nought, that may grieue me much.
I would not out, might I in one place hit,
But in lesse compasse her small fingers knit.

My life, that I will shame thee neuer feare,
Or be a loade thou shouldst refuse to beare.
Weare me, when warmest showers thy members wash,
And through the gemme let thy lost waters pash.
But seeing thee, I thinke my thing will swell,
And even the ring performe a mans part well.
Vaine things why wish I? go small gift from hand,
Let her my faith with thee giuen vnderstand.

ELEGIA. 16.

Ad amicam, vt ad rura sua veniat.

Sulmo, Pelignies third part me containes,
A small, but wholesome soyle with watrie veynes.
Although the sunne to riue the earth incline,
And the Icarian froward Dog-starre shine,
Pilignian fields with liqued riuers flowe,
And on the soft ground fertile greene grasse growe.
With corne the earth abounds, with vines much more,
And some few pastures Pallas Oliues bore.

7 Blest ring thou] Bestring Douce  hand shalt] armes shall
Douce  22 be Dyce etc.: by Mas. to Mal.  23 thy] my
Mal.
Elegia 16. om. Ish., Bind.  5 with] which Mas., Douce
And by the rising herbes, where cleare springs slide,  
A grassie turffe the moistened earth doth hide.  
But absent is my fire, lyes ile tell none,  
My heate is heere, what moues my heate is gone.  
Pollux and Castor, might I stand betwixt,  
In heauen without thee would I not be fixt.  
Vpon the cold earth pensiue let them lay,  
That meane to trauaile some long irkesome way.  
Or els will maidens, yong-mens mates, to go  
If they determine to perseuer so.

Then on the rough Alpes should I tread aloft,  
My hard way with my mistrissee would seeme soft.  
With her I durst the Lybian Syrtes breake through,  
And raging Seas in boistrous South-winds plough.  
No barking Dogs that Syllaes intrailes beare,  
Nor thy gulfes crooked Malea, would I feare.  
No flowing waues with drowned ships forth poured,  
By cloyed Charibdis,' and againe deuoured.  
But if sterne Neptunes windie powre preuaile,  
And waters force, force helping Gods to faile,  
With thy white armes vpon my shoulders seaze,  
So sweete a burthen I will beare with eaze.

The youth oft swimming to his Hero kinde,  
Had then swum ouer, but the way was blinde.  
But without thee, although vine-planted ground  
Conteines me, though the streames in fields surround,  
Though Hindes in brookes the running waters bring,  
And coole gales shake the tall trees leauy spring,  
Healthfull Peligny I esteeme nought worth,  
Nor do I like the country of my birth.  
Sylthia, Cilicia, Brittaine are as good,  
And rockes dyed crimson with Prometheus bloud.

Elmes loue the Vines, the Vines with Elmes abide,  
Why doth my mistresse from me oft deuide ?  
Thou swarest, deuision should not twixt vs rise,  
By me, and by my starres, thy radiant eyes.  
Maides words more vaine and light then falling leaues,  
Which as it seemes, hence winde and sea bereaues.  
If any godly care of me thou hast,  
Adde deeds vnto thy promises at last.
And with swift Naggs drawing thy little Coach,
(Their reines let loose) right soone my house approach. 50
But when she comes, you swelling mounts sinck downe,
And falling vallies be the smooth-wayes crowne.

ELEGIA. 17.

Quod Corinnae soli sit servitus.

To serve a wench if any thinke it shame,
He being Judge, I am convin'd of blame.
Let me be slandered, while my fire she hides,
That Paphos, and the floud-beate Cithera guides.
Would I had beene my mistresse gentle prey,
Since some faire one I should of force obey.
Beauty giues heart, Corinnas lookes excell,
Aye me why is it knowne to her so well?
But by her glasse disdainefull pride she learnes,
Nor she her selfe but first trim'd vp discernes.
Not though thy face in all things make thee raigne,
(O face most cunning mine eyes to detaine)
Thou oughtst therefore to scorne me for thy mate,
Small things with greater may be copulate.
Loue-snarde Calypso is supposed to pray
A mortall nymphes refusing Lord to stay.
Who doubts, with Pelius, Thetis did consort,
Egeria with just Numa had good sport,
Venus with Vulcan, though smiths tooles laide by,
With his stumpe-foote he halts ill-fauouredly.
This kinde of verse is not alike, yet fit
With shorter numbers the heroicke sit.
And thou my light accept me how so euer,
Lay in the mid bed, there be my law gier.
My stay no crime, my flight no joy shall breede,
Nor of our loue to be asham'd we need,
For great reueneus I good verses haue,
And many by me to get glory craue.
I know a wench reports her selfe Corinne,
What would not she giue that faire name to winne?
But sundry flouds in one banke neuer go,
Eurotas cold, and poplar bearing Po.
Nor in my bookes shall one but thou be writ,
Thou doest alone giue matter to my wit.

ELEGIA. 18.

Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat.

To tragick verse while thou Achilles trainst,
And new sworne souldiours maiden armes retainst,
Wee Macer sit in Venus slothfull shade,
And tender loue hath great things hatefull made.

Often at length, my wench depart I bid,
Shee in my lap sits still as earst she did.
I sayd it irkes me: halfe to weeping framed,
Aye me, she cries, to loue, why art ashamed ?
Then wreathes about my necke her winding armes,
And thousand kisses giues, that worke my harmes :
I yeeld, and back my wit from battells bring,
Domesticke acts, and mine owne warres to sing.
Yet tragedies, and scepters fild my lines,
But though I apt were for such high deseignes,
Loue laughed at my cloak, and buskines painted,
And rule so soone with priuate hands acquainted.
My Mistris deity also drewe me fro it,
And loue triumpheth ore his buskind Poet.
What lawfull is, or we professe loues art,
(Alas my precepts turne my selfe to smart)

We write, or what Penelope sends Vlysses,
Or Phillis teares that her Domophoon misses,
What thanklesse Iason, Macareus and Paris,
Phedra, and Hipolite may read, my care is,
And what poore Dido with her drawne sword sharpe

Doth say, with her that lou’d the Aonian harpe.
As soone as from strange lands Sabinus came,
And writings did from diuerse places frame,
White-cheeckt Penelope knewe Vlisses signe,
The stepdame read Hyppolitus lustlesse line.
Eneas to Elisa answere giues,
And Phillis hath to reade; if now she liues.
Iasons sad letter doth Hipsipile greete,
Sappho her vowed harpe laies at Phæbus feete.

Nor of thee *Macer* that resoundst forth armes,
Is golden loue hid in *Mars* mid armes.
There *Paris* is, and *Helens* crymes record,
With *Laodameia* mate to her dead Lord.
Vnlesse I erre to these thou more incline
Then warres, and from thy tents wilt come to mine.

**ELEGIA.** 19.

*Ad riualem, cui vxor curae non erat.*

Fool if to keepe thy wife thou hast no neede,
Keepe her for me, my more desire to breede.
Wee skorne things lawfull, stolne sweetes we affect,
Cruell is he that loues whom none protect.
Let vs both louers hope, and feare alike,
And may repulse place for our wishes strike.
What should I do with fortune that nere failes me?
Nothing I loue, that at all times auailes me.
Wily *Corinna* sawe this blemish in me,
And craftily knowes by what meanes to winne me.
Ah often, that her haole head aked, she lying,
Wild me, whose slowe feete sought delay be flying.
Ah oft how much she might she feignd offence;
And doing wrong made shew of innocence.
So hauing vext she nourisht my warme fire,
And was againe most apt to my desire.
To please me, what faire termes and sweet words ha's shee?
Great gods what kisses, and how many gaue she?
Thou also that late tookest mine eyes away,
Oft couzen me, oft being wooed say nay.
And on thy threshold let me lie dispred,
Suffring much cold by hoary nights frost bred.
So shall my loue continue many yeares,
This doth delight me, this my courage cheares.
Fat loue, and too much fulsome me annoyes,
Euen as sweete meate a glutted stomacke cloyes.
In brazen tower had not *Danae* dwelt,
A mothers ioy by *Ioue* she had not felt.
While *Iuno Io* keepes when hornes she wore,  
*Ioue* liked her better then he did before.  
Who couets lawfull things takes leaues from woods,  
And drinkes stolne waters in surronding floudes.  
Her louver let her mocke, that long will raigne.  
Aye me, let not my warnings cause my paine.  
What euer haps, by suffrance harme is done,  
What flies, I followe, what follows me I shunne.  
But thou of thy faire damsell too secure,  
Beginne to shut thy house at euening sure.  
Search at the dore who knocks oft in the darke,  
In nights deepe silence why the ban-dogges barke.  
Whether the subtile maide lines bringses and carries,  
Why she alone in empty bed oft tarries.  
Let this care some-times bite thee to the quick,  
That to deceits it may me forward pricke.  
To steale sands from the shore he loues alife,  
That can effect a foolish wittalls wife.  
Now I forewarne, vnlesse to keepe her stronger,  
Thou doest beginne, she shall be mine no longer.  
Long haue I borne much, hoping time would beate thee  
To guard her well, that well I might entreate thee.  
Thou suffrest what no husband can endure,  
But of my loue it will an end procure.  
Shall I poore soule be neuer interdicted ?  
Nor neuer with nights sharpe reuenge afflicted ?  
In sleeping shall I fearelesse drawe my breath ?  
Wilt nothing do, why I should wish thy death ?  
Can I but loath a husband growne a baude?  
By thy default thou doest our ioyes defraude.  
Some other seeke that may in patience striue with thee,  
To pleasure me, for-bid me to coriue with thee.  

46 affect *Dyce etc.*  
48 she] he *Mal. i33*  
60 pleasure] please *Mal.*
ELEGIA. i.

Deliberatio poetæ, utrum elegos pergat scribere an potius tragedias.

An old wood, stands vnctut of long yeares space,
Tis credible some godhead haunts the place.
In midst thereof a stone-pau’d sacred spring,
Where round about small birdes most sweetely sing.
Heere while I walke hid close in shadie groue,
To finde what worke my muse might moue I stroue.

Elegia came with haires perfumed sweete,
And one, I thinke, was longer of her feete.
A decent forme, thinne robe, a louers looke,
By her footes blemish greater grace she tooke.
Then with huge steps came violent Tragedie,
Sterne was her front, her cloake on ground did lie.
Her left hand held abroad a regal scepter,
The Lydian buskin (in) fit paces kept her.

And first she sayd: when will thy loue be spent?
O Poet carelesse of thy argument.
Wine-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtinesse,
Each crosse waies corner doth as much expresse.
Oft some points at the prophet passing by,
And this is he whom fierce loue burnes, they cry.
A laughing stocke thou art to all the citty,
While without shame thou singst thy lewdnesse ditty.
Tis time to moue graue things in lofty stile,
Long hast thou loyterd, greater workes compile.
The subiect hides thy wit, mens acts resound,
This thou wilt say to be a worthy ground.
Thy muse hath played what may milde girles content,
And by those numbers is thy first youth spent.

Now giue the Roman Tragedie a name,
To fill my lawes thy wanton spirit frame.
This saied, she mou'd her buskins gaily varnisht,
And seauen times shooke her head with thicke locks garnisht.
The other smilde, (I wot) with wanton eyes,
Erre I? or mirtle in her right hand lies.
With lofty wordes stout Tragedie (she sayd)
Why treadst me downe? art thou aye grauely plaied?
Thou deignst vnequall lines should thee rehearse,
Thou fightst against me vsing mine owne verse.
Thy lofty stile with mine I not compare,
Small doores vnfitting for large houses are.
Light am I, and with me, my care, light loue,
Not stronger am I then the thing I moue.
Venus without me should be rusticall,
This goddesse company doth to me befall.
What gate thy stately words cannot vnlocke,
My flatt'ring speeches soone wide open knocke.
And I deserve more then thou canst in verity,
By suffring much not borne by thy severity.
By me Corinna learnes, cousening her guard,
To get the dore with little noise vnbard,
And slipt from bed cloth'd in a loose night-gowne,
To moue her feete vnheard in setting downe.
Ah howe oft on hard doores hung I engrau'd,
From no mans reading fearing to be sau'd.
But till the keeper went forth, I forget not,
The maide to hide me in her bosome let not.
What gift with me was on her birth day sent,
But cruelly by her was drown'd and rent.
First of thy minde the happy seedes I knewe,
Thou hast my gift, which she would from thee sue.
She left; I say'd, you both I must beseech,
To empty aire may go my fearefull speech.
With scepters, & high buskins th'one would dresse me,
So through the world shold bright renown expresse me.
The other giues my loue a conquering name,
Come therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.
Graunt Tragedie thy Poet times least tittle,
Thy labour euer lasts, she askes but little.
She gaue me leaue, soft loues in time make hast,
Some greater worke will vrge me on at last.

32 time Mas., Douce 41 me] thee Mal. 368 42 things
Douce 52 setting Dyce etc.: sitting Mas. to Mal. 55
keeper Dyce etc.: keepes Mas., Douce: keepers Mal.
ELEGIA. 2.

Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem.

I sit not here the noble horse to see,
Yet whom thou fauourst, pray may conquerour be.
To sit, and talke with thee I hether came,
That thou maiest know with loue thou mak'st me flame.
Thou viewst the course, I thee: let either heed
What please them, and their eyes let either feede.
What horse-driuer thou fauourst most is best,
Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.
Such chaunce let me haue: I would brauely runne,
On swift steedes mounted till the race were done.
Now would I slacke the reines, now lash their hide,
With wheeles bent inward now the ring-turne ride.
In running if I see thee, I shall stay,
And from my hands the reines will slip away.
Ah Pelops from his coach was almost feld,
Hippodameias lookes while he beheld.
Yet he attain'd by her support to haue her,
Let vs all conquer by our mistris fauour.
In vaine why flyest backe? force conioynes vs now:
The places lawes this benefit allowe.
But spare my wench thou at her right hand seated,
By thy sides touching ill she is entreated.
And sit thou rounder, that behind vs see,
For shame presse not her backe with thy hard knee.
But on the ground thy cloathes too loosely lie,
Gather them vp, or lift them loe will I.
Envious garments so good legges to hide,
The more thou look'st, the more the gowne enuide.
Swift Atalantas flying legges like these,
Wish in his hands graspt did Hippomenes.
Coate-tuckt Dianas legges are painted like them,
When strong wilde beasts she stronger hunts to strike them.
Ere these were scene, I burnt: what will these do?
Flames into flame, flouds thou powrest seas into.
By these I judge, delight me may the rest,
Which lie hid vnder her thinne veile supprest.
Yet in the meane time wilt small windes bestowe,
That from thy fanne, mou'd by my hand may blow?

