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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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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, Elizabeth Williamson, and Michael Poston, 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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**img: 1-a**  
**sig: [N/A]**

img: 1-b  
sig: A1r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

THE  
Tragedie of Dido  
Queene of Carthage:  
Played by the Children of her  
*Maiesties Chappell.*  
Written by Christopher Marlowe, and  
*Thomas Nash. Gent.*

Actors

*Iupiter. Ascanius.*

*Ganimed. Dido.*

*Venus. Anna.*

*Cupid. Achates.*

*Iuno. Ilioneus.*

*Mercurie, or Iarbas.*

*Hermes. Cloanthes.*

*Æneas. Sergestus.*

In 0017

In 0018

In 0019

In 0020

AT LONDON,  
Printed, by the Widdowe *Orwin*, for *Thomas Woodcocke*, and  
are to be solde at his shop, in *Paules Church-yard*, at  
the signe of the blacke Beare. 1594.

img: 2-a  
sig: A1v

wln 0001

wln 0002

The Tragedie of *Dido* Queene  
of *Carthage*.

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

*Here the Curtaines draw, there is discovered Iupiter dandling  
Ganimed vpon his knee, and Mercury  
lying asleepe.*

wln 0006

wln 0007

*Iup.* COME gentle *Ganimed* and play with me,  
I loue thee well, say *Iuno* what she will.

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

*Gan.* I am much better for your worthles loue,  
That will not shield me from her shrewish blowes:  
To day when as I fild into your cups,  
And held the cloath of pleasance whiles you dranke,  
She reacht me such a rap for that I spilde,  
As made the bloud run downe about mine eares.

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

wln 0019

wln 0020

*Iup.* What? dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?  
By *Saturnes* soule, and this earth threatning aire,  
That shaken thrise, makes Natures buildings quake,  
I vow, if she but once frowne on thee more,  
To hang her meteor like twixt heauen and earth,  
And bind her hand and foote with golden cordes,  
As once I did for harming *Hercules*.

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025

wln 0026

wln 0027

wln 0028

*Gan.* Might I but see that pretie sport a foote,  
O how would I with *Helens* brother laugh,  
And bring the Gods to wonder at the game:  
Sweet *Iupiter*, if ere I pleasde thine eye,  
Or seemed faire walde in with *Egles* wings,  
Grace my immortall beautie with this boone,  
And I will spend my time in thy bright armes.

*Iup.* What ist sweet wagge I should deny thy youth?

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0029 Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,  
wln 0030 As I exhal'd with thy fire darting beames,  
wln 0031 Haue oft driuen backe the horses of the night,  
wln 0032 When as they would haue hal'd thee from my sight:  
wln 0033 Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,  
wln 0034 Controule proud Fate, and cut the thred of time,  
wln 0035 Why are not all the Gods at thy commaund,  
wln 0036 And heauen and earth the bounds of thy delight?  
wln 0037 *Vulcan* shall daunce to make thee laughing sport,  
wln 0038 And my nine Daughters sing when thou art sad,  
wln 0039 From *Iunos* bird Ile pluck her spotted pride,  
wln 0040 To make thee fannes wherewith to coole thy face,  
wln 0041 And *Venus* Swannes shall shed their siluer downe,  
wln 0042 To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed:  
wln 0043 *Hermes* no more shall shew the world his wings,  
wln 0044 If that thy fancie in his feathers dwell,  
wln 0045 But as this one Ile teare them all from him,  
wln 0046 Doe thou but say their colour pleaseth me:  
wln 0047 Hold here my little loue these linked gems,  
wln 0048 My *Iuno* ware vpon her marriage day,  
wln 0049 Put thou about thy necke my owne sweet heart,  
wln 0050 And tricke thy armes and shoulders with my theft.  
wln 0051 *Gan.* I would haue a iewell for mine eare,  
wln 0052 And a fine brouch to put in my hat,  
wln 0053 And then Ile hugge with you an hundred times.  
wln 0054 *Iup.* And shall haue *Ganimed*, if thou wilt be my loue.

wln 0055 *Enter Venus.*  
wln 0056 *Venus.* I this is it, you can sit toying there,  
wln 0057 And playing with that female wanton boy,  
wln 0058 Whiles my *Aeneas* wanders on the Seas,  
wln 0059 And rests a pray to euery billowes pride.  
wln 0060 *Iuno*, false *Iuno* in her Chariots pompe,  
wln 0061 Drawne through the heauens by Steedes of *Boreas* brood,  
wln 0062 Made *Hebe* to direct her ayrie wheelles  
wln 0063 Into the windie cuntrye of the clowdes,  
wln 0064 Where finding *Aeolus* intrencht with stormes,

And

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0065 And guarded with a thousand grislie ghosts,  
wln 0066 She humbly did beseech him for our bane,  
wln 0067 And charg'd him drowne my sonne with all his traine.  
wln 0068 Then gan the windes breake ope their brazen doores,  
wln 0069 And all *Æolia* to be vp in armes:  
wln 0070 Poore *Troy* must now be sackt vpon the Sea,  
wln 0071 And *Neptunes* waues be enuious men of warre,  
wln 0072 *Epeus* horse to *Ætnas* hill transformd,  
wln 0073 Prepared stands to wracke their wooden walles,  
wln 0074 And *Æolus* like *Agamemnon* sounds  
wln 0075 The surges, his fierce souldiers to the spoyle:  
wln 0076 See how the night *Vlysses*-like comes forth,  
wln 0077 And intercepts the day as *Dolon* erst:  
wln 0078 Ay me! the Starres surprisde like *Rhesus* Steedes,  
wln 0079 Are drawne by darknes forth *Astraus* tents.  
wln 0080 What shall I doe to saue thee my sweet boy?  
wln 0081 When as the waues doe threat our Chrystall world,  
wln 0082 And *Proteus* raising hils of flouds on high,  
wln 0083 Entends ere long to sport him in the skie.  
wln 0084 False *Iupiter*, rewardst thou vertue so?  
wln 0085 What? is not pietie exempt from woe?  
wln 0086 Then dye *Æneas* in thine innocence,  
wln 0087 Since that religion hath no recompence.  
wln 0088 *Iup.* Content thee *Cytherea* in thy care,  
wln 0089 Since thy *Æneas* wandring fate is firme,  
wln 0090 Whose wearie lims shall shortly make repose,  
wln 0091 In those faire walles I promist him of yore:  
wln 0092 But first in bloud must his good fortune bud,  
wln 0093 Before he be the Lord of *Turnus* towne,  
wln 0094 Or force her smile that hetherto hath frownd:  
wln 0095 Three winters shall he with the *Rutiles* warre,  
wln 0096 And in the end subdue them with his sword,  
wln 0097 And full three Sommers likewise shall he waste,  
wln 0098 In mannaging those fierce barbarian mindes:  
wln 0099 Which once performd, poore *Troy* so long supprest,  
wln 0100 From forth her ashes shall aduance her head,  
wln 0101 And flourish once againe that erst was dead:

