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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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THE
WHITE DEVIL,
OR,
The Tragedy of *Paulo Giordano*
Ursini, Duke of *Brachiano*,
With
The Life and Death of *Vittoria*
Corombona the famous
Venetian Courtesan.

Acted by the Queen's Majesty's Servants.

Written by JOHN WEBSTER.

Non inferiora secutus.

LONDON,
Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be sold
at his Shop in *Pope's* head Palace, near the
Royal Exchange. 1612.

To the Reader.

*IN publishing this Tragedy, I do but
challenge to myself that liberty,
which other men have ta'en before me;
not that I affect praise by it, for, nos haec
novimus esse nihil, only since it was
acted, in so dull a time of Winter, presented
in so open and black a Theater,
that it wanted (that which is the only
grace and setting out of a Tragedy) a full and understanding
Auditory: and that since that time I have noted, most
of the people that come to that Playhouse, resemble those ignorant
asses (who visiting Stationers' shops their use is not
to inquire for good books, but new books) I present it to the
general view with this confidence.
Nec Rhoncos metues, maligniorum,
Nec Scombris tunicas, dabis molestas.
If it be objected this is no true Dramatic Poem, I shall
easily confess it, non potes in nugas dicere plura meas: Ipse
ego quam dixi, willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind
have I faulted: for should a man present to such an Auditory,
the most sententious Tragedy that ever was written, observing*

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*all the critical laws, as height of style; and gravity
of person; enrich it with the sententious Chorus, and as it*

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*were lifen Death, in the passionate and weighty Nuntius: yet
after all this divine rapture, O dura messorum ilia, the
breath that comes from the uncapable multitude, is able to poison
it, and ere it be acted, let the Author resolve to fix to every
scene, this of Horace,*

— Haec hodie Porcis comedenda relinques.

*To those who report I was a long time in finishing this
Tragedy, I confess I do not write with a goose-quill, winged
with two feathers, and if they will needs make it my fault,
I must answer them with that of Eurypides to Alcestides,
a Tragic Writer: Alcestides objecting that Eurypides
had only in three days composed three verses, whereas himself
had written three hundred: Thou tell'st truth, (quoth he)
but here's the difference, thine shall only be read for three
days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.
Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: For mine
own part I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other
men's worthy Labors, especially of that full and heightened
style of Master Chapman. The labored and understanding
works of Master Johnson: The no less worthy composures
of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont, and Master
Fletcher: And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right
happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare, Master Decker,
and Master Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their
light: Protesting, that, in the strength of mine own judgement,
I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my
own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix
that of Martial.*

— non norunt, Haec monumenta mori.

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wln 0004

THE TRAGEDY
OF PAULO GIORDANO
Ursini Duke of Brachiano, and Vittoria
Corombona.

wln 0005

Enter Count Lodovico, Antonelli and Gasparo.

wln 0006

LODOVICO.

wln 0007

BAnished? ANTONELLI It grieved me much to
hear the sentence.

wln 0008

wln 0009

LODOVICO Ha, Ha, ô *Democritus* thy Gods

wln 0010

That govern the whole world! Courtly reward,
and punishment. Fortune's a right whore.

wln 0011

wln 0012

If she give aught, she deals it in small parcels,

wln 0013

That she may take away all at one swoop.

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wln 0061

This 'tis to have great enemies, God 'quite them:
Your wolf no longer seems to be a wolf
Then when she's hungry. GASPARO You term those enemies
Are men of Princely rank.
LODOVICO Oh I pray for them.
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are pashed in pieces by it. ANTONELLI Come my Lord,
You are justly doomed; look but a little back
Into your former life: you have in three years
Ruined the noblest Earldom GASPARO Your followers
Have swallowed you like Mummia, and being sick
With such unnatural and horrid Physic
Vomit you up i' th' kennel ANTONELLI All the damnable degrees

Of drinkings have you, you staggered through one Citizen
Is Lord of two fair Manors, called you master
Only for Caviar. GASPARO Those noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigal feasts,
Wherein the Phoenix scarce could scape your throats,
Laugh at your misery, as foredeeming you:
An idle Meteor which drawn forth the earth
Would be soon lost i' th' air. ANTONELLI Jest upon you,
And say you were begotten in an Earthquake,
You have ruined such fair Lordships. LODOVICO Very good,
This Well goes with two buckets, I must tend
The pouring out of either. GASPARO Worse than these,
You have acted, certain Murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror. LODOVICO 'Las they were flea-bitings:
Why took they not my head then? GASPARO O my Lord
The law doth sometimes mediate, thinks it good
Not ever to steep violent sins in blood,
This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.

LODOVICO So, but I wonder then some great men scape
This banishment, there's *Paulo Giordano Orsini*,
The Duke of *Brachiano*, now lives in Rome,
And by close pandarism seeks to prostitute
The honor of *Vittoria Corombona*,
Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon
For one kiss to the Duke. ANTONELLI Have a full man within you,
We see that Trees bear no such pleasant fruit
There where they grew first, as where the are new set.
Perfumes the more they are chafed the more they render
Their pleasing scents, and so affliction
Expresseth virtue, fully, whether true,
Or else adulterate. LODOVICO Leave your painted comforts,
I'll make Italian cut-works in their guts
If ever I return. GASPARO O Sir. LODOVICO I am patient,
I have seen some ready to be executed

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wln 0063

img: 4-b
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Give pleasant looks, and money, and grown familiar
With the knave hangman, so do I, I thank them,

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wln 0065
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wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073

And would account them nobly merciful
Would they dispatch me quickly, ANTONELLI Fare you well,
We shall find time I doubt not to repeal
Your banishment. LODOVICO I am ever bound to you: *Enter*
This is the world's alms; pray make use of it, *Sennet*
Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in pieces,
When first they have shorn them bare and sold their fleeces.

Exeunt.

*Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flamineo, Vittoria
Corombona.*

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BRACHIANO Your best of rest. VITTORIA Unto my Lord the Duke,
The best of welcome, More lights, attend the Duke.

BRACHIANO *Flamineo.* FLAMINEO My Lord.

BRACHIANO Quite lost *Flamineo.*

FLAMINEO Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
As lightning to your service, ô my Lord!

The fair *Vittoria*, my happy sister

Shall give you present audience, gentlemen

(whisper

Let the caroché go on, and 'tis his pleasure

You put out all your torches and depart.

BRACHIANO Are we so happy. FLAMINEO Can 't be otherwise?

Observed you not tonight my honored Lord

Which way so'er you went she threw her eyes,

I have dealt already with her chambermaid

Zanche the Moor, and she is wondrous proud

To be the agent for so high a spirit.

BRACHIANO We are happy above thought, because 'bove merit.

FLAMINEO 'bove merit! we may now talk freely: 'bove merit;

what is 't you doubt, her coyness, that's but the superficies of lust

most women have; yet why should Ladies blush to hear that

named, which they do not fear to handle? O they are politic,

They know our desire is increased by the difficulty of enjoying;

where a satiety is a blunt, weary and drowsy passion, if

the buttry hatch at Court stood continually open their would

be nothing so passionate crowding, nor hot suit after the beverage,

BRACHIANO O but her jealous husband.

FLAMINEO Hang him, a guildler that hath his brains perished with

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quicksilver is not more cold in the liver. The great Barriers
molted not more feathers than he hath shed hairs, by the confession
of his doctor. An Irish gamester that will play himself naked,
and then wage all downward, at hazard, is not more venturous.
So unable to please a woman that like a dutch doublet

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all his back is shrunk into his breeches.
Shroud you within this closet, good my Lord,
Some trick now must be thought on to divide
My brother-in-law from his fair bedfellow,
BRACHIANO O should she fail to come,
FLAMINEO I must not have your Lordship thus unwisely amorous,
I myself have loved a lady and pursued her with a great deal
of underage protestation, whom some three or four gallants that have
enjoyed would with all their hearts have been glad to have been rid
of. 'Tis just like a summer birdcage in a garden, the birds that are
without, despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair
and are in a consumption for fear they shall never get out: away
away my Lord, *Enter Camillo,*
See here he comes, this fellow by his apparel
Some men would judge a politician,
But call his wit in question you shall find it
Merely an Ass in 's foot cloth,
How now brother what travailing to bed to your kind wife?
CAMILLO I assure you brother no, My voyage lies
More northerly, in a far colder clime,
I do not well remember I protest when I last lay with her.
FLAMINEO Strange you should lose your Count.
CAMILLO We never lay together but ere morning
Their grew a flaw between us. FLAMINEO 'T had been your part
To have made up that flaw.
CAMILLO True, but she loathes I should be seen in 't.
FLAMINEO Why Sir, what's the matter?
CAMILLO The Duke your master visits me I thank him,
And I perceive how like an earnest bowler
He very passionately leans that way,
He should have his bowl run
FLAMINEO I hope you do not think

CAMILLO That noble men bowl booty, Faith his cheek
Hath a most excellent Bias, it would fain jump with my mistress.
FLAMINEO Will you be an ass.
Despite you *Aristotle* or a Cuckold
Contrary to your *Ephemerides*
Which shows you under what a smiling planet
You were first swaddled,
CAMILLO Pew wew, Sir tell not me
Of planets nor of *Ephemerides*
A man may be made Cuckold in the day time
When the Stars eyes are out. FLAMINEO Sir God **boy** you,
I do commit you to your pitiful pillow
Stuffed with horn-shavings. CAMILLO Brother.
FLAMINEO God refuse me
Might I advise you now your only course
Were to lock up your wife. CAMILLO 'Twere very good.

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Enter

Corombona.

FLAMINEO Bar her the sight of revels. CAMILLO Excellent.
FLAMINEO Let her not go to Church, but like a hound
In Leon at your heels. CAMILLO 'Twere for her honor
FLAMINEO And so you should be certain in one fortnight,
Despite her chastity or innocence
To be Cuckolded, which yet is in suspense:
This is my counsel and I ask no fee for 't.

CAMILLO Come you know not where my nightcap wrings me.

FLAMINEO Wear it o' th' old fashion, let your large ears come
through, it will be more easy, nay I will be bitter, bar your wife
of her entertainment: women are more willingly and more gloriously
chaste, when they are least restrained of their liberty. It
seems you would be a fine Capricious Mathematically jealous
Coxcomb, take the height of your own horns with a *Jacob's*
staff afore they are up. These politic enclosures for paltry
mutton, makes more rebellion in the flesh than all the provocative
electuaries Doctors have uttered since last Jubilee.

CAMILLO This doth not physic me,

FLAMINEO It seems you are Jealous, i'll show you the error of it by
a familiar example, I have seen a pair of spectacles fashioned
with such perspective art, that lay down but one twelpence
o' th' board 'twill appear as if there were twenty, now should you

wear a pair of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her
shoe, you would Imagine twenty hands were taking up of
your wife's clothes, and this would put you into a horrible
causeless fury,

CAMILLO The fault there Sir is not in the eyesight

FLAMINEO True, but they that have the yellow Jaundice, think
all objects they look on to be yellow. Jealousy is worsen,
her fit's present to a man, like so many bubbles in a Basin of
water, twenty several crabbed faces, many times makes his
own shadow his cuckold-maker. See she comes, what reason
have you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant ass or
flattering knave might he be counted, that should write sonnets
to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida, or Ivory of Corinth,
or compare her hair to the blackbird's bill, when 'tis
liker the blackbird's feather. This is all: Be wise, I will make
you friends and you shall go to bed together, marry look you,
it shall not be your seeking, do you stand upon that by any
means, walk you aloof, I would not have you seen in 't, sister
my Lord attends you in the banquetting house, your husband
is wondrous discontented.

VITTORIA I did nothing to displease him, I carved to him at
suppertime

FLAMINEO You need not have carved him in faith, they say he is
a capon already, I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall
a gentleman so well descended as *Camillo*. — a lousy slave that
within this twenty years rode with the black guard in the

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Duke's carriage 'mongst spits and dripping-pans.

CAMILLO Now he begins to tickle her.

FLAMINEO An excellent scholar, one that hath a head filled with calves' brains without any sage in them, — come crouching in the hams to you for a night's lodging — that hath an itch in 's hams, which like the fire at the glass house hath not gone out this seven years — is he not a courtly gentleman, — when he wears white satin one would take him by his black muzzle to be no other creature than a maggot, you are a goodly Foil, I confess, well set out — but covered with a false stone you counterfeit diamond.

CAMILLO He will make her know what is in me.

FLAMINEO Come, my Lord attends you, thou shalt go to bed to my Lord. CAMILLO Now he comes to 't.

FLAMINEO With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine, I am opening your case hard.

CAMILLO A virtuous brother o' my credit.

FLAMINEO He will give thee a ring with a philosopher's stone in it.

CAMILLO Indeed I am studying Alchemy.

FLAMINEO Thou shalt lie in a bed stuffed with turtle's feathers, swoon in perfumed linen like the fellow was smothered in roses, so perfect shall be thy happiness, that as men at Sea think land and trees and ships go that way they go, so both heaven and earth shall seem to go your voyage. Shalt meet him, 'tis fixed, with nails of diamonds to inevitable necessity.

VITTORIA How shall's rid him hence?

FLAMINEO I will put breese in 's tail, set him gadding presently, I have almost wrought her to it, I find her coming, but might I advise you now for this night I would not lie with her, I would cross her humor to make her more humble.

CAMILLO Shall I, shall I?

FLAMINEO It will show in you a supremacy of Judgement.

CAMILLO True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for *quae negata grata*.

FLAMINEO Right you are the Adamant shall draw her to you, though you keep distance off:

CAMILLO A philosophical reason.

FLAMINEO Walk by her o' the nobleman's fashion, and tell her you will lie with her at the end of the Progress

CAMILLO *Vittoria*, I cannot be induced, or as a man would say incited. VITTORIA To do what Sir?

CAMILLO To lie with you tonight; your silkworm useth to fast every third day, and the next following spins the better. Tomorrow at night I am for you.

VITTORIA You'll spin a fair thread, trust to 't.

FLAMINEO But do you hear I shall have you steal to her chamber about midnight.

CAMILLO Do you think so, why look you brother, because

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you shall not think i'll gull you, take the key, lock me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

FLAMINEO In troth I will, i'll be your jailer once,
But have you ne'er a false door.

CAMILLO A pox on 't, as I am a Christian tell me tomorrow how scurvily she takes my unkind parting

FLAMINEO I will. CAMILLO Didst thou not make the jest of the silkworm? good night in faith I will use this trick often,

FLAMINEO Do, do, do. *Exit Camillo.*

So now you are safe. Ha ha ha, thou entanglest thyself in thine own work like a silkworm *Enter Brachiano.*

Come sister, darkness hides your blush, women are like cursed dogs, civility keeps them tied all day time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good or most mischief, my Lord, my Lord

BRACHIANO Give credit: I could wish time would stand still And never end this interview this hour, *Zanche brings out a Carpet*
But all delight doth itself soon 'st devour. *Spreads it and lays on it*

Let me into your bosom happy Lady, *two fair Cushions*
Pour out in stead of eloquence my vows, *Enter Cornelia*

Loose me not Madam, for if you forego me I am lost eternally.

VITTORIA Sir in the way of pity I wish you heart-whole.

BRACHIANO You are a sweet Physician.

VITTORIA Sure Sir a loathed cruelty in Ladies

Is as to Doctors many funerals: It takes away their credit.

BRACHIANO Excellent Creature.

We call the cruel fair, what name for you

That are so merciful? ZANCHE See now they close.

FLAMINEO Most happy union.

CORNELIA My fears are fall'n upon me, oh my heart!

My son the pander: now I find our house

Sinking to ruin. Earthquakes leave behind,

Where they have tyrannized, iron, or lead, or stone,

But woe to ruin violent lust leaves none

BRACHIANO What value is this Jewel VITTORIA 'Tis the ornament
Of a weak fortune.

BRACHIANO In sooth i'll have it; nay I will but change

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My Jewel for your Jewel. FLAMINEO Excellent,
His Jewel for her Jewel, well put in Duke.

BRACHIANO Nay let me see you wear it. VITTORIA Here sir.

BRACHIANO Nay lower, you shall wear my Jewel lower.

FLAMINEO That's better she must wear his Jewel lower.

VITTORIA To pass away the time I'll tell your grace,
A dream I had last night. BRACHIANO Most wishedly.

VITTORIA A foolish idle dream,

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Methought I walked about the mid of night,
Into a Churchyard, where a goodly *Yew* Tree
Spread her large root in ground, under that *Yew*,
As I sat sadly leaning on a grave,
Checkered with cross-sticks, there came stealing in
Your Duchess and my husband, one of them
A pickax bore, th' other a Rusty spade,
And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me,
About this *Yew*. BRACHIANO That Tree.
VITTORIA This harmless *Yew*:
They told me my intent was to root up
That well-grown *Yew*, and plant i' th' stead of it
A withered blackthorn, and for that they vowed
To bury me alive: my husband straight
With pickax 'gan to dig, and your fell Duchess
With shovel, like a fury, voided out
The earth and scattered bones, Lord how methought
I trembled, and yet for all this terror
I could not pray. FLAMINEO No the devil was in your dream.
VITTORIA When to my rescue there arose methought
A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arm
From that strong plant,
And both were struck dead by that sacred *Yew*
In that base shallow grave that was their due.
FLAMINEO Excellent Devil.
She hath taught him in a dream
To make away his Duchess and her husband.
BRACHIANO Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream,
You are lodged within his arms who shall protect you,

From all the fevers of a jealous husband,
From the poor envy of our phlegmatic Duchess,
I'll seat you above law and above scandal,
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight
And the fruition, nor shall government
Divide me from you longer than a care
To keep you great: you shall to me at once,
Be Dukedom, health, wife, children, friends and all.
CORNELIA Woe to light hearts they still forerun our fall.
FLAMINEO What fury raised thee up? away, away *Exit Zanche*.
CORNELIA What make you here my Lord this dead of night?
Never dropped mildew on a flower here, till now.
FLAMINEO I pray will you go to bed then,
Lest you be blasted. CORNELIA O that this fair garden,
Had all poisoned herbs of *Thessaly*,
At first been planted, made a nursery
For witchcraft; rather a burial plot,
For both your Honors. VITTORIA Dearest mother hear me.
CORNELIA O thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,

wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358

img: 8-b
sig: C2r

wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388

Sooner than nature, see the curse of children
In life they keep us **frequently** in tears,
And in the cold grave leaves us in pale fears.
BRACHIANO Come, come, I will not hear you.
VITTORIA Dear my Lord.
CORNELIA Where is thy Duchess now adulterous Duke?
Thou little dreamed'st this night she is come to *Rome*.
FLAMINEO How? come to *Rome*, VITTORIA The Duchess,
BRACHIANO She had been better,
CORNELIA The lives of Princes should like dials move,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right or wrong.
FLAMINEO So, have you done? CORNELIA Unfortunate *Camillo*.
VITTORIA I do protest if any chaste denial,
If anything but blood could have allayed,
His long suit to me.
CORNELIA I will join with thee,
To the most woeful end e'er mother kneeled,

If thou dishonor thus thy husband's bed,
Be thy life short as are the funeral tears
In great men's. BRACHIANO Fie, fie, the woman's mad.
CORNELIA Be thy act *Judas-like* betray in kissing,
Mayest thou be envied during his short breath,
And pitied like a wretch after this death.
VITTORIA O me accursed. *Exit Vittoria*
FLAMINEO Are you out of your wits, my Lord
I'll fetch her back again? BRACHIANO No I'll to bed.
Send Doctor *Julio* to me presently,
Uncharitable woman thy rash tongue
Hath raised a fearful and prodigious storm,
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harm. *Exit Brachiano*.
FLAMINEO Now, you that stand so much upon your honor,
Is this a fitting time a' night think you,
To send a Duke home without e'er a man:
I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth
Which you have hoarded for my maintenance,
That I may bear my beard out of the level
Of my Lord's Stirrup. CORNELIA What? because we are poor,
Shall we be vicious? FLAMINEO Pray what means have you
To keep me from the galleys, or the gallows?
My father proved himself a Gentleman,
Sold all's land, and like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up,
At *Padua* I confess, where I protest
For want of means, the University judge me,
I have been fain to heel my Tutor's stockings
At least seven years: Conspiring with a beard
Made me a Graduate, then to this Duke's service,

wln 0389
wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395

img: 9-a
sig: C2v

I visited the Court, whence I returned:
More courteous, more lecherous by far,
But not a suit the richer, and shall I,
Having a path so open and so free
To my preferment, still retain your milk
In my pale forehead, no this face of mine
I'll arm and fortify with lusty wine,

wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
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wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432

'Gainst shame and blushing.
CORNELIA O that I ne'er had borne thee,
FLAMINEO So would I.
I would the common'st Courtesan in *Rome*,
Had been my mother rather than thyself.
Nature is very pitiful to whores
To give them but few children, yet those children
Plurality of fathers, they are sure
They shall not want. Go, go,
Complain unto my great Lord Cardinal,
Yet may be he will justify the act.
Lycurgus wond' red much men would provide
Good stallions for their Mares, and yet would suffer
Their fair wives to be barren,
CORNELIA Misery of miseries. *Exit Cornelia.*
FLAMINEO The Duchess come to Court, I like not that,
We are engaged to mischief and must on.
As Rivers to find out the Ocean
Flow with crook bendings beneath forced banks,
Or as we see to aspire some mountain's top,
The way ascends not straight, but Imitates
The subtle foldings of a Winter's snake,
So who knows policy and her true aspect,
Shall find her ways winding and indirect. *Exit.*
Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinal Monticelso, Marcello,
Isabella, young Giovanni, with little Jaques the Moor.
FRANCISCO Have you not seen your husband since you arrived?
ISABELLA Not yet sir. FRANCISCO Surely he is wondrous kind,
If I had a such Dovehouse as *Camillo's*
I would set fire on 't, were 't but to destroy
The Polecats that haunt to 't, — my sweet cousin.
GIOVANNI Lord uncle you did promise me a horse
And armor. FRANCISCO That I did my pretty cousin,
Marcello see it fitted. MARCELLO My Lord the Duke is here.
FRANCISCO Sister away you must not yet be seen.
ISABELLA I do beseech you entreat him mildly,
Let not your rough tongue

img: 9-b
sig: C3r

wln 0433

Set us at louder variance, all my wrongs

wln 0434
wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442
wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
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wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469

Are freely pardoned, and I do not doubt
As men to try the precious Unicorn's horn
Make of the powder a preservative Circle
And in it put a spider, so these arms
Shall charm his poison, force it to obeying
And keep him chaste from an infected straying

FRANCISCO I wish it may. Be gone.