Or is my heate of minde, not of the skie?
Ist womens loue my captiue brest doth frie?
While thus I speake, blacke dust her white robes ray:
Foule dust, from her faire body go away.
Now comes the pompe; themselues let all men cheere:
The shout is nigh; the golden pompe comes heere.
First victory is brought with large spred wing,
Goddesse come here, make my loue conquering.
Applaud you Neptune, that dare trust his waue,
The sea I vse not: me my earth must haue.
Souldiour applaud thy Mars: no warres we moue,
Peace pleaseth me, and in mid peace is loue.
With Augures Phæbus, Phæbe with hunters standes,
To thee Minerua turne the craftes-mens hands.
Ceres and Bacchus Country-men adore,
Champions please Pollux, Castor loues horsemen more.
Thee gentle Venus, and the boy that flies,
We praise: great goddesse ayde my enterprize,
Let my new mistris graunt to be beloued.
She beckt, and prosperous signes gaue as she moued.
What Venus promisd, promise thou we pray,
Greater then her, by her leaue th'art, Ile say.
The Gods, and their rich pompe witnesse with me,
For euermore thou shalt my mistris be.
Thy legges hang downe, thou maiest, if that be best,
A while thy tiptoes on the foote-stoole rest.
Now greatest spectacles the Praetor sends,
Fower-chariot horses from the lists euen ends.
I see whom thou affectest: he shall subdue,
The horses seeme, as thy desire they knewe.
Alas he runnes too farre about the ring,
What doest? thy wagon in lesse compasse bring.
What doest vnhappy? her good wishes fade,
Let with strong hand the reine to bend be made.
One slowe we fauour, Romans him reuoke:
And each giue signes by casting vp his cloake.
They call him backe, least their gownes tosse thy haire,
To hide thee in my bosome straight repaire.
But now againe the barriers open lye;
And forth the gay troupes on swift horses flie.
At last now conquer, and out-runne the rest:
My mistris wish confirme with my request.
My mistris hath her wish, my wish remaine:
He holdes the palme: my palme is yet to gaine,
She smilde, and with quicke eyes behight some grace:
Pay it not heere, but in an other place.

ELEGIA. 3.

De amica, quæ periuraerat.

What, are there Gods? her selfe she hath forswore,
And yet remaines the face she had before.
How long her lockes were, ere her oath she tooke:
So long they be, since she her faith forsooke.
Faire white with rose red was before commixt:
Now shine her lookes pure white and red betwixt.
Her foote was small: her footes forme is most fit:
Comely tall was she, comely tall shee's yet.
Sharpe eyes she had: radiant like starres thcy be,
By which she periurd oft hath lyed by me.
Insooth th'eternall powers graunt maides society
Falsely to sweare, their beauty hath some deity.
By her eyes I remember late she swore,
And by mine eyes, and mine were pained sore.
Say gods: if she vnpunisht you deceiue,
For others faults why do I losse receiue?
But did you not so enuy Cepheus Daughter,
For her ill-beautious Mother iudgd to slaughter.
Tis not enough, she shakes your record off,
And vnreuengd mockt Gods with me doth scoffe.
But by my paine to purge her periuries,
Couzend, I am the couzeners sacrifice.
God is a name, no substance, feared in vaine,
And doth the world in fond beliefe deteine.
Or if there be a God, he loues fine wenches,
And all things too much in their sole power drenches.
Mars girts his deadly sword on for my harme:
Pallas launce strikes me with vnconquerd arme.
At me Apollo bends his pliant bowe:
At me Ionues right-hand lightning hath to throwe.

79 last Douce: least Mas., Mal., Dyce etc.
Elegia 3 om. Ish., Bind. 10 by Mas. to Mal.: to Dyce etc.
The wronged Gods dread faire ones to offend,
And feare those, that to feare them least intend.
Who now will care the Altars to perfume?
Tut, men should not their courage so consume.
_foue_ throwes downe woods, and Castles with his fire:
But bids his darts from periurd girls retire.
Poore Semele, among so many burn’d,
Her owne request to her owne torment turnd.
But when her louer came, had she drawne backe,
The fathers thigh should vnborne Bacchus lacke.
Why grieue I? and of heauen reproches pen?
The Gods haue eyes, and brests as well as men.
Were I a God, I should giue women leaue,
With lying lips my God-head to deceaue,
My selfe would sweare, the wenches true did sweare,
And I would be none of the Gods seuere.
But yet their gift more moderately vse,
Or in mine eyes good wench no paine transfuse.

_ELEGIA._ 4.

Ad virum serva untam coniugem.

Rude man, ’tis vaine, thy damsell to commend
To keepers trust: their wits should them defend.
Who, without feare, is chaste, is chast in sooth:
Who, because meanes want, doeth not, she doth.
Though thou her body guard, her minde is staind:
Nor, least she will, can any be restrainde.
Nor canst by watching keepe her minde from sinne.
All being shut out, th’adulterer is within.
Who may offend, sinnes least; power to do ill
The fainting seedes of naughtinesse doth kill.
Forbeare to kindle vice by prohibition,
Sooner shall kindnesse gaine thy wills fruition.
I saw a horse against the bitte stiffe-neckt,
Like lightning go, his strugling mouth being checkt.
When he perceiud the reines let slacke, he stayde,
And on his loose mane the loose bridle laide.
How to attaine what is denied we thinke,
Euen as the sicke desire forbidden drinke.

45 did sheare Douce
Elegia 4. om. Ish., Bind. 6 least] less Dyce etc.
Argus had either way an hundred eyes,  
Yet by deceit loue did them all surprize.  
In stone, and Yron walles Danae shut,  
Came forth a mother, though a maide there put. 
*Penelope*, though no watch look'd vnto her,  
Was not defilde by any gallant wooer.

What's kept, we couet more: the care makes theft:  
Few loue what others haue vnguarded left.  
Nor doth her face please, but her husbands loue;  
I know not what men thinke should thee so moue.  
She is not chaste, that's kept, but a deare whore:  
Thy feare is then her body valued more.  
Although thou chafe, stolne pleasure is sweet play,  
She pleaseth best, I feare, if any say.  
A free-borne wench no right 'tis vp to locke:
So vse we women of strange nations stocke.  
Because the keeper may come say, I did it,  
She must be honest to thy seruants credit.

He is too clownish, whom a lewd wife grieues,  
And this townes well knowne customes not beleuees,  
Where Mars his sonnes not without fault did breed,  
*Remus* and *Romulus*, *Ilias* twinne-borne seed.

Cannot a faire one, if not chast, please thee?  
Neuer can these by any meanes agree.  
Kindly thy mistris vse, if thou be wise.  
Looke gently, and rough husbands lawes despise.  
Honour what friends thy wife giues, sheele giue many:

Least labour so shall winne great grace of any,  
So shalt thou go with youths to feasts together:  
And see at home much that thou nere broughtst thether.

**ELEGIA. 5.**

*Ad amnem, dum iter faceret ad amicam.*

Floud with redde-growne slime bankes, till I be past  
Thy waters stay: I to my mistris hast.

29 that's kept . . . whore] that keepes away her loue Douce  
so shall] thou shalt Douce

Elegia 5. om. Ish., Bind. *This elegy is in modern texts of Ovid the sixth, that now called the fifth not being found in the edition from which Marlowe translated. The discrepancy in numbering continues to the end of the book.*
Thou hast no bridge, nor boate with ropes to throw,
That may transport me without oares to rowe.
Thee I haue pass'd, and knew thy streame none such,
When thy waues brim did scarce my ankles touch.
With snow thaw'd from the next hill now thou ruuest,
And in thy foule deepe waters thicke thou gushest.
What helpes my hast: what to haue tane small rest?
What day and night to travaile in her quest?
If standing here I can by no meanes get,
My foote vpon the further banke to set.
Now wish I those wings noble Perseus had,
Bearing the head with dreadfull Adders clad,
Now wish the chariot, whence corne seeds were found,
First to be throwne vpon the vntill'd ground.
I speake old Poets wonderfull inuentions,
Nere was, nor shall be, what my verse mentions.
Rather thou large banke ouer-flowing riuier,
Slide in thy bounds, so shalt thou runue for euer.
(Trust me) land-streame thou shalt no ennuye lack,
If I a louver bee by thee held back.
Great flouds ought to assist young men in loue,
Great flouds the force of it do often proue.
In mid Bithynia 'tis said Inachus,
Grew pale, and in cold foords hot lecherous.
Troy had not yet beene ten yeares siege out-stander,
When nimph Neera rapt thy lookes Scamander.
What? not Alpheus in strange lands to runue
Th' Arcadian Virgins constant loue hath wunne?
And Crusa vnto Zanthus first affide,
They say Peneus neere Phthias towne did hide.
What should I name Æsope, that Thebe lou'd,
Thebe who Mother of fiue Daughters prou'd?
If Achelous, I aske where thy hornes stand,
Thou saiest broke with Alcides angry hand.
Not Calydon, nor Ætolia did please:
One Deianira was more worth then these.
Rich Nile by seauen mouthes to the vast sea flowing,
Who so well keepes his waters head from knowing,
Is by Euadne thought to take such flame,
As his deepe whirle-pooles could not quench the same.
Drye Enipeus, Tyro to embrace,
Flye backe his streame chargd, the streame chargd, gaue place.
Nor passe I thee, who hollow rocks downe tumbling,
In Tiburs field with watry some art rumbling,
Whom Ilia pleas'd, though in her lookes grieue reueld,
Her cheekes were scratcht, her goodly haires discoueueld.
She wailing Mars sinne, and her vnclcs crime,
Strayd bare-foote through sole places on a time.

Her, from his swift waues, the bold floud perceau'd,
And from the mid foord his hoarse voice vpheau'd,
Saying, why sadly treadst my banckes vpon,
Ilia, sprung from Idaen Laomedon?
Where's thy attire? why wand'rest heere alone?
To stay thy tresses white veyle hast thou none?
Why weepst? and spoilst with tears thy watry eyes?
And fiercely knockst thy brest that open lyes?
His heart consists of flint, and hardest steele,
That seeing thy tears can any ioy then feel.
Feare not: to thee our Court stands open wide,
There shalt be lou'd: Ilia lay feare aside.
Thou ore a hundreth Nimphes, or more shalt raigne:
For five score Nimphes, or more our flouds conteine.
Nor Romane stocke scorne me so much (I craue)
Gifts then my promise greater thou shalt haue.
This said he: shee her modest eyes held downe,
Her wofull bosome a warme shower did drowne.
Thrice she prepar'd to flie, thrice she did stay,
By feare depriu'd of strength to runne away.
Yet rending with enraged thumbe her tresses,
Her trembling mouth these vnmeete sounds expresses.
O would in my fore-fathers tombe deepe layde,
My bones had beene, while yet I was a maide.
Why being a vestall am I wooed to wed,
Deflowr'd and stained in vnlawfull bed?
Why stay I? men point at me for a whore,
Shame, that should make me blush, I haue no more.
This said: her coate hood-winckt her fearefull eyes,
And into water desperately she flies.
Tis said the slippery streame held vp her brest,
And kindly gaue her, what she liked best.
And I beleeue some wench thou hast affected:
But woods and groues keepe your faults vn_detected.

44 his stream Dyce etc.: his shame Mas. to Mal. 46 some Douce
While thus I speake, the waters more abounded:
And from the channell all abroad surrounded.
Mad streame, why doest our mutuall ioyes deferre?
Clowne, from my iourney why doest me deterre?
How wouldst thou flowe wert thou a noble floud,
If thy great fame in euery region stood?
Thou hast no name, but com'st from snowy mountaines;
No certaine house thou hast, nor any fountaines.
Thy springs are nought but raine and melted snowe:
Which wealth cold winter doth on thee bestowe.
Either th'art muddy in mid winter tide:
Or full of dust doest on the drye earth slide.
What thirstie traueller euer drunke of thee?
Who sayd with gratefull voyce perpetuall bee?
Harmefull to beasts, and to the fields thou proues:
Perchance these others, me mine owne losse mooues.
To this I fondly loues of flouds told plainly:
I shame so great names to haue vsde so vainly:
I know not what expecting, I ere while
Nam'd Achelaus, Inachus, and Nile,
But for thy merits I wish thee, white streame,
Drye winters aye, and sunnes in heate extreame.

**ELEGIA. 6.**

_Quod ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non potuit, conqueritur._

Either she was foule, or her attire was bad,
Or she was not the wench I wisht t'haue had.
Idly I lay with her, as if I lou'd not,
And like a burthen grieu'd the bed that mou'd not.
Though both of vs perform'd our true intent,
Yet could I not cast anchor where I meant.
She on my neck her Iuory armes did throwe,
Her armes farre whiter, then the Sythian snow.
And eagerly she kist me with her tongue,
And vnder mine her wanton thigh she flung.
Yea, and she soothd me vp, and calld me sire,
And vsde all speech that might prouoke, and stirre.