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0102  
wln 0103  
wln 0104  
wln 0105  
wln 0106  
wln 0107  
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wln 0136  
wln 0137  
wln 0138

But bright *Ascanius* beauties better worke,  
Who with the Sunne deuides one radiant shape,  
Shall build his throne amidst those starrie towers,  
That earth-borne *Atlas* groning vnderprops:  
No bounds but heauen shall bound his Emperie,  
Whose azured gates enchased with his name,  
Shall make the morning hast her gray vprise,  
To feede her eyes with his engrauen fame.  
Thus in stoute *Hectors* race three hundred yeares,  
The Romane Scepter royall shall remaine,  
Till that a Princesse priest conceau'd by *Mars*,  
Shall yeeld to dignitie a dubble birth,  
Who will eternish *Troy* in their attempts.

*Venus.* How may I credite these thy flattering termes,  
When yet both sea and sands beset their ships,  
And *Phæbus* as in stygian pooles, refraines  
To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhen maine?

*Iup.* I will take order for that presently:  
*Hermes* awake, and haste to *Neptunes* realme,  
Whereas the Wind-god warring now with Fate,  
Besiege the ofspring of our kingly loynes,  
Charge him from me to turne his stormie powers,  
And fetter them in *Vulcans* sturdie brasse,  
That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsmans peace.  
*Venus* farewell, thy sonne shall be our care:  
Come *Ganimed*, we must about this gear.

*Exeunt Iupiter cum Ganimed.*

*Venus.* Disquiet Seas lay downe your swelling lookes,  
And court *Aeneas* with your calmie cheere,  
Whose beautious burden well might make you proude,  
Had not the heauens conceau'd with hel-borne clowdes.  
Vaild his resplendant glorie from your view,  
For my sake pitie him *Oceanus*,  
That erst-while issued from thy watrie loynes,  
And had my being from thy bubling froth:  
*Triton* I know hath fild his trumpe with *Troy*,  
And therefore will take pitie on his toyle,

And



*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0139  
wln 0140

And call both *Thetis* and *Cimodea*,  
To succour him in this extremitie.

wln 0141  
wln 0142

*Enter Æneas with Ascanius, with  
one or two more.*

wln 0143

What? doe I see my sonne now come on shoare:  
*Venus*, how art thou compast with content,  
The while thine eyes attract their sought for ioyes:  
Great *Iupiter*, still honourd maist thou be,  
For this so friendly ayde in time of neede.  
Here in this bush disguised will I stand,  
Whiles my *Æneas* spends himselfe in plaints,  
And heauen and earth with his vnrest acquaints.

wln 0144

wln 0145

wln 0146

wln 0147

wln 0148

wln 0149

wln 0150

wln 0151

wln 0152

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wln 0154

wln 0155

wln 0156

wln 0157

wln 0158

wln 0159

wln 0160

wln 0161

wln 0162

wln 0163

wln 0164

wln 0165

wln 0166

wln 0167

wln 0168

wln 0169

wln 0170

wln 0171

wln 0172

*Æn.* You sonnes of care, companions of my course,  
*Priams* misfortune followes vs by sea,  
And *Helens* rape doth haunt thee at the heeles.  
How many dangers haue we ouer past ?  
Both barking *Scilla* and the sounding Rocks,  
The *Cyclops* shelues, and grim *Cerantias* seate  
Haue you oregone, and yet remaine aliue?  
Pluck vp your hearts, since fate still rests our friend,  
And chaunging heauens may those good daies returne,  
Which *Pergama* did vaunt in all her pride.

*Acha.* Braue Prince of *Troy*, thou onely art our God,  
That by thy vertues freest vs from annoy,  
And makes our hopes suruiue to cunning ioyes:  
Doe thou but smile, and clowdie heauen will cleare,  
Whose night and day descendeth from thy browes:  
Though we be now in extreame miserie,  
And rest the map of weatherbeaten woe:  
Yet shall the aged Sunne shed forth his aire,  
To make vs liue vnto our former heate,  
And euery beast the forrest doth send forth,  
Bequeath her young ones to our scanted foode.

*Asca.* Father I faint, good father giue me meate.

*Æn.*

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0173  
wln 0174  
wln 0175  
wln 0176  
wln 0177  
wln 0178  
wln 0179  
wln 0180  
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wln 0206  
wln 0207  
wln 0208

*Æn.* Alas sweet boy, thou must be still a while,  
Till we haue fire to dresse the meate we kild:  
Gentle *Achates*, reach the Tinder boxe,  
That we may make a fire to warme vs with,  
And rost our new found victuals on this shoare.

*Venus.* See what strange arts necessitie findes out,  
How neere my sweet *Æneas* art thou driuen?

*Æn.* Hold, take this candle and goe light a fire,  
You shall haue leaues and windfall bowes enow  
Neere to these woods, to rost your meate withall:  
*Ascanius*, goe and drie thy drenched lims,  
Whiles I with my *Achates* roaue abroad,  
To know what coast the winde hath driuen vs on,  
Or whether men or beasts inhabite it.

*Acha.* The ayre is pleasant, and the soyle most fit  
For Cities, and societies supports:  
Yet much I maruell that I cannot finde,  
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

*Venus.* Now is the time for me to play my part:  
Hoe yong men, saw you as you came  
Any of all my Sisters wandring here?  
Hauing a quiuer girded to her side,  
And cloathed in a spotted Leopards skin.