Exit.

Enter Brachiano, and Flamineo.

Void the chamber,
You are welcome, will you sit, I pray my Lord
Be you my Orator, my heart's too full,
I'll second you anon. MONTICELSO Ere I begin
Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion
Which may be raised by my free discourse.

BRACHIANO As silent as i' th' Church you may proceed.

MONTICELSO It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you have as 'twere entered the world,
With a free Sceptre in your able hand,
And have to th' use of nature well applied
High gifts of learning, should in your prime-age
Neglect your awful throne, for the soft down
Of an insatiate bed. o my Lord,
The Drunkard after all his lavish cups,
Is dry, and then is sober, so at length,
When you awake from this lascivious dream,
Repentance then will follow; like the sting
Placed in the Adder's tail: wretched are Princes
When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their unwieldy crowns; or ravisheth
But one pearl from their Sceptre: but alas!
When they to wilful shipwreck lose good Fame
All Princely titles perish with their name.

BRACHIANO You have said my Lord,

MONTICELSO Enough to give you taste
How far I am from flattering your greatness?

BRACHIANO Now you that are his second, what say you?
Do not like young hawks fetch a course about

img: 10-a
sig: C3v

wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480

Your game flies fair and for you, FRANCISCO Do not fear it:
I'll answer you in your own hawking phrase,
Some Eagles that should gaze upon the Sun
Seldom soar high, but take their lustful ease,
Since they from dunghill birds their **prey** can seize,
You know *Vittoria*, BRACHIANO Yes.

FRANCISCO You shift your shirt there
When you retire from Tennis. BRACHIANO Happily.

FRANCISCO Her husband is Lord of a poor fortune
Yet she wears cloth of Tissue, BRACHIANO What of this?
Will you urge that my good Lord Cardinal

wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
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wln 0492
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wln 0499
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wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506

As part of her confession at next Shrift,
And know from whence it sails. FRANCISCO She is your Strumpet,
BRACHIANO Uncivil sir there's Hemlock in thy breath
And that black slander, were she a whore of mine
All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers
Thy Galleys, nor thy sworn confederates,
Durst not supplant her. FRANCISCO Let's not talk on thunder,
Thou hast a wife, our sister, would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound and locked fast
In her last winding sheet, when I gave thee
But one. BRACHIANO Thou hadst given a soul to God then.
FRANCISCO True,
Thy ghostly father with all's absolution,
Shall ne'er do so by thee. BRACHIANO Spit thy poison,
FRANCISCO I shall not need, lust carries her sharp whip
At her own girdle, look to 't for our anger
Is making thunderbolts. BRACHIANO Thunder? in faith,
They are but crackers. FRANCISCO We'll end this with the Cannon.
BRACHIANO Thou 'lt get naught by it but iron in thy wounds,
And gunpowder in thy nostrils. FRANCISCO Better that
Than change perfumes for plasters, BRACHIANO Pity on thee,
'Twere good you'd show your slaves or men condemned
Your new plowed forehead defiance, and I'll meet thee,
Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.
MONTICELSO My Lords, you shall not word it any further
Without a milder limit. FRANCISCO Willingly.

img: 10-b
sig: C4r

wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
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wln 0514
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wln 0518
wln 0519
wln 0520
wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527

BRACHIANO Have you proclaimed a Triumph that you bait a
Lion thus. MONTICELSO My Lord.
BRACHIANO I am tame, I am tame sir.
FRANCISCO We send, unto the Duke for conference
'Bout levies 'gainst the Pirates, my Lord Duke
Is not at home, we come ourself in person,
Still my Lord Duke is busied, but we fear
When Tiber to each prowling passenger
Discovers flocks of wild ducks, then my Lord
'Bout moulting time, I mean we shall be certain
To find you sure enough and speak with you. BRACHIANO Ha?
FRANCISCO A mere tale of a tub, my words are idle,
But to express the Sonnet by natural reason, *Enter Giovanni*
When Stags grow melancholic you'll find the season
MONTICELSO No more my Lord, hear comes a Champion,
Shall end the difference between you both,
Your son the Prince *Giovanni*, see my Lords
What hopes you store in him, this is a casket
For both your Crowns, and should be held like dear:
Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know
It is a more direct and even way
To train to virtue those of Princely blood,

wln 0528
wln 0529
wln 0530
wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0533
wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538
wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543

img: 11-a
sig: C4v

By examples than by precepts: if by examples
Whom should he rather strive to imitate
Than his own father: be his pattern then,
Leave him a stock of virtue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sails, and split his mast.
BRACHIANO Your hand boy growing to soldier.
GIOVANNI Give me a pike.
FRANCISCO What practising your pike so young, fair coz.
GIOVANNI Suppose me one of *Homer's* frogs, my Lord,
Tossing my bulrush thus, pray sir tell me
Might not a child of good discretion
Be leader to an army: FRANCISCO Yes cousin a young Prince
Of good discretion might. GIOVANNI Say you so,
Indeed I have heard 'tis fit a General
Should not endanger his own person oft,
So that he make a noise, when he's a horseback
Like a dansk drummer, ô 'tis excellent.

wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551
wln 0552
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wln 0555
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wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574

He need not fight, methinks his horse as well
Might lead an army for him; if I live
I'll charge the French foe, in the very front
Of all my troops, the foremost man. FRANCISCO What, what,
GIOVANNI And will not bid my Soldiers up and follow
But bid them follow me. BRACHIANO Forward Lapwing.
He flies with the shell on's head. FRANCISCO Pretty cousin,
GIOVANNI The first year uncle that I go to war,
All prisoners that I take I will set free
Without their ransom. FRANCISCO Ha, without their ransom,
How then will you reward your soldiers
That took those prisoners for you. GIOVANNI Thus my Lord,
I'll marry them to all the wealthy widows
That falls that year. FRANCISCO Why then the next year following
You'll have no men to go with you to war.
GIOVANNI Why then I'll press the women to the war,
And then the men will follow. MONTICELSO Witty Prince.
FRANCISCO See a good habit makes a child a man,
Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast:
Come you and I are friends. BRACHIANO Most wishedly,
Like bones which broke in sunder and well set
Knit the more strongly. FRANCISCO Call *Camillo* hither
You have received the rumor, how Count *Lodowick*
Is turned a Pirate. BRACHIANO Yes. FRANCISCO We are now preparing,
Some ships to fetch him in: behold your Duchess, *Exeunt Francisco*
We now will leave you and expect from you *Monticelso Giovanni*
Nothing but kind entreaty. BRACHIANO You have charmed me.
You are in health we see. ISABELLA And above health
To see my Lord well, BRACHIANO So I wonder much,
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to *Rome*
ISABELLA Devotion my Lord. BRACHIANO Devotion?

wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580

img: 11-b
sig: D1r

Is your soul charged with any grievous sin
ISABELLA 'Tis burdened with too many, and I think
The oftener that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleeps will be the sounder. BRACHIANO Take your chamber?
ISABELLA Nay my dear Lord I will not have you angry,
Doth not my absence from you two months,

wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
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wln 0616
wln 0616
wln 0617

Merit one kiss? BRACHIANO I do not use to kiss,
If that will dispossess your jealousy,
I'll swear it to you. ISABELLA O my loved Lord,
I do not come to chide; my jealousy,
I am to learn what that *Italian* means,
You are as welcome to these longing arms,
As I to you a Virgin. BRACHIANO O your breath,
Out upon sweet meats, and continued Physic.
The plague is in them. ISABELLA You have oft for these two lips
Neglected *Cassia* or the natural sweets
Of the Spring violet, they are not yet much withered,
My Lord I should be merry, these your frowns
Show in a Helmet, lovely but on me,
In such a peaceful interview methinks
They are too too roughly knit. BRACHIANO O dissemblance.
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? have you learnt,
The trick of impudent baseness to complain
Unto your kindred? ISABELLA Never my dear Lord.
BRACHIANO Must I be haunted out, or was't your trick
To meet some amorous gallant here in Rome
That must supply our discontinuance?
ISABELLA I pray sir burst my heart, and in my death
Turn to your ancient pity, though not love.
BRACHIANO Because your brother is the corpulent Duke,
That is the great Duke, 'Sdeath I shall not shortly
Racket away five hundred Crowns at Tennis,
But it shall rest upon record: I scorn him
Like a shaved Polack, all his reverent wit
Lies in his wardrobe, he's a discreet fellow
When he's made up in his robes of state,
Your brother the great Duke, because h'as galleys,
And now and then ransacks a Turkish flyboat,
(Now all the hellish furies take his soul,)
First made this match, accursed be the Priest
That sang the wedding Mass, and even my Issue.
ISABELLA O too too far you have cursed.
BRACHIANO Your hand I'll kiss,
This is the latest ceremony of my love,

img: 12-a
sig: D1v

wln 0618

Henceforth I'll never lie with thee, by this,

wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
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wln 0649
wln 0650
wln 0651
wln 0652
wln 0653
wln 0654

This wedding ring: I'll ne'er more lie with thee.
And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if the Judge had doomed it: fare you well,
Our sleeps are severed. ISABELLA Forbid it the sweet union
Of all things blessed; why the Saints in heaven
Will knit their brows at that. BRACHIANO Let not thy love,
Make thee an unbeliever, this my vow,
Shall never on my soul be satisfied
With my repentance: let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest or sea-fight,
My vow is fixed. ISABELLA O my winding sheet,
Now shall I need thee shortly, dear my Lord,
Let me hear once more, what I would not hear,
Never. BRACHIANO Never?
ISABELLA O my unkind Lord may your sins find mercy,
As I upon a woeful widowed bed,
Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes,
Upon your wretched wife, and hopeful son,
Yet that in time you'll fix them upon heaven.
BRACHIANO No more, go, go, complain to the great Duke.
ISABELLA No my dear Lord, you shall have present witness,
How I'll work peace between you, I will make
Myself the author of your cursed vow
I have some cause to do it, you have none,
Conceal it I beseech you, for the weal
Of both your Dukedoms, that you wrought the means
Of such a separation, let the fault
Remain with my supposed jealousy,
And think with what a piteous and rent heart,
I shall perform this sad ensuing part.
Enter Francisco, Flamineo, Monticelso, Marcello, Camillo.
BRACHIANO Well, take your course my honorable brother.
FRANCISCO Sister, this is not well my Lord, why sister,
She merits not this welcome. BRACHIANO Welcome say?
She hath given a sharp welcome. FRANCISCO Are you foolish?
Come dry your tears, is this a modest course.

img: 12-b
sig: D2r

wln 0655
wln 0656
wln 0657
wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666

To better what is naught, to rail and weep,
Grow to a reconciliation, or by heaven,
I'll ne'er more deal between you. ISABELLA Sir you shall not,
No though *Vittoria* upon that condition
Would become honest. FRANCISCO Was your husband loud.
Since we departed. ISABELLA By my life sir no,
I swear by that I do not care to lose.
Are all these ruins of my former beauty,
Laid out for a whore's triumph? FRANCISCO Do you hear
Look upon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, with what justice
They study to requite them, take that course.

wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681
wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691

img: 13-a
sig: D2v

wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
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wln 0711
wln 0712
wln 0713
wln 0714

ISABELLA O that I were a man, or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes,
I would whip some with scorpions. FRANCISCO What? turned fury?
ISABELLA To dig the strumpet's eyes out, let her lie
Some twenty months a-dying, to cut off
Her nose and lips, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserve her flesh like *Mummiæ*, for trophies
Of my just anger: Hell to my affliction
Is mere snow-water. by your favor sir,
Brother draw near, and my Lord Cardinal,
Sir let me borrow of you but one kiss,
Henceforth I'll never lie with you, by this,
This wedding ring. FRANCISCO How? ne'er more lie with him,
ISABELLA And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if in thronged Court, a thousand ears
Had heard it, and a thousand Lawyer's hands,
Sealed to the separation. BRACHIANO Ne'er lie with me?
ISABELLA Let not my former dotage,
Make thee an unbeliever, this my vow
Shall never on my soul be satisfied
With my repentance, *manet alta mente repositum*.
FRANCISCO Now by my birth you are a foolish, mad,
And jealous woman. BRACHIANO You see 'tis not my seeking.
FRANCISCO Was this your circle of pure Unicorn's horn,
You said should charm your Lord; now horns upon thee,

For jealousy deserves them, keep your vow,
And take your chamber. ISABELLA No sir I'll presently to *Padua*,
I will not stay a minute. MONTICELSO O good Madam.
BRACHIANO 'Twere best to let her have her humor,
Some half-day's journey will bring down her stomach,
And then she'll turn in post. FRANCISCO To see her come,
To my Lord Cardinal for a dispensation
Of her rash vow will beget excellent laughter.
„ ISABELLA Unkindness do thy office, poor heart break,
„ Those are the killing griefs which dare not speak. *Exit.*
MARCELLO *Camillo's* come my Lord. *Enter Camillo.*
FRANCISCO Where's the commission? MARCELLO 'Tis here.
FRANCISCO Give me the Signet.
FLAMINEO My Lord do you mark their whispering, I will compound
a medicine out of their two heads, stronger than garlic,
deadlier than stibium, the Cantharides which are scarce seen to
stick upon the flesh when they work to the heart, shall not do it
with more silence or invisible cunning. *Enter Doctor.*
BRACHIANO About the murder.
FLAMINEO They are sending him to *Naples*, but I'll send him to
Candy, here's another property too. BRACHIANO O the Doctor,
FLAMINEO A poor quacksalving knave, my Lord, one that should
have been lashed for's lechery, but that he confessed a judgement,

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img: 13-b
sig: D3r

wln 0729
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wln 0761

had an execution laid upon him, and so put the whip to a *nonplus*.

DOCTOR And was cozened, my Lord, by an arranter knave than myself, and made pay all the colorable execution.

FLAMINEO He will shoot pills into a man's guts, shall make them have more ventages than a cornet or a lamprey, he will poison a kiss, and was once minded, for his Masterpiece, because *Ireland* breeds no poison, to have prepared a deadly vapor in a *Spaniard's* fart that should have poisoned all *Dublin*.

BRACHIANO O Saint *Anthony* fire:

DOCTOR Your Secretary is merry my Lord:

FLAMINEO O thou cursed antipathy to nature, look his eye's bloodshed like a needle a Chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with, let me embrace thee toad, and love thee ô thou abominable loathsome gargarism, that will fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver

by scruples.

BRACHIANO No more, I must employ thee honest Doctor, You must to *Padua* and by the way, use some of your skill for us.

DOCTOR Sir I shall. BRACHIANO But for *Camillo*?

FLAMINEO He dies this night by such a politic strain, Men shall suppose him by's own engine slain.

But for your Duchess' death. DOCTOR I'll make her sure

BRACHIANO Small mischiefs are by greater made secure.

FLAMINEO Remember this you slave, when knaves come to preferment they rise as gallowses are raised i' th' low countries, one upon another shoulders. *Exeunt.*

MONTICELSO Here is an Emblem nephew pray peruse it.

'Twas thrown in at your window, CAMILLO At my window,

Here is a Stag my Lord hath shed his horns,

And for the loss of them the poor beast weeps

The word *Inopem me copia fecit*. MONTICELSO That is.

Plenty of horns hath made him poor of horns.

CAMILLO What should this mean.

MONTICELSO I'll tell you, 'tis given out

You are a Cuckold. CAMILLO Is it given out so.

I had rather such report as that my Lord.

Should keep within doors. FRANCISCO Have you any children.

CAMILLO None my Lord. FRANCISCO You are the happier

I'll tell you a tale. CAMILLO Pray my Lord. FRANCISCO An old tale.

Upon a time *Phoebus* the God of light

Or him we call the Sun would need be married.

The Gods gave their consent, and *Mercury*

Was sent to voice it to the general world.

But what a piteous cry there straight arose

Amongst Smiths, and Felt-makers, Brewers and Cooks.

Reapers and Butter-women, amongst Fishmongers

And thousand other trades, which are annoyed

By his excessive heat; 'twas lamentable.

They came to *Jupiter* all in a sweat

wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765

img: 14-a
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And do forbid the bans; a great fat Cook
Was made their Speaker, who entreats of *Jove*
That *Phoebus* might be gelded, for if now
When there was but one, Sun so many men,

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Were like to perish by his violent heat.
What should they do if he were married
And should be more, and those children
Make fireworks like their father, so say I,
Only I will apply it to your wife,
Her issue should not providence prevent it
Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.
MONTICELSO Look you cousin.
Go change the air for shame see if your absence,
Will blast your *Cornucopia*, *Marcello*
Is chosen with you joint commissioner
For the relieving our Italian coast
From pirates. MARCELLO I am much honored in 't. CAMILLO But sir
Ere I return the Stag's horns may be sprouted,
Greater than these are shed. MONTICELSO Do not fear it,
I'll be your ranger. CAMILLO You must watch i' th' nights,
Then's the most danger. FRANCISCO Farewell good *Marcello*.
All the best fortunes of a Soldier's wish,
Bring you o' shipboard.
CAMILLO Were I not best now I am turned Soldier,
Ere that I leave my wife, sell all she hath,
And then take leave of her. MONTICELSO I expect good from you,
Your parting is so merry.
CAMILLO Merry my Lord, o' th' Captain's humor right
I am resolved to be drunk this night. *Exit.*
FRANCISCO So, 'twas well fitted, now shall we discern,
How his wished absence will give violent way,
To Duke *Brachiano*'s lust, MONTICELSO Why that was it;
To what scorned purpose else should we make choice
Of him for a sea Captain, and besides,
Count *Lodowick* which was rumored for a pirate.
Is now in *Padua*. FRANCISCO Is 't true? MONTICELSO Most certain.
I have letters from him, which are suppliant
To work his quick repeal from banishment,
He means to address himself for pension,
Unto our sister Duchess. FRANCISCO O 'twas well.
We shall not want his absence past six days,

img: 14-b
sig: D4r

wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806

I fain would have the Duke *Brachiano* run
Into notorious scandal, for there's naught
In such cursed dotage, to repair his name,
Only the deep sense of some deathless shame:

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wln 0808
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MONTICELSO It may be objected I am dishonorable,
To play thus with my kinsman, but I answer.
For my revenge I'd stake a brother's life,
That being wronged durst not avenge himself.