85 Whilst Mal. 133 101 floude Mal. 104 Nile Dyce etc.:
Ile Mas. to Mal.
Elegia 6] Elegia VII. Dyce etc. 3 not] her not Ish., Bind.
8 Her . . then] That were as white as Ish., Bind.
Yet like as if cold Hemlock I had drunke,
It mocked me, hung downe the head, and sunke.
Like a dull Cipher, or rude block I lay,
Or shade, or body was I who can say?
What will my age do, age I cannot shunne,
When in my prime my force is spent and done?
I blush, that being youthfull, hot, and lustie,
I proue neither youth nor man, but old and rustie.
Pure rose she, like a Nunne to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lyes.
Yet boorded I the golden Chie twise,
And Libas, and the white cheeckt Pitho thrice.
Corinna crau’d it in a summers night,
And nine sweete bowts we had before day-light.
What, wast my limbs through some Thessalian charmses?
May spells, and drugges do silly soules such harms?
With virgin waxe hath some imbast my ioynts?
And pierc’d my liuer with sharpe needles points?
Charmes change corne to grasse and make it die.
By charmes are running springs and fountaines dry.
By charmes mast drops from oakes, from vines grapes fal,
And fruite from trees when ther’s no winde at all.
Why might not then my sinewes be inchaunted,
And I growe faint as with some spirit haunted?
To this adde shame: shame to performe it quaild me
And was the second cause why vigour failde me.
My idle thoughts delighted her no more,
Then did the robe or garment which she wore.
Yet might her touch make youthfull Pylius fire
And Tithon liuelier then his years require.
Euen her I had, and she had me in vaine,
What might I craue more, if I aske againe?
I thinke the great gods grieu’d they had bestow’d
The benefit: which lewdly I for-slow’d.
I wisht to be receiu’d in, in I get me,
To kisse, I kisse: to lie with her, she let me.

20 neither] nor conj. Dyce., Cunn. 26 we had] had we Ish.,
Bind., Bull. 28 May] Nay Mal. 32 drugges] droughs Ish.,
Bind. 30 And] Had Bind. 33 needles] needlelesse Douce: needle
Ish., Bind., Bull. 31 makes Ish. 38 vigour]
rigor Bind. 40 wore] more Mas. 46 The] This Ish.,
Bind., Bull. 47 receiu’d] restored Bind. 48 I kiss’d Dyce, Cunn.
Why was I blest? why made King to refuse it?
Chuffe-like had I not gold and could not vse it?
So in a spring thriues he that told so much,
And lookes vpon the fruits he cannot touch.
Hath any rose so from a fresh yong maide,
As she might straight haue gone to church and praiue?
Well I beleue, she kist not as she should,
Nor vs’d the sleight and cunning which she could,
Huge oakes, hard adamants might she haue moued,
And with sweet words cause deafe rocks to haue loued.
Worthy she was to moue both gods and men,
But neither was I man nor liued then.
Can deafe eare take delight when Phæmius sings?
Or Thamiras in curious painted things?
What sweete thought is there but I had the same?
And one gauve place still as an other came.
Yet not-withstanding like one dead it lay,
Drouping more then a rose puld yester-day.
Now when he should not iette, he boults vpright,
And craues his taske, and seekes to be at fight.
Lie downe with shame, and see thou stirre no more,
Seeing thou wouldst deceiue me as before.
Thou cousinest me: by thee surpriz’d am I,
And bide sore losse with endless infamy.
Nay more, the wench did not disdaine a whit,
To take it in her hand, and play with it.
But when she sawe it would by no meanes stand,
But still droupt downe, regarding not her hand,
Why mockst thou me? she cried, or being ill
Who bad thee lie downe heere against thy will?
Either th’art witcht with bloud of frogs newe dead
Or iaded camst thou from some others bed.
With that her loose gowne on, from me she cast her,
In skipping out her naked feete much grac’d her.
And least her maide should know of this disgrace,
To couer it, spilt water on the place.
Quod ab amica non recipiatur, dolet.

What man will now take liberall arts in hand,
Or thinke soft verse in any stead to stand?
Wit was some-times more pretious then gold,
Now pouerty great barbarisme we hold.

When our bookes did my mistris faire content,
I might not go whether my papers went.
She prais'd me, yet the gate shutt fast vpon her,
I heere and there go witty with dishonour.

See a rich chuffe whose wounds great wealth inferr'd,
For bloudshed knighted, before me preferr'd.

Foole canst thou lie in thy white armes embrace?
Foole canst thou lie in his enfolding space?

Knowest not this head a helme was wont to beare,
This side that serues thee, a sharpe sword did weare.

His left hand whereon gold doth ill alight,
A target bore: bloud sprinckled was his right.
Canst touch that hand wherewith some one lies dead?

Ah whether is thy brests soft nature fled?
Behold the signes of antient fight, his skarres,
What ere he hath his body gaind in warres.

Perhaps he'ele tell howe oft he slewe a man,
Confessing this, why doest thou touch him than?
I the pure priest of Phoebus and the muses,
At thy deafe dores in verse sing my abuses.

Not what we slouthfull knowe, let wise men learne,
But follow trembling campes, and battailes sterne,
And for a good verse drawe the first dart forth,
Homer without this shall be nothing worth.

Iowe being admonisht gold had soueraigne power,
To winne the maide came in a golden shewer.

Till then, rough was her father, she seure,
The posts of brasse the walles of iron were.
But when in gifts the wise adulterer came,
She held her lap ope to receiue the same.

Yet when old Saturne heauens rule possest
All gaine in darknesse the deepe earth supprest.
Gold, siluer, irons heauy weight, and brasse,
In hell were harbourd, here was found no masse.
But better things it gaue, corne without ploughes,
Apples, and hony in oakes hollow boughes.  
With strong plough shares no man the earth did cleaue,
The ditcher no markes on the ground did leaue.
Nor hanging oares the troubled seas did sweepe,
Men kept the shoare, and sailde not into deepe.
Against thy selfe, mans nature, thou wert cunning,
And to thine owne losse was thy wit swift running.
Why gird'st thy citties with a towred wall ?
Why letst discordant hands to armour fall ?
What doest with seas ? with th' earth thou wert content,
Why seek'st not heau'n the third realme to frequent ?
Heauen thou affects, with Romulus, temples braue
Bacchus, Alcides, and now Caesar haue.
Gold from the earth in steade of fruits we pluck,
Souldiours by bloud to be inricht haue lucke.
Courts shut the poore out ; wealth giues estimation,
Thence growes the Judge, and knight of reputation.
All they possesse : they gouerne fieldes, and lawes,
They manadge peace, and rawe warres bloudy iawes,
Onely our loues let not such rich chorles gaine,
Tis well, if some wench for the poore remaine.
Now, Sabine-like, though chast she seemes to liue,
One her commands, who many things can giue.
For me, she doth keeper, and husband feare.
If I should giue, both would the house forbeare.
If of scornd louers god be venger iust,
O let him change goods so ill got to dust.

ELEGIA. 8.

Tibulli mortem deflet.

If Thetis, and the morne their sonnes did waile,
And enuious fates great gooddesses assaile,
Sad Elegia thy wofull haires vnbinde :
Ah now a name too true thou hast, I finde.

43 Sea Mal. 133 46 thine owne] thy one Mal. 49 th'
om. Mal. 133 57 All they] All thee Douce 62 her Dyce
etc.: she Mas. to Mal.
Elegia 8. om. Ish., Bind.: Elegia IX. Dyce etc. 3 Elegia Mal.:
Eeligia Mas., Douce : Elegy Dyce etc.
Tibullus, thy workes Poet, and thy fame,
Burnes his dead body in the funerall flame.
Loo Cupid brings his quier spoyled quite,
His broken bowe, his fire-brand without light.
How piteously with drouping wings he stands,
And knocks his bare brest with selfe-angry hands.
The locks spred on his necke receive his teares,
And shaking sobbes his mouth for speeches beares.
So at Æneas buriall men report,
Faire-fac’d Julius, he went forth thy court.
And Venus grieues, Tibullus life being spent,
As when the wilde boare Adons groine had rent.
The gods care we are cald, and men of piety,
And some there be that thinke we haue a deity.
Outrageous death profanes all holy things
And on all creatures obscure darcknesse brings.
To Thracian Orpheus what did parents good?
Or songs amazing wilde beasts of the wood?
Where Linus by his father Phæbus layed
To sing with his vnequald harpe is sayed.

See Homer from whose fountaine euer fild,
Pierian deawe to Poets is distild.
Him the last day in black Auerne hath drownd,
Verses alone are with continuance crown’d.
The worke of Poets lasts Troyes labours fame,
And that slowe webbe nights falshood did vnframe.
So Nemesis, so Delia famous are,
The one his first loue, th’other his new care.
What profit to vs hath our pure life bred?
What to haue laine alone in empty bed?
When bad fates take good men, I am forbod
By secreat thoughts to thinke there is a god.
Liue godly, thou shalt die, though honour heauen,
Yet shall thy life be forcibly bereauen.
Trust in good verse, Tibullus feeles deaths paines,
Scarse rests of all what a small vrne conteines.
Thee sacred Poet could sad flames destroy?
Nor feared they thy body to annoy?
The holy gods gilt temples they might fire,
That durst to so great wickednesse aspire.
Eryx bright Empresse turn’d her lookes aside,
And some, that she refrain’d teares, haue deni’d.

16 Adonis Douce, Mal. 17 and] the Mal. 133 24 vequall
Douce 34 alone] above Mal. 41 Thee] The Mal.
Yet better ist, then if Corcyras Ile
Had thee vnknowne interr'd in ground most vile.
Thy dying eyes here did thy mother close,
Nor did thy ashes her last offrings lose.
50
Part of her sorrowe heere thy sister bearing,
Comes forth her vnkeembd locks asunder tearing.
Nemesis and thy first wench ioyne their kisses
With thine, nor this last fire their presence misses.

Delia departing, happier lou'd, she saith,
Was I: thou liu'dst, while thou esteemdst my faith.
Nemesis answears, what's my losse to thee?
His fainting hand in death engrasped mee.

If ought remaines of vs but name, and spirit,
Tibullus doth Elysiums ioy inherit.
Their youthfull browes with Iuie girt to meete him,
With Caluus learnd Catullus comes and greete him,
And thou, if falsely charged to wrong thy friend,
Gallus that carst not bloud, and life to spend.

With these thy soule walkes, soules if death release,
The godly, sweete Tibullus doth increase.
Thy bones I pray may in the vrne safe rest,
And may th' earths weight thy ashes nought molest.

ELEGIA. 9.

Ad Cererem, conquerens quod eius sacris cum amica concumbere non permittatur.

Come were the times of Ceres sacrificize,
In emptie bed alone my mistris lies.
Golden-hair'd Ceres crownd with eares of corne,
Why are our pleasures by thy meanes forborne?
Thee, goddesse, bountifull all nations judge,
Nor lesse at mans prosperity any grudge.
Rude husband-men bak'd not their corne before,
Nor on the earth was knowne the name of floore.
On mast of oakes, first oracles, men fed,
This was their meate, the soft grasse was their bed.

First Ceres taught the seede in fields to swell,
And ripe-earde corne with sharpe-edg'd sithes to fell.

52 vnkeembe old edd. 62 greets Dyce 1 64 carst] car'd'st
Dyce etc. 65 thy] my Mal. 133
Elegia 9. om. Ish., Bind.: Elegia XI. Dyce etc. 10 there meate Mas.
She first constraind bulles necks to beare the yoake,  
And vntild ground with crooked plough-shares broake.  
Who thinkes her to be glad at louers smart,  
And worship by their paine, and lying apart?  
Nor is she, though she loues the fertile fields,  
A clowne, nor no loue from her warme brest yeelds.  
Be witnesse Crete (nor Crete doth all things feigne)  
Crete proud that loue her nourcery maintaine.

There he who rules the worlds starre-spangled towers,  
A clowne, nor no loue from her warme brest yeelds.  
Be witnesse Crete (nor Crete doth all things feigne)  
Crete proud that loue her nourcery maintaine.

There he who rules the worlds starre-spangled towers,  
A little boy druncke teate-distilling showers.  
Faith to the witnesse loues praise doth apply,  
Ceres, I thinke, no knowne fault will deny.

The goddesse sawe Iasion on Candyan Ide,  
With strong hand striking wild-beasts brist'led hyde.  
She sawe, and as her marrowe tooke the flame,  
Was diuers waiers distract with loue, and shame.  
Loue conquer'd shame, the furrowes dry were burnd,  
And corne with least part of it selfe returnd.

When well-toss'd mattocks did the ground prepare,  
Being fit broken with the crooked share,  
And seedes were equally in large fields cast,  
The plough-mans hopes were frustrate at the last.  
The graine-rich goddesse in high woods did stray,  
Her long haires eare-wrought garland fell away.

Onely was Crete fruitfull that plenteous yeare,  
Where Ceres went each place was harvest there.  
Ida the seate of groues did sing with corne,  
Which by the wild boare in the woods was shorne.

Law-giuing Minos did such yeares desire;  
And wisht the goddesse long might feele loues fire.  
Ceres what sports to thee so grieuous were,  
As in thy sacrifize we them forbear?  
Why am I sad, when Proserpine is found,  
And Iuno like with Dis raignes vnder ground?

These gifts are meete to please the powers diuine.

**ELEGIA.** 10.

*Ad amicam, a cuius amore discedere non potest.*

Long haue I borne much, mad thy faults me make:  
Dishonest loue my wearied brest forsake,
Now haue I freed my selfe, and fled the chaine,
And what I haue borne, shame to beare againe.
We vanquish, and tread tam’d loue vnnder feete,
Victorious wreathes at length my Temples greete.
Suffer, and harden: good growes by this griefe,
Oft bitter juice brings to the sicke reliefe.
I haue sustaine de so oft thrust from the dore,
To lay my body on the hard moist floore.
I know not whom thou lewdly didst imbrace,
When I to watch supplyed a seruants place.
I saw when forth a tyred louer went,
His side past seruice, and his courage spent.
Yet this is lesse, then if he had seene me,
May that shame fall mine enemies chance to be.
When haue not I fixt to thy side close layed?
I haue thy husband, guard, and fellow plaied.
The people by my company she pleasd,
My loue was cause that more mens loue she seazd.
What should I tell her vaine tongues filthy lyes,
And to my losse God-wronging periuries?
What secret becks in banquets with her youths,
With priuy signes, and talke dissembling truths?
Hearing her to be sicke, I thether ranne,
But with my riuall sicke she was not than.
These hardned me, with what I keepe obscure,
Some other seeke, who will these things endure,
Now my ship in the wished hauen crownd,
With ioy heares Neptunes swelling waters sound.
Leaue thy once powerfull words, and flatteries,
I am not as I was before, vnwise.
Now loue, and hate my light brest each way moue;
But victory, I thinke will hap to loue.
Ile hate, if I can; if not, loue against my will:
Bulles hate the yoake, yet what they hate haue still.
I flie her lust, but follow beauties creature;
I loath her manners, loue her bodies feature.
Nor with thee, nor without thee can I liue,
And doubt to which desire the palme to giue.
Or lesse faire, or lesse lewd would thou mightst bee,
Beauty with lewdnesse doth right ill agree.
Her deeds gaine hate, her face entreateth loue:
Ah, she doth more worth then her vices proue.