*Æn.* I neither saw nor heard of any such:  
But what may I faire Virgin call your name?  
Whose lookes set forth no mortall forme to view,  
Nor speech bewraies ought humaine in thy birth,  
Thou art a Goddess that deludst our eyes,  
And shrowdes thy beautie in this borrowd shape:  
But whether thou the Sunnes bright Sister be,  
Or one of chast *Dianas* fellow Nymphs,  
Liue happie in the height of all content,  
And lighten our extreames with this one boone,  
As to instruct vs vnder what good heauen  
We breathe as now, and what this world is calde,  
On which by tempests furie we are cast,

Tell

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0209  
wln 0210  
wln 0211  
wln 0212  
wln 0213  
wln 0214  
wln 0215  
wln 0216  
wln 0217  
wln 0218  
wln 0219  
wln 0220  
wln 0221  
wln 0222  
wln 0223  
wln 0224  
wln 0225  
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wln 0227  
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wln 0230  
wln 0231  
wln 0232  
wln 0233  
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wln 0237  
wln 0238  
wln 0239  
wln 0240  
wln 0241  
wln 0242  
wln 0243  
wln 0244  
wln 0245

Tell vs, O tell vs that are ignorant,  
And this right hand shall make thy Altars crack  
With mountaine heapes of milke white Sacrifize.

*Venus.* Such honour, stranger, doe I not affect:  
It is the vse for Turen maides to weare  
Their bowe and quiuer in this modest sort,  
And suite themselues in purple for the nonce,  
That they may trip more lightly ore the lawndes,  
And ouertake the tusked Bore in chase.  
But for the land whereof thou doest enquire,  
It is the punick kingdome rich and strong,  
Adioyning on *Agenors* stately towne,  
The kingly seate of Southerne *Libia*,  
Whereas Sidonian *Dido* rules as Queene.  
But what are you that aske of me these things?  
Whence may you come, or whither will you goe?

*Æn.* Of *Troy* am I, *Æneas* is my name,  
Who driuen by warre from forth my natiue world,  
Put sailes to sea to seeke out *Italy*:  
And my diuine descent from sceptred *Ioue*,  
With twise twelue Phrigian ships I plowed the deepe,  
And made that way my mother *Venus* led:  
But of them all scarce seuen doe anchor safe,  
And they so wrackt and weltred by the waues,  
As euery tide tilts twixt their oken sides:  
And all of them vnburdened of their loade,  
Are ballassed with billowes watrie weight.  
But haples I, God wot, poore and vnknowne,  
Doe trace these Libian deserts all despisde,  
Exild forth *Europe* and wide *Asia* both,  
And haue not any couerture but heauen.

*Venus.* Fortune hath fauord thee what ere thou be,  
In sending thee vnto this curteous Coast:  
A Gods name on and hast thee to the Court,  
Where *Dido* will receiue ye with her smiles:  
And for thy ships which thou supposest lost,  
Not one of them hath perisht in the storme,

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0246  
wln 0247  
wln 0248  
wln 0249  
wln 0250  
wln 0251  
wln 0252  
wln 0253  
wln 0254  
wln 0255  
wln 0256  
wln 0257

But are ariued safe not farre from hence:  
And so I leaue thee to thy fortunes lot,  
Wishing good lucke vnto thy wandring steps.

*Exit.*

*Æn.* *Achates*, tis my mother that is fled,  
I know her by the mouings of her feete:  
Stay gentle *Venus*, flye not from thy sonne,  
Too cruell, why wilt thou forsake me thus?  
Or in these shades deceiu'st mine eye so oft?  
Why talke we not together hand in hand?  
And tell our griefes in more familiar termes:  
But thou art gone and leau'st me here alone,  
To dull the ayre with my discoursiue moane.

*Exit*

wln 0258

*Enter Illioneus, and Cloanthes.*

wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262  
wln 0263  
wln 0264  
wln 0265  
wln 0266  
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wln 0276  
wln 0277  
wln 0278  
wln 0279  
wln 0280

*Illio.* Follow ye Troians, follow this braue Lord,  
And plaine to him the summe of your distresse.

*Iar.* Why, what are you, or wherefore doe you sewe?

*Illio.* Wretches of *Troy*, enuied of the windes,  
That craue such fauour at your honors feete,  
As poore distressed miserie may pleade:  
Saue, saue, O saue our ships from cruell fire,  
That doe complaine the wounds of thousand waues,  
And spare our liues whom euery spite pursues.  
We come not we to wrong your Libian Gods,  
Or steale your household lares from their shrines:  
Our hands are not prepar'd to lawles spoyle,  
Nor armed to offend in any kind:  
Such force is farre from our vnweaponed thoughts,  
Whose fading weale of victorie forsooke,  
Forbids all hope to harbour neere our hearts.

*Iar.* But tell me Troians, Troians if you be,  
Vnto what fruitfull quarters were ye bound,  
Before that *Boreas* buckled with your sailes?

*Cloan.* There is a place *Hesperia* term'd by vs,  
An ancient Empire, famoused for armes,  
And fertile in faire *Ceres* furrowed wealth,

Which

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0281  
wln 0282  
wln 0283  
wln 0284  
wln 0285  
wln 0286  
wln 0287  
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wln 0299  
wln 0300  
wln 0301  
wln 0302  
wln 0303  
wln 0304  
wln 0305

Which now we call *Italia* of his name,  
That in such peace long time did rule the same:  
Thither made we,  
When suddenly gloomie *Orion* rose,  
And led our ships into the shallow sands,  
Whereas the Southerne winde with brackish breath,  
Disperst them all amongst the wrackfull Rockes:  
From thence a fewe of vs escapt to land,  
The rest we feare are fouled in the flouds.

*Iar.* Braue men at armes, abandon fruitles feares,  
Since Carthage knowes to entertaine distresse.

*Serg.* I but the barbarous sort doe threat our ships,  
And will not let vs lodge vpon the sands:  
In multitudes they swarme vnto the shoare,  
And from the first earth interdict our feete.

*Iar.* My selfe will see they shall not trouble ye,  
Your men and you shall banquet in our Court,  
And euery Troian be as welcome here,  
As *Iupiter* to sillie *Vausis* house:  
Come in with me, Ile bring you to my Queene,  
Who shall confirme my words with further deedes.