FRANCISCO Come to observe this Strumpet.

MONTICELSO Curse of greatness,
Sure he'll not leave her. FRANCISCO There's small pity in 't
Like mistletoe on sere Elms spent by weather,
Let him cleave to her and both rot together. *Exeunt.*

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Enter Brachiano with one in the habit of a Conjuror.

BRACHIANO Now sir I claim your promise, 'tis dead midnight,
The time prefixed to show me by your Art,
How the intended murder of *Camillo*,
And our loathed Duchess grow to action.

CONJUROR You have won me by your bounty to a deed,
I do not often practice, some there are,
Which by Sophistic tricks, aspire that name
Which I would gladly lose, of Nigromancer:
As some that use to juggle upon cards,
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheat.
Others that raise up their confederate spirits,
'Bout windmills, and endanger their own necks,
For making of a squib, and some there are
Will keep a curtal to show juggling tricks
And give out 'tis a spirit: besides these
Such a whole ream of Almanac-makers, figure-flingers.
Fellows indeed that only live by stealth,
Since they do merely lie about stol'n goods,
They'd make men think the devil were fast and loose,
With speaking fustian Latin: pray sit down,
Put on this nightcap sir, 'tis charmed, and now
I'll show you by my strong-commanding Art
The circumstance that breaks your Duchess' heart.

img: 15-a
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wln 0840
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wln 0850

A DUMB SHOW.

*Enter suspiciously, Julio and Christophero, they draw a curtain
where **Brachiano's** picture is, they put on spectacles of glass,
which cover their eyes and noses, and then burn perfumes afore the
picture, and wash the lips of the picture, that done, quenching the fire,
and putting off their spectacles they depart laughing.*

*Enter Isabella in her nightgown as to bed-ward, with lights after her,
Count Lodovico, Giovanni, Guid-antonio and others waiting
on her, she kneels down as to prayers, then draws the curtain of
the picture, does three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice, she faints
and will not suffer them to come near it, dies, sorrow expressed in Giovanni
and in Count Lodovico, she's conveyed out solemnly.*

wln 0851

BRACHIANO Excellent, then she's dead, CONJUROR She's poisoned,

wln 0852 By the fumed picture, 'twas her custom nightly,
wln 0853 Before she went to bed, to go and visit
wln 0854 Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lips
wln 0855 On the dead shadow, Doctor *Julio*
wln 0856 Observing this, infects it with an oil
wln 0857 And other poisoned stuff, which presently
wln 0858 Did suffocate her spirits. BRACHIANO Methought I saw,
wln 0859 Count *Lodowick* there. CONJUROR He was, and by my art
wln 0860 I find he did most passionately dote
wln 0861 Upon your Duchess, now turn another way,
wln 0862 And view *Camillo's* far more politic face,
wln 0863 Strike louder music from this charmed ground,
wln 0864 To yield, as fits the act, a Tragic sound.

THE SECOND DUMB SHOW.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with four more as Captains, they drink healths and dance, a vaulting horse is brought into the room, Marcello and two more whispered out of the room, while Flamineo and Camillo strip themselves into their shirts, as to vault, compliment who shall begin, as Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth him upon his neck, and with the help of the rest, writhes his neck about, seems to see if it be broke, and lays him folded double as 'twere under the horse, makes shows to call for help.

img: 15-b
sig: E1r

wln 0874 *Marcello comes in, laments, sends for the Cardinal and Duke, who*
wln 0875 *comes forth with armed men, wonder at the act, commands the body*
wln 0876 *to be carried home, apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest,*
wln 0877 *and go as 'twere to apprehend Vittoria.*

wln 0878 BRACHIANO 'Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance,
wln 0879 I taste not fully. CONJUROR O 'twas most apparent,
wln 0880 You saw them enter charged with their deep healths
wln 0881 To their boon voyage, and to second that,
wln 0882 *Flamino* calls to have a vaulting horse
wln 0883 Maintain their sport. The virtuous *Marcello*,
wln 0884 Is innocently plotted forth the room,
wln 0885 Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can inform you
wln 0886 The engine of all. **MARCELLO** It seems *Marcello*, and *Flamino*
wln 0887 Are both committed. CONJUROR Yes, you saw them guarded,
wln 0888 And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
wln 0889 Your Mistress, fair *Vittoria*; we are now
wln 0890 Beneath her roof: 'twere fit we instantly
wln 0891 Make out by some back postern: BRACHIANO Noble friend,
wln 0892 You bind me ever to you, this shall stand
wln 0893 As the firm seal annexed to my hand. *Exit Brachiano*
wln 0894 It shall enforce a payment. CONJUROR Sir I thank you.
wln 0895 Both flowers and weeds, spring when the Sun is warm,
wln 0896 And great men do great good, or else great harm. *Exit Conjuror*
wln 0897

*Enter Francisco, and Monticelso, their Chancellor
and Register.*

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wln 0899
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wln 0909

FRANCISCO You have dealt discreetly to obtain the presence,
Of all the grave Lieger Ambassadors
To hear *Vittoria's* trial. MONTICELSO 'Twas not ill,
For sir you know we have naught but circumstances
To charge her with, about her husband's death,
Their approbation therefore to the proofs
Of her black lust, shall make her infamous
To all our neighboring Kingdoms, I wonder
If *Brachiano* will be here. FRANCISCO O fie 'twere impudence too palpable
Enter Flamineo and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.
LAWYER What are you in by the week, so I will try now

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sig: E1v

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whether thy wit be close prisoner, methinks none should sit
upon thy sister but old whoremasters,
FLAMINEO Or cuckolds, for your cuckold is your most terrible
tickler of lechery: whoremasters would serve, for none are
judges at tilting, but those that have been old Tilters.
LAWYER My Lord Duke and she have been very private:
FLAMINEO You are a dull ass, 'tis threatened they have been very
public.
LAWYER If it can be proved they have but kissed one another.
FLAMINEO What then? LAWYER My Lord Cardinal will ferret them,
FLAMINEO A Cardinal I hope will not catch conies.
LAWYER For to sow kisses (mark what I say) to sow kisses, is
to reap lechery, and I am sure a woman that will endure kissing
is half won.
FLAMINEO True, her upper part by that rule, if you will win her
nether part too, you know what follows.
LAWYER Hark the Ambassadors are lighted,
FLAMINEO I do put on this feigned Garb of mirth,
To gull suspicion.
MARCELLO O my unfortunate sister!
I would my dagger's point had cleft her heart
When she first saw *Brachiano*: You 'tis said,
Were made his engine, and his stalking-horse
To undo my sister. FLAMINEO I made a kind of path
To her and mine own preferment. MARCELLO Your ruin.
FLAMINEO Hum! thou art a soldier,
Followest the great Duke, feedest his victories,
As witches do their serviceable spirits,
Even with thy prodigal blood, what hast got?
But like the wealth of Captains, a poor handful,
Which in thy palm thou bear'st, as men hold water
Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward
Steals through thy fingers. MARCELLO Sir,
FLAMINEO Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keep thee in fresh chamois. MARCELLO Brother.

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wln 0946

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sig: E2r

wln 0947

wln 0948

wln 0949

wln 0950

wln 0951

wln 0952

wln 0953

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wln 0983

img: 17-a
sig: E2v

wln 0984

wln 0985

wln 0986

wln 0987

wln 0988

wln 0989

FLAMINEO Hear me,
And thus when we have even poured ourselves,

Into great fights, for their ambition
Or idle spleen, how shall we find reward,
But as we seldom find the mistletoe
Sacred to physic: Or the builder Oak,
Without a Mandrake by it, so in our quest of gain.
Alas the poorest of their forced dislikes
At a limb proffers, but at heart it strikes:
This is lamented doctrine. MARCELLO Come, come.

FLAMINEO When age shall turn thee,
White as a blooming hawthorn. MARCELLO I'll interrupt you.
For love of virtue bear an honest heart,
And stride over every politic respect,
Which where they most advance they most infect.
Were I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leave you *Enter Savoy.*
A better patrimony. FLAMINEO I'll think on 't, The Lord Ambassadors.

*Here there is a passage of the Lieger Ambassadors over
the Stage severally. Enter French Ambassadors.*

LAWYER O my sprightly Frenchman, do you know him, he's an
admirable Tilter.

FLAMINEO I saw him at last Tilting, he showed like a pewter candlestick
fashioned like a man in armor, holding a Tilting
staff in his hand, little bigger than a candle of twelve i' th' pound.

LAWYER O but he's an excellent horseman.

FLAMINEO A lame one in his lofty tricks, he sleeps o' horseback
like a poulter, *Enter English and Spanish*

LAWYER Lo you my *Spaniard*.

FLAMINEO He carries his face in 's ruff, as I have seen a servingman
carry glasses in a cypress hatband, monstrous steady for fear
of breaking, He looks like the claw of a blackbird, first salted
and then broiled in a candle. *Exeunt.*

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF VITTORIA.

*Enter Francisco, Monticelso, the six lieger Ambassadors, Brachiano,
Vittoria, Isabella, Lawyer, and a guard.*

MONTICELSO Forbear my Lord, here is no place assigned you,
This business by his holiness is left
To our examination.

BRACHIANO May it thrive with you. *Lays a rich gown*

FRANCISCO A Chair there for his Lordship. *under him,*

BRACHIANO Forbear your kindness, an unbidden guest
Should travail as dutchwomen go to Church:
Bear their stools with them. MONTICELSO At your pleasure Sir.
Stand to the table gentlewomen: now Signior

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wln 1037

Fall to your plea.

Domine Judex converte oculos in hanc pestem

mulierum corruptissimam. VITTORIA What's he?

FRANCISCO A Lawyer, that pleads against you.

VITTORIA Pray my Lord, Let him speak his usual tongue

I'll make no answer else. FRANCISCO Why you understand latin.

VITTORIA I do Sir, but amongst this auditory

Which come to hear my cause, the half or more

May be ignorant in 't. MONTICELSO Go on Sir:

VITTORIA By your favor,

I will not have my accusation clouded,

In a strange tongue: All this assembly

Shall hear what you can charge me with. FRANCISCO Signior.

You need not stand on 't much; pray change your language,

MONTICELSO Oh for God sake: gentlewoman, your credit

Shall be more famous by it.

LAWYER Well then have at you.

VITTORIA I am at the mark Sir, I'll give aim to you,

And tell you how near you shoot.

LAWYER Most literated Judges, please your Lordships,

So to connive your Judgements to the view

Of this debauched and diversivolent woman

Who such a black concatenation

Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp

The memory of 't, must be the consummation

Of her and her projections VITTORIA What's all this

LAWYER Hold your peace.

Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.

VITTORIA Surely my Lords this lawyer here hath swallowed

Some Pothechary's bills, or proclamations.

And now the hard and undigestible words,

Come up like stones we use give Hawks for physic.

Why this is Welsh to Latin. LAWYER My Lords, the woman

Knows not her tropes nor figures, nor is perfect

In the academic derivation

Of Grammatical elocution. FRANCISCO Sir your pains

Shall be well spared, and your deep eloquence

Be worthily applauded amongst those

Which understand you. LAWYER My good Lord. FRANCISCO Sir,

Put up your papers in your fustian bag, *Francisco speaks this*

Cry mercy Sir, 'tis buckram, and accept *as in scorn.*

My notion of your learned verbosity.

LAWYER I most graduatically thank your Lordship.

I shall have use for them elsewhere.

MONTICELSO I shall be plainer with you, and paint out

Your follies in more natural red and white.

Than that upon your cheek. VITTORIA O you mistake.

You raise a blood as noble in this cheek

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img: 18-a
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wln 1058
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wln 1085

As ever was your mother's.

MONTICELSO I must spare you till proof cry whore to that,
Observe this creature here my honored Lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit
In her effected. VITTORIA Honorable my Lord,
It doth not suit a reverend Cardinal
To play the Lawyer thus

MONTICELSO Oh your trade instructs your language!
You see my Lords what goodly fruit she seems,
Yet like those apples travelers report
To grow where *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* stood.
I will but touch her and you straight shall see
She'll fall to soot and ashes.

VITTORIA Your envenomed Pothecary should do 't

MONTICELSO I am resolved.
Were there a second Paradise to lose
This Devil would betray it. VITTORIA O poor charity!
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

MONTICELSO Who knows not how, when several night by night
Her gates were choked with coaches, and her rooms.

Outbraved the stars with several kind of lights,
When she did counterfeit a Prince's Court.
In music banquets and most riotous surfeits
This whore, forsooth, was holy.

VITTORIA Ha? whore what's that?

MONTICELSO Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall;
I'll give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweetmeats which rot the eater: In man's nostril
Poisoned perfumes. They are cozening Alchemy,
Shipwrecks in Calmest weather? What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true material fire of hell,
Worse than those tributes i' th' low countries paid,
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments sleep.
Ay even on man's perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle evidences of law
Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune:
At weddings, and at funerals, your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion filled,
And emptied by cursed riot. They are worse,
Worse than dead bodies, which are begged at gallows
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. What's a whore?
She's like the guilty counterfeited coin
Which whosoe'er first stamps it bring in trouble

wln 1086
wln 1087
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wln 1090
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img: 18-b
sig: E4r

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wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131

All that receive it VITTORIA This character scapes me.
MONTICELSO You gentlewoman;
Take from all beasts, and from all minerals
Their deadly poison. VITTORIA Well what then?
MONTICELSO I'll tell thee
I'll find in thee a Pothecary's shop
To sample them all. FRENCH AMBASSADOR She hath lived ill.
ENGLISH AMBASSADOR True, but the Cardinal's too bitter.
MONTICELSO You know what Whore is next the devil; Adult'ry.
Enters the devil, murder. FRANCISCO Your unhappy husband

Is dead. VITTORIA O he's a happy husband
Now he owes Nature nothing.
FRANCISCO And by a vaulting engine. MONTICELSO An active plot
He jumped into his grave. FRANCISCO what a prodigy was't,
That from some two yards' height a slender man
Should break his neck? MONTICELSO I' th' rushes.
FRANCISCO And what's more,
Upon the instant lose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Wound up three days. Now mark each circumstance.
MONTICELSO And look upon this creature was his wife.
She comes not like a widow: she comes armed
With scorn and impudence: Is this a mourning habit.
VITTORIA Had I foreknown his death as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.
MONTICELSO O you are cunning.
VITTORIA You shame your wit and Judgement
To call it so; What is my just defense
By him that is my Judge called impudence?
Let me appeal then from this Christian Court
To the uncivil Tartar. MONTICELSO See my Lords.
She scandals our proceedings. VITTORIA Humbly thus.
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Lieger Ambassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withal
So entangled in a cursed accusation
That my defense of force like *Perseus*.
Must personate masculine virtue to the point.
Find me but guilty, sever head from body:
We'll part good friends: I scorn to hold my life.
at yours or any man's entreaty, Sir,
ENGLISH AMBASSADOR She hath a brave spirit
MONTICELSO Well, well, such counterfeit Jewels
Make true one's oft suspected. VITTORIA You are deceived.
For know that all your strict combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,
Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall break,
These are but feigned shadows of my evils.

img: 19-a
sig: E4v

wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168

Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted devils,
I am past such needless palsy, for your names,
Of Whore and Murd'ress they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind,
The filth returns in 's face.

MONTICELSO Pray you Mistress satisfy me one question:
Who lodged beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck? BRACHIANO That question
Enforceth me break silence, I was there.

MONTICELSO Your business? BRACHIANO Why I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you my Lord. MONTICELSO He was.

BRACHIANO And 'twas strangely feared,
That you would cozen her. MONTICELSO Who made you overseer?

BRACHIANO Why my charity, my charity, which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows. MONTICELSO Your lust.

BRACHIANO Cowardly dogs bark loudest. Sirrah Priest,
I'll talk with you hereafter, — Do you hear?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
I'll sheath in your own bowels:

There are a number of thy coat resemble
Your common post boys. MONTICELSO Ha?

BRACHIANO Your mercenary post boys,
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.

SERVANT My Lord your gown.

BRACHIANO Thou liest 'twas my stool.
Bestow 't upon thy master that will challenge
The rest o' th' household stuff for *Brachiano*
Was ne'er so beggarly, to take a stool
Out of another's lodging: let him make
Valance for his bed on 't, or a demi foot-cloth,
For his most reverent moil, *Monticelso*,
Nemo me Impune lacessit.

Exit Brachiano.

MONTICELSO Your Champion's gone.

img: 19-b
sig: F1r

wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176

VITTORIA The wolf may prey the better.

FRANCISCO My Lord there's great suspicion of the murder,
But no sound proof who did it: for my part
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody, if she have,
As in cold countries husbandmen plant Vines,
And with warm blood manure them, even so
One summer she will bear unsavory fruit,

wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206

img: 20-a
sig: Flv

wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224

And ere next spring wither both branch and root.

The act of blood let pass, only descend,

To matter of incontinence. VITTORIA I discern poison,

Under your gilded pills.

MONTICELSO Now the Duke's gone, I will produce a letter,

Wherein 'twas plotted, **her** and you should meet,

At an Apothecary's summer-house.

Down by the river Tiber: view 't my Lords:

Where after wanton bathing and the heat

Of a lascivious banquet. — I pray read it,

I shame to speak the rest. VITTORIA Grant I was tempted,

Temptation to lust proves not the act,

Casta est quam nemo rogavit,

You read his hot love to me, but you want

My frosty answer. MONTICELSO Frost i' th' dog-days! strange!

VITTORIA Condemn you me for that the Duke did love me,

So may you blame some fair and crystal river

For that some melancholic distracted man,

Hath drowned himself in 't. MONTICELSO Truly drowned indeed.

VITTORIA Sum up my faults I pray, and you shall find,

That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,

And a good stomach to feast, are all,

All the poor crimes that you can charge me with:

In faith my Lord you might go pistol flies,

The sport would be more noble. MONTICELSO Very good.

VITTORIA But take you your course, it seems you have beggared me first

And now would fain undo me, I have houses,

Jewels, and a poor remnant of Crusadoes,

Would those would make you charitable. MONTICELSO If the devil

Did ever take good shape behold his picture.

VITTORIA You have one virtue left,

You will not flatter me. FRANCISCO Who brought this letter?

VITTORIA I am not compelled to tell you.

MONTICELSO My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand ducats,

The twelfth of August. VITTORIA 'Twas to keep your cousin

From prison, I paid use for 't. MONTICELSO I rather think

'Twas Interest for his lust.

VITTORIA Who says so but yourself? if you be my accuser

Pray cease to be my Judge, come from the Bench,

Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these

Be moderators: my Lord Cardinal,

Were your intelligencing ears as loving

As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue

I would not care though you proclaimed them all.

MONTICELSO Go to, go to.

After your goodly and vainglorious banquet,

I'll give you a choke-pear. VITTORIA O' your own grafting?