3 Now] Nor Mal. 20 men Mal.
Spare me, O by our fellow bed, by all
The Gods who by thee to be periurde fall,
And by thy face to me a powre diuine,
And by thine eyes whose radiance burnes out mine.
What ere thou art mine art thou: choose this course,
Wilt haue me willing, or to loue by force?
Rather Ile hoist vp saile, and vse the winde,
That I may loue yet, though against my minde.

ELEGIA. ii.

Dolet amicam suam ita suis carminibus innotuisse vt riuales multos sibi pararit.

What day was that, which all sad haps to bring,
White birdes to louers did not always sing.
Or is I thinkte my wish against the starres?
Or shall I plaine some God against me warres?
Who mine was cald, whom I lou'd more then any,
I feare with me is common now to many.
Erre I? or by my bookes is she so knowne?
'Tis so: by my witte her abuse is growne.
And justly: for her praise why did I tell?
The wench by my fault is set forth to sell.
The bawde I play, louers to her I guide:
Her gate by my hands is set open wide.
'Tis doubtfull whether verse auaille, or harme,
Against my good they were an enuius charme.
When Thebes, when Troy, when Caesar should be writ,
Alone Corinna mouses my wanton wit.
With Muse oppos'd would I my lines had done,
And Phæbus had forsooke my worke begun.
Nor, as vse will not Poets record heare,
Would I my words would any credit beare.
Scylla by vs her fathers rich haire steales,
And Scyllaes wombe mad raging dogs conceales.
Wee cause feete flie, wee mingle haires with snakes,
Victorious Perseus a wingd steedes back takes.
Our verse great Tityus a huge space out-spreads,
And giues the viper curled Dogge three heads.
We make *Enceladus* vse a thousand armes,
And men inthralld by Mermaids singing charmes.
The East winds in *Vlisses* baggs we shut,
And blabbing *Tantalus* in mid-waters put.

Niobe flint, *Callist* we make a Beare,
Bird-changed *Progne* doth her *Itys* teare.

Ioue turns himselfe into a Swanne, or gold,
Or his Bulles hornes *Europas* hand doth hold.

*Proteus* what should I name? teeth, *Thebes* first seed? Oxen in whose mountes burning flames did breede,
Heau'n starre *Electra* that bewaild her sisters?
The ships, whose God-head in the sea now glisters?
The Sunne turnd backe from *Atreus* cursed table?
And sweet toucht harpe that to moue stones was able?

Poets large power is boundlesse, and immense,
Nor haue their words true histories pretence,
And my wench ought to haue seem'd falsely praisd.
Now your credulity harme to me hath raisd.

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**ELEGIA. 12.**

*De Iunonis festo.*

When fruite fild *Tuscia* should a wife giue me,
We toucht the walles, *Camillus* wonne by thee.
The Priests to *Iuno* did prepare chaste feasts,
With famous pageants, and their home-bred beasts.
To know their rites, well recompenc'd my stay,
Though thether leades a rough steepe hilly way.
There ståds an old wood with thick trees darke clouded.
Who sees it, graunts some deity there is shrowded.
An Altar takes mens incense, and oblation,
An Altar made after the ancient fashion.

Here when the Pipe with solemne tunes doth sound,
The annuall pompe goes on the couered ground.
White Heifers by glad people forth are led,
Which with the grasse of *Tuscan* fields are fed.
And calues from whose feard front no threatning flyes,
And little Piggs, base Hog-sties sacrifice,
And Rams with hornes their hard heads wreathed back.
Onely the Goddesse hated Goate did lack,
By whom disclosd, she in the high woods tooke,  
Is said to haue attempted flight forsooke.  
Now is the goat brought through the boyes with darts,  
And giue to him that the first wound imparts.  
Where Iuno comes, each youth, and pretty maide,  
Shew large wayes with their garments there displayed.  
Jewels, and gold their Virgin tresses crowne,  
And stately robes to their gilt feete hang downe.  
As is the vse, the Nunnes in white veyles clad,  
Upon their heads the holy mysteries had.  
When the chiefe pompe comes, lowd the people hollow,  
And she her vestall virgin Priests doth follow.  
Such was the Greeke pompe, Agamemnon dead,  
Which fact, and country wealth Halesus fled,  
And hauing wandred now through sea and land,  
Built walles high towred with a prosperous hand.  
He to th’ Hetrurians Iunoes feast commended,  
Let me, and them by it be aye be-friended.

ELEGIA. 13.

Ad amicam, si peccatura est, vt occulte peccet.

Seeing thou art faire, I barre not thy false playing,  
But let not me poore soule know of thy straying.  
Nor do I giue thee counsell to liue chaste,  
But that thou wouldst dissemble, when ’tis paste.  
She hath not trod awry, that doth deny it.  
Such as confesse haue lost their good names by it.  
What madnesse ist to tell nights pranckes by day?  
And hidden secrets openly to bewray?  
The strumpet with the stranger will not doo,  
Before the roome be cleere, and dore put too.  
Will you make ship-wrack of your honest name,  
And let the world be witnesse of the same?  
Be more aduisde, walke as a puritan,  
And I shall thinke you chaste, do what you can.  
Slip still, onely deny it, when ’tis done,  
And before folke immodest speeches shunne.
Quids Elegies.

The bed is for lasciuious toyings meete,  
There vse all tricks, and tread shame vnder feete,  
When you are vp, and drest, be sage and graue,  
And in the bed hide all the faults you haue.  
Be not asham'de to strip you being there,  
And mingle thighes yours euer mine to beare.  
There in your Rosie lips my tongue in-tombe,  
Practise a thousand sports when there you come.  
Forbear no wanton words you there would speake,  
And with your pastime let the bed-stead creake.  
But with your robes put on an honest face,  
And blush, and seeme as you were full of grace.  
Deceiue all, let me erre, and thinke I am right,  
And like a Wittall thinke thee voide of slight.  
Why see I lines so oft receiu'd, and giuen?
This bed and that by tumbling made vneuen?  
Like one start vp your haire tost and displac'd,  
And with a wantons tooth your neck new rac'd?  
Graunt this, that what you doe I may not see,  
If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh mee.  
My soule fleetes, when I thinke what you haue done,  
And thorough every veine doth cold bloud runne.  
Then thee whom I must loue, I hate in vaine,  
And would be dead, but dead with thee remaine.  
Ile not sift much, but holde thee soone excusde,  
Say but thou wert inuriuously accusde.  
Though while the deed be dooing you be tooke,  
And I see when you ope the two leau'd booke,  
Sweare I was blinde, deny, if you be wise,  
And I will trust your words more then mine eyes.  
From him that yeelds the palme is quickly got,  
Teach but your tongue to say, I did it not,  
And being justifide by two words thinke,  
The cause acquits you not, but I that winke.

18 tricks] toyes Bind.  22 yours euer mine] mine euer yours
19 Ish., Bind.  32 This] And this Mal.  38 through Ish., Bind.
40 but dead] but dying Ish., Bind.  43 deedes Bind.  45
deny] yeeld not Ish., Bind.  46 mine] my Mal. 133 47
palme] garland Ish., Bind.  50 I that] that I Mal.  50 +
Signature C. Marlow add. Ish., Bind.
ELEGIA. 14.

Ad Venerem, quod elegis finem imponat.

Tender loues Mother a new Poet get,
This last end to my Elegies is set,
Which I Pelignis foster-child haue framde,
(Nor am I by such wanton toyes defamde)
Heire of an antient house, if helpe that can,
Not onely by warres rage made Gentleman.
In *Virgil Mantua* ioyes: in *Catul Verone,*
Of me Pelignis nation boasts alone,
Whom liberty to honest armes compeld,
When carefull *Rome* in doubt their prowesse held.
And some guest viewing watry Sulmoes walles,
Where little ground to be inclosd befalles,
How such a Poet could you bring forth, sayes,
How small so ere, Ile you for greatest praise,
Both loues to whom my heart long time did yeeld,
Your golden ensignes plucke out of my field,
Horned Bacchus grauer furie doth distill.
A greater ground with great horse is to till.
Weake Elegies, delightfull Muse farewell;
A worke, that after my death, heere shall dwell.

FINIS.

*Mal. 14 so ere] to erre Mal.* 16 pluck *Dyce etc.: pluckt
*Mas. to Mal.*
Epigrammes
By I. D.

Ad Musam. (1.)

Flie merry Muse vnto that merry towne,
Where thou maist playes, reuels, and triumphes see,
The house of Fame, and Theatre of renowne,
Where all good wittes and spirits loue to be.
Fall in betweene their hands, that praise and loue thee,
And be to them a laughter and a jest:
But as for them which scorning shall reprooue thee,
Disdaine their wits, and thinke thine owne the best.
But if thou finde any so grosse and dull,
That think I doe to priuate Taxing leane:
Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull,
And knowes not what an Epigramme does meane,
Which taxeth vnder a particular name
A generall vice which merits publique blame.

Of a Gull. (2.)

Oft in my laughing rimes, I name a gull,
But this new terme will many questions breede,
Therefore at first I will expresse at full,
Who is a true and perfect Gull indeed.
A Gull is he, who feares a Veluet gowne,
And when a wench is braue, dares not speake to her:
A Gull is he which trauerseth the towne,
And is for marriage knowne a common woer.
A Gull is he, which while he proudly weares
A siluer hilted Rapier by his side:
Indures the lyes, and knockes about the eares,
Whilst in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide.
A Gull is he which weares good hansome cloathes:
And stands in presence stroaking vp his hayre,
And filles vp his vnperfect speech with othes,
But speaks not one wise word throughout the yeare.
But to define a gull in termes precise,
A gull is he which seemes, and is not wise.

In Rufum. 3.

Rufus the Courtier, at the Theater,
Leauing the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage himselfe transferre,
Or through a grate, doth shew his double face,

(1.) 5 praise and love Dyce: loue and praise old edd.
For that the clamorous fry of Innes of court
Fills vp the priuate roomes of greater price:
And such a place where all may haue resort,
He in his singularity doth despise.
Yet doth not his particuler humour shun,
The common stewes and brothells of the towne,
Though all the world in troopes do thither run,
Cleane and vncleane, the gentle and the clowne.
Then why should Rufus in his pride abhorre
A common seate that loues a common whore.

In Quintum. 4.

Quintus the dauncer vseth euermore,
His feete in measure and in rule to moue.
Yet on a time he cald his mistresse whore,
And thought with that sweete word to win her loue.
Oh had his tongue like to his feete bin taught,
It neuer would haue vttered such a thought.

In Plurimos. 5.

Faustinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus,
With Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rodope:
Rode all to Stanes for no cause serious,
But for their mirth, and for their lechery.
Scarse were they fetled in their lodging, when
Wenches, with wenches: men with men fell out.
Men with their wenches, wenches with their men,
Which strait dissolues this ill assembled rout.
But since the diuell brought them thus together,
To my discoursing thoughts it is a wonder,
Why presently as soone as they came thither,
The selfe same diuell did them part asunder.
Doubtlesse it seemes it was a foolish diuell,
That thus did part them, ere they did some euill.

In Titum. 6.

Titus the braue and valorous yong gallant,
Three years togither in this towne hath beene,
Yet my Lord Chauncellors tombe he hath not seene
Nor the New water worke, nor the Elephant.
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,
He hath beene in the Counter all this while.

In Faustum. 7.

Faustus not Lord nor knight, nor wise nor olde,
To euery place about the towne doth ride,
He rides into the fieldes, Playes to behold,
He rides to take boate at the water side.
He rides to Powles, he rides to th' ordinary,  
He rides vnto the house of bawdery too.  
Thither his horse doth him so often carry,  
That shortly he will quite forget to go.

_In Katam._ 8.
Kate being pleas'd, wisht that her pleasure could  
Indure as long as a buffe ierkin would.  
Content thee Kate, although thy pleasure wasteth  
Thy pleasures place like a buffe ierkin lasteth.  
For no buffe ierkin hath bin ofterner worne  
Nor hath more scrapings, or more dressings borne.

_In Librum._ 9
Liber doth vaunt how chastly he hath liu'd,  
Since he hath bin seauen years in towne and more,  
For that he sweares he hath foure only swiude,  
A maide, a wife, a widdow and a whore.  
Then Liber thou hast swiude all women kinde,  
For a fift sort I know thou canst not finde.

_In Medonem._ 10.
Great Captaine Maedon weares a chaine of gold,  
Which at fiue hundred crownes is vallued,  
For that it was his graund-sires chaine of olde  
When great King Henry Bulloigne conquered.  
And weare it Maedon for it may insue  
That thou by vertue of this Massie chaine  
A stronger towne then Bulloigne maist subdue  
If wise mens sawes be not reputed vaine.  
For what said Philip King of Macedon?  
There is no Castel so well fortified,  
But if an Asse laden with gold comes on,  
The guard will stoope, and gates fly open wide.

_In Gellam._ 11.
Gella if thou dost loue thy selfe take heede,  
Lest thou my rimes vnto thy louer reade.  
For straight thou grinst, and then thy louer seeth  
Thy canker-eaten gums and rotten teeth.

_In Quintum._ 12.
Quintus his wit infused into his braine,  
Mislikes the place, and fled into his feete,  
And there it wanders vp and downe the streetes,  
Dabled in the dyrt, and soaked in the raine.  
Doubtlesse his wit intendes not to aspire,  
Which leaues his head to trauell in the mire.
In Seuerum. 13.
The puritan Seuerus oft doth reade
This text, that doth pronounce vaine speech a sinne
That thing defiles a man that doth proceede
From out the mouth, not that which enters in
Hence is it, that we seldom heare him sweare,
And thereof as a Pharases he vaunts.
But he deoures more Capons in one yeare,
Then would suffice an hundred protestants.
And sooth those sectaries are gluttons all,
As wel the threed-bare Cobler as the knight.
For those poore slaues which haue not wherewithall
Feed on the rich, till they deuour them quite,
Those that be fat, yet still themselues be leane.