*Serg.* Thankes gentle Lord for such vnlookt for grace,  
Might we but once more see *Aeneas* face,  
Then would we hope to quite such friendly turnes,  
As shall surpasse the wonder of our speech.

wln 0306

Actus 2.

wln 0307  
wln 0308  
wln 0309  
wln 0310  
wln 0311  
wln 0312  
wln 0313  
wln 0314  
wln 0315

*Enter Aeneas, Achates, and Ascanius.*

*Æn.* Where am I now? these should be Carthage walles.

*Acha.* Why stands my sweete *Aeneas* thus amazde?

*Æn.* O my *Achates*, Theban *Niobe*,  
Who for her sonnes death wept out life and breath,  
And drie with griefe was turnd into a stone,  
Had not such passions in her head as I.  
Me thinkes that towne there should be *Troy*, yon *Idas* hill,  
There *Zanthus* streame, because here's *Priamus*,

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0316

And when I know it is not, then I dye.

wln 0317

*Ach.* And in this humor is *Achates* to,

wln 0318

I cannot choose but fall vpon my knees,

wln 0319

And kisse his hand: O where is *Hecuba*,

wln 0320

Here she was wont to sit, but sauing ayre

wln 0321

Is nothing here, and what is this but stone?

wln 0322

*Æn.* O yet this stone doth make *Æneas* weepe,

wln 0323

And would my prayers (as *Pigmaliions* did)

wln 0324

Could giue it life, that vnder his conduct

wln 0325

We might saile backe to *Troy*, and be reuengde

wln 0326

On these hard harted Grecians, which reioyce

wln 0327

That nothing now is left of *Priamus*:

wln 0328

O *Priamus* is left and this is he,

wln 0329

Come, come abourd, pursue the hatefull Greekes.

wln 0330

*Acha.* What meanes *Æneas*?

wln 0331

*Æn.* *Achates* though mine eyes say this is stone,

wln 0332

Yet thinkes my minde that this is *Priamus*:

wln 0333

And when my griued heart sighes and sayes no,

wln 0334

Then would it leape out to giue *Priam* life:

wln 0335

O were I not at all so thou mightst be.

wln 0336

*Achates*, see King *Priam* wags his hand,

wln 0337

He is aliue, *Troy* is not ouercome.

wln 0338

*Ach.* Thy mind *Æneas* that would haue it so

wln 0339

Deludes thy eye sight, *Priamus* is dead.

wln 0340

*Æn.* Ah *Troy* is sackt, and *Priamus* is dead,

wln 0341

And why should poore *Æneas* be aliue?

wln 0342

*Asca.* Sweete father leaue to weepe, this is not he:

wln 0343

For were it *Priam* he would smile on me.

wln 0344

*Acha.* *Æneas* see here come the Citizens,

wln 0345

Leaue to lament lest they laugh at our feares.

wln 0346

*Enter Cloanthus, Sergestus, Illioneus.*

wln 0347

*Æn.* Lords of this towne, or whatsoever stile

wln 0348

Belongs vnto your name, vouchsafe of ruth

wln 0349

To tell vs who inhabits this faire towne,

wln 0350

What kind of people, and who gouernes them:

For

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0351

For we are strangers driuen on this shore,

wln 0352

And scarcely know within what Clime we are.

wln 0353

*Illio.* I heare *Aeneas* voyce, but see him not,

wln 0354

For none of these can be our Generall.

wln 0355

*Acha.* Like *Illioneus* speakes this Noble man,

wln 0356

But *Illioneus* goes not in such robes.

wln 0357

*Serg.* You are *Achates*, or I deciu'd.

wln 0358

*Acha.* *Aeneas* see *Sergestus* or his ghost.

wln 0359

*Illio.* He meanes *Aeneas*, let vs kisse his feete.

wln 0360

*Cloan.* It is our Captaine, see *Ascanius*.

wln 0361

*Serg.* Liue long *Aeneas* and *Ascanius*.

wln 0362

*Æn.* *Achates*, speake, for I am ouerioyed.

wln 0363

*Acha.* O *Illioneus*, art thou yet aliue?

wln 0364

*Illio.* Blest be the time I see *Achates* face.

wln 0365

*Cloan.* Why turnes *Aeneas* from his trustie friends?

wln 0366

*Æn.* *Sergestus*, *Illioneus* and the rest,

wln 0367

Your sight amazde me, O what destinies

wln 0368

Haue brought my sweete companions in such plight?

wln 0369

O tell me, for I long to be resolu'd.

wln 0370

*Illio.* Louely *Aeneas*, these are Carthage walles,

wln 0371

And here Queene *Dido* weares th'imperiall Crowne,

wln 0372

Who for *Troyes* sake hath entertaind vs all,

wln 0373

And clad vs in these wealthie robes we weare.

wln 0374

Oft hath she askt vs vnder whom we seru'd,

wln 0375

And when we told her she would weepe for grieffe,

wln 0376

Thinking the sea had swallowed vp thy ships,

wln 0377

And now she sees thee how will she reioyce?

wln 0378

*Serg.* See where her seruitors passe through the hall

wln 0379

Bearing a banket, *Dido* is not farre.

wln 0380

*Illio.* Looke where she comes: *Aeneas* viewd her well.

wln 0381

*Æn.* Well may I view her, but she sees not me.

wln 0382

*Enter Dido and her traine.*

wln 0383

*Dido.* What stranger art thou that doest eye me thus?

wln 0384

*Æn.* Sometime I was a Troian mightie Queene:

wln 0385

But *Troy* is not, what shall I say I am?