MONTICELSO You were born in *Venice*, honorably descended,

wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243

img: 20-b
sig: F2r

From the *Vittelli*, 'twas my cousin's fate,
Ill may I name the hour to marry you,
He bought you of your father. VITTORIA Ha?
MONTICELSO He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand Ducats, and to my acquaintance
Received in dowry with you not one *Julio*:
'Twas a hard pennyworth, the ware being so light,
I yet but draw the curtain now to your picture,
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued. VITTORIA My Lord.
MONTICELSO Nay hear me,
You shall have time to prate my Lord *Brachiano*,
Alas I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary and Rialto talk,
And balladed, and would be played o' th' stage,
But that vice many times finds such loud friends.
That Preachers are charmed silent.
You Gentlemen *Flamineo* and *Marcello*,
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,

wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272

Only you must remain upon your sureties,
For your appearance. FRANCISCO I stand for *Marcello*.
FLAMINEO And my Lord Duke for me.
MONTICELSO For you *Vittoria*, your public fault,
Joined to th' condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity.
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been styled
No less in ominous fate than blazing stars
To Princes here's; your sentence, you are confined,
VITTORIA Unto a house of convertites and your bawd.
FLAMINEO Who I? MONTICELSO The *Moor*.
FLAMINEO O I am a sound man again.
VITTORIA A house of convertites, what's that?
MONTICELSO A house of penitent whores.
VITTORIA Do the Noblemen in Rome,
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there? FRANCISCO You must have patience.
VITTORIA I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus. MONTICELSO Away with her,
Take her hence. VITTORIA A rape, a rape. MONTICELSO How?
VITTORIA Yes you have ravished justice,
Forced her to do your pleasure. MONTICELSO fie she's mad
VITTORIA Die with these pills in your most cursed maws,
Should bring you health, or while you sit o' th' Bench,
Let your own spittle choke you. MONTICELSO She's turned fury.
VITTORIA That the last day of judgement may so find you,
And leave you the same devil you were before,

wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1280

img: 21-a
sig: F2v

Instruct me some good horse-leech to speak Treason,
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words, ô woman's poor revenge
Which dwells but in the tongue, I will not weep,
No I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice, bear me hence,
Unto this house of what's your mitigating Title?
MONTICELSO Of convertites.
VITTORIA It shall not be a house of convertites

wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
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wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317

My mind shall make it honester to me
Than the Pope's Palace, and more peaceable
Than thy soul, though thou art a Cardinal,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spite,
Through darkness Diamonds spread their richest light.
Enter Brachiano. Exit Vittoria.
BRACHIANO Now you and I are friends sir, we'll shake hands,
In a friend's grave, together, a fit place,
Being the emblem of soft peace t' atone our hatred.
FRANCISCO Sir, what's the matter?
BRACHIANO I will not chase more blood from that loved cheek,
You have lost too much already, fare you well.
FRANCISCO How strange these words sound? what's the interpretation?
FLAMINEO Good, this is a preface to the discovery of the Duchess'
death: He carries it well: because now I cannot counterfeit a
whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will feign a mad
humor for the disgrace of my sister, and that will keep off idle
questions, Treason's tongue hath a villainous palsy in 't, I will talk
to any man, hear no man, and for a time appear a politic
madman. *Enter Giovanni, Count Lodovico.*
FRANCISCO How now my Noble cousin, what in black?
GIOVANNI Yes Uncle, I was taught to imitate you
In virtue, and you must imitate me
In colors for your garments, my sweet mother
Is, FRANCISCO How? Where?
GIOVANNI Is there, no yonder, indeed sir I'll not tell you,
For I shall make you weep. FRANCISCO Is dead.
GIOVANNI Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so. LODOVICO She's dead my Lord.
FRANCISCO Dead? MONTICELSO Blessed Lady;
Thou art now above thy woes,
Wilt please your Lordships to withdraw a little.
GIOVANNI What do the dead do, uncle? do they eat,
Hear music, go a-hunting, and be merry, as we that live?
FRANCISCO No coz; they sleep.
GIOVANNI Lord, Lord, that I were dead,
I have not slept these six nights. When do they wake?

img: 21-b
sig: F3r

wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354

img: 22-a
sig: F3v

wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364

Enter English
Ambassador.

FRANCISCO When God shall please.
Good God let her sleep ever.
GIOVANNI For I have known her wake an hundred nights,
When all the pillow, where she laid her head,
Was brine-wet with her tears. I am to complain to you Sir.
I'll tell you how they have used her now she's dead:
They wrapped her in a cruel fold of lead,
And would not let me kiss her. FRANCISCO Thou didst love her.
GIOVANNI I have often heard her say she gave me suck,
And it should seem by that she dear loved me,
Since Princes seldom do it.
FRANCISCO O, all of my poor sister that remains!
Take him away for God's sake. MONTICELSO How now my Lord?
FRANCISCO Believe me I am nothing but her grave,
And I shall keep her blessed memory,
Longer than thousand Epitaphs. *Enter Flamineo as distracted.*
FLAMINEO We endure the strokes like anvils or hard steel,
Till pain itself make us no pain to feel.
Who shall do me right now? Is this the end of service? I'd
rather go weed garlic; travail through France, and be mine
own ostler; wear sheepskin linings; or shoes that stink of
blacking; be entered into the list of the forty thousand pedlars
in Poland. *Enter Savoy.*
Would I had rotted in some Surgeon's house at Venice, built
upon the Pox as well as on piles, ere I had served *Brachiano*.
SAVOY You must have comfort.
FLAMINEO Your comfortable words are like honey. They relish
well in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded
they go down as if the sting of the Bee were in them. Oh they
have wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not
seem to do it of malice. In this a Politician imitates the
devil, as the devil imitates a Cannon. Wheresoever he comes to
do mischief, he comes with his backside towards you.
Enter the French.
FRENCH AMBASSADOR The proofs are evident.
FLAMINEO Proof! 'twas corruption. O Gold, what a God art
thou! and ô man, what a devil art thou to be tempted by that
cursed Mineral! You diversivolt Lawyer; mark him, knaves
turn informers, as maggots turn to flies, you may catch gudgeons
with either. A Cardinal; I would he would hear me,
there's nothing so holy but money will corrupt and putrify it,
like victual under the line. You are happy in England, my Lord;
here they sell justice with those weights they press men to
death with. O horrible salary!
ENGLISH AMBASSADOR Fie, fie, *Flamineo*.
FLAMINEO Bells ne'er ring well, till they are at their full pitch,
And I hope yon Cardinal shall never have the grace to pray

wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391

img: 22-b
sig: F4r

wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412

well, till he come to the scaffold.

If they were racked now to know the confederacy! But your Noblemen are privileged from the rack; and well may. For a little thing would pull some of them a' pieces afore they came to their arraignment. Religion; oh how it is commeddled with policy. The first bloodshed in the world happened about religion. Would I were a Jew. MARCELLO O, there are too many.

FLAMINEO You are deceived. There are not Jews enough; Priests enough, nor gentlemen enough. MARCELLO How?

FLAMINEO I'll prove it. For if there were Jews enough, so many Christians would not turn usurers; if Priests enough, one should not have six Benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so many early mushrooms, whose best growth sprang from a dunghill, should not aspire to gentility. Farewell. Let others live by begging. Be thou one of them; practice the art of *Wolnor* in England to swallow all's given thee; and yet let one purgation make thee as hungry again as fellows that work in saw-pit. I'll go hear the screech-owl. *Exit.*

LODOVICO This was *Brachiano's* Pander, and 'tis strange That in such open and apparent guilt Of his adulterous sister, he dare utter So scandalous a passion. I must wind him. *Enter Flamineo.*

FLAMINEO How dares this banished Count return to Rome, His pardon not yet purchased? I have heard The deceased Duchess gave him pension, And that he came along from Padua I' th' train of the young Prince. There's somewhat in 't.

Physicians, that cure poisons, still do work With counterpoisons.

MARCELLO Mark this strange encounter.

FLAMINEO The God of Melancholy turn thy gall to poison, And let the stigmatic wrinkles in thy face, Like to the boisterous waves in a rough tide One still overtake another. LODOVICO I do thank thee And I do wish ingeniously for thy sake The dog-days all year long.

FLAMINEO How croaks the raven?

Is our good Duchess dead? LODOVICO Dead FLAMINEO O fate! Misfortune comes like the Crowner's business, Huddle upon huddle. LODOVICO Shalt thou and I join housekeeping?

FLAMINEO Yes, content.

Let's be unsociably sociable.

LODOVICO Sit some three days together, and discourse.

FLAMINEO Only with making faces;

Lie in our clothes. LODOVICO With faggots for our pillows.

FLAMINEO And be lousy.

LODOVICO In taffeta linings; that's gentle melancholy, Sleep all day. FLAMINEO Yes: and like your melancholic hare

wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420
wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428

img: 23-a
sig: F4v

wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
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wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460

Feed after midnight.

We are observed: see how yon couple grieve.

LODOVICO What a strange creature is a laughing fool,

As if man were created to no use

But only to show his teeth. FLAMINEO I'll tell thee what,

It would do well instead of looking-glasses

To set one's face each morning by a saucer

Of a witch's congealed blood. LODOVICO Precious gue.

We'll never part. FLAMINEO Never: till the beggary of Courtiers,

The discontent of churchmen, want of soldiers,

And all the creatures that hang manacled,

Worse than strappadoed, on the lowest felly

Of fortune's wheel be taught in our two lives. *Enter Antonelli.*

To scorn that world which life of means deprives.

ANTONELLI My Lord, I bring good news. The Pope on's deathbed,

At th' earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence,

Hath signed your pardon, and restored unto you —

LODOVICO I thank you for your news. Look up again

Flamineo, see my pardon. FLAMINEO Why do you laugh?

There was no such condition in our covenant. LODOVICO Why?

FLAMINEO You shall not seem a happier man than I,

You know our vow sir, if you will be merry,

Do it i' th' like posture, as if some great man

Sat while his enemy were executed:

Though it be very lechery unto thee,

Do 't with a crabbed Politician's face.

LODOVICO Your sister is a damnable whore. FLAMINEO Ha?

LODOVICO Look you; I spake that laughing.

FLAMINEO Dost ever think to speak again?

LODOVICO Do you hear?

Wilt sell me forty ounces of her blood,

To water a mandrake? FLAMINEO Poor Lord; you did vow

To live a lousy creature. LODOVICO Yes; FLAMINEO Like one

That had for ever forfeited, the daylight,

By being in debt, LODOVICO Ha, ha?

FLAMINEO I do not greatly wonder you do break:

Your Lordship learned long since. But I'll tell you,

LODOVICO What? FLAMINEO And 't shall stick by you.

LODOVICO I long for it.

FLAMINEO This laughter scurvily becomes your face,

If you will not be melancholy, be angry. *Strikes him.*

See now I laugh too.

MARCELLO You are to blame, I'll force you hence.

LODOVICO Unhand me: *Exit Marcello and Flamineo*

That e'er I should be forced to right myself,

Upon a Pander. ANTONELLI My Lord.

LODOVICO H'ad been as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.

GASPARO How this shows!

wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465

img: 23-b
sig: G1r

LODOVICO Ud's death, how did my sword miss him?
These rogues that are most weary of their lives,
Still scape the greatest dangers,
A pox upon him: all his reputation;
Nay all the goodness of his family;

wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
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wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502

Is not worth half this earthquake.
I learned it of no fencer to shake thus;
Come, I'll forget him, and go drink some wine. *Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco and Monticelso.

MONTICELSO Come, come my Lord, untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose as a bride's hair.
Your sister's poisoned.

FRANCISCO Far be it from my thoughts
To seek revenge.

MONTICELSO What, are you turned all marble?

FRANCISCO Shall I defy him, and impose a war
Most burdensome on my poor subjects' necks,
Which at my will I have not power to end?
You know; for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horrid lust of war,
He that unjustly caused it first proceed,
Shall find it in his grave and in his seed.

MONTICELSO That's not the course I'd wish you: pray, observe me,
We see that undermining more prevails
Than doth the Cannon, Bear your wrongs concealed,
And, patient as the Tortoise, let this Camel
Stalk o'er your back unbruised: sleep with the Lion,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For th' bloody audit, and the fatal gripe:
Aim like a cunning fowler, close one eye,
That you the better may your game espy.

FRANCISCO Free me my innocence; from treacherous acts:
I know there's thunder yonder: and I'll stand,
Like a safe valley, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountain: since I know
Treason, like spiders weaving nets for flies,
By her foul work is found, and in it dies.
To pass away these thoughts, my honored Lord,
It is reported you possess a book
Wherein you have quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders

img: 24-a
sig: G1v

wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505

Lurking about the City, MONTICELSO Sir I do
And some there are which call it my black book:
Well may the title hold: for though it teach not

wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513
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wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539

The Art of conjuring, yet in it lurk,
The names of many devils. FRANCISCO Pray let's see it.
MONTICELSO I'll fetch it to your Lordship.
FRANCISCO *Monticelso,* *Exit Monticelso.*
I will not trust thee, but in all my plots
I'll rest as jealous as a Town besieged.
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act.
Your flax soon kindles, soon is out again,
But gold slow heats, and long will hot remain.
MONTICELSO 'Tis here my Lord. *Enter Monticelso*
FRANCISCO First your Intelligencers pray let's see. *Francisco*
MONTICELSO Their number rises strangely, *with*
And some of them
You'd Take for honest men.
Next are Panders.
These are your Pirates: and these following leaves,
For base rogues that undo young Gentlemen
By taking up commodities: for politic bankrupts:
For fellows that are bawds to their own wives,
Only to put off horses and slight jewels,
Clocks, defaced plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children. FRANCISCO Are there such?
MONTICELSO These are for Impudent bawds,
That go in men's apparel: for usurers
That share with scriveners for their good reportage:
For Lawyers that will antedate their writs:
And some Divines you might find folded there;
But that I slip them o'er for conscience' sake.
Here is a general catalog of knaves.
A man might study all the prisons o'er,
Yet never attain this knowledge. FRANCISCO Murderers.
Fold down the leaf I pray,
Good my Lord let me borrow this strange doctrine.
MONTICELSO Pray use 't my Lord.

img: 24-b
sig: G2r

wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553

FRANCISCO I do assure your Lordship,
You are a worthy member of the State,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these offenders. MONTICELSO Somewhat Sir. FRANCISCO O God!
Better than tribute of wolves paid in *England*.
'Twill hang their skins o' th' hedge.
MONTICELSO I must make bold
To leave your Lordship. FRANCISCO Dearly sir, I thank you,
If any ask for me at Court, report
You have left me in the company of knaves. *Exit Monticelso*
I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That's my Lord's Officer, one that lately skipped
From a Clerk's desk up to a Justice chair,
Hath made this knavish summons; and intends,

wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576

img: 25-a
sig: G2v

As th' Irish rebels wont were to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens,
Your poor rogues pay for 't, which have not the means
To present bribe in fist: the rest o' th' band
Are razed out of the knave's record; or else
My Lord he winks at them with easy will,
His man grows rich, the knaves are the knaves still.
But to the use I'll make of it; it shall serve
To point me out a list of murderers,
Agents for any villainy. Did I want
Ten leash of Courtesans, it would furnish me;
Nay laundress three Armies. That so in little paper
Should lie th' undoing of so many men!
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
See the corrupted use some make of books:
Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,
Draws swords, swells battles, and o'erthrows all good.
To fashion my revenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead sister's face:
Call for her picture: no; I'll close mine eyes,
And in a melancholic thought I'll frame
Enter Isabella's Ghost.
Her figure 'fore me. Now I — ha 't how strong

wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
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wln 1586
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wln 1588
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wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601

Imagination works! how she can frame
Things which are not! methinks she stands afore me;
And by the quick Idea of my mind,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Thought, as a subtle Juggler, makes us deem
Things, supernatural, which have cause
Common as sickness. 'Tis my melancholy,
How cam'st thou by thy death? — how idle am I
To question mine own idleness? — did ever
Man dream awake till now? — remove this object
Out of my brain with 't: what have I to do
With tombs, or deathbeds, funerals, or tears,
That have to meditate upon revenge?
So now 'tis ended, like an old wives' story.
Statesmen think often they see stranger sights
Than madmen. Come, to this weighty business.
My Tragedy must have some idle mirth in 't,
Else it will never pass. I am in love,
In love with *Corombona*; and my suit
Thus halts to her in verse. —
I have done it rarely: ô the fate of Princes!
I am so used to frequent flattery,
That being alone I now flatter myself;
But it will serve, 'tis sealed; bear this
To th' house of Convertites; and watch your leisure

he writes

Enter servant

wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613

img: 25-b
sig: G3r

To give it to the hands of *Corombona*,
Or to the Matron, when some followers
Of *Brachiano* may be by. Away *Exit servant.*
He that deals all by strength, his wit is shallow:
When a man's head goes through each limb will follow.
The engine for my business, bold Count *Lodowick*:
'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,
With empty fist no man doth falcons lure.
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter.
Like the wild Irish I'll ne'er think thee dead,
Till I can play at football with thy head.
Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo. *Exit Monticelso*

wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
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wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649

Enter the Matron, and Flamineo.
MATRON Should it be known the Duke hath such recourse.
To your imprisoned sister, I were like
T' incur much damage by it. FLAMINEO Not a scruple.
The Pope lies on his deathbed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other business
Than guarding of a Lady. *Enter servant.*
SERVANT Yonder's *Flamineo* in conference
With the Matrona. Let me speak with you.
I would entreat you to deliver for me
This letter to the fair *Vittoria*.
MATRON I shall Sir. *Enter Brachiano.*
SERVANT With all care and secrecy,
Hereafter you shall know me, and receive
Thanks for this courtesy. FLAMINEO How now? what's that?
MATRON A letter. FLAMINEO To my sister: I'll see 't delivered.
BRACHIANO What's that you read *Flamineo*? FLAMINEO Look.
BRACHIANO Ha? To the most unfortunate his best respected *Vittoria*
Who was the messenger? FLAMINEO I know not.
BRACHIANO No! Who sent it?
FLAMINEO Ud's foot you speak, as if a man
Should know what fowl is confined in a baked meat
Afore you cut it up.
BRACHIANO I'll open 't, were 't her heart. What's here subscribed Florence?
This juggling is gross and palpable.
I have found out the conveyance; read it, read, it.
FLAMINEO *Your tears I'll turn to triumphs, be but mine.* *Reads the letter,*
Your prop is fall'n; I pity that a vine
Which Princes heretofore have longed to gather,
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.
Wine i' faith, my Lord, with lees would serve his turn.
Your sad imprisonment I'll soon uncharm,
And with a princely uncontrolled arm
Lead you to Florence, where my love and care
Shall hang your wishes in my silver hair.
A halter on his strange equivocation.

wln 1650

img: 26-a
sig: G3v

Nor for my years return me the sad willow,

wln 1651

Who prefer blossoms before fruit that's mellow.

wln 1652

Rotten on my knowledge with lying too long i' th' bedstraw.

wln 1653

And all the lines of age this line convinces:

wln 1654

The Gods never wax old, no more do Princes.

wln 1655

A pox on 't tear it, let's have no more Atheists for God's sake.

wln 1656

BRACHIANO Ud's death, I'll cut her into Atomies

wln 1657

And let th' irregular Northwind sweep her up

wln 1658

And blow her int' his nostrils. Where's this whore?

wln 1659

FLAMINEO That? what do you call her?

wln 1660

BRACHIANO Oh, I could be mad,

wln 1661

Prevent the cursed disease she'll bring me to;

wln 1662

And tear my hair off. Where's this changeable stuff?

wln 1663

FLAMINEO O'er head and ears in water, I assure you,

wln 1664

She is not for your wearing. BRACHIANO In you Pander?

wln 1665

FLAMINEO What me, my Lord, am I your dog?

wln 1666

BRACHIANO A bloodhound: do you brave? do you stand me?

wln 1667

FLAMINEO Stand you? let those that have diseases run;

wln 1668

I need no plasters. BRACHIANO Would you be kicked?

wln 1669

FLAMINEO Would you have your neck broke?

wln 1670

I tell you Duke, I am not in Russia;

wln 1671

My shins must be kept whole. BRACHIANO Do you know me?