In Leucam. 14.
Leuca in presence once a fart did let,
Some laught a little, she refus'd the place,
And mad with shame, did then her gloue forget,
Which she return'd to fetch with bashfull grace:
And when she would haue said (I want) my gloue,
My fart (qd. she) which did more laughter moue.

In Macrum. 15.
Thou canst not speake yet Macer, for to speake,
Is to distinguish sounds significant.
Thou with harsh noyse the aire dost rudely breake
But what thou vtterest common sence doth want,
Halfe English words, with fustian tearmes among,
Much like the burden of a Northerne song.

In Faustum. 16.
That youth, saith Faustus, hath a Lyon scene,
Who from a dycing-house comes mony-lesse.
But when he lost his haire, where had he beene?
I doubt me he had seene a Lyonesse.

In Cosmum. 17.
Cosmus hath more discoursing in his head,
Then Ioue, when Pallas issued from his braine,
And still he striues to be deliuered
Of all his thoughts at once, but all in vaine.
For as we see at all the play-house dores,
When ended is the play, the daunce and song:
A thousand townse-men, gentlemen and whores,
(13). 4 the] that Mas.
(17). 2 Ioue] loue Mas.
Porters and serving-men togetherr throng,
So thoughts of drinking, thruing, wenching, warre,
And borrowing money, raging in his minde,
To issue all at once so forward are
As none at all can perfect passage finde.

In Flaccum. 18.
The false knaue Flaccus once a bribe I gaue,
The more foole I to bribe so false a knaue.
But he gaue back my bribe: the more foole he,
That for my folly did not cousen me.

In Cineam. 19.
Thou dogged Cineas hated like a dogge,
For still thou grumblest like a masty dogge,
Comparst thy selfe to nothing but a dogge.
Thou saist thou art as weary as a dogge,
As angry, sicke, and hungry as a dogge,
As dul and melancholy as a dogge,
As lazy, sleepy, and as idle as a dogge.
But why dost thou compare thee to a dogge
In that, for which all men despise a dogge?
I will compare thee better to a dogge.
Thou art as faire and comely as a dogge,
Thou art as true & honest as a dogge.
Thou art as kinde and liberall as a dogge,
Thou art as wise and valiant as a dogge.
But Cineas, I haue oft heard thee tell,
Thou art as like thy father as may be.
Tis like inough, and faith I like it well,
But I am glad thou art not like to me.

In Gerontem. 20.
Gerons mouldie memory corrects
Old Holinshed our famous Chronicler
With morall rules, and pollicy collects
Out of all actions done these fourscore yearecs.
Accounts the time of euery old euent,
Not from Christs birth, nor from the Princes raigne,
But from some other famous accident,
Which in mens generall notice doth remaine.
The sige of Bulloigne, and the plaguy sweat,
The going to Saint Quintines and New-hauen,
The rising in the North, the frost so great
That cart wheele printes on Thamis face were seen,
The fall of money, and burning of Powles steeple,
The blazing starre and Spaniards ouerthrow:
By these euents, notorious to the people,
He measures times, and things forepast doth shew.
But most of all, he chiefly reckons by
A priuate chaunce, the death of his curst wife:
This is to him the dearest memory
And the happyest accident of all his life.

**In Marcum. 21.**

When Marcus comes from Minnes, hee still doth swear
By come on seauen that al is lost & gone,
But thats not true, for he hath lost his haire,
Onely for that he came too much at one.

**In Ciprium. 22.**

The fine youth Ciprius is more tierse and neate
Then the new garden of the old temple is,
And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth chaunge from that to this.
He weares a hat now of the flat crown-blocke,
The treble ruffes, long cloake, and doublet French,
He takes tobacco, and doth weare a locke,
And wastes more time in dressing then a wench.
Yet this new fangled youth, made for these times,
Doth aboue all praise old George Gascoines rimes.

**In Cineam. 23.**

When Cineas comes amongst his friends in morning
He slyly spies who first his cap doth moue,
Him he sallutes, the rest so grimly scorning
As if for euer they had lost his loue.
I seeing how it doth the humour fit
Of this fond gull to be saluted first
Catch at my cap, but moue it not a whit
Which to perceiuing he seemes for spite to burst,
But Cineas, why expect you more of me,
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quallity,
For vault, and daunce, and fence and rime I can.
You keepe a whore at your owne charge men tell me.
Indeed friend (Cineas) therein you excel me.

**In Gallum. 24.**

Gallus hath bin this Summer time in Friesland,
And now return'd he speakes such warlike wordes
As if I could their English vnderstand,
I feare me they would cut my throat like swordes.
He talkes of counterscarffes, and casomates,
Of parapets, of curteynes and pallizadois,
Of flankers, rauelings, gabions he prates,

(24). 6 curteneys old. edd.
And of false braies, and sallies, and scaladoes.
But to requite such gulling tearmes as these,
With words of my profession I reply:
I tell of fourching, vouchers, and counterpleas,
Of withernams, essoynes and champarty.
So neither of vs vnderstanding one an other,
We part as wise, as when we came togither.

In Decium. 25.

Audacious painters have nine worthies made,
But Poet Decius more audacious farre
Making his mistris march with men of warre,
With title of tenth worthy doth her lade.
Me thinks that gull did vse his tearmes as fit
Which tearmed his loue a giant for her wit.

In Gellam. 26.

If Gellas beauty be examined
She hath a dull dead eye, a saddle nose,
An ill shapte face with morpew ouerspread,
And rotten teeth which she in laughing showes.
Briefly she is the filthiest wench in towne,
Of all that do the art of whoring vse:
But when she hath put on her sattin-gown,
Her cut lawne apron, and her velvet shoos,
Her greene silk stockings, and her petticoat
Of taffaty, with golden friendge a-round,
And is withal perfumd with ciuet hot,
Which doth her valiant stinking breath confound:
Yet she with these addicions is no more,
Then a sweet, filthy, fine ill fauored whore.

In Sillam. 27.

Sylla is often challenged to the field,
To answer as a Gentleman his foes;
But then he doth this only answer yeeld,
That he hath liuings and faire lands to lose.
Silla, if none but beggars valiant were,
The King of Spaine would put vs all in feare.

In Sillam. 28.

Who dares affirme that Silla dare not fight,
When I dare sweare he dares adventure more,
Then the most braue and all-daring wight,
That euer armes with resolution bore?
He that dares touch the most vnholsome whore,
That euer was retirde into the Spittle,
And dares court wenches standing at a dore,

(The portion of his witte being passing little.)
He that dares giue his dearest friends offences,
Which other valiant fooles doe feare to do:
And when a feauer doth confound his sences,
Dare eate raw-beefe, and drinke strong wine thereto:
He that dares take Tobacco on the stage,
Dares man a whore at noone-day through the streete,
Dares daunce in Pawles, and in this formall age,
Dares say and do what euer is vnmeete,
Whom feare of shame could neuer yet affright,
Who dares affirme that Silla dares not fight?

In Haywodum. 29.

Haywood that did in Epigrams excell,
Is now put downe since my light Muse arose:
As Buckets are put downe into a Well,
Or as a schoole boy putteth downe his hose.

In Dacum. 30.

Amongst the Poets Dacus numbred is,
Yet could he neuer make an English rime,
But some prose speeches I haue heard of his,
Which haue bin spoken many an hundreth time.
The man that keepes the Eliphant hath one,
Wherein he tels the wonders of the beast.
Another Bankes pronounced long a-gon,
When he his curtales qualities exprest:
He first taught him that keepes the monuments
At Westminster, his formall Tale to say.
And also him which Puppets represents,
And also him which with the Ape doth play:
Though all his Poetrie be like to this,
Amongst the Poets Dacus numbred is.

In Priscum. 31.

When Priscus raisde from low to high estate,
Rod through the street in pompous iollitie,
Caius his poore familiar friend of late,
Be-spake him thus: Sir now you know not me.
'Tis likely friend (quoth Priscus) to be so:
For at this time my selfe I do not know.

In Brunum. 32.

Brunus which deemes himselfe a faire sweet youth,
Is thirtie nine yeeres of age at least:
Yet was he neuer, to confesse the truth,
But a drye starueling when he was at best.
This gull was sick to shew his Night-cap fine,
And his wrought Pillow ouer-spread with lawne,
But hath bin well since his griefes cause hath line
At Trollups by Saint Clemens Church in pawne.
In Francum. 33.
When *Francus* comes to sollace with his whore,
He sends for Rods & strips himselfe stark naked:
For his lust sleepes, and will not rise before,
By whipping of the wench it be awaked.
I enuie him not, but wish I had the powre,
To make my selfe his wench but one halfe houre.

In Castorem. 34.
Of speaking well why do we learne the skill?
Hoping thereby honor and wealth to gaine,
Sith rayling *Castor* doth by speaking ill
Opinion of much wit and golde obtaine.

In Septimium. 35.

*Septimius* liues, and is like Garlicke scene,
For though his head be white, his blade is greene:
This olde mad Coult deserues a Martyres praise,
For he was burned in Queene *Maryes* dayes.

Of Tobbacco. 36.

*Homer* of *Moly*, and *Nepenthe* sings,
*Moly* the Gods most soueraigne Hearbe diuine,
*Nepenthe* Heauens drinke most gladnesse brings,
Hearts griefe expels, and doth the wits refine:
But this our age another world hath found,
From whence an hearbe of Heauenly power is brought.
*Moly* is not so soueraigne for a wound,
Nor hath *Nepenthe* so great wonders wrought.
It is *Tobacco*, whose sweet substantiall fume
The hellish torment of the teeth doth case,
By drawing downe, and drying vp the rewme,
The Mother and the Nurse of each disease.
It is *Tobacco* which doth colde expell,
And cleares the obstructions of the Arteries,
And surfets threatening Death digesteth well,
Decocting all the stomaches crudities.
It is *Tobacco* which hath power to clarifie
The clowdie mists before dim eyes appearing,
It is *Tobacco* which hath power to rarifie
The thick grose humour which doth stop the hearing.
The wasting Hectique, and the Quartain Feuer,
Which doth of Phisique make a mockerie,
The gowt it cures, and helps ill breaths for euer,
Whether the cause in Teeth or stomache be.
And though ill breaths were by it but confounded,
Yet that Medicine it doth farre excell,
Which by sir *Thomas Moore* hath bin propounded,
Epigrames.

For this is thought a Gentleman-like smell.
O that I were one of these mountie-banke,
Which praise their Oyles, and Powders which they sell,
My customers would give me coyne with thankes,
I for this ware forsooth a Tale would tell.
Yet would I see none of these tearmes before,
I would but say, that it the Pox will cure:
This were inough, without discoursing more,
All our braue gallants in the towne t’allure.

In Crassum. 37.

Crassus his lyes are not pernicious lyes,
But pleasant fictions hurtfull vnto none
But to himselfe, for no man counts him wise,
To tell for truth that which for false is knowne.
He sweares that Gaunt is three score miles about,
And that the bridge at Paris on the Seyn,
Is of such thicknesse, length and breadth throughout,
That sixe score Arches can it scarce sustaine.
He sweares he saw so great a dead mans scull,
At Canterbury digge out of the ground,
That would containe of wheat three bushels full,
And that in Kent are twenty yeomen found,
Of which the poorest euery yeare dispends
Fiue thousand pound: these and fiue thousand mo
So oft he hath recited to his friends,
That now himselfe perswades himselfe ’tis so.
But why doth Crassus tell his lyes so rife
Of Bridges, Townes, and things that haue no life?
He is a Lawyer, and doth well espie,
That for such lyes an action will not lye.

In Philonem. 38.

Philo the Lawyer and the Fortune teller,
The Schoole-maister, the Midwife and the Bawd:
The coniurer, the buyer, and the seller
Of painting which with breathing will be thawd,
Doth practise Phisicke, and his credit growes
As doth the Ballad singers auditorie,
Which hath at Temple barre his standing chose,
And to the vulgar sings an Ale-house storie.
First stands a Porter, then an Oyster wife
Doth stint her cry, and stay her steps to heare him,
Then comes a cut-purse ready with a knife,
And then a countrey clyent passeth neere him.
There stands the Constable, there stands the Whore,
And listning to the song, heed not each other.
There by the Serieant stands the debitor,  
And doth no more mistrust him then his brother:  
Thus Orpheus to such hearers giueth Musique,  
And Philo to such patients giueth Phisicke.

In Fuscum. 39.

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will,  
Yet in the course of life that he doth leade,  
He's like a horse which turning rounde a mill,  
First he doth rise at 10. and at eleuen  
He goes to Gyls, where he doth eate till one,  
Then sees a play til sixe, and sups at seauen,  
And after supper, straight to bed is gone,  
And there till tenne next day he doth remaine,  
And then he dines, then sees a commedy,  
And then he suppes, and goes to bed againe:  
Thus rounde he runs without variety:  
    Saue that sometimes he comes not to the play  
    But falls into a whore-house by the way.

In Afrum. 40.

The smell feast Afer, trauailes to the burse  
Twice euery day the newest newes to heare  
Which when he hath no money in his purse,  
To rich mens tables he doth often beare:  
He tells how Gronigen is taken in,  
By the braue conduct of illustrious Vere:  
And how the Spanish forces Brest would win,  
But that they do victorious Norris feare.  
No sooner is a ship at sea surpris'd,  
But straight he learnes the newes & doth disclose it.  
Faire written in a scrowle he hath names  
Of all the widowes which the plague hath made,  
And persons, times and places still he frames  
To every tale, the better to perswade:  
We call him Fame, for that the wide-mouth slaue  
Will eate as fast as he wil vtter lies,  
For Fame is said an hundreth mouthes to haue,  
And he eates more then would fiue score suffice.

In Paulum. 41.