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0386                    *Illio.* Renowmed *Dido*, tis our Generall: warlike *Aeneas*.  
wln 0387                    *Dido.* Warlike *Aeneas*, and in these base robes?  
wln 0388                    Goe fetch the garment which *Sicheus* ware:  
wln 0389                    Braue Prince, welcome to Carthage and to me,  
wln 0390                    Both happie that *Aeneas* is our guest:  
wln 0391                    Sit in this chaire and banquet with a Queene,  
wln 0392                    *Aeneas* is *Aeneas*, were he clad  
wln 0393                    In weedes as bad as euer *Irus* ware.  
wln 0394                    *En.* This is no seate for one thats comfortles,  
wln 0395                    May it please your grace to let *Aeneas* waite:  
wln 0396                    For though my birth be great, my fortunes meane,  
wln 0397                    Too meane to be companion to a Queene.  
wln 0398                    *Dido.* Thy fortune may be greater then thy birth,  
wln 0399                    Sit downe *Aeneas*, sit in *Didos* place,  
wln 0400                    And if this be thy sonne as I suppose,  
wln 0401                    Here let him sit, be merrie louely child.  
wln 0402                    *En.* This place beseemes me not, O pardon me.  
wln 0403                    *Dido.* Ile haue it so, *Aeneas* be content.  
wln 0404                    *Asca.* Madame, you shall be my mother.  
wln 0405                    *Dido.* And so I will sweete child: be merrie man,  
wln 0406                    Heres to thy better fortune and good starres.  
wln 0407                    *En.* In all humilitie I thanke your grace.  
wln 0408                    *Dido.* Remember who thou art, speake like thy selfe,  
wln 0409                    Humilitie belongs to common groomes.  
wln 0410                    *En.* And who so miserable as *Aeneas* is?  
wln 0411                    *Dido.* Lyes it in *Didos* hands to make thee blest,  
wln 0412                    Then be assured thou art not miserable.  
wln 0413                    *En.* O *Priamus*, O *Troy*, Oh *Hecuba*!  
wln 0414                    *Dido.* May I entreate thee to discourse at large,  
wln 0415                    And truely to how *Troy* was ouercome:  
wln 0416                    For many tales goe of that Cities fall,  
wln 0417                    And scarcely doe agree vpon one poynt:  
wln 0418                    Some say *Antenor* did betray the towne,  
wln 0419                    Others report twas *Sinons* periurie:  
wln 0420                    But all in this that *Troy* is ouercome,  
wln 0421                    And *Priam* dead, yet how we heare no newes.  
wln 0422                    *En.* A wofull tale bids *Dido* to vnfold,

Whose



*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0423  
wln 0424  
wln 0425  
wln 0426  
wln 0427  
wln 0428  
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wln 0458  
wln 0459

Whose memorie like pale deaths stony mace,  
Beates forth my senses from this troubled soule,  
And makes *Aeneas* sinke at *Didos* feete.

*Dido.* What faints *Aeneas* to remember *Troy*?  
In whose defence he fought so valiantly:  
Looke vp and speake.

*Æn.* Then speake *Aeneas* with *Achilles* tongue,  
And *Dido* and you Carthaginian Peeres  
Heare me, but yet with *Mirmidons* harsh eares,  
Daily inur'd to broyles and Massacres,  
Lest you be mou'd too much with my sad tale.  
The Grecian souldiers tired with ten yeares warre,  
Began to crye, let vs vnto our ships,  
*Troy* is inuincible, why stay we here?  
With whose outcryes *Atrides* being apal'd,  
Summoned the Captaines to his princely tent,  
Who looking on the scarres we Troians gaue,  
Seeing the number of their men decreast,  
And the remainder weake and out of heart,  
Gauē vp their voyces to dislodge the Campe,  
And so in troopes all marcht to *Tenedos*:  
Where when they came, *Vlysses* on the sand  
Assayd with honey words to turne them backe:  
And as he spoke to further his entent,  
The windes did driue huge billowes to the shoare,  
And heauen was darkned with tempestuous clowdes:  
Then he alleag'd the Gods would haue them stay,  
And prophecied *Troy* should be ouercome:  
And therewithall he calde false *Sinon* forth,  
A man compact of craft and periurie,  
Whose ticing tongue was made of *Hermes* pipe,  
To force an hundred watchfull eyes to sleepe:  
And him *Epeus* hauing made the horse,  
With sacrificing wreathes vpon his head,  
*Vlysses* sent to our vnhappie towne:  
Who groueling in the mire of *Zanthus* bankes,  
His hands bound at his backe, and both his eyes

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0460 Turnd vp to heauen as one resolu'd to dye,  
wln 0461 Our Phrigan shepherd haled within the gates,  
wln 0462 And brought vnto the Court of *Priamus*:  
wln 0463 To whom he vsed action so pitifull,  
wln 0464 Lookes so remorsefull, vowes so forcible,  
wln 0465 As there withall the old man ouercome,  
wln 0466 Kist him, imbrast him, and vnloosde his bands,  
wln 0467 And then, O *Dido*, pardon me.  
wln 0468 *Dido.* Nay leaue not here, resolute me of the rest  
wln 0469 *Æn.* O th' inchaunting words of that base slaue,  
wln 0470 Made him to thinke *Epeus* pine-tree Horse  
wln 0471 A sacrifice t' appease *Mineruas* wrath:  
wln 0472 The rather for that one *Laocoon*  
wln 0473 Breaking a speare vpon his hollow breast,  
wln 0474 Was with two winged Serpents stung to death.  
wln 0475 Whereat agast, we were commanded straight  
wln 0476 With reuerence to draw it into *Troy*.  
wln 0477 In which unhappie worke was I employd,  
wln 0478 These hands did helpe to hale it to the gates,  
wln 0479 Through which it could not enter twas so huge.  
wln 0480 O had it neuer entred, *Troy* had stood.  
wln 0481 But *Priamus* impatient of delay,  
wln 0482 Inforst a wide breach in that rampierd wall,  
wln 0483 Which thousand battering Rams could neuer pierce,  
wln 0484 And so came in this fatall instrument:  
wln 0485 At whose accursed feete as ouerjoyed,  
wln 0486 We banquetted till ouercome with wine,  
wln 0487 Some surfetted and others soundly slept.  
wln 0488 Which *Sinon* viewing, causde the Greekish spyes  
wln 0489 To hast to *Tenedos* and tell the Campe:  
wln 0490 Then he vnlockt the Horse, and suddenly  
wln 0491 From out his entrailles, *Neoptolemus*  
wln 0492 Setting his speare vpon the ground, leapt forth,  
wln 0493 And after him a thousand Grecians more,  
wln 0494 In whose sterne faces shin'd the quenchles fire,  
wln 0495 That after burnt the pride of *Asia*.  
wln 0496 By this the Campe was come vnto the walles,