wln 1672

FLAMINEO O my Lord! methodically.

wln 1673

As in this world there are degrees of evils:

wln 1674

So in this world there are degrees of devils.

wln 1675

You're a great Duke; I your poor secretary.

wln 1676

I do look now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.

wln 1677

BRACHIANO Pander, ply your convoy, and leave your prating.

wln 1678

FLAMINEO All your kindness to me is like that miserable courtesy
of *Polyphemus* to *Ulysses*, you reserve me to be devoured

wln 1680

last, you would dig turfs out of my grave to feed your Larks:

wln 1681

that would be music to you. Come, I'll lead you to her.

wln 1682

BRACHIANO Do you face me?

wln 1683

FLAMINEO O Sir I would not go before a Politic enemy with
my back towards him, though there were behind me a whirlpool.

wln 1684

Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.

wln 1685

BRACHIANO Can you read Mistress? look upon that letter;

wln 1686

There are no characters nor Hieroglyphics.

wln 1687

img: 26-b
sig: G4r

wln 1688

You need no comment, I am grown your receiver,

wln 1689

God's precious you shall be a brave great Lady,

wln 1690

A stately and advanced whore. VITTORIA Say Sir.

wln 1691

BRACHIANO Come, come, let's see your Cabinet, discover

wln 1692

Your treasury of love-letters. Death and furies,

wln 1693

I'll see them all. VITTORIA Sir, upon my soul,

wln 1694

I have not any. Whence was this directed?

wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
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img: 27-a
sig: G4v

wln 1725
wln 1726
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wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742

BRACHIANO Confusion on your politic ignorance.
You are reclaimed; are you? I'll give you the bells
And let you fly to the devil. FLAMINEO Ware hawk, my Lord.
VITTORIA Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my Lord,
To me, he ne'er was lovely I protest,
So much as in my sleep. BRACHIANO Right: they are plots.
Your beauty! ô, ten thousand curses on 't.
How long have I beheld the devil in crystal?
Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,
With music, and with fatal yokes of flowers
To my eternal ruin. Woman to man
Is either a God or a wolf. VITTORIA My Lord. BRACHIANO Away.
We'll be as differing as two Adamants;
The one shall shun the other. What? dost weep?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
Ye'd furnish all the Irish funerals
With howling, past wild Irish. FLAMINEO Fie, my Lord.
BRACHIANO That hand, that cursed hand, which I have wearied
With doting kisses! O my sweetest Duchess
How lovely art thou now! Thy loose thoughts
Scatter like quicksilver, I was bewitched;
For all the world speaks ill of thee. VITTORIA No matter.
I'll live so now I'll make that world recant
And change her speeches. You did name your Duchess.
BRACHIANO Whose death God pardon.
VITTORIA Whose death God revenge
On thee most godless Duke. FLAMINEO Now for two whirlwinds.
VITTORIA What have I gained by thee but infamy?
Thou hast stained the spotless honor of my house,
And frighted thence noble society:

Like those, which sick o' th' Palsy, and retain
Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunned
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call this house?
Is this your palace? did not the Judge style it
A house of penitent whores? who sent me to it?
Who hath the honor to advance *Vittoria*
To this incontinent college? is 't not you?
Is 't not your high preferment? Go, go brag
How many Ladies you have undone, like me.
Fare you well Sir; let me hear no more of you.
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer,
But I have cut it off: and now I'll go
Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your gifts,
I will return them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full Executor
To all my sins, ô that I could toss myself
Into a grave as quickly: for all thou art worth
I'll not shed one tear more; — I'll burst first.

She throws herself

wln 1743
wln 1744
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wln 1761

img: 27-b
sig: H1r

wln 1762
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wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789

BRACHIANO I have drunk Lethe. *upon a bed.*
Vittoria? My dearest happiness? *Vittoria?*
What do you ail my Love? why do you weep?
VITTORIA Yes, I now weep poniards, do you see.
BRACHIANO Are not those matchless eyes mine?
VITTORIA I had rather.
They were not matches. BRACHIANO Is not this lip mine?
VITTORIA Yes: thus to bite it off, rather than give it thee.
FLAMINEO Turn to my Lord, good sister.
VITTORIA Hence you Pander.
FLAMINEO Pander! Am I the author of your sin?
VITTORIA Yes: He's a base thief that a thief lets in.
FLAMINEO We're blown up, my Lord,
BRACHIANO Wilt thou hear me?
Once to be jealous of thee is t' express
That I will love thee everlastingly,
And never more be jealous. VITTORIA O thou fool,
Whose greatness hath by much o'ergrown thy wit!
What dar'st thou do, that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to be still thy whore? for that;

In the sea's bottom sooner thou shalt make
A bonfire. FLAMINEO O, no oaths for god's sake.
BRACHIANO Will you hear me? VITTORIA Never.
FLAMINEO What a damned impostume is a woman's will?
Can nothing break it? fie, fie, my Lord.
Women are caught as you take Tortoises,
She must be turned on her back. Sister, by this hand
I am on your side. Come, come, you have wronged her.
What a strange credulous man were you, my Lord,
To think the Duke of Florence could love her?
Will any Mercer take another's ware
When once 't is toused and sullied? And, yet sister,
How scurvily this frowardness becomes you?
Young Leverets stand not long; and women's anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport;
A full cry for a quarter of an hour;
And then be put to th' dead quat. BRACHIANO Shall these eyes,
Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,
Be now put out? FLAMINEO No cruel Landlady i' th' world,
Which lends forth groats to broom-men, and takes use for them,
Would do 't.
Hand her, my Lord, and kiss her: be not like
A ferret to let go your hold with blowing.
BRACHIANO Let us renew right hands. VITTORIA Hence.
BRACHIANO Never shall rage, or the forgetful wine,
Make me commit like fault.
FLAMINEO Now you are i' th' way out, follow 't hard.
BRACHIANO Be thou at peace with me; let all the world

wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798

img: 28-a
sig: H1v

Threaten the Cannon. FLAMINEO Mark his penitence.
Best natures do commit the grossest faults,
When they're given o'er to jealousy; as best wine
Dying makes strongest vinegar. I'll tell you;
The Sea's more rough and raging than calm rivers,
But nor so sweet nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is a still water under a great bridge.
A man may shoot her safely. VITTORIA O ye dissembling men!
FLAMINEO We sucked that, sister, from women's breasts, in our

wln 1799
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wln 1834
wln 1835

img: 28-b
sig: H2r

first infancy. VITTORIA To add misery to misery. BRACHIANO Sweetest.
VITTORIA Am I not low enough?
Ay, Ay, your good heart gathers like a snowball
Now your affection's cold. FLAMINEO Ud' foot, it shall melt,
To a heart again, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o' th' lees for 't.
VITTORIA Your dog or hawk should be rewarded better
Than I have been. I'll speak not one word more.
FLAMINEO Stop her mouth,
With a sweet kiss, my Lord.
So now the tide's turned the vessel's come about
He's a sweet armful. O we curled-haired men
Are still most kind to women. This is well.
BRACHIANO That you should chide thus!
FLAMINEO O, sir, your little chimneys
Do ever cast most smoke. I sweat for you.
Couple together with as deep a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wooden horse.
My Lord supply your promises with deeds.
You know that painted meat no hunger feeds.
BRACHIANO Stay ingrateful Rome.
FLAMINEO Rome! it deserves to be called Barbary, for our villainous usage.
BRACHIANO Soft; the same project which the Duke of Florence,
(Whether in love or gullery I know not)
Laid down for her escape, will I pursue.
FLAMINEO And no time fitter than this night, my Lord;
The Pope being dead; and all the Cardinals entered
The Conclave for th' electing a new Pope;
The City in a great confusion;
We may attire her in a Page's suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amain
For Padua.
BRACHIANO I'll instantly steal forth the Prince *Giovanni*,
And make for Padua. You two with your old Mother
And young *Marcello* that attends on Florence,
If you can work him to it, follow me.
I will advance you all: for you *Vittoria*,

wln 1836
wln 1837
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wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872

Think of a Duchess' title. FLAMINEO Lo you sister.
Stay, my Lord; I'll tell you a tale. The crocodile, which lives in
the river *Nilus*, hath a worm breeds i' th' teeth of 't, which puts it
to extreme anguish: a little bird, no bigger than a wren, is barber-surgeon
to this crocodile; flies into the jaws of 't; picks out
the worm; and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease
but ingrateful to her that did it, that the bird may not talk
largely of her abroad for non payment, closeth her chaps intending
to swallow her, and so put her to perpetual silence. But nature
loathing such ingratitude, hath armed this bird with a quill
or prick on the head, top o' th' which wounds the crocodile i' th'
mouth; forceth her open her bloody prison; and away flies the
pretty tooth-picker from her cruel patient.

BRACHIANO Your application is, I have not rewarded
The service you have done me. FLAMINEO No, my Lord;
You sister are the crocodile: you are blemished in your fame, My
Lord cures it. And though the comparison hold not in every
particle; yet observe, remember, what good the bird with the
prick i' th' head hath done you; and scorn ingratitude.

It may appear to some ridiculous
Thus to talk knave and madman; and sometimes
Come in with a dried sentence, stuffed with sage.
But this allows my varying of shapes,

Knaves do grow great by being great men's apes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco, Lodovico, Gasparo, and six Ambassadors.

At another door the Duke of Florence.

FRANCISCO So, my Lord, I commend your diligence
Guard well the conclave, and, as the order is,
Let none have conference with the Cardinals.

LODOVICO I shall, my Lord: room for the Ambassadors,

GASPARO They're wondrous brave today: why do they wear
These several habits? LODOVICO O sir, they're Knights
Of several Order.

That Lord i' th' black cloak with the silver cross
Is Knight of *Rhodes*; the next Knight of St. *Michael*,
That of the golden fleece; the *Frenchman* there
Knight of the Holy Ghost; my Lord of *Savoy*

img: 29-a
sig: H2v

Knight of th' annunciation; the *Englishman*
Is Knight of th' honored Garter, dedicated
Unto their Saint, St. *George*. I could describe to you
Their several institutions, with the laws
Annexed to their Orders, but that time
Permits not such discovery.

FRANCISCO Where's Count *Lodowick*?

LODOVICO Here my Lord.

FRANCISCO 'Tis o' th' point of dinner-time,
Marshal the Cardinal's service, LODOVICO Sir I shall. *Enter*

wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
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wln 1909

img: 29-b
sig: H3r

wln 1910
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wln 1919
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wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928

Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for? *servants with
several dishes
covered.*
SERVANT For my Lord Cardinal *Monticelso*,
LODOVICO Whose this?
SERVANT For my Lord Cardinal of *Bourbon*.
FRENCH AMBASSADOR Why doth he search the dishes, to observe
What meat is dressed? ENGLISH AMBASSADOR No Sir, but to prevent.
Lest any letters should be conveyed in
To bribe or to solicit the advancement
Of any Cardinal, when first they enter
'Tis lawful for the Ambassadors of Princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their Prince affecteth best;
But after, till a general election,
No man may speak with them.
LODOVICO You that attend on the Lord Cardinals
Open the window, and receive their viands.
A CARDINAL You must return the service; the Lord Cardinals
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope,
They have given o'er scrutiny, and are fallen
To admiration. LODOVICO Away, away.
FRANCISCO I'll lay a thousand Ducats you hear news *A Cardinal
on the Terrace*
Of a Pope presently, Hark; sure he's elected,
Behold! my Lord of *Arragon* appears,
On the Church battlements.
ARRAGON. *Denuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reverendissimus
Cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem Apostolicam,
et elegit sibi nomen Paulum quartum.*

OMNES. *Vivat sanctus Pater Paulus Quartus.*
SERVANT *Vittoria* my Lord.
FRANCISCO Well: what of her? SERVANT Is fled the City,
FRANCISCO Ha?
SERVANT With Duke *Brachiano*.
FRANCISCO Fled? Where's the Prince *Giovanni*
SERVANT Gone with his father.
FRANCISCO Let the Matrona of the Convertites
Be apprehended: fled ô damnable!
How fortunate are my wishes. Why? 'twas this
I only labored. I did send the letter
T' instruct him what to do. Thy fame, fond Duke,
I first have poisoned; directed thee the way
To marry a whore; what can be worse? This follows.
The hand must act to drown the passionate tongue,
I scorn to wear a sword and prate of wrong.
Enter Monticelso in state.
MONTICELSO My Lord reports *Vittoria Corombona*
Is stol'n from forth the house of Convertites
By *Brachiano*, and they're fled the City.
Now, though this be the first day of our state,

wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946

img: 30-a
sig: H3v

We cannot better please the divine power,
Than to sequester from the holy Church
These cursed persons. Make it therefore known,
We do denounce excommunication
Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome
We likewise banish. Set on.

Exeunt.

FRANCISCO Come dear *Lodovico*.
You have ta'en the sacrament to prosecute
Th' intended murder. LODOVICO With all constancy.
But, Sir, I wonder you'll engage yourself,
In person, being a great Prince. FRANCISCO Divert me not.
Most of his Court are of my faction,
And some are of my council. Noble friend,
Our danger shall be 'like in this design,
Give leave, part of the glory may be mine.
Why did the Duke of Florence with such care
Labor your pardon? say.

LODOVICO Italian beggars will resolve you that

wln 1947
wln 1948
wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951
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wln 1972
wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976

Who, begging of an alms, bid those they beg of
Do good for their own sakes; or 't may be
He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand,
Like Kings, who many times give out of measure;
Not for desert so much as for their pleasure.

*Enter
Monticelso.*

MONTICELSO I know you're cunning. Come, what devil was that
That you were raising? LODOVICO Devil, my Lord?
I ask you.

MONTICELSO How doth the Duke employ you, that his bonnet
Fell with such compliment unto his knee,
When he departed from you? LODOVICO Why, my Lord,
He told me of a resty Barbary horse
Which he would fain have brought to the career,
The 'sault, and the ring galliard. Now, my Lord,
I have a rare French Rider. MONTICELSO Take you heed:
Lest the Jade break your neck. Do you put me off
With your wild horse-tricks? Sirrah you do lie.
O, thou 'rt a foul black cloud, and thou dost threat
A violent storm. LODOVICO Storms are i' th' air, my Lord;
I am too low to storm. MONTICELSO Wretched creature!
I know that thou art fashioned for all ill,
Like dogs, that once get blood, they'll ever kill.
About some murder? was't not? LODOVICO I'll not tell you;
And yet I care not greatly if I do;
Marry with this preparation. Holy father,
I come not to you as an Intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner. What I utter
Is in confession merely; which you know
Must never be revealed. MONTICELSO You have o'erta'en me.
LODOVICO Sir I did love *Brachiano's* Duchess dearly;

wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983

img: 30-b
sig: H4r

Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
Though she ne'er knew on 't. She was poisoned;
Upon my soul she was: for which I have sworn
T' avenge her murder. MONTICELSO To the Duke of Florence?
LODOVICO To him I have. MONTICELSO Miserable Creature!
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood

wln 1984
wln 1985
wln 1986
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wln 2015
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wln 2017

And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
Or like the black, and melancholic Yew tree,
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves,
And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee
Comes like sweet showers to over-hardened ground:
They wet, but pierce not deep. And so I leave thee
With all the Furies hanging 'bout thy neck,
Till by thy penitence thou remove this evil,
In conjuring from thy breast that cruel Devil.
LODOVICO I'll give it o'er. He says 'tis damnable: *Exit Monticelso*
Besides I did expect his suffrage,
By reason of *Camillo's* death. *Enter servant
and Francisco,*
FRANCISCO Do you know that Count? SERVANT Yes, my Lord,
FRANCISCO Bear him these thousand Ducats to his lodging;
Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily
That will confirm more than all the rest. SERVANT Sir.
LODOVICO To me sir?
SERVANT His holiness hath sent you a thousand Crowns,
And will you if you travel, to make him
Your Patron for intelligence. LODOVICO His creature ever to be commanded.
Why now 'tis come about. He railed upon me;
And yet these Crowns were told out and laid ready,
Before he knew my voyage. O the Art
The modest form of greatness! that do sit
Like Brides at wedding dinners, with their looks turned
From the least wanton jests, their puling stomach
Sick of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose.
Even acting of those hot and lustful sports
Are to ensue about midnight: such his cunning!
He sounds my depth thus with a golden plummet,
I am doubly armed now. Now to th' act of blood,
There's but three furies found in spacious hell;
But in a great man's breast three thousand dwell.

wln 2018
wln 2019
wln 2020

*A passage over the stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Hortensio,
Corombona, Cornelia, Zanche and others.*

FLAMINEO In all the weary minutes of my life,

img: 31-a
sig: H4v

wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023
wln 2024
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wln 2026
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wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057

Day ne'er broke up till now. This marriage.
Confirms me happy. HORTENSIO 'Tis a good assurance.
Saw you not yet the Moor that's come to Court?
FLAMINEO Yes, and conferred with him i' th' Duke's closet,
I have not seen a goodlier personage,
Nor ever talked with man better experienced
In State affairs or rudiments of war.
He hath by report, served the *Venetian*
In *Candy* these twice seven years, and been chief
In many a bold design. HORTENSIO What are those two,
That bear him company?
FLAMINEO Two Noblemen of *Hungary*, that living in the Emperor's
service as commanders, eight years since, contrary to the
expectation of all the Court entered into religion, into the strict
order of Capuchins: but being not well settled in their undertaking
they left their Order and returned to Court: for which being
after troubled in conscience, they vowed their service against
the enemies of Christ; went to *Malta*; were there knighted; and
in their return back, at this great solemnity, they are resolved
for ever to forsake the world, and settle themselves here in a
house of Capuchins in *Padua*. HORTENSIO 'Tis strange.
FLAMINEO One thing makes it so. They have vowed for ever to
wear next their bare bodies those coats of mail they served
in. HORTENSIO Hard penance.
Is the Moor a Christian? FLAMINEO He is.
HORTENSIO Why proffers he his service to our Duke?
FLAMINEO Because he understands there's like to grow
Some wars between us and the Duke of Florence,
In which he hopes employment. *Enter Duke Brachiano.*
I never saw one in a stern bold look
Wear more command, nor in a lofty phrase
Express more knowing, or more deep contempt
Of our slight airy Courtiers. He talks
As if he had traveled all the Prince's Courts
Of Christendom; in all things strives t' express,
That all that should dispute with him may know,
Glories, like glowworms, afar off shine bright

img: 31-b
sig: 11r

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wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062
wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067
wln 2068

But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.
The Duke.
Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Mulinassar; Lodovico, Antonelli,
Gasparo, *Farnese bearing their swords and helmets.*
BRACHIANO You are nobly welcome. We have heard at full
Your honorable service 'gainst the Turk.
To you, brave *Mulinassar*, we assign
A competent pension: and are inly sorrow,
The vows of those two worthy gentlemen,
Make them incapable of our proffered bounty.
Your wish is you may leave your warlike swords

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wln 2094

img: 32-a
sig: 11v

wln 2095
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wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115

For Monuments in our Chapel. I accept it
As a great honor done me, and must crave
Your leave to furnish out our Duchess' revels.
Only one thing, as the last vanity
You e'er shall view, deny me not to stay
To see a Barriers prepared tonight;
You shall have private standings: It hath pleased
The great Ambassadors of several Princes
In their return from Rome to their own Countries
To grace our marriage, and to honor me
With such a kind of sport. FRANCISCO I shall persuade them
To stay, my Lord. *Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo,*
Set on there to the presence *and Marcello.*
CARLO Noble my Lord, most fortunately welcome, *The*
You have our vows sealed with the sacrament *Conspirators here*
To second your attempts. PEDRO And all things ready. *embrace.*
He could not have invented his own ruin,
Had he despaired with more propriety.
LODOVICO You would not take my way.
FRANCISCO 'Tis better ordered.
LODOVICO T' have poisoned his prayer book, or a pair of beads,
The pummel of his saddle, his looking-glass,
Or th' handle of his racket, ô that, that!
That while he had been bandying at Tennis,
He might have sworn himself to hell, and struck
His soul into the hazard! O my Lord!
I would have our plot be ingenious,

And have it hereafter recorded for example
Rather than borrow example. FRANCISCO There's no way
More speeding than this thought on. LODOVICO On then.
FRANCISCO And yet methinks that this revenge is poor,
Because it steals upon him like a thief,
To have ta'en him by the Casque in a pitched field,
Led him to Florence! LODOVICO It had been rare. — And there
Have crowned him with a wreath of stinking garlic.
T' have shown the sharpness of his government; *Exeunt Lodovico*
And rankness of his lust. *Antonelli.*
Flamineo comes. *Enter Flamineo, Marcello,*
MARCELLO Why doth this devil haunt you? say. *and Zanche.*
FLAMINEO I know not.
For by this light I do not conjure for her.
'Tis not so great a cunning as men think
To raise the devil: for here's one up already,
The greatest cunning were to lay him down
MARCELLO She is your shame. FLAMINEO I prithee pardon her.
In faith you see, women are like to burrs;
Where their affection throws them, there they'll stick.
ZANCHE That is my Countryman, a goodly person;

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wln 2131

img: 32-b
sig: I2r

wln 2132
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wln 2162
wln 2163

When he's at leisure I'll discourse with him *Exit Zanche*
In our own language. FLAMINEO I beseech you do,
How is 't brave soldier; ô that I had seen
Some of your iron days! I pray relate
Some of your service to us.