By lawfull mart, and by vnlawfull stealth,  
Paulus in spite of enuy fortunate,  
Deriues out of the Ocean so much wealth,  
As he may well maintaine a Lords estate.  
    But on the land a little gulfe there is,  
    Wherein he drowneth all the wealth of his.

(38). 16 more] mure Mas.  
(39). 5 at a eleuen Mas.  
(40). 5 Grenigen Mas. : Groningen Dyce
In Licum. 42.

_Lycus_ which lately is to _Venice_ gone,
Shall if he do returne, gaine three for one:
But ten to one, his knowledge and his wit,
Will not be bettered or increas’d a whit.

In Publius. 43.

_Publius_ student at the common law,
Oft leaues his bookes, and for his recreation
To Paris-garden doth himselfe withdrawe
Where he is rauisht with such delectation
As downe amongst the Beares and Dogges he goes,
Where whilst he skiping cries to head, to head,
His satten doublet and his veluet hose
Are all with spittle from aboue be-spread,
When he is like his fathers country hall,
Stinking with dogges, and muted all with haukes.
And rightly too on him this filth doth fall,
Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsakes,
Leauing old _Ployden_, _Dier_ and _Brooke_ alone,
To see old _Harry Hunkes_ and _Sacarson_.

In Sillam. 44.

When I this proposition had defended,
A coward cannot be an honest man,
Thou _Silla_ seemest forth-with to be offended:
And holds the contrary and sweares he can.
But when I tell thee that hee will forsake
His dearest friend, in perill of his life,
Thou then art chang’d and saist thou didst mistake,
And so we end our argument and strife.
Yet I thinke oft, and thinke I thinke aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

In Dacum. 45.

_Dacus_ with some good collour and pretence,
Tearmes his loues beauty silent eloquence:
For she doth lay more collours on her face,
Then euery _Tully_ vs’d his speech to grace.

In Marcum. 46.

Why dost thou _Marcus_ in thy misery,
Raile and blaspheme, and call the heau'ns vnkind?
The heauens do owe no kindenesse vnto thee,
Thou hast the heauens so little in thy minde,
For in thy life thou neuer vset prayer,
But at primero, to encounter faire.

(43). 9 hall] shall _Mas. to Mal._
Meditations of a Gull. 47.

See yonder melancholique gentleman,
Which hoode-winked with his hat, alone doth sit,
Thinke what he thinkes and tell me if you can,
What great affaires troubles his little wit.
He thinkes not of the war twixt France and Spaine
Whether it be for Europs good or ill,
Nor whether the Empire can it selfe maintaine
Against the Turkish power encroching still.
Nor what great towne in all the Netherlands
The States determine to besiege this spring,
Nor how the Scottish pollicy now standes,
Nor what becomes of the Irish mutining.
But he doth seriously bethinke him whether
Of the guld people he be more esteem'd,
For his long cloake, or his great black feather,
By which each gull is now a gallant deem'd.
Or of a Journey he deliberates,
To Paris-garden, cocke-pit or the play:
Or how to steale a dogge he meditates,
Or what he shall vnto his mistris say:
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himselfe most fit
To be of Counsell with a king for wit.

Ad Musam. 48.

Peace idle muse, haue done, for it is time
Since lowsie Ponticus enuies my fame,
And sweares the better sort are much to blame
To make me so well knowne for my ill rime.
Yet Bankes his horse is better knowne then he,
So are the Cammels and the westerne Hog,
And so is Lepidus his printed dogge:
Why doth not Ponticus their fames enuie?
Besides this muse of mine, and the blacke fether
Grew both together fresh in estimation,
And both growne stale, were cast away togethier:
What fame is this that scarce lasts out a fashion?
Onely this last in credit doth remaine,
That from hence-forth, ech bastard cast forth rime
Which doth but saavour of a libell vaine
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime,
So dull and with so little sence endu'd,
Is my grosse headed iudge the multitude.

FINIS. 

I. D.
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA

BOOK I
THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN

Marlowe's translation of Book I of the Pharsalia is first mentioned in an entry in the Stationers' Register, dated September 28, 1593: 'John Wolf Entred for his Copye vnder th[e h]andes of Master Murgetrod and bothe the wardens a booke intituled Lucans firste booke of the famous Civill warr betwixt Pompey and Cesare Englished by Christopher Marlow.' The very next entry is that of 'a booke intituled Hero and Leander beinge an amorous poem devised by Christopher Marlow', likewise registered by John Wolf and on the same day.

There is a curious and unexplained connexion between these two poems in the circumstances of publication. The First Book of Lucan exists in a single old quarto issued in 1600 by Thomas Thorpe,¹ who in the Epistle Dedicatory to his fellow stationer, Edward Blount, alludes to the latter's 'old right' in the work. This Edward Blount himself published in 1598 the earliest extant edition of Marlowe's portion of Hero and Leander. In 1600 another edition² of the latter poem appeared with the puzzling title-page: 'Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe: Whereunto is added the first booke of Lucan translated line for line by the same Author: Printed for John Flasket.' In spite of this plain statement there is no trace that the Lucan ever formed a part of the book in question or was printed during the Elizabethan age in any other edition than that of Thorpe.

The most likely conjecture would seem to be that John Wolf, who registered Lucan and Hero and Leander on the same day—perhaps with the intention of bringing them out together—transferred his right in both to Blount. The latter resigned his property in Hero and Leander, and pre-

¹ The famous publisher of Shakespeare's sonnets (1609). It is worthy of note that Thorpe also published in 1614 a complete translation of the Pharsalia, the work of Sir Arthur Gorges.
² The third (?) edition, at least one other having been issued in 1598 by Paul Linley. Cf. p. 485.
Introduction.

sumably in *Lucan* as well, to Paul Linley on March 2, 1597–8, and Linley certainly made over both works to John Flasket on June 26, 1600.¹ Flasket’s 1600 edition of *Hero and Leander* is undoubtedly the result of the transaction last referred to, but it is not easy to account for the misleading allusion to the Lucan translation on the title page or the failure to mention Chapman. Flasket’s original design may have been to produce an edition of the Marlovian part of *Hero and Leander*, supplemented by the *Lucan*. Such an intention may have preceded the arrangement with Linley, and would naturally, in that case, have been altered when the possession of Chapman’s long continuation of *Hero and Leander* rendered it unnecessary to eke out a thin volume by the insertion of the *Lucan*. The latter work, being then of no immediate consequence to Flasket, would seem to have been acquired and at once printed by Thomas Thorpe. The *Stationers’ Register* contains no record, however, of the transfer of the piece from Flasket to Thorpe or to any one else, and the question of the precise origin of this single early edition of the poem is not easily soluble.

Marlowe’s translation of Lucan is a work of some curious interest, as being one of the earliest English poems in blank verse. It displays greater maturity than the *Elegies*, both in expression and in metrical skill, but has the same general faults and must, like the other translation, be ascribed to an early period in the poet’s career. In his later years Marlowe would hardly have submitted to the tyranny of a line-for-line translation. Erroneous renderings abound on every page, but it is seldom that the reader meets with what is so common in the *Elegies*—lines entirely destitute of sense or coherence. The work has, as a whole, a majestic rhythm, and the choice of words is always that of the born poet. In many of the finer passages we see the author practising, as it were, that peculiarly melodious blank verse of which he shows himself in *Tamburlaine* so complete a master. Such lines as the following have the distinct flavour of Marlowe’s developed style:

*Figulus* more scene in heauenly mysteries,  
Whose like *Aegiptian Memphis* neuer had  
For skill in stars, and tune-full planeting.²

¹ For a fuller discussion of these points see Introduction to *Hero and Leander*, pp. 485, 486.  
² Ll. 638–640.
LUCAN'S
FIRST BOOKE
TRANSLATED LINE
FOR LINE, BY CHR.
MARLOVY.

AT LONDON,
Printed by P. Short, and are to be sold by Walter
Burke at the Signe of the Flower de Luce in
Paules Churchyard, 1600.
1600 = The quarto edition of that year.


Dyce

\[
\begin{aligned}
Dyce^1 &= \text{Dyce's first edition of Marlowe, 1850.} \\
Dyce^2 &= \text{Dyce's revised edition of Marlowe, 1858, etc.}
\end{aligned}
\]

Cunn. = Cunningham's edition of Marlowe, 1870, etc.


T. B. = The present editor.
TO HIS KIND, AND TRVE FRIEND:  
EDWARD BLVNT.

Blount: I purpose to be blunt with you, & out of my dulnesse to encounter you with a Dedication in the memory of that pure Elementall wit Chr. Marlow; whose ghost or Genius is to be seene walke the Churchyard in (at the least) three or foure sheets. Me thinks you should presently looke wilde now, and growe humorously frantique vpon the tast of it. Well, least you should, let mee tell you. This spirit was sometime a familiar of your own, Lucans first booke translated; which (in regard of your old right in it) I haue rais'd in the circle of your Patronage. But stay now Edward (if I mistake not) you are to accommodate your selfe with some fewe instructions, touching the property of a Patron, that you are not yet possest of; and to study them for your better grace as our Gallants do fashions. First you must be proud and thinke you haue merit enough in you, though you are ne're so emptie; then when I bring you the booke take physicke, and keepe state, assigne me a time by your man to come againe, and afores the day be sure to haue chang'd your lodging; in the meane time sleepe little, and sweat with the invention of some pitiful dry est or two which you may happen to vtter, with some little (or not at al) marking of your friends when you haue found a place for them to come in at; or if by chance something has drop't from you worth the taking vp weary all that come to you with the often repetition of it; Censure scornfully inough, and somewhat like a trauailer; commend nothing least you discredit your (that which you would seeme to haue) judgement. These things if you can mould your selfe to them Ned I make no question but they will not become you. One speciall vertue in our Patrons of these daies I haue promist my selfe you shall fit excellently, which is to gine nothing; Yes, thy love I 30 will challenge as my pecuilar Obiect both in this, and (I hope) manie more succeeding offices: Farewell, I affect not the world should measure my thoughts to thee by a scale of this Nature: Leave to thinke good of me when I fall from thee.

Thine in all rites of perfect friendship, 35
THOM. THORPE.

Ep. Ded. 1 Blount] Blunt Dyce
Wars worse then ciuill on Thessalian playnes,
And outrage strangling law & people strong,
We sing, whose conquering swords their own breasts launcht,
Armies allied, the kingdoms league vprooted,
Th' affrighted worlds force bent on publique spoile,
Trumpets, and drums like deadly threatning other,
Eagles alike displaide, darts answering darts.
Romans, what madnes, what huge lust of warre
Hath made Barbarians drunke with Latin bloud?
Now Babilon, (proud through our spoile) should stoop,
While slaughtred Crassus ghost walks vnreueng'd,
Will ye wadge war, for which you shall not triumph?
Ay me, O what a world of land and sea
Might they haue won whom ciuil broiles haue slaine!
As far as Titan springs where night dims heauen,
I to the Torrid Zone where midday burnes,
And where stiffe winter whom no spring resolues,
Fetters the Euxin sea with chaines of yce:
Scythia and wilde Armenia had bin yoakt,
And they of Niles mouth (if there liue any.)
Roome, if thou take delight in impious warre,
First conquer all the earth, then turne thy force
Against thy selfe: as yet thou wants not foes.
That now the walles of houses halfe rear'd totter,
That rampiers fallen down, huge heapes of stone
Lye in our townes, that houses are abandon'd,
And few liue that behold their ancient seats;
Italy many yeares hath lyen vntil'd,
And choak't with thorns, that greedy earth wants hinds.
Fierce Pirhus, neither thou nor Hanniball
Art cause, no forraine foe could so afflict vs,
These plagues arise from wreake of ciuill power.
But if for Nero (then vnborne) the fates
Would find no other meanes, (and gods not sleightly
Purchase immortal thrones; nor Ioue ioide heauen
Vntill the cruel Giants war was done.)
We plaine not heauens, but gladly beare these euils
For Neros sake: Pharsalia grone with slaughter,
And Carthage soules be glutted with our blouds;
At Munda let the dreadfull battailes ioyne;
Adde Caesar, to these illes Perusian famine;
The Mutin toyles; the fleet at Leuca suncke;
And cruel field nere burning Aetna fought:
Yet Room is much bound to these ciuil armes,
Which made thee Emperor, thee (seeing thou being old
Must shine a star) shal heauen (whom thou louest,)
Receive with shouts; where thou wilt raigne as King,
Or mount the sunnes plume bearing charriot,
And with bright restles fire compasse the earth,
Vndaunted though her former guide be chang'd.
Nature, and euery power shal give thee place,
What God it please thee be, or where to sway:
But neither chuse the north t'erect thy seat;
Nor yet the aduerse reking southerne pole,
Whence thou shouldst view thy Roome with squinting
beams.
If any one part of vast heauen thou swayest,
The burdened axes with thy force will bend;
The midst is best; that place is pure, and bright,
There Caesar may'st thou shine and no cloud dim thee;
Then men from war shal bide in league, and ease,
Peace through the world from Janus Phane shal flie,
And boult the brazen gates with barres of Iron
Thou Caesar at this instant art my God,
Thee if I inuocate, I shall not need
To craue Appoll(o)es ayde, or Bacchus helpe;
Thy power inspires the Muze that sings this war.
The causes first I purpose to vnfould
Of these garboiles, whence springs a long discourse,
And what made madding people shake off peace.
The fates are enuious, high seats quickly perish, 70
Vnder great burdens fals are euergreeuous;
Roome was so great it could not beare it selfe:
So when this worlds compounded vnion breakes,
Time ends and to old Chaos all things turne;
Confused stars shal meete, celestiall fire 75
Fleeete on the flouds, the earth shoulder the sea,
Affording it no shoare, and Phæbe's waine
Chace Phæbus and inrag'd affect his place,
And striue to shine by day, and ful of strife
Disolue the engins of the broken world.
All great things crush themselues, such end the gods
Allot the height of honor, men so strong
By land, and sea, no forreine force could ruine:
O Roome thy selfe art cause of all these euils,
Thy selfe thus shiuered out to three mens shares: 85
Dire league of partners in a kindome last not.
O faintly ioynde friends with ambition blind,
Why ioyne you force to share the world betwixt you?
While th' earth the sea, and ayre the earth sustaines;
While Titan striues against the worlds swift course;
Or Cynthia nights Queene waights vpon the day;
Shall neuer faith be found in fellow kings.
Dominion cannot suffer partnership;
This need no forraine profe, nor far fet story:
Roomes infant walles were steept in brothers bloud;
Nor then was land, or sea, to breed such hate,
A towne with one poore church set them at oddes.
Caesars, and Pompeys iarring loure soone ended,
T'was peace against their wils; betwixt them both
Stept Crassus in: euen as the slender Isthmos,
Betwixt the Aegean and the Ionian sea,
Keepes each from other, but being worned away
They both burst out, and each encounter other:
So when as Crassus wretched death who stayd them
Had fild Assirian Carras wals with bloud,
His losse made way for Roman outrages.
Parthians y' afflict vs more then ye suppose,
Being conquered, we are plauge with ciuil war.
Swords share our Empire, fortune that made Roome
Gouerne the earth, the sea, the world it selfe
Would not admit two Lords: for Iulia
Snatcht hence by cruel fates with ominous howles,
94 need] needs Dyce etc.
Bare downe to hell her sonne the pledge of peace,
And all bands of that death presaging alliance.
Iulia, had heauen giuen thee longer life
Thou hadst restraine thy headstrong husbands rage,
Yea and thy father to, and swords thrown down,
Made all shake hands as once the Sabines did;
Thy death broake amity and trainde to war
These Captaines emulous of each others glory.