And

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0497 And through the breach did march into the streetes,  
wln 0498 Where meeting with the rest, kill kill they cryed.  
wln 0499 Frighted with this confused noyse, I rose,  
wln 0500 And looking from a turret, might behold  
wln 0501 Yong infants swimming in their parents bloud,  
wln 0502 Headles carkasses piled vp in heapes,  
wln 0503 Virgins halfe dead dragged by their golden haire,  
wln 0504 And with maine force flung on a ring of pikes,  
wln 0505 Old men with swords thrust through their aged sides,  
wln 0506 Kneeling for mercie to a Greekish lad,  
wln 0507 Who with steele Pol-axes dasht out their braines.  
wln 0508 Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,  
wln 0509 And thinking to goe downe, came *Hectors* ghost  
wln 0510 With ashie visage, blewish sulphure eyes,  
wln 0511 His armes torne from his shoulders, and his breast  
wln 0512 Furrowd with wounds, and that which made me weepe,  
wln 0513 Thongs at his heeles, by which *Achilles* horse  
wln 0514 Drew him in triumph through the Greekish Campe,  
wln 0515 Burst from the earth, crying, *Aeneas* flye,  
wln 0516 *Troy* is a fire, the Grecians haue the towne,  
wln 0517 *Dido.* O *Hector* who weepes not to heare thy name?  
wln 0518 *Æn.* Yet flung I forth, and desperate of my life,  
wln 0519 Ran in the thickest throngs, and with this sword  
wln 0520 Sent many of their sauadge ghosts to hell.  
wln 0521 At last came *Pirrhus* fell and full of ire,  
wln 0522 His harnesse dropping bloud, and on his speare  
wln 0523 The mangled head of *Priams* yongest sonne,  
wln 0524 And after him his band of Mirmidons,  
wln 0525 With balles of wilde fire in their murdering pawes,  
wln 0526 Which made the funerall flame that burnt faire *Troy*:  
wln 0527 All which hemd me about, crying, this is he.  
wln 0528 *Dido.* Ah, how could poore *Aeneas* scape their hands?  
wln 0529 *Æn.* My mother *Venus* iealous of my health,  
wln 0530 Conuaid me from their crooked nets and bands:  
wln 0531 So I escapt the furious *Pirrhus* wrath:  
wln 0532 Who then ran to the pallace of the King,  
wln 0533 And at *Ioues* Altar finding *Priamus*,

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0534 About whose withered necke hung *Hecuba*,  
wln 0535 Foulding his hand in hers, and ioyntly both  
wln 0536 Beating their breasts and falling on the ground,  
wln 0537 He with his faulchions poynt raisde vp at once,  
wln 0538 And with *Megeras* eyes stared in their face,  
wln 0539 Threatning a thousand deaths at euery glaunce.  
wln 0540 To whom the aged King thus trembling spoke:  
wln 0541 *Achilles* sonne, remember what I was,  
wln 0542 Father of fiftie sonnes, but they are slaine,  
wln 0543 Lord of my fortune, but my fortunes turnd,  
wln 0544 King of this Citie, but my *Troy* is fired,  
wln 0545 And now am neither father, Lord, nor King:  
wln 0546 Yet who so wretched but desires to liue?  
wln 0547 O let me liue, great *Neoptolemus*,  
wln 0548 Not mou'd at all, but smiling at his teares,  
wln 0549 This butcher whil'st his hands were yet held vp,  
wln 0550 Treading vpon his breast, strooke off his hands.  
wln 0551 *Dido.* O end *Aeneas*, I can heare no more.  
wln 0552 *Æn.* At which the franticke Queene leapt on his face,  
wln 0553 And in his eyelids hanging by the nayles,  
wln 0554 A little while prolong'd her husbands life:  
wln 0555 At last the souldiers puld her by the heeles,  
wln 0556 And swong her howling in the emptie ayre,  
wln 0557 Which sent an eccho to the wounded King:  
wln 0558 Whereat he lifted vp his bedred lims,  
wln 0559 And would haue grappeld with *Achilles* sonne,  
wln 0560 Forgetting both his want of strength and hands,  
wln 0561 Which he disdainig whiskt his sword about,  
wln 0562 And with the wound thereof the King fell downe:  
wln 0563 Then from the nauell to the throat at once,  
wln 0564 He ript old *Priam*: at whose latter gaspe  
wln 0565 *Ioues* marble statue gan to bend the brow,  
wln 0566 As lothing *Pirrhus* for this wicked act:  
wln 0567 Yet he vndaunted tooke his fathers flagge,  
wln 0568 And dipt it in the old Kings chill cold bloud,  
wln 0569 And then in triumph ran into the streetes,  
wln 0570 Through which he could not passe for slaughtred men:

So

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0571 So leaning on his sword he stood stone still,  
wln 0572 Viewing the fire wherewith rich *Ilion* burnt.  
wln 0573 By this I got my father on my backe,  
wln 0574 This yong boy in mine armes, and by the hand  
wln 0575 Led faire *Creusa* my beloued wife,  
wln 0576 When thou *Achates* with thy sword mad'st way,  
wln 0577 And we were round inuiron'd with the Greekes:  
wln 0578 O there I lost my wife: and had not we  
wln 0579 Fought manfully, I had not told this tale:  
wln 0580 Yet manhood would not serue, of force we fled,  
wln 0581 And as we went vnto our ships, thou knowest  
wln 0582 We sawe *Cassandra* sprauling in the streetes,  
wln 0583 Whom *Ajax* rauisht in *Dianas* Fawne,  
wln 0584 Her cheekes swolne with sighes, her haire all rent,  
wln 0585 Whom I tooke vp to beare vnto our ships:  
wln 0586 But suddenly the Grecians followed vs,  
wln 0587 And I alas, was forst to let her lye.  
wln 0588 Then got we to our ships, and being aboutd,  
wln 0589 *Polixena* cryed out, *Aeneas* stay,  
wln 0590 The Greekes pursue me, stay and take me in.  
wln 0591 Moued with her voyce, I lept into the sea,  
wln 0592 Thinking to beare her on my backe aboutd:  
wln 0593 For all our ships were launcht into the deepe,  
wln 0594 And as I swomme, she standing on the shoare,  
wln 0595 Was by the cruell Mirmidons surprizd,  
wln 0596 And after by that *Pirrhus* sacrificzde.  
wln 0597 *Dido.* I dye with melting ruth, *Aeneas* leaue.  
wln 0598 *Anna.* O what became of aged *Hecuba*?  
wln 0599 *Iar.* How got *Aeneas* to the fleete againe?  
wln 0600 *Dido.* But how scapt *Helen*, she that causde this warre?  
wln 0601 *Æn.* *Achates* speake, sorrow hath tired me quite.  
wln 0602 *Acha.* What happened to the Queene we cannot shewe,  
wln 0603 We heare they led her captiue into Greece,  
wln 0604 As for *Aeneas* he swomme quickly backe,  
wln 0605 And *Helena* betraied *Düphobus*  
wln 0606 Her Louer, after *Alexander* dyed,  
wln 0607 And so was reconcil'd to *Menelaus*.