FRANCISCO 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to be his own
Chronicle, I did never wash my mouth with mine own praise
for fear of getting a stinking breath.

MARCELLO You're too Stoical. The Duke will expect other
discourse from you

FRANCISCO I shall never flatter him, I have studied man too much
to do that: What difference is between the Duke and I? no more
than between two bricks; all made of one clay. Only 't may
be one is placed on the top of a turret; the other in the bottom
of a well by mere chance; if I were placed as high as the Duke,
I should stick as fast; make as fair a show; and bear out

weather equally.

FLAMINEO If this soldier had a patent to beg in Churches, then
he would tell them stories, MARCELLO I have been a soldier too.

FRANCISCO How have you thrived? MARCELLO Faith poorly.

FRANCISCO That's the misery of peace. Only outsides are then
respected: As ships seem very great upon the river, which
show very little upon the Seas: So some men i' th' Court seem
Colossuses in a chamber, who if they came into the field would
appear pitiful. Pygmies.

FLAMINEO Give me a fair room yet hung with Arras, and
some great Cardinal to lug me by th' ears as his endeared
Minion.

FRANCISCO And thou mayst do, the devil knows what villainy.

FLAMINEO And safely.

FRANCISCO Right; you shall see in the Country in harvest time,
pigeons, though they destroy never so much corn, the farmer
dare not present the fowling piece to them! why? because they
belong to the Lord of the Manor; whilst your poor sparrows
that belong to the Lord of heaven, they go to the pot for 't.

FLAMINEO I will now give you some politic instruction. The
Duke says he will give you pension; that's but bare promise:
get it under his hand. For I have known men that have come
from serving against the Turk; for three or four months they
have had pension to buy them new wooden legs and fresh
plasters; but after 'twas not to be had. And this miserable courtesy
shows, as if a Tormenter should give hot cordial drinks
to one three quarters dead o' th' rack, only to fetch the miserable
soul again to endure more dog-days. *Enter Hortensio,*

wln 2160 *a young Lord, Zanche, and two more.*

How now, Gallants; what are they ready for the Barriers?

YOUNG LORD. Yes: the Lords are putting on their armor.

HORTENSIO What's he?

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wln 2165
wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168

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sig: I2v

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img: 33-b
sig: I3r

wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208

FLAMINEO A new upstart: one that swears like a Falconer, and will lie in the Duke's ear day by day like a maker of Almanacs; And yet I knew him since he came to th' Court smell worse of sweat than an under-tennis-court-keeper.

HORTENSIO Look you, yonder's your sweet Mistress.

FLAMINEO Thou art my sworn brother, I'll tell thee, I do love that Moor, that Witch very constrainedly: she knows some of my villainy; I do love her, just as a man holds a wolf by the ears. But for fear of turning upon me, and pulling out my throat, I would let her go to the Devil.

HORTENSIO I hear she claims marriage of thee.

FLAMINEO 'Faith, I made to her some such dark promise, and in seeking to fly from 't I run on, like a frightened dog with a bottle at 's tail, that fain would bite it off and yet dares not look behind him. Now my precious Gypsy!

ZANCHE Ay your love to me rather cools than heats.

FLAMINEO Marry, I am the sounder, lover, we have many wenches about the Town heat too fast.

HORTENSIO What do you think of these perfumed Gallants then?

FLAMINEO Their satin cannot save them. I am confident They have a certain spice of the disease, For they that sleep with dogs; shall rise with fleas.

ZANCHE Believe it! A little painting and gay clothes, Make you loathe me.

FLAMINEO How? love a Lady for painting or gay apparel? I'll unkennel one example more for thee. *Aesop* had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow. I would have Courtiers be better *Divers*. ZANCHE You remember your oaths.

FLAMINEO Lovers' oaths are like Mariners' prayers, uttered in extremity; but when the tempest is o'er, and that the vessel leaves tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet amongst Gentlemen protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as Shoemakers and Westphalia bacon. They are both drawers on: for drink draws on protestation; and protestation draws on more drink. Is not this discourse better now than the mortality of your sunburnt Gentleman. *Enter Cornelia.*

CORNELIA Is this your perch, you haggard? fly to th' stews.

FLAMINEO You should be clapped by th' heels now: strike i' th' Court.

ZANCHE She's good for nothing but to make her maids, Catch cold o' nights; they dare not use a bedstaff, For fear of her light fingers. MARCELLO You're a strumpet. An impudent one. FLAMINEO Why do you kick her? say,

Do you think that she's like a walnut-tree?
Must she be cudgeled ere she bear good fruit?

MARCELLO She brags that you shall marry her. FLAMINEO What then?

wln 2209
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wln 2242

img: 34-a
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wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255

MARCELLO I had rather she were pitched upon a stake
In some new-seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crows thence. FLAMINEO You're a boy, a fool,
Be guardian to your hound, I am of age.
MARCELLO If I take her near you I'll cut her throat.
FLAMINEO With a fan of feathers? MARCELLO And for you; I'll whip
This folly from you. FLAMINEO Are you choleric?
I'll purge 't with Rhubarb. HORTENSIO O your brother.
FLAMINEO Hang him.
He wrongs me most that ought t' offend me least,
I do suspect my mother played foul play,
When she conceived thee. MARCELLO Now by all my hopes.
Like the two slaughtered sons of *Oedipus*,
The very flames of our affection,
Shall turn **ten** ways. Those words I'll make thee answer
With thy heart blood. FLAMINEO Do like the geese in the progress,
You know where you shall find me, MARCELLO Very good,
And thou beest a noble, friend, bear him my sword,
And bid him fit the length on 't. YOUNG LORD. Sir I shall.
ZANCHE He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace,
I ne'er loved my complexion till now, *Enter Francisco the*
Cause I may boldly say without a blush, *Duke of Florence.*
I love you. **FLAMINEO** Your love is untimely sown,
There's a Spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one, I am sunk
In years, and I have vowed never to marry.
ZANCHE Alas! poor maids get more lovers than husbands,
Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when Ambassadors
are sent to congratulate Princes, there's commonly sent along
with them a rich present; so that though the Prince like not the
Ambassador's person nor words, yet he likes well of the presentment.
So I may come to you in the same manner, and be better loved
for my dowry than my virtue. **FLAMINEO** I'll think on the motion.
ZANCHE Do, I'll now detain you no longer. At your better
leisure I'll tell you things shall startle your blood.
Nor blame me that this passion I reveal;

Lovers die inward that their flames conceal.
FLAMINEO Of all intelligence this may prove the best,
Sure I shall draw strange fowl, from this foul nest. *Exeunt.*
Enter Marcello and Cornelia.
CORNELIA I hear a whispering all about the Court,
Your are to fight, who is your opposite?
What is the quarrel? MARCELLO 'Tis an idle rumor.
CORNELIA Will you dissemble? sure you do not well
To fright me thus, you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I do charge you
Upon my blessing; nay I'll call the Duke,
And he shall school you. MARCELLO Publish not a fear
Which would convert to laughter; 'tis not so,

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wln 2258
wln 2259
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wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279

img: 34-b
sig: 14r

wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303

Was not this Crucifix my father's? CORNELIA Yes.

MARCELLO I have heard you say, giving my brother suck,
He took the Crucifix between his hands, *Enter Flamineo,*
And broke a limb off. CORNELIA Yes: but 'tis mended.

FLAMINEO I have brought your weapon back. *Flamineo runs*

CORNELIA Ha, O my horror! *Marcello through.*

MARCELLO You have brought it home indeed.

CORNELIA Help, oh he's murdered.

FLAMINEO Do you turn your gall up? I'll to sanctuary,
And send a surgeon to you. HORTENSIO How? o' th' ground?

MARCELLO O mother now remember what I told,
Of breaking off the Crucifix: farewell *Enter Carlo Hortensio*

There are some sins which heaven doth duly punish, *Pedro.*
In a whole family. This it is to rise

By all dishonest means. Let all men know

That tree shall long time keep a steady foot

Whose branches spread no wilder than the root.

CORNELIA O my perpetual sorrow! HORTENSIO *Virtuous Marcello.*
He's dead: pray leave him Lady; come, you shall.

CORNELIA Alas he is not dead: he's in a trance.

Why here's nobody shall get any thing by his death. Let me call
him again for God's sake. **CARLO** I would you were deceived.

CORNELIA O you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me. How
many have gone away thus for lack of tendance; rear up's head,

rear up's head; His bleeding inward will kill him.

HORTENSIO You see he is departed.

CORNELIA Let me come to him; give me him as he is, if he
be turned to earth; let me but give him one hearty kiss, and
you shall put us both into one coffin: fetch a looking-glass, see
if his breath will not stain it; or pull out some feathers from
my pillow, and lay them to his lips, will you lose him for a
little painstaking? HORTENSIO Your kindest office is to pray for him.

CORNELIA Alas! I would not pray for him yet. He may live to
lay me i' th' ground, and pray for me, if you'll let me come
to him. *Enter Brachiano all armed, save*

BRACHIANO Was this your handiwork? *the beaver, with*

FLAMINEO It was my misfortune. *Flamineo.*

CORNELIA He lies, he lies, he did not kill him: these have
killed him, that would not let him be better looked to.

BRACHIANO Have comfort my grieved Mother.

CORNELIA O you screech-owl. HORTENSIO Forbear, good Madam.

CORNELIA Let me go, let me go. *She runs to Flamineo*

The God of heaven forgive thee. Dost not wonder *with her*
I pray for thee? I'll tell thee what's the reason, *knife drawn and*

I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes; *coming to*
I'd not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well *him lets it fall.*

Half of thyself lies there: and mayst thou live

To fill an hourglass with his moldered ashes,

wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316

img: 35-a
sig: 14v

wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322
wln 2323
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wln 2326
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wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351

To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to come
In blessed repentance. BRACHIANO Mother, pray tell me
How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?
CORNELIA Indeed my younger boy presumed too much
Upon his manhood; gave him bitter words;
Drew his sword first; and so I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head
Just in my bosom. PAGE. This is not true Madam.
CORNELIA I pray thee peace.
One arrow's grazed already; it were vain
T' lose this: for that will ne'er be found again.
BRACHIANO Go, bear the body to *Cornelia's* lodging:
And we command that none acquaint our Duchess

With this sad accident: for you *Flamineo*,
Hark you, I will not grant your pardon. FLAMINEO No?
BRACHIANO Only a lease of your life. And that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forced each evening to renew it,
or be hanged. FLAMINEO At your pleasure.
Lodovico sprinkles Brachiano's beaver with a poison.
Your will is law now, I'll not meddle with it.
BRACHIANO You once did brave me in your sister's lodging;
I'll now keep you in awe for 't. Where's our beaver?
FRANCISCO He calls for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pity thy sad fate. Now to the barriers.
This shall his passage to the black lake further,
The last good deed he did, he pardoned murder. *Exeunt.*
Charges and shouts, They fight at Barriers;
first single pairs, then three to three.
Enter Brachiano and Flamineo with others.
BRACHIANO An Armorer? ud's death an Armorer?
FLAMINEO Armorer; where's the Armorer?
BRACHIANO Tear off my beaver. FLAMINEO Are you hurt, my Lord?
BRACHIANO O my brain's on fire, *Enter Armorer.*
The helmet is poisoned. ARMORER My Lord upon my soul.
BRACHIANO Away with him to torture.
There are some great ones that have hand in this,
And near about me. VITTORIA O my loved Lord, poisoned?
FLAMINEO Remove the bar: here's unfortunate revels,
Call the Physicians; a plague upon you; *Enter two Physicians:*
We have too much of your cunning here already.
I fear the Ambassadors are likewise poisoned.
BRACHIANO Oh I am gone already: the infection
Flies to the brain and heart. O thou strong heart!
There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,
They're loath to break. GIOVANNI O my most loved father!
BRACHIANO Remove the boy away,
Where's this good woman? had I infinite worlds
They were too little for thee. Must I leave thee?

wln 2352

wln 2353

img: 35-b
sig: K1r

wln 2354

wln 2355

wln 2356

wln 2357

wln 2358

wln 2359

wln 2360

wln 2361

wln 2362

wln 2363

wln 2364

wln 2365

wln 2366

wln 2367

wln 2368

wln 2369

wln 2370

wln 2371

wln 2372

wln 2373

wln 2374

wln 2375

wln 2376

wln 2377

wln 2378

wln 2379

wln 2380

wln 2381

wln 2382

wln 2383

wln 2384

wln 2385

wln 2386

wln 2387

wln 2388

wln 2389

wln 2390

img: 36-a
sig: K1v

wln 2391

wln 2392

wln 2393

wln 2394

wln 2395

wln 2396

What say yon screech-owls, is the venom mortal?

PHYSICIAN Most deadly. BRACHIANO Most corrupted politic hangman!

You kill without book; but your art to save
Fails you as oft, as great men's needy friends.

I that have given life to offending slaves
And wretched murderers, have I not power
To lengthen mine own a twelvemonth?

Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee.
This unction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

FRANCISCO Sir be of comfort,

BRACHIANO O thou soft natural death, that art joint-twin,
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded Comet,
Stares on thy mild departure: the dull Owl
Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf

Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on Princes. VITTORIA I am lost for ever.

BRACHIANO How miserable a thing it is to die,
'Mongst women howling! What are those. FLAMINEO *Franciscans.*
They have brought the extreme unction.

BRACHIANO On pain of death, let no man name death to me,
It is a word infinitely terrible,
Withdraw into our Cabinet *Exeunt but Francisco and Flamineo.*

FLAMINEO To see what solitariness is about dying Princes. As
heretofore they have unpeopled Towns; divorced friends, and
made great houses un hospitable: so now, ô justice! where are
their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadows of Prince's
bodies the least thick cloud makes them invisible.

FRANCISCO There's great moan made for him.

FLAMINEO 'Faith, for some few hours salt water will run most
plentifully in every Office o' th' Court. But believe it; most of
them do but weep over their stepmothers' graves.

FRANCISCO How mean you?

FLAMINEO Why? They dissemble, as some men do that live
within compass o' th' verge.

FRANCISCO Come you have thrived well under him.

FLAMINEO 'Faith, like a wolf in a woman's breast; I have been
fed with poultry; but for money, understand me, I had as good a
will to cozen him, as e'er an Officer of them all. But I had not
cunning enough to do it.

FRANCISCO What didst thou think of him; 'faith speak freely.

FLAMINEO He was a kind of Statesman, that would sooner
have reckoned how many Cannon bullets he had discharged
against a Town, to count his expense that way, than how many
of his valiant and deserving subjects he lost before it.

FRANCISCO O, speak well of the Duke. FLAMINEO I have done.

wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
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wln 2424
wln 2425
wln 2426
wln 2427

These speeches
are several
kinds of
distractions and
in the action
should appear
so.

img: 36-b
sig: K2r

wln 2428
wln 2429
wln 2430
wln 2431
wln 2432
wln 2433
wln 2434
wln 2435
wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438
wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443

Wilt hear some of my Court wisdom? *Enter Lodovico.*
To reprehend Princes is dangerous: and to over-commend some
of them is palpable lying. FRANCISCO How is it with the Duke?
LODOVICO Most deadly ill.
He's fall'n into a strange distraction.
He talks of Battles and Monopolies,
Levyng of taxes, and from that descends
To the most brainsick language. His mind fastens
On twenty several objects, which confound
Deep Sense with folly. Such a fearful end
May teach some men that bear too lofty crest,
Though they live happiest, yet they die not best.
He hath conferred the whole State of the Dukedom
Upon your sister, till the Prince arrive
At mature age. FLAMINEO There's some good luck in that yet.
FRANCISCO See here he comes. *Enter Brachiano, presented in
a bed Vittoria and others.*
There's death in 's face already.
VITTORIA O my good Lord! BRACHIANO Away, you have abused me.
You have conveyed coin forth our territories;
Bought and sold offices; oppressed the poor,
And I ne'er dreamt on 't. Make up your accounts;
I'll now be mine own Steward. FLAMINEO Sir, have patience.
BRACHIANO Indeed I am to blame.
For did you ever hear the dusky raven
Chide blackness? or was't ever known, the devil
Railed against cloven Creatures. VITTORIA O my Lord!
BRACHIANO Let me have some quails to supper.
FLAMINEO Sir, you shall.
BRACHIANO No: some fried dogfish. Your Quails feed on poison,
That old dog-fox, that Politician Florence,
I'll forswear hunting and turn dog-killer;
Rare! I'll be friends with him. for mark you, sir, one dog

Still sets another a-barking: peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine slave come in now. FLAMINEO Where?
BRACHIANO Why there.
In a blue bonnet, and a pair of breeches
With a great codpiece. Ha, ha, ha,
Look you his codpiece is stuck full of pins
With pearls o' th' head of them. Do not you know him?
FLAMINEO No, my Lord. BRACHIANO Why 'tis the Devil.
I know him by a great rose he wears on's shoe
To hide his cloven foot. I'll dispute with him.
He's a rare linguist. VITTORIA My Lord here's nothing.
BRACHIANO Nothing? rare! nothing! when I want money,
Our treasury is empty; there is nothing,
I'll not be used thus. VITTORIA O! lie still, my Lord
BRACHIANO See, see, *Flamineo* that killed his brother
Is dancing on the ropes there: and he carries

wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
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wln 2455
wln 2456
wln 2457
wln 2458
wln 2459
wln 2460
wln 2461
wln 2462
wln 2463
wln 2464

img: 37-a
sig: K2v

wln 2465
wln 2466
wln 2467
wln 2468
wln 2469
wln 2470
wln 2471
wln 2472
wln 2473
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wln 2489
wln 2490
wln 2491

A moneybag in each hand, to keep him even,
For fear of breaking's neck. And there's a Lawyer
In a gown whipped with velvet, stares and gapes
When the money will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!
It should have been in a halter.

'Tis there; what's she? FLAMINEO *Vittoria*, my Lord.

BRACHIANO Ha, ha, ha. Her hair is sprinkled with Arras powder,
that makes her look as if she had sinned in the Pastry. What's
he? FLAMINEO A Divine my Lord.

BRACHIANO He will be drunk: Avoid him: th' argument is
fearful when Churchmen stagger in 't.

Look you; six gray rats that have lost their tails, crawl up the
pillow, send for a **Rat-catcher**.

I'll do a miracle: I'll free the Court
From all foul vermin. Where's *Flamineo*?

FLAMINEO I do not like that he names me so often,
Especially on's deathbed: 'tis a sign

I shall not live long: see he's near his end.