Thou feard'st (great Pompey) that late deeds would dim
Olde triumphs, and that Cæsars conquering France
Would dash the wreath thou wearst for Pirats wracke.
Thee wars vse stirde, and thoughts that alwaies scorn'd
A second place; Pompey could bide no equall,
Nor Cæsar no superior, which of both
Had iustest cause vnlawful tis to judge:
Each side had great partakers; Cæsars cause
The gods abetted; Cato likt the other.
Both differ'd much, Pompey was strooke in yeares,
And by long rest forgot to manage armes,
And being popular sought by liberal gifts,
To gaine the light vnstable commons loue,
And ioyed to heare his Theaters applause;
He liu'd secure boasting his former deeds,
And thought his name sufficient to vphold him,
Like to a tall oake in a fruitfull field,
Bearing old spoiles and conquerors monuments,
Who though his root be weake, and his owne waight
Keepe him within the ground, his armes al bare,
His body (not his boughs) send forth a shade;
Though euery blast it nod, and seeme to fal,
When all the woods about stand bolt vp-right,
Yet he alone is held in reuerence.
Cæsars renowne for war was lesse, he restles,
Shaming to striue but where he did subdue,
When yre, or hope prouokt, heady, & bould,
At al times charging home, & making hauock;
Vrging his fortune, trusting in the gods,
Destroying what withstood his proud desires,
And glad when bloud, & ruine made him way:
So thunder which the wind teares from the cloudes,
With cracke of riuem ayre and hideous sound
Filling the world, leapes out and throwes forth fire,
Affrights poore fearefull men, and blasts their eyes
With ouerthwarting flames, and raging shoots
Alongst the ayre and no(ugh)t resisting it
Falls, and returns, and shiuers where it lights.
Such humors stirde them vp; but this warrs seed
Was euen the same that wrack's all great dominion. 160
When fortune made vs lords of all, wealth flowed,
And then we grew licencious and rude,
The soldiours pray, and rapine brought in ryot,
Men tooke delight in Jewels, houses, plate,
And scorn'd old sparing diet, and ware robes 165
Too light for women; Pouerty (who hatcht
Roomes greatest wittes) was loath'd, and al the world
Ransackt for golde, which breeds the world decay;
And then large limits had their butting lands,
The ground which Curius and Camillus till'd,
Was stretcht vnto the fields of hinds vnknowne;
Againe, this people could not brooke calme peace,
Them freedome without war might not suffice,
Quarrels were rife, greedy desire stil poore
Did wild deeds, then t'was worth the price of bloud 175
And deem'd renowne to spoile their natuie towne,
Force mastered right, the strongest gouern'd all.
Hence came it that th' edicts were ouerrul'd,
That lawes were broake, Tribunes with Consuls stroue,
Sale made of offices, and peoples voices 180
Bought by themselues & solde, and euer yéare
Frauds and corruption in the field of Mars;
Hence interest and deuouring vsury sprang,
Faiths breach, & hence came war to most men welcom.
Now Caesar ouerpast the snowy Alpes. 185
His mind was troubled, and he aim'd at war,
And comming to the foord of Rubicon,
At night in dreadful vision fearefull Roome,
Mourning appear'd, whose hoary hayres were torne,
And on her Turret bearing head disperst, 190
And armes all naked, who with broken sighes,
And staring, thus bespoke: What mean'st thou Caesar?
Whether goes my standarde? Romans if ye be,
And beare true harts, stay heare. This spectacle
Stroake Caesars hart with feare, his hayre stoode vp, 195
And faintnes numm'd his steps there on the brincke:
He thus cride out: Thou thunderer that guardst
Roomes mighty walles built on Tarpeian rocke,
Ye gods of Phrigia and Ilius line,

157 nought T. B. : not 1600, Dyce to Bull.
Quirinus rites and Latian iowue aduanc'd
Ön Alba hill, ö Vestall flames, ö Roome,
My thoughts sole goddes, aide myne enterprise.
I hate thee not, to thee my conquests stoope,
Caesar is thine, so please it thee, thy soldier;
He, he afflicts Roome that made me Roomes foe.
This said, he laying aside all lets of war,
Approcht the swelling streame with drum and ensigne,
Like to a Lyon of scortcht desart Africke,
Who seeing hunters pauseth till fell wrath
And kingly rage increase, then hauing whiskt
His taile athwart his backe, and crest heau'd vp,
With iawes wide open ghastly roaring out;
(Albeit the Moores light Iauelin or his speare
Sticks in his side) yet runs vpon the hunter.
In summer time the purple Rubicon,
Which issues from a small spring, is but shallow,
And creepes along the vales deuiding iust
The bounds of Italy from Cisalpin Fraunce;
But now the winters wrath and wat'ry moone,
Being three daies old inforst the floud to swell,
And frozen Alpes thaw'd with resoluing winds.
The thunder hou'd horse in a crooked line,
To scape the violence of the streame first waded,
Which being broke the foot had easie passage.
As soone as Caesar got vnto the banke
And bounds of Italy; here, here (saith he)
An end of peace; here end polluted lawes;
Hence leagues, and covenants; Fortune thee I follow,
Warre and the destinies shall trie my cause.
This said, the restles generall through the darke
(Swifter then bullets throwne from Spanish slinges,
Or darts which Parthians backward shoot) marcht on
And then (when Lucifer did shine alone,
And some dim stars) he Arriminum enter'd:
Day rose and viewde these tumultes of the war;
Whether the gods, or blustering south were cause
I know not, but the cloudy ayre did frown;
The soldiours hauing won the market place,
There spred the colours, with confused noise
Of trumpets clange, shril cornets, whistling fifes;
The people started; young men left their beds,
And snatcht armes neer their houishold gods hung vp
Such as peace yeelds; wormeaten leathern targets,
Through which the wood peer'd, headles darts, olde swords
With vgy teeth of blacke rust fouly scarr'd:
But seeing white Eagles, & Roomes flags wel known,
And lofty Caesar in the thickest throng,
They shooke for feare, & cold benumm'd their lims,
And muttering much, thus to themselues complain'd:
O wals vnfortunate too neere to France,
Predestinate to ruine; all lands else
Haue stable peace, here wars rage first begins,
We bide the first brunt; safer might we dwel
Vnder the frosty beare, or parching East,
Wagons or tents, then in this frontire towne.
We first sustain'd the vproares of the Gaules,
And furious Cymbrians and of Carthage Moores,
As oft as Roome was sackt, here gan the spoile.
Thus sighing whispered they, and none durst speake
And shew their feare, or grieue: but as the fields
When birds are silent thorough winters rage;
Or sea far from the land, so all were whist.
Now light had quite dissolu'd the mysty night,
And Caesars mind vnsetled musing stood;
But infringing all excuse of modest shame,
And laboring to approue his quarrell good.
The angry Senate vrging Grachus deeds,
From doubtfull Roome wrongly expel'd the Tribunes,
That crosst them; both which now approacht the camp,
And with them Curio, sometime Tribune too,
One that was feed for Caesar, and whose tongue
Could tune the people to the Nobles mind.
(Caesar (said he) while eloquence preuail'd,
And I might pleade, and draw the Commons minds
To fauour thee against the Senats will,
Fiue yeeres I lengthned thy commaund in France:
But law being put to silence by the wars,
We from our houses driuen, most willingly
Suffered exile: let thy sword bring vs home.
Now while their part is weake, and feares, march hence.
Where men are ready, lingering euer hurts:
In ten yeares wonst thou France; Roome may be won
With farre lesse toile, and yet the honors more;
Few battailes fought with prosperous successe
May bring her downe, and with her all the world.
Nor shalt thou triumph when thou comest to Roome, 
Nor capitall be adorn'd with sacred bayes: 
Enuy denies all, with thy bloud must thou 
Abie thy conquest past: the sonne decrees 
To expel the father; share the world thou canst not; 
Injoy it all thou maiest. Thus Curio spake, 
And therewith Casar prone ennough to warre, 
Was so incenst as are Eleius steedes 
With clamors: who though lockt and chaind in stalls, 
Souse downe the wals, and make a passage forth. 
Straight summon'd he his seuerall companies 
Vnto the standard: his graue looke appeasd 
The wrastling tumult, and right hand made silence: 
And thus he spake: You that with me haue borne 
A thousand brunts, and tride me ful ten yeeres, 
See how they quit our bloudshed in the North, 
Our friends death, and our wounds, our wintering 
Vnder the Alpes; Roome rageth now in armes 
As if the Carthage Hannibal were neere; 
Cornets of horse are mustered for the field; 
Woods turn'd to ships; both land and sea against vs: 
Had forraine wars ill thriu'd; or wrathful France 
Pursu'd vs hither, how were we bestead 
When comming conqueror Roome afflicts me thus? 
Let come their leaders whom long peace hath quail'd 
Raw soldiours lately prest, and troupes of gownes; 
Brabbling Marcellus; Cato whom fooles reuere; 
Must Pompeis followers with strangers ayde, 
(Whom from his youth he bribde) needs make him king? 
And shal he triumph long before his time, 
And hauing once got head still shal he raigne? 
What should I talke of mens corne reapt by force, 
And by him kept of purpose for a dearth? 
Who sees not warre sit by the quiuering Judge; 
And sentence giuen in rings of naked swords, 
And lawes assailde, and arm'd men in the Senate? 
Twas his troupe hem'd in Milo being accusde; 
And now least age might waine his state, he casts 
For ciuill warre, wherein through vse he's known 
To exceed his maister, that arch-traitor Sylla. 
A brood of barbarous Tygars hauing lapt 
The bloud of many a heard, whilst with their dams
The first Booke of Lucan.

They kennel'd in Hircania, euermore
Wil rage and pray: so Pompey thou hauing lickt
Warme goare from Syllas sword art yet athirst,
Iawes flesh'd with bloud continue murderous.
Speake, when shall this thy long vsurpt power end?
What end of mischiefe? Sylla teaching thee,
At last learne wretch to leaue thy monarchy.
What, now Scicilian Pirats are supprest,
And jaded king of Pontus poisoned slaine,
Must Pompey as his last foe plume on me,
Because at his commaund I wound not vp
My conquering Eagles? say I merit nought,
Yet for long service done, reward these men,
And so they triumph, be't with whom ye wil.
Whether now shal these olde bloudles soules repaire?
What seates for their deserts? what store of ground
For seruitors to till? what Colonies
To rest their bones? say Pompey, are these worse
Then Pirats of Sycillia? they had houses.
Spead, spread these flags that ten years space haue conquer'd,
Lets vse our tried force, they that now thwart right
In wars wil yeeld to wrong: the gods are with vs.
Neither spoile, nor kingdom seeke we by these armes,
But Roome at thraldoms feet to rid from tyrants.
This spoke none answer'd, but a murmuring buzz
Th'vnstable people made: their houshold gods
And loue to Room (thogh slaughter steeld their harts
And minds were prone) restrain'd them; but wars loue
And Caesars awe dasht all: then Lalius
The chiefe Centurion crown'd with Oaken leaues,
For sauing of a Romaine Citizen,
Stept forth, and cryde: Chiefe leader of Rooms force,
So be I may be bold to speake a truth,
We grieue at this thy patience and delay.
What doubtst thou vs? euene nowe when youthfull bloud
Pricks forth our liuely bodies, and strong armes
Can mainly throw the dart, wilt thou indure
These purple grooms? that Senates tyranny?
Is conquest got by ciuill war so hainous?
Well, leade vs then to Syrtes desart shoare;
Or Scythia; or hot Libiae thirsty sands.
This hand that all behind vs might be quail'd, 370
Hath with thee past the swelling Ocean, 371
And swept the foming brest of Articks Rhene. 372
Loue ouer-rules my will, I must obay thee, 373
Caesar, he whom I heare thy trumpets charge 374
I hould no Romaine; by these ten blест ensignes 375
And all thy seueral triumphs, shouldst thou bid me 376
Intombe my sword within my brothers bowel's; 377
Or fathers throate; or womens groaning wombe; 378
This hand (albeit vnwilling) should performe it; 379
Or rob the gods; or sacred temples fire: 380
These troupes should soone pull down the church of Loue. 381
If to incampe on Thuscan Tybers streames, 382
Ie boldly quarter out the fields of Rome; 383
What wals thou wilt be leaueld with the ground, 384
These hands shall thrust the ram, and make them flie, 385
Albeit the Citty thou wouldst haue so ra'st 386
Be Roome it selfe. Here euery band applauded, 387
And with their hands held vp, all ioyntly cryde 388
They'll follow where he please: the showts rent heauen, 389
As when against pine bearing Ossa's rocks 390
Beates Thracian Boreas; or when trees bowde down, 391
And rustling swing vp as the wind fets breath 392
When Caesar saw his army proane to war, 393
And fates so bent, least sloth and long delay 394
Might crosse him, he withdrew his troupes from France, 395
And in all quarters musters men for Roome. 396
They by Lemannus nooke forsooke their tents; 397
They whom the Lingones foild with painted speares, 398
Vnder the rockes by crooked Vogesus; 399
And many came from shallow Isara, 400
Who running long, falls in a greater floud, 401
And ere he sees the sea looseth his name; 402
The yellow Ruthens left their garrisons; 403
Mild Alax glad it beares not Roman boats, 404
And frontier Varus that the campe is farre, 405
Sent aide; so did Alcides port, whose seas 406
Eate hollow rocks, and where the north-west wind 407
Nor Zephir rules not, but the north alone 408
Turmoiles the coast, and enterance forbids; 409
And others came from that vncertaine shore; 410