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0608  
wln 0609  
wln 0610  
wln 0611  
wln 0612

*Dido.* O had that ticing strumpet nere been borne:  
Troian, thy ruthfull tale hath made me sad:  
Come let vs thinke vpon some pleasing sport,  
To rid me from these melancholly thoughts.

*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 0613  
wln 0614

*Enter Venus at another doore, and takes  
Ascanius by the sleeue.*

wln 0615  
wln 0616  
wln 0617  
wln 0618  
wln 0619

*Venus.* Faire child stay thou with *Didos* waiting maide,  
Ile giue thee Sugar-almonds, sweete Conserues,  
A siluer girdle, and a golden purse,  
And this yong Prince shall be thy playfellow.

wln 0620  
wln 0621

*Asca.* Are you Queene *Didos* sonne?

*Cupid.* I, and my mother gaue me this fine bow.

*Asca.* Shall I haue such a quiuer and a bow?

wln 0622  
wln 0623

*Venus.* Such bow, such quiuer, and such golden shafts,  
Will *Dido* giue to sweete *Ascanius*:

wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
wln 0627  
wln 0628  
wln 0629

For *Didos* sake I take thee in my armes,  
And sticke these spangled feathers in thy hat,  
Eate Comfites in mine armes, and I will sing.  
Now is he fast asleepe, and in this groue  
Amongst greene brakes Ile lay *Ascanius*,  
And strewe him with sweete smelling Violets,  
Blushing Roses, purple *Hyacinthe*:

wln 0630  
wln 0631  
wln 0632  
wln 0633

These milke white Doues shall be his Centronels:  
Who if that any seeke to doe him hurt,  
Will quickly flye to *Citheidas* fist.

wln 0634  
wln 0635  
wln 0636  
wln 0637  
wln 0638

Now *Cupid* turne thee to *Ascanius* shape,  
And goe to *Dido*, who in stead of him  
Will set thee on her lap and play with thee:  
Then touch her white breast with this arrow head,  
That she may dote vpon *Aeneas* loue:

wln 0639  
wln 0640  
wln 0641  
wln 0642

And by that meanes repaire his broken ships,  
Victuall his Souldiers, giue him wealthie gifts,  
And he at last depart to *Italy*,  
Or els in *Carthage* make his kingly throne.

*Cupid.*

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0643  
wln 0644  
wln 0645  
wln 0646  
wln 0647  
wln 0648  
wln 0649  
wln 0650

*Cupid.* I will faire mother, and so play my part,  
As every touch shall wound Queene *Didos* heart.  
*Venus* Sleepe my sweete nephew in these cooling shades,  
Free from the murmure of these running streames,  
The crye of beasts, the ratling of the windes,  
Or whisking of these leaues, all shall be still,  
And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleepe,  
Till I returne and take thee hence againe.

*Exit.*

wln 0651

Actus 3. Scena I.

wln 0652  
wln 0653  
wln 0654  
wln 0655  
wln 0656  
wln 0657  
wln 0658

*Enter Cupid solus.*

*Cupid.* Now *Cupid* cause the Carthaginian Queene,  
To be inamourd of thy brothers lookes,  
Conuey this golden arrowe in thy sleeue,  
Lest she imagine thou art *Venus* sonne:  
And when she strokes thee softly on the head,  
Then shall I touch her breast and conquer her.

wln 0659  
wln 0660  
wln 0661  
wln 0662  
wln 0663  
wln 0664  
wln 0665  
wln 0666  
wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669  
wln 0670  
wln 0671  
wln 0672  
wln 0673  
wln 0674  
wln 0675

*Enter Iarbus, Anna, and Dido.*

*Iar.* How long faire *Dido* shall I pine for thee?  
Tis not enough that thou doest graunt me loue,  
But that I may enjoy what I desire:  
That loue is childish which consists in words.

*Dido.* *Iarbus*, know that thou of all my wooers  
(And yet haue I had many mightier Kings)  
Hast had the greatest fauours I could giue:  
I feare me *Dido* hath been counted light,  
In being too familiar with *Iarbus*:  
Albeit the Gods doe know no wanton thought  
Had euer residence in *Didos* breast.

*Iar.* But *Dido* is the fauour I request.

*Dido.* Feare not *Iarbus*, *Dido* may be thine.

*Anna.* Looke sister how *Aeneas* little sonne  
Playes with your garments and imbraceth you.