LODOVICO Pray give us leave; *Attende Domine Brachiane*,

FLAMINEO See, see, how firmly he doth fix his eye

Upon the Crucifix. VITTORIA O hold it constant.

*Brachiano
seems here
near his end.
Lodovico and
Gasparo in
the habit of
Capuchins
present him
in his bed
with a Crucifix
and hallowed
candle.*

It settles his wild spirits; and so his eyes
Melt into tears.

LODOVICO *Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo,
nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.*

GASPARO *Olim hasta valuisti in bello; nunc hanc sacram hastam vibrabis
contra hostem animarum.*

LODOVICO *Attend Domine Brachiane si nunc quoque probas ea quae
acta sunt inter nos, flecte Caput in dextrum.*

GASPARO *Esto securus Domine Brachiane: cogita quantum habeas
meritorum denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratam si
quid esset periculi.*

LODOVICO *Si nunc quoque probas ea quae acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput
in loevum.*

He is departing: pray stand all apart,
And let us only whisper in his ears

Some private meditations, which our order *Here the rest*
Permits you not to hear. GASPARO *Brachiano. being departed*

LODOVICO *Devil Brachiano. Lodovico and Gasparo discover*
Thou art damned. GASPARO *Perpetually. themselves.*

LODOVICO A slave condemned, and given up to the gallows
Is thy great Lord and Master. GASPARO True: for thou

Art given up to the devil. LODOVICO O you slave!

You that were held the famous Politician;

Whose art was poison. GASPARO And whose conscience murder.

LODOVICO That would have broke your wife's neck down the
stairs ere she was poisoned. GASPARO That had your villainous salads

LODOVICO And fine embroidered bottles,

wln 2492
wln 2493
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wln 2497
wln 2498
wln 2499
wln 2500
wln 2501

img: 37-b
sig: K3r

And perfumes
Equally mortal with a winter plague
GASPARO Now there's Mercury. LODOVICO And copperas
GASPARO And quicksilver.
LODOVICO With other devilish pothecary stuff
A-melting in your politic brains: dost hear.
GASPARO This is Count *Lodovico*. LODOVICO This *Gasparo*.
And thou shalt die like a poor rogue. GASPARO And stink
Like a dead fly-blown dog.
LODOVICO And be forgotten before thy funeral sermon.

wln 2502
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wln 2536
wln 2537
wln 2538

BRACHIANO Vittoria? Vittoria! LODOVICO O the cursed devil,
Come to himself again. We are undone.
Enter Vittoria and the attendants.
GASPARO Strangle him in private. What? will you call him again
To live in treble torments? for charity,
For Christian charity, avoid the chamber.
LODOVICO You would prate, Sir. This is a true-love knot
Sent from the Duke of Florence. *Brachiano is strangled*
GASPARO What is it done?
LODOVICO The snuff is out. No woman-keeper i' th' world,
Though she had practiced seven year at the Pest-house,
Could have done 't quaintlier. My Lords he's dead.
OMNES Rest to his soul.
VITTORIA O me! this place is hell. *Exit Vittoria.*
FLORENCE How heavily she takes it. FLAMINEO O yes, yes;
Had women navigable rivers in their eyes
They would dispend them all; surely I wonder
Why we should wish more rivers to the City,
When they sell water so good cheap. I'll tell thee,
These are but Moonish shades of griefs or fears,
There's nothing sooner dry than women's tears.
Why here's an end of all my harvest, he has given me nothing
Court promises! Let wise men count them cursed
For while you live he that scores best pays worst.
FLORENCE Sure, this was Florence' doing. FLAMINEO Very likely.
Those are found weighty strokes which come from th' hand,
But those are killing strokes which come from th' head.
O the rare tricks of a Machiavellian!
He doth not come like a gross plodding slave
And buffet you to death: No, my quaint knave,
He tickles you to death; makes you die laughing;
As if you had swallowed down a pound of saffron
You see the seat, 'tis practiced in a trice
To teach Court-honesty, it jumps on Ice.
FLORENCE Now have the people liberty to talk
And descant on his vices. FLAMINEO Misery of Princes,
That must of force be censured by their slaves!

img: 38-a

wln 2539 Not only blamed for doing things are ill,
wln 2540 But for not doing all that all men will.
wln 2541 One were better be a thresher.
wln 2542 Ud's death, I would fain speak with this Duke yet.
wln 2543 FLORENCE Now he's dead?
wln 2544 FLAMINEO I cannot conjure; but if prayers or oaths
wln 2545 Will get to th' speech of him: though forty devils
wln 2546 Wait on him in his livery of flames,
wln 2547 I'll speak to him, and shake him by the hand,
wln 2548 Though I be blasted. FRANCISCO Excellent *Lodovico!*
wln 2549 What? did you terrify him at the last gasp? *Exit Flamineo.*
wln 2550 LODOVICO Yes; and so idly, that the Duke had like
wln 2551 T' have terrified us. FRANCISCO How? *Enter the Moor.*
wln 2552 LODOVICO You shall hear that hereafter,
wln 2553 See! yon's the infernal, that would make up sport.
wln 2554 Now to the revelation of that secret,
wln 2555 She promised when she fell in love with you.
wln 2556 FLORENCE You're passionately met in this sad world.
wln 2557 **MOOR** I would have you look up, Sir; these Court tears
wln 2558 Claim not your tribute to them. Let those weep
wln 2559 That guiltily partake in the sad cause.
wln 2560 I knew last night by a sad dream I had
wln 2561 Some mischief would ensue; yet to say truth
wln 2562 My dream most concerned you.
wln 2563 LODOVICO Shall's fall a-dreaming?
wln 2564 FRANCISCO Yes, and for fashion' sake I'll dream with her.
wln 2565 MOOR Methought sir, you came stealing to my bed.
wln 2566 FRANCISCO Wilt thou believe me sweeting; by this light
wln 2567 I was a-dreamt on thee too: for methought
wln 2568 I saw thee naked MOOR Fie sir! as I told you,
wln 2569 Methought you lay down by me.
wln 2570 FRANCISCO So dreamt I;
wln 2571 And lest thou shouldst take cold, I covered thee
wln 2572 With this Irish mantle. MOOR Verily I did dream,
wln 2573 You were somewhat bold with me; but to come to 't.
wln 2574 LODOVICO How? how? I hope you will not go to 't here.
wln 2575 FRANCISCO Nay: you must hear my dream out.

wln 2576 MOOR. Well, sir, forth.
wln 2577 FRANCISCO When I threw the mantle o'er thee, thou didst laugh
wln 2578 Exceedingly methought. MOOR. Laugh?
wln 2579 FLAMINEO And cried'st out,
wln 2580 The hair did tickle thee. MOOR There was a dream indeed.
wln 2581 LODOVICO Mark her I prithee, she simpers like the suds
wln 2582 A Collier hath been washed in.
wln 2583 MOOR Come, sir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you
wln 2584 I would reveal a secret, *Isabella*

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img: 39-a
sig: K4v

wln 2613
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wln 2632

The Duke of Florence sister was empoisoned,
By a 'fumed picture: and *Camillo's* neck
Was broke by damned *Flamineo*; the mischance
Laid on a vaulting horse. FRANCISCO Most strange!
MOOR Most true. LODOVICO The bed of snakes is broke.
MOOR I sadly do confess I had a hand
In the black deed.
FRANCISCO Thou kept'st their counsel, MOOR Right,
For which, urged with contrition, I intend
This night to rob *Vittoria*. LODOVICO Excellent penitence!
Usurer's dream on 't while they sleep out Sermons.
MOOR To further our escape, I have entreated
Leave to retire me, till the funeral,
Unto a friend i' th' country. That excuse
Will further our escape, In coin and jewels
I shall, at least, make good unto your use
An hundred thousand crowns. FRANCISCO O noble wench!
LODOVICO Those crowns we'll share. MOOR It is a dowry,
Methinks, should make that sunburnt proverb false,
And wash the Ethiop white. FRANCISCO It shall, away
MOOR Be ready for our flight. FRANCISCO An hour 'fore day.
O strange discovery! why till now we knew not *Exit the Moor*.
The circumstance of either of their deaths. *Enter Moor*.
MOOR You'll wait about midnight
In the Chapel. FRANCISCO There.
LODOVICO Why now our action's justified,
FRANCISCO Tush for justice.
What harms it Justice? we now, like the partridge

Purge the disease with laurel: for the fame
Shall crown the enterprise and quit the shame. *Exeunt*.
Enter Flamineo and Gasparo at one door, another way
Giovanni attended.
GASPARO The young Duke: Did you e'er see a sweeter Prince?
FLAMINEO I have known a poor woman's bastard better favored,
This is behind him: Now, to his face all comparisons were hateful:
Wise was the Courtly Peacock, that being a great Minion, and
being compared for beauty, by some dottrels that stood by, to
the Kingly Eagle, said the Eagle was a far fairer bird than
herself, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long
Tallants. His will grow out in time,
My gracious Lord. GIOVANNI I pray leave me Sir.
FLAMINEO Your Grace must be merry: 'tis I have cause to mourn,
for wot you what said the little boy that rode behind his father
on horseback? GIOVANNI Why, what said he?
FLAMINEO When you are dead father (said he) I hope then I shall
ride in the saddle, O 'tis a brave thing for a man to sit by himself:
he may stretch himself in the stirrups, look about, and see the
whole compass of the Hemisphere, you're now, my Lord, i' th'

wln 2633
wln 2634
wln 2635
wln 2636
wln 2637
wln 2638
wln 2639
wln 2640
wln 2641
wln 2642
wln 2643
wln 2644
wln 2645
wln 2646
wln 2647
wln 2648
wln 2649

img: 39-b
sig: L1r

wln 2650
wln 2651
wln 2652
wln 2653
wln 2654
wln 2655
wln 2656
wln 2657
wln 2658
wln 2659
wln 2660
wln 2661
wln 2662
wln 2663
wln 2664
wln 2665
wln 2666
wln 2667
wln 2668
wln 2669
wln 2670
wln 2671
wln 2672
wln 2673
wln 2674
wln 2675
wln 2676
wln 2677
wln 2678
wln 2679
wln 2680

saddle. GIOVANNI Study your prayers, sir, and be penitent,
'Twere fit you'd think on what hath former been,
I have heard grief named the eldest child of sin. *Exit Giovanni*
FLAMINEO Study my prayers? he threatens me divinely,
I am falling to pieces already, I care not, though, like *Anacharsis*
I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were
fitter for Usurer's gold and themselves to be beaten together, to
make a most cordial cullis for the devil.
He hath his uncle's villainous look already, *Enter Courtier.*
In decimo sexto. Now sir, what are you?
COURTIER It is the pleasure sir, of the young Duke
That you forbear the Presence, and all room,
That owe him reverence.
FLAMINEO So, the wolf and the raven are very pretty fools when
they are young. Is it your office, sir, to keep me out?
COURTIER So the Duke wills.
FLAMINEO Verily, Master Courtier, extremity is not to be used

in all offices: Say that a gentlewoman were taken out of her
bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the
Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smock: would
it not show a cruel part in the gentleman porter to lay claim to
her upper garment, pull it o'er her head and ears; and put her in
naked? COURTIER Very good: you are merry
FLAMINEO Doth he make a Court ejection of me? A flaming
firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney, than within 't. I'll
smoor some of them. *Enter Florence.*
How now? Thou **art** sad.
FRANCISCO I met even now with the most piteous sight.
FLAMINEO Thou met'st another here a pitiful
Degraded Courtier. FRANCISCO Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of *Marcello's* corse;
And there is such a solemn melody
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies:
Such, as old grandames, watching by the dead,
Were wont t' outwear the nights with; that believe me
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharged with water. FLAMINEO I will see them.
FRANCISCO 'Twere much uncharity in you: for your sight
Will add unto their tears. FLAMINEO I will see them.
They are behind the traverse. I'll discover
Their superstitious howling.
*Cornelia, the Moor and three other Ladies discovered, winding
Marcello's Corpse. A song.*
CORNELIA This rosemary is withered, pray get fresh;
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays,
I'll tie a garland here about his head:

wln 2681
wln 2682
wln 2683
wln 2684
wln 2685
wln 2686

img: 40-a
sig: L1v

'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet
I have kept this twenty year, and every day
Hallowed it with my prayers, I did not think
He should have wore it. MOOR Look you; who are yonder.
CORNELIA O reach me the flowers.
MOOR Her Ladyship's foolish. WOMAN Alas! her grief

wln 2687
wln 2688
wln 2689
wln 2690
wln 2691
wln 2692
wln 2693
wln 2694
wln 2695
wln 2696
wln 2697
wln 2698
wln 2699
wln 2700
wln 2701
wln 2702
wln 2703
wln 2704
wln 2705
wln 2706
wln 2707
wln 2708
wln 2709
wln 2710
wln 2711
wln 2712
wln 2713
wln 2714
wln 2715
wln 2716
wln 2717
wln 2718
wln 2719
wln 2720
wln 2721
wln 2722
wln 2723

img: 40-b
sig: L2v

Hath turned her child again. CORNELIA You're very welcome.
There's Rosemary for you, and Rue for you, *to Flamineo.*
Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it.
I have left more for myself. FRANCISCO Lady, who's this?
CORNELIA You are, I take it, the grave-maker. FLAMINEO So.
MOOR 'Tis *Flamineo.*
CORNELIA Will you make me such a fool? here's a white hand:
Can blood so soon be washed out? Let me see,
When screech-owls croak upon the chimney tops,
And the strange Cricket i' th' oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a Corse shall hear.
Out upon 't, how 'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad sure.
Cowslip-water is good for the memory: pray buy me three ounces
of 't. FLAMINEO I would I were from hence. CORNELIA Do you hear, sir?
I'll give you a saying which my grandmother
Was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing o'er unto her lute
FLAMINEO Do and you will, do.
CORNELIA *Call for the Robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover, Cornelia doth this
And with leaves and flowers do cover in several forms
The friendless bodies of unburied men. of distraction.
Call unto his funeral Dole
The Ant, the fieldmouse, and the mole
To rear him hillocks, that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm,
But keep the wolf far thence: that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.
They would not bury him 'cause he died in a quarrel
But I have an answer for them.
Let holy Church receive him duly
Since he paid the Church tithes truly.
His wealth is summed, and this is all his store:
This poor men get; and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, we may shut up shop.
Bless you all good people, *Exeunt Cornelia and Ladies.*
FLAMINEO I have a strange thing in me, to th' which*

wln 2724
wln 2725

I cannot give a name, without it be
Compassion, I pray leave me. *Exit Francisco.*

wln 2726
wln 2727
wln 2728
wln 2729
wln 2730
wln 2731
wln 2732
wln 2733
wln 2734
wln 2735
wln 2736
wln 2737
wln 2738
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wln 2748
wln 2749
wln 2750
wln 2751
wln 2752
wln 2753
wln 2754
wln 2755
wln 2756
wln 2757
wln 2758
wln 2759
wln 2760

img: 41-a
sig: L2v

wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764
wln 2765
wln 2766
wln 2767
wln 2768
wln 2769
wln 2770
wln 2771
wln 2772
wln 2773

This night I'll know the utmost most of my fate,
I'll be resolved what my rich sister means
T' assign me for my service: I have lived
Riotously ill, like some that live in Court.
And sometimes, when my face was full of smiles
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast.
Oft gay and honored robes those tortures try,
„We think caged birds sing, when indeed they cry.
Ha! I can stand thee. Nearer, nearer yet. *Enter Brachiano's Ghost.*
What a mockery hath death made of thee? thou look'st sad.
In what place art thou? in yon starry gallery,
Or in the cursed dungeon? No? not speak?
Pray, Sir, resolve me, what religion's best
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge
To answer me how long I have to live?
That's the most necessary question.
Not answer? Are you still like some great men
That only walk like shadows up and down,
And to no purpose: say: —
What's that? O fatal! he throws earth upon me.
A dead man's skull beneath the roots of flowers.
I pray speak Sir, our Italian Churchmen
Make us believe, dead men hold conference
With their familiars, and many times
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.
He's gone; and see, the skull and earth are vanished.
This is beyond melancholy. I do dare my fate
To do its worst. Now to my sister's lodging,
And sum up all these horrors; the disgrace
The Prince threw on me; next the piteous sight
Of my dead brother; and my Mother's dotage;
And last this terrible vision. All these
Shall with *Vittoria's* bounty turn to good,
Or I will drown this weapon in her blood.

Enter Francisco, Lodovico, and Hortensio.

LODOVICO My Lord upon my soul you shall no further:
You have most ridiculously engaged yourself
Too far already. For my part, I have paid
All my debts, so if I should chance to fall
My Creditors fall not with me; and I vow
To quite all in this bold assembly
To the meanest follower. My Lord leave the City,
Or I'll forswear the murder.

FRANCISCO Farewell *Lodovico*.
If thou dost perish in this glorious act,
I'll rear unto thy memory that fame
Shall in the ashes keep alive thy name.

HORTENSIO There's some black deed on foot. I'll presently

*In his leather
Cassock
and breeches
boots, a cowl
a pot of lily
flowers with
a skull in 't.*

*The Ghost
throws earth
upon him and
shows him
the skull.*

Exit Ghost.

Exit.

wln 2774
wln 2775
wln 2776
wln 2777
wln 2778
wln 2779
wln 2780
wln 2781
wln 2782
wln 2783
wln 2784
wln 2785
wln 2786
wln 2787
wln 2788
wln 2789
wln 2790
wln 2791
wln 2792
wln 2793
wln 2794
wln 2795
wln 2796
wln 2797
wln 2798

Enter Vittoria
with a
book in her
hand. **Zanche**,
Flamino,
following
them.

She writes.