372 Arctic Dyce etc. 378 womens groning] groaning women's
Dyce¹, Dyce², Bull. 404 boats Dyce etc.: bloats 1600
Which is nor sea, nor land, but oft times both,
And changeth as the Ocean ebbes and flowes:
Whether the sea roul'd alwaies from that point,
Wenche the wind blowes stil forced to and fro;
Or that the wandring maine follow the moone;
Or flaming Titan (feeding on the deepe)
Puls them aloft, and makes the surge kisse heauen,
Philosophers looke you, for vnto me
Thou cause, what ere thou be whom God assignes
This great effect, art hid. They came that dwell
By Nemes fields, and bankes of Satirus,
Where Tarbels winding shoares imbrace the sea,
The Santons that reioyce in Caesar's loue,
Those of Bituriges and light Axon pikes;
And they of Rhene and Leuca, cunning darters,
And Sequana that well could manage steeds;
The Belgians that well could gouerne Brittish cars;
Th' Auerni, too, which boudly faine themselues
The Romanes brethren, sprung of Ilian race;
The stubborne Nervians staind with Cottas bloud;
And Vangions who like those of Sarmata,
Were open slops: and fierce Bataviens,
Whome trumpets clang incites, and those that dwel
By Cyngas streame, and where swift Rhodanus
Driues Araris to sea; they neere the hils,
Vnder whose hoary rocks Gebenna hangs;
And Treuier, thou being glad that wars are past thee;
And you late shorne Ligurians, who were wont
In large spread heire to exceed the rest of France;
And where to Hesus, and fell Mercury
They offer humane flesh, and where Ioue seemes
Bloudy like Dian, whom the Scythians serue;
And you French Bardi, whose immortal pens
Renowne the valiant soules slaine in your wars,
Sit safe at home and chaunt sweet Poesie.
And Druides you now in peace renew
Your barbarous customes, and sinister rites,
In vnfeld woods, and sacred groues you dwell,
And only gods & heauenly powers you know,
Or only know you nothing. For you hold
That soules passe not to silent Erebus
Or Ploutes bloodles kingdom, but else where
Resume a body: so (if truth you sing)

440 Mercury] Mercury (Ioue) 1600 441 Ioue] it 1600
Death brings long life. Doubtles these northen men
Whom death the greatest of all feares affright not,
Are blest by such sweet error, this makes them
Run on the swords point and desire to die,
And shame to spare life which being lost is wonne.
You likewise that repulst the Caicke foe,
March towards Roome; and you fierce men of Rhene
Leaung your countrey open to the spoile.
These being come, their huge power made him bould
To mannage greater deeds; the bordering townes
He garrison'd; and Italy he fild with soldiours.
Vaine fame increast true feare, and did inuade
The peoples minds, and laide before their eies
Slaughter to come, and swiftly bringing newes
Of present war, made many lies and tales.
One sweares his troupes of daring horsemen fought
Vpon Meuanias plaine, where Buls are graz'd;
Other that Caesars barbarous bands were spread
Along Nar floud that into Tiber fals,
And that his owne ten ensignes, and the rest
Marcht not intirely, and yet hide the ground,
And that he's much chang'd, looking wild and big,
And far more barbarous then the French (his vassals)
And that he lags behind with them of purpose
Borne twixt the Alpes & Rhene, which he hath brought
From out their Northren parts, and that Roome
He looking on by these men should be sackt.
Thus in his fright did each man strengthen Fame,
And without ground, fear'd what themselves had faind:
Nor were the Commons only strooke to heart
With this vaine terror, but the Court, the Senate;
The fathers selues leapt from their seats; and flying
Left hateful warre decreed to both the Consuls.
Then with their feare, and danger al distract,
Their sway of fleight carries the heady rout
That in chain'd troupes breake forth at euery port;
You would haue thought their houses had bin fierd
Or dropping-ripe, ready to fall with Ruine,
So rusht the inconsiderate multitude
Thorough the Citty hurried headlong on,
As if the only hope (that did remaine
To their afflictions) were t'abandon Roome.
Looke how when stormy Auster from the breach

474 hide] hid Dyce, Cunn.
Of Libian Syrtes roules a monstrous waue,
Which makes the maine saile fal with hideous sound;
The Pilot from the helme leapes in the sea;
And Marrinners, albeit the keele be sound,
Shipwracke themselues: euen so the Citty left,
All rise in armes; nor could the bed-rid parents
Keep back their sons, or womens teares their husbands;
They stai’d not either to pray or sacrifice,
Their houshould gods restrain them not, none lingered,
As loath to leaue Room whom they held so deere:
Th’irreuocable people flie in troupes.
O gods that easie grant men great estates,
But hardly grace to keepe them: Roome that flowes
With Citizens and Captiues, and would hould
The world (were it together) is by cowards
Left as a pray now Caesar doth approach:
When Romans are besiegd by forraine foes,
With slender trench they escape night stratagems,
And suddaine rampire rais’d of turfe snatcht vp
Would make them sleepe securely in their tents.
Thou Roome at name of warre runst from thy selfe,
And wilt not trust thy Citty walls one night:
Wel might these feare, when Pompey fear’d and fled.
Now euermore least some one hope might ease
The Commons iangling minds, apparant signes arose,
Strange sights appear’d, the angry threatning gods
Fill’d both the earth and seas with prodegies;
Great store of strange and vnknown stars were scene
Wandering about the North, and rings of fire
Flie in the ayre, and dreadfull bearded stars,
And Commets that presage the fal of kingdoms.
The flattering skie gliter’d in often flames,
And sundry fiery meteors blaz’d in heauen:
Now spearlike, long; now like a spreading torch
Lightning in silence stole forth without clouds,
And from the northren climat snatching fier
Blasted the Capitoll: The lesser stars
Which wont to run their course through empty night
At noone day mustered; Phæbe hauing fild
Her meeting hornes to match her brothers light,
Strooke with th’ earths suddaine shadow waxed pale,
Titan himselfe throand in the midst of heauen,
His burning chariott plung’d in sable cloudes,
And whelm'd the world in darknesse, making men dispaire of day, as did Thiastes towne, (Mycenae) Phæbus flying through the East: Fierce Mulciber vnbarred Etna's gate, Which flamed not on high; but headlong pitcht Her burning head on bending Hespery. Cole-blacke Charibdis whirl'd a sea of bloud; Fierce Mastiues hould; the vestall fires went out, The flame in Alba consecrate to Ioue Parted in twaine, and with a double point Rose like the Theban brothers funerall fire; The earth went off hir hinges; and the Alpes Shooke the old snow from off their trembling laps. The Ocean swell'd as high as Spanish Calpe, Or Atlas head; their saints and houseold gods Sweate teares to shew the travailes of their city. Crownes fell from holy statues, ominous birds Defil'd the day, and wilde beasts were seene, Leauing the woods, lodge in the streetes of Rome. Cattell were seene that muttered humane speech: Prodigious births with more and vgly iointes, Then nature giues, whose sight appauls the mother, And dismall Prophesies were spread abroad: And they whom fierce Bellonaes fury moves To wound their armes, sing vengeance, Sibils priests, Curling their bloody lockes, howle dreadfull things, Soules quiet and appeas'd sight from their graues, Clashing of armes was heard in vntrod woods, Shrill voices schright, and ghoasts incounter men. Those that inhabited the suburbe fieldes Fled, fowle Erinnis stalkt about the wals, Shaking her snakie haire and crooked pine With flaming toppe, much like that hellish fiend Which made the sterne Lycurgus wound his thigh, Or fierce Agaue mad; or like Megera That scar'd Alcides, when by Iunoes taske He had before lookt Pluto in the face. Trumpets were heard to sound; and with what noise An armed battaile ioines, such and more strange Blacke night brought forth in secret: Sylla's ghost Was seene to walke, singing sad Oracles,
And Marius head aboue cold Tau'ron peering
(His graue broke open) did affright the Boores.
To these ostents (as their old custome was)
They call th' Etrurian Augures, amonst whom
The grauest, Aruns, dwelt in forsaken * Leuca,  *or Luna.
Well skild in Pyromancy; one that knew
The hearts of beasts, and flight of wandring foules.
First he commands such monsters Nature hatcht
Against her kind (the barren Mules loth'd issue)
To be cut forth and cast in dismal fiers:
Then, that the trembling Citizens should walke
About the City; then the sacred priests
That with diuine lustration purg'd the wals,
And went the round, in, and without the towne.
Next, an inferiour troupe in tuckt vp vestures,
After the Gabine manner: then the Nunnes
And their vaild Matron, who alone might view
Mineruas statue; then, they that keepe, and read
Sybillas secret works, and washt their saint
In Almo's floud: Next learned Augures follow,
Apolloes southsayers, and Ioues feasting priests;
The skipping Saliij with shields like wedges;
And Flamins last, with networke wollen vailes.
While these thus in and out had circled Roome,
Looke, what the lightning blasted Aruns takes
And it inters with murmurs dolorous,
And calls the place Bidentall: on the altar
He laies a ne're-yoakt Bull, and powers downe wine,
Then crams salt leuin on his crooked knife;
The beast long struggled, as being like to proue
An awkward sacrifice, but by the hornes
The quick priest pull'd him on his knees & slew him:
No vaine sprung out but from the yawning gash,
In steed of red bloud wallowed venemous gore.
These direful signes made Aruns stand amaz'd,
And searching farther for the gods displeasure,
The very cullor scard him; a dead blacknesse
Ranne through the bloud, that turn'd it all to gelly,
And stain'd the bowels with darke lothsome spots;
The liuer swell'd with filth, and euery vaine
Did threaten horror from the host of Caesar;
A small thin skinne contain'd the vital parts,
The heart stir'd not, and from the gaping liuer

599 washt] wash Dyce etc.
Squis'd matter through the cal; the intralls pearde,
And which (aie me) euer pretendeth ill,
At that bunch where the liuer is, appear'd
A knob of flesh, whereof one halfe did looke
Dead, and discoulour'd; th' other leane and thinne.
By these he seeing what myschiefes must ensue,
Cride out, O gods! I tremble to vnfold
What you intend: great Ioue is now displeas'd,
And in the brest of this slaine Bull are crept
Th'infernall powers. My feare transcends my words,
Yet more will happen then I can vnfold.
Turne all to good, be Augury vaine, and Tages
Th'arts master falce. Thus in ambiguous tearmes,
Inuoluing all, did Aruns darkly sing.
But Figulus more seene in heauenly mysteries,
Whose like Aegiptian Memphis neuer had
For skill in stars, and tune-full planeting,
In this sort spake: The worlds swift course is lawlesse
And casuall; all the starres at randome radge:
Or if Fate rule them, Rome thy Cittizens
Are neere some plague: what mischiefe shall insue?
Shall townes be swallowed? shall the thickned aire,
Become intemperate? shall the earth be barraine?
Shall water be conieal'd and turn'd to ice?
O Gods what death prepare ye? with what plague
Meane ye to radge? the death of many men
Meetes in one period. If cold noysome Saturne
Were now exalted, and with blew beames shinde,
Then Gaynimede would renew Deucalions flood,
And in the fleeting sea the earth be drencht.
O Phæbus shouldst thou with thy rayes now sing
The fell Nemean beast, th'eareth would be fired,
And heauen tormented with thy chafing heate,
But thy fiers hurt not; Mars, 'tis thou enflam'st
The threatening Scorpion with the burning taile
And fier'st his cleyes. Why art thou thus enrag'd?
Kind Jupiter hath low declin'd himselfe;
Venus is faint; swift Hermes retrograde;
Mars onely rules the heauen: why doe the Planets
Alter their course and vainly dim their vertue?
Sword-girt Orions side glisters too bright.
Wars radge draws neare; & to the swords strong hand
Let all Lawes yeeld, sinne beare the name of vertue,
Many a yeare these furious broiles let last,
Why should we wish the gods should euer end them?
War onely giues vs peace, ô Rome continue
The course of mischiefe, and stretch out the date
Of slaughter; onely ciuill broiles make peace.
These sad presages were enough to scarre
The quiuering Romans, but worse things affright them.
As Mænus full of wine on Pindus raues,
So runnes a Matron through th'amazed streetes,
Disclosing Phæbus furie in this sort:
Pean whither am I halde? where shall I fall?
Thus borne aloft I see Pangeus hill,
With hoarie toppe, and vnder Hemus mount
Philippi plaines; Phæbus what radge is this?
Why grapples Rome, and makes war, hauing no foes?
Whither turne I now? thou lead'st me toward th'east,
Where Nile augmenteth the Pelusian sea:
This headlesse trunke that lies on Nylus sande
I know: now throughout the aire I flie,
To doubtfull Sirtes and drie Africke, where
A fury leads the Emathian bandes; from thence
To the pine bearing hils, hence to the mounts
Pirene, and so backe to Rome againe.
Se impious warre defiles the Senat house,
New factions rise; now through the world againe
I goe; ô Phæbus shew me Neptunes shore,
And other Regions, I haue seene Philippi:
This said, being tir'd with fury she sunke downe.

FINIS

667 furious] firious 1600
674 Mænus Dyce etc. 685
thoroughout Dyce, Bull. 688 hence] thence Dyce etc.
The curtain of the Theatre House
built, Prince 70 3/4 Rose
street, built in 1809.