*Cupid.* No *Dido* will not take me in her armes,

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0676  
wln 0677  
wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681  
wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684  
wln 0685  
wln 0686  
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wln 0705  
wln 0706  
wln 0707  
wln 0708  
wln 0709  
wln 0710  
wln 0711  
wln 0712

I shall not be her sonne, she loues me not.  
*Dido.* Weepe not sweet boy, thou shalt be *Didos* sonne,  
Sit in my lap and let me heare thee sing.  
No more my child, now talke another while,  
And tell me where learnst thou this pretie song?  
*Cupid.* My cosin *Helen* taught it me in *Troy*.  
*Dido.* How louely is *Ascanius* when he smiles?  
*Cupid.* Will *Dido* let me hang about her necke?  
*Dido.* I wagge, and giue thee leaue to kisse her to.  
*Cupid.* What will you giue me? now Ile haue this Fanne.  
*Dido.* Take it *Ascanius*, for thy fathers sake.  
*Iar.* Come *Dido*, leaue *Ascanius*, let vs walke.  
*Dido.* Goe thou away, *Ascanius* shall stay.  
*Iar.* Vngentle Queene, is this thy loue to me?  
*Dido.* O stay *Iarbus*, and Ile goe with thee.  
*Cupid.* And if my mother goe, Ile follow her.  
*Dido.* Why staiest thou here? thou art no loue of mine?  
*Iar.* *Iarbus* dye, seeing she abandons thee.  
*Dido.* No, liue *Iarbus*, what hast thou deseru'd,  
That I should say thou art no loue of mine?  
Something thou hast deseru'd, away I say,  
Depart from *Carthage*, come not in my sight.  
*Iar.* Am I not King of rich *Getulia*?  
*Dido.* *Iarbus* pardon me, and stay a while.  
*Cupid.* Mother, looke here.  
*Dido.* What telst thou me of rich *Getulia*?  
Am not I Queene of *Libia*? then depart.  
*Iar.* I goe to feed the humour of my Loue,  
Yet not from *Carthage* for a thousand worlds.  
*Dido.* *Iarbus*.  
*Iar.* Doth *Dido* call me backe?  
*Dido.* No, but I charge thee neuer looke on me.  
*Iar.* Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me dye. *Exit Iarb.*  
*Anna.* Wherefore doth *Dido* bid *Iarbus* goe?  
*Dido.* Because his lothsome sight offends mine eye,  
And in my thoughts is shrin'd another loue:  
O *Anna*, didst thou know how sweet loue were,



*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0713  
wln 0714  
wln 0715  
wln 0716  
wln 0717  
wln 0718  
wln 0719  
wln 0720  
wln 0721  
wln 0722  
wln 0723  
wln 0724  
wln 0725  
wln 0726  
wln 0727  
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wln 0729  
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wln 0731  
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wln 0734  
wln 0735  
wln 0736  
wln 0737  
wln 0738  
wln 0739  
wln 0740  
wln 0741  
wln 0742  
wln 0743  
wln 0744  
wln 0745  
wln 0746  
wln 0747  
wln 0748  
wln 0749

Full soone wouldst thou abiure this single life.

*Anna.* Poore soule I know too well the **sower** of loue,  
O that *Iarbus* could but fancie me.

*Dido.* Is not *Aeneas* faire and beautifull?

*Anna.* Yes, and *Iarbus* foule and fauourles.

*Dido.* Is he not eloquent in all his speech?

*Anna.* Yes, and *Iarbus* rude and rusticall.

*Dido.* Name not *Iarbus*, but sweete *Anna* say,  
Is not *Aeneas* worthie *Didos* loue?

*Anna.* O sister, were you Empresse of the world,  
*Aeneas* well deserues to be your loue,  
So louely is he that where ere he goes,  
The people swarme to gaze him in the face.

*Dido.* But tell them none shall gaze on him but I,  
Lest their grosse eye-beames taint my louers cheekes:

*Anna*, good sister *Anna* goe for him,

Lest with these sweete thoughts I melt cleane away.

*Anna.* Then sister youle abiure *Iarbus* loue?

*Dido.* Yet must I heare that lothsome name againe?  
Runne for *Aeneas*, or Ile flye to him.

*Exit Anna.*

*Cupid.* You shall not hurt my father when he comes.

*Dido.* No, for thy sake Ile loue thy father well.

O dull conceipted *Dido*, that till now  
Didst neuer thinke *Aeneas* beautifull:  
But now for quittance of this ouersight,  
Ile make me bracelets of his golden haire,  
His glistering eyes shall be my looking glasse,  
His lips an altar, where Ile offer vp  
As many kisses as the Sea hath sands,  
In stead of musicke I will heare him speake,  
His lookes shall be my only Librarie,  
And thou *Aeneas*, *Didos* treasure,  
In whose faire bosome I will locke more wealth,  
Then twentie thousand Indiaes can affoord:  
O here he comes, loue, loue, giue *Dido* leaue  
To be more modest then her thoughts admit,  
Lest I be made a wonder to the world.

*Achates,*

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0750  
wln 0751  
wln 0752  
wln 0753  
wln 0754  
wln 0755  
wln 0756  
wln 0757  
wln 0758  
wln 0759  
wln 0760  
wln 0761  
wln 0762  
wln 0763  
wln 0764  
wln 0765  
wln 0766  
wln 0767  
wln 0768  
wln 0769  
wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772  
wln 0773  
wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776  
wln 0777  
wln 0778  
wln 0779  
wln 0780  
wln 0781  
wln 0782  
wln 0783  
wln 0784  
wln 0785  
wln 0786

*Achates*, how doth *Carthage* please your Lord?  
*Acha.* That will *Aeneas* shewe your maiestie.  
*Dido.* *Aeneas*, art thou there?  
*Æn.* I vnderstand your highnesse sent for me.  
*Dido.* No, but now thou art here, tell me in sooth  
In what might *Dido* highly pleasure thee.  
*Æn.* So much haue I receiu'd at *Didos* hands,  
As without blushing I can aske no more:  
Yet Queene of *Affricke* are my ships vnrigd,  
My Sailes all rent in sunder with the winde,  
My Oares broken, and my Tackling lost,  
Yea all my Nauie split with Rockes and Shelves:  
Nor Sterne nor Anchor haue our maimed Fleete,  
Our Masts the furious windes strooke ouer board:  
Which piteous wants if *Dido* will supplie,  
We will account her author of our liues.  
*Dido.* *Aeneas*, Ile repaire thy Troian ships,  
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,  
And let *Achates* saile to *Italy*:  
Ile giue thee tackling made of riuel'd gold,  
Wound on the barkes of odoriferous trees,  
Oares of massie Iuorie full of holes,  
Through which the water shall delight to play:  
Thy Anchors shall be hewed from Christall Rockes,  
Which if thou lose shall shine aboue the waues:  
The Masts whereon thy swelling sailes shall hang,  
Hollow Pyramides of siluer plate:  
The sailes of foulded Lawne, where shall be wrought  
The warres of *Troy*, but not *Troyes* ouerthrow:  
For ballace, emptie *Didos