Down to the Citadel, and raise some force.
These strong Court factions that do brook no checks,
In the career oft break the Riders' necks.
FLAMINEO What are you at your prayers? Give o'er.
VITTORIA How Ruffin?
FLAMINEO I come to you 'bout worldly business:
Sit down, sit down: Nay stay blouze, you may hear it,
The doors are fast enough. VITTORIA Ha, are you drunk?
FLAMINEO Yes, yes, with wormwood water, you shall taste
Some of it presently. VITTORIA What intends the fury?
FLAMINEO You are my Lord's Executrix, and I claim
Reward, for my long service. VITTORIA For your service
FLAMINEO Come therefore here is pen and Ink, set down
What you will give me.
VITTORIA There, FLAMINEO Ha! have you done already,
'Tis a most short conveyance. VITTORIA I will read it.
I give that portion to thee, and no other
Which *Cain* groaned under having slain his brother.
FLAMINEO A most courtly Patent to beg by.
VITTORIA You are a villain.
FLAMINEO Is 't come to this? **they** say affrights cure agues:
Thou hast a Devil in thee; I will try
If I can scare him from thee: Nay sit still:
My Lord hath left me yet two case of Jewels
Shall make me scorn your bounty; you shall see them.

img: 41-b
sig: L3r

wln 2799
wln 2800
wln 2801
wln 2802
wln 2803
wln 2804
wln 2805
wln 2806
wln 2807
wln 2808
wln 2809
wln 2810
wln 2811
wln 2812
wln 2813
wln 2814
wln 2815
wln 2816
wln 2817
wln 2818
wln 2819
wln 2820
wln 2821

VITTORIA Sure he's distracted. ZANCHE O he's desperate
For your own safety give him gentle language. *He enters
with two
of pistols.*
FLAMINEO Look, these are better far at a dead lift,
Than all your jewel house. VITTORIA And yet methinks,
These stones have no fair lustre, they are ill set.
FLAMINEO I'll turn the right side towards you: you shall see
how **they** will sparkle. VITTORIA Turn this horror from me:
What do you want? what would you have me do?
Is not all mine, yours? have I any children?
FLAMINEO Pray **thee** good woman do not trouble me
With this vain worldly business; say your prayers,
I made a vow to my deceased Lord,
Neither yourself, nor I should outlive him,
The numb'ring of four hours. VITTORIA Did he enjoin it.
FLAMINEO He did, and 'twas a deadly jealousy,
Lest any should enjoy thee after him;
That urged him vow me to it: For my death
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing
If he could not be safe in his own Court
Being a great Duke, what hope then for us?
VITTORIA This is your melancholy and despair. FLAMINEO Away,
Fool, thou art to think that Politicians
Do use to kill the effects of injuries

wln 2822
wln 2823
wln 2824
wln 2825
wln 2826
wln 2827
wln 2828
wln 2829
wln 2830
wln 2831
wln 2832
wln 2833
wln 2834
wln 2835

img: 42-a
sig: L3v

And let the cause live: shall we groan in irons,
Or be a shameful and a weighty burden
To a public scaffold: This is my resolve
I would not live at any man's entreaty
Nor die at any's bidding. VITTORIA Will you hear me?
FLAMINEO My life hath done service to other men,
My death shall serve mine own turn; make you ready
VITTORIA Do you mean to die indeed.
FLAMINEO With as much pleasure
As e'er my father gat me. VITTORIA Are the doors locked?
ZANCHE Yes Madam.
VITTORIA Are you grown an Atheist? will you turn your body,
Which is the goodly palace of the soul
To the soul's slaughter house? ô the cursed Devil

wln 2836
wln 2837
wln 2838
wln 2839
wln 2840
wln 2841
wln 2842
wln 2843
wln 2844
wln 2845
wln 2846
wln 2847
wln 2848
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wln 2851
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wln 2853
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wln 2855
wln 2856
wln 2857
wln 2858
wln 2859
wln 2860
wln 2861
wln 2862
wln 2863
wln 2864
wln 2865
wln 2866
wln 2867
wln 2868
wln 2869

Which doth present us with all other sins
Thrice candied o'er; Despair with gall and *stibium*,
Yet we carouse it off; Cry out for help,
Makes us forsake that which was made for Man,
The world, to sink to that was made for devils,
Eternal darkness. ZANCHE Help, help. FLAMINEO I'll stop your throat
With Winter plums, VITTORIA I prithee yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like Mandrakes shall rise shrieking. FLAMINEO Leave your prating,
For these are but grammatical laments,
Feminine arguments, and they move me
As some in Pulpits move their Auditory
More with their exclamation than sense
Of reason, or sound Doctrine. ZANCHE Gentle Madam
Seem to consent, only persuade him teach
The way to death; let him die first.
VITTORIA 'Tis good, I apprehend it,
To kill one's self is meat that we must take
Like pills, not chew 't, but quickly swallow it,
The smart o' th' wound, or weakness of the hand
May else bring treble torments. FLAMINEO I have held it
A wretched and most miserable life,
Which is not able to die. VITTORIA O but frailty!
Yet I am now resolved, farewell affliction;
Behold *Brachiano*, I that while you lived
Did make a flaming Altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you; Now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Farewell *Zanche*.
ZANCHE How Madam! Do you think that I'll outlive you?
Especially when my best self *Flamineo*
Goes the same voyage. FLAMINEO O most loved Moor!
ZANCHE Only by all my love let me entreat you;
Since it is most necessary none of us
Do violence on ourselves; let you or I

wln 2870
wln 2871
wln 2872

img: 42-b
sig: L4r

Be her sad taster, teach her how to die.
FLAMINEO Thou dost instruct me nobly, take these pistols,
Because my hand is stained with blood already:

wln 2873
wln 2874
wln 2875
wln 2876
wln 2877
wln 2878
wln 2879
wln 2880
wln 2881
wln 2882
wln 2883
wln 2884
wln 2885
wln 2886
wln 2887
wln 2888
wln 2889
wln 2890
wln 2891
wln 2892
wln 2893
wln 2894
wln 2895
wln 2896
wln 2897
wln 2898
wln 2899
wln 2900
wln 2901
wln 2902
wln 2903
wln 2904
wln 2905
wln 2906
wln 2907
wln 2908
wln 2909

Two of these you shall level at my breast,
Th' other 'gainst your own, and so we'll die,
Most equally contented: But first swear
Not to outlive me. VITTORIA and MOOR Most religiously.

FLAMINEO Then here's an end of me: farewell daylight
And ô contemptible Physic! that dost take
So long a study, only to preserve
So short a life, I take my leave of thee.
These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw
All my infected blood out,
Are you ready? BOTH. Ready.

*Showing the
pistols.*

FLAMINEO Whither shall I go now? O *Lucian* thy ridiculous Purgatory
to find *Alexander* the great cobbling shoes, *Pompey* tagging
points, and *Julius Caesar*; making hair buttons, *Hannibal* selling
blackening, and *Augustus* crying garlic, *Charlemagne* selling
lists by the dozen, and King *Pippin* crying Apples in a cart drawn
with one horse.

Whether I resolve to Fire, Earth, water, Air,
Or all the Elements by scruples; I know not
Nor greatly care, — Shoot, shoot,
Of all deaths the violent death is best,
For from ourselves it steals ourselves so fast
The pain once apprehended is quite past.

*They shoot
and run to
him and tread
upon him.*

VITTORIA What are you dropped.

FLAMINEO I am mixed with Earth already: As you are Noble
Perform your vows, and bravely follow me.

VITTORIA Whither to hell, ZANCHE To most assured damnation.

VITTORIA O thou most cursed devil. ZANCHE Thou art caught

VITTORIA In thine own Engine, I tread the fire out
That would have been my ruin.

FLAMINEO Will you be perjured? what a religious oath was Styx
that the Gods never durst swear by and violate? ô that we had
such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of
Justice. VITTORIA Think whither thou art going. ZANCHE And remember
What villainies thou hast acted. VITTORIA This thy death,
Shall make me like a blazing ominous star,
Look up and tremble. FLAMINEO O I am caught with a spring!

img: 43-a
sig: L4v

wln 2910
wln 2911
wln 2912
wln 2913
wln 2914

VITTORIA You see the Fox comes many times short home,
'Tis here proved true. FLAMINEO Killed with a couple of braches.
VITTORIA No fitter off'ring for the infernal furies
Than one in whom they reigned while he was living.
FLAMINEO O the way's dark and horrid! I cannot see,

wln 2915
wln 2916
wln 2917
wln 2918
wln 2919
wln 2920
wln 2921
wln 2922
wln 2923
wln 2924
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wln 2936
wln 2937
wln 2938
wln 2939
wln 2940
wln 2941
wln 2942

Shall I have no company? VITTORIA O yes thy sins,
Do run before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.

FLAMINEO O I smell soot, most **sinking** soot, the chimney's afire,
My liver's parboiled like scotch holy-bread;
There's a plumber, laying pipes in my guts, it scalds;
Wilt thou outlive me? ZANCHE Yes, and drive a stake
Through thy body; for we'll give it out,
Thou didst this violence upon thyself.

FLAMINEO O cunning Devils! now I have tried your love,
And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded: *Flamineo*
The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot *riseth.*
To prove your kindness to me; and I live
To punish your ingratitude, I knew
One time or other you would find a way
To give me a strong potion, ô Men
That lie upon your deathbeds, and are haunted
With howling wives, ne'er trust them, they'll remarry
Ere the worm pierce your winding sheet: ere the Spider
Make a thin curtain for your Epitaphs.
How cunning you were to discharge? Do you practice at
the Artillery yard? Trust a woman; never, never; *Brachiano* be
my precedent: we lay our souls to pawn to the Devil for a little
pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That ever man
should marry! For one *Hypermnestra* that saved her Lord and
husband, forty-nine of her sisters cut their husbands' throats all
in one night. There was a shoal of virtuous horseleeches.
Here are two other Instruments.

Enter Lodovico Gasparo Pedro, Carlo.

VITTORIA Help, help.

FLAMINEO What noise is that? hah? false keys i' th' Court.

LODOVICO We have brought you a Mask.

FLAMINEO A matachin it seems,
By your drawn swords.

img: 43-b
sig: M1r

wln 2947
wln 2948
wln 2949
wln 2950
wln 2951
wln 2952
wln 2953
wln 2954
wln 2955
wln 2956
wln 2957
wln 2958
wln 2959
wln 2960

Churchmen turned revellers. CONSPIRATORS *Isabella, Isabella,*
LODOVICO Do you know us now? FLAMINEO *Lodovico and Gasparo.*
LODOVICO Yes and that Moor the Duke gave pension to
Was the great Duke of Florence. VITTORIA O we are lost.
FLAMINEO You shall not take Justice from forth my hands,
O let me kill her. — I'll cut my safety
Through your coats of steel: Fate's a Spaniel,
We cannot beat it from us: what remains now?
Let all that do ill, take this precedent:
Man may his Fate foresee, but not prevent.
And of all Axioms this shall win the prize,
'Tis better to be fortunate than wise.
GASPARO Bind him to the pillar. VITTORIA O your gentle pity:
I have seen a blackbird that would sooner fly

wln 2961
wln 2962
wln 2963
wln 2964
wln 2965
wln 2966
wln 2967
wln 2968
wln 2969
wln 2970
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wln 2979
wln 2980
wln 2981
wln 2982
wln 2983

img: 44-a
sig: M1v

wln 2984
wln 2985
wln 2986
wln 2987
wln 2988
wln 2989
wln 2990
wln 2991
wln 2992
wln 2993
wln 2994
wln 2995
wln 2996
wln 2997
wln 2998
wln 2999
wln 3000
wln 3001
wln 3002
wln 3003
wln 3004
wln 3005
wln 3006
wln 3007
wln 3008

To a man's bosom, than to stay the gripe
Of the fierce Sparrow-hawk. GASPARO Your hope deceives you.
VITTORIA If Florence be i' th' Court, would he would kill me.
GASPARO Fool! Princes give rewards with their own hands,
But death or punishment by the hands of others.
LODOVICO Sirrah you once did strike me, I'll strike you
Into the Center.
FLAMINEO Thou 'lt do it like a hangman; a base hangman;
Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest
I cannot strike again. LODOVICO Dost laugh?
FLAMINEO Wouldst have me die, as I was born, in whining.
GASPARO Recommend yourself to heaven.
FLAMINEO No I will carry mine own commendations thither.
LODOVICO Oh could I kill you forty times a day
And use 't four year together; 'twere too little:
Naught grieves but that you are too few to feed
The famine of our vengeance. What dost think on?
FLAMINEO Nothing; of nothing: leave thy idle questions;
I am i' th' way to study a long silence,
To prate were idle, I remember nothing.
There's nothing of so infinite vexation
As man's own thoughts. LODOVICO O thou glorious strumpet,
Could I divide thy breath from this pure air

When 't leaves thy body, I would suck it up
And breath 't upon some dunghill. VITTORIA You, my Death's man;
Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough,
Thou hast too good a face to be a hangman,,
If thou be do thy office in right form;
Fall down upon thy knees and ask forgiveness.
LODOVICO O thou hast been a most prodigious comet,
But I'll cut off your train: kill the Moor first.
VITTORIA You shall not kill her first. behold my breast,
I will be waited on in death; my servant
Shall never go before me. GASPARO Are you so brave.
VITTORIA Yes I shall welcome death
As Princes do some great Ambassadors; I'll meet thy weapon
half way. LODOVICO Thou dost tremble,
Methinks fear should dissolve thee into air.
VITTORIA O thou art deceived, I am too true a woman:
Conceit can never kill me: I'll tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base tear,
Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.
CARLO Thou art my task, black fury. ZANCHE I have blood
As red as either of theirs; wilt drink some?
'Tis good for the falling sickness: I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall ne'er look pale. LODOVICO Strike, strike,
With a Joint motion. VITTORIA 'Twas a manly blow

wln 3009
wln 3010
wln 3011
wln 3012
wln 3013
wln 3014
wln 3015
wln 3016
wln 3017
wln 3018
wln 3019
wln 3020

img: 44-b
sig: M2r

The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking Infant,
And then thou wilt be famous. FLAMINEO O what blade is 't?
A Toledo, or an English Fox.
I ever thought a Cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather than a Doctor.
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steel that made it.
VITTORIA O my greatest sin lay in my blood.
Now my blood pays for 't. FLAMINEO Th' art a noble sister
I love thee now; if woman do breed man
She ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.
Know many glorious women that are famed
For masculine virtue, have been vicious

wln 3021
wln 3022
wln 3023
wln 3024
wln 3025
wln 3026
wln 3027
wln 3028
wln 3029
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wln 3049
wln 3050
wln 3051
wln 3052
wln 3053
wln 3054
wln 3055
wln 3056

Only a happier silence did betide them
She hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them.
VITTORIA My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven I know not whither. FLAMINEO Then cast anchor.
„Prosperity doth bewitch men seeming clear,
„But seas do laugh, show white, when Rocks are near.
„We cease to grieve, cease to be fortune's slaves,
„Nay cease to die by dying. Art thou gone
And thou so near the bottom: false report
Which says that women vie with the nine Muses
For nine tough durable lives: I do not look
Who went before, nor who shall follow me;
No, at myself I will begin and end:
„While we look up to heaven we confound
„Knowledge with knowledge. ô I am in a mist.
VITTORIA O happy they that never saw the Court,
„Nor ever knew great Man but by report. *Vittoria dies.*
FLAMINEO I recover like a spent taper, for a flash
And instantly go out.
Let all that belong to Great men remember th' old wives' tradition,
to be like the Lions i' th' Tower on Candlemas day, to
mourn if the Sun shine, for fear of the pitiful remainder of
winter to come.
'Tis well yet there's some goodness in my death,
My life was a black charnel: I have caught
An everlasting cold. I have lost my voice
Most irrecoverably: Farewell glorious villains,
„This busy trade of life appears most vain,
„Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain.
Let no harsh flattering Bells resound my knell,
Strike thunder, and strike loud to my farewell. *Dies.*
Enter Ambassador and Giovanni.
ENGLISH AMBASSADOR This way, this way, break ope the doors, this way.
LODOVICO Ha, are we betrayed;
Why then let's constantly die all together,
And having finished this most noble deed,

wln 3057

img: 45-a
sig: M2v

Defy the worst of fate; not fear to bleed.

wln 3058

ENGLISH AMBASSADOR Keep back the Prince, shoot, shoot,

wln 3059

LODOVICO O I am wounded.

wln 3060

I fear I shall be ta'en. GIOVANNI You bloody villains,

wln 3061

By what authority have you committed

wln 3062

This Massacre. LODOVICO By thine. GIOVANNI Mine?

wln 3063

LODOVICO Yes, thy uncle, which is a part of thee enjoined us to 't:

wln 3064

Thou know'st me I am sure, I am **Count Lodowick**,

wln 3065

And thy most noble uncle in disguise

wln 3066

Was last night in thy Court. GIOVANNI Ha!

wln 3067

CARLO Yes, that Moor thy father chose his pensioner.

wln 3068

GIOVANNI He turned murderer;

wln 3069

Away with them to prison, and to torture;

wln 3070

All that have hands in this, shall taste our justice,

wln 3071

As I hope heaven. LODOVICO I do glory yet,

wln 3072

That I can call this act mine own: For my part,

wln 3073

The rack, the gallows, and the torturing wheel

wln 3074

Shall be but sound sleeps to me, here's my rest

wln 3075

„I limbed this night-piece and it was my best.

wln 3076

GIOVANNI Remove the bodies, see my honored Lord,

wln 3077

what use you ought make of their punishment.

wln 3078

Let guilty men remember their black deeds,

wln 3079

*Do lean on **crutches**, made of slender reeds.*

ln 0001

In stead of an Epilogue only this of *Martial* supplies

ln 0002

me.

ln 0003

Haec fuerint nobis praemia si placui.

ln 0001

For the action of the play, 'twas generally well, and I dare affirm,

ln 0002

with the Joint testimony of some of their own quality, (for

ln 0003

the true imitation of life, without striving to make nature a monster)

ln 0004

the best that ever became them: whereof as I make a general

ln 0005

acknowledgement, so in particular I must remember the

ln 0006

well-approved industry of my friend *Master Perkins*, and confess

ln 0007

the worth of his action did Crown both the beginning

ln 0008

and end.

img: 45-b
sig: [N/A]

FINIS.

Textual Notes

1. **147 (5-b)**: The regularized reading *boy* comes from the original *boy*, though possible variants include *be w'*.
2. **183 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Corombona* is supplied for the original *Corom[***]a*.
3. **342 (8-a)**: The regularized reading *frequently* is amended from the original *ftequently*.
4. **420 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *Monticelso* is amended from the original *Mountcelso*.
5. **474 (10-a)**: The regularized reading *prey* is amended from the original *pery*.
6. **509 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *FRANCISCO* is amended from the original *FLAN*.
7. **517 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *FRANCISCO* is amended from the original *FLAN*.
8. **649 (12-a)**: The regularized reading *Monticelso* is amended from the original *Montcello*.
9. **841 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *Brachiano's* is amended from the original *Brachian's*.
10. **886 (15-b)**: Erroneous speech prefix.
11. **979 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *Monticelso* is amended from the original *Montcelso*.
12. **1182 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *her* comes from the original *her*, though possible variants include *he*.
13. **1253 (20-b)**: Some editions move the semi-colon before 'hears'.
14. **1254 (20-b)**: Some editions give this line to Monticelso not Vittoria.
15. **1515 (24-a)**: This unusual stage direction is expanded in some editions to: Enter Monticelso [and presents] Francisco with [a book].
16. **1860 (28-b)**: The regularized reading *Gasparo* is amended from the original *Gasper*.
17. **2003 (30-b)**: The regularized reading *will* comes from the original *will*, though possible variants include *wills*.
18. **2047 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *FLAMINEO* is amended from the original *FLV*.
19. **2061 (31-b)**: The regularized reading *Gasparo* is amended from the original *Gaspar*.
20. **2222 (33-b)**: The regularized reading *ten* comes from the original *10*, though possible variants include *two*.
21. **2230 (33-b)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest: Francisco.
22. **2239 (33-b)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest: Francisco.
23. **2244 (34-a)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest: Francisco.
24. **2248 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *Your* comes from the original *Your*, though possible variants include *You*.
25. **2267 (34-a)**: Some editions give Lodovico in place of Carlo.
26. **2277 (34-a)**: Some editions give this speech to Lodovico.
27. **2456 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *Rat-catcher* is amended from the original *Rat-cather*.
28. **2467 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *By* is supplied for the original *[*]y*.
29. **2467 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Crucifix* is supplied for the original *Cru[**]fix*.

30. **2470 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Hallowed* is supplied for the original *Ho[***]wed*.
31. **2516 (37-b)**: Florence is another name for Francisco de Medici, Duke of Florence.
32. **2557 (38-a)**: *Moor* refers to Zanche.
33. **2639 (39-a)**: The regularized reading *fitter* is amended from the original *fittter*.
34. **2659 (39-b)**: The regularized reading *art* is amended from the original *hart*.
35. **2734 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *Cassock* is supplied for the original *Cassoc[*]*.
36. **2734 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *cowl* is supplied for the original *cool[*]*.
37. **2744 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *earth* is supplied for the original *ear[**]*.
38. **2744 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *and* is supplied for the original *a[**]*.
39. **2777 (41-a)**: The regularized reading *Zanche* is amended from the original *Zanke*.
40. **2794 (41-a)**: The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.
41. **2799 (41-b)**: The margins are trimmed, resulting in lost text. A potential alternate reading is: *He enters with two case of pistols*.
42. **2805 (41-b)**: The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.
43. **2808 (41-b)**: The regularized reading *thee* is amended from the original *thee*.
44. **2881 (42-b)**: The regularized reading *the* is supplied for the original *t[**]*.
45. **2894 (42-b)**: The regularized reading *tread* is supplied for the original *tr[**]*.
46. **2918 (43-a)**: The regularized reading *sinking* comes from the original *sinking*, though possible variants include *stinking*.
47. **2947 (43-b)**: The regularized reading *Churchmen* is amended from the original *Chuch-men*.
48. **3064 (45-a)**: The regularized reading *Count* is amended from the original *Cout*.
49. **3079 (45-a)**: The regularized reading *crutches* is amended from the original *cruthes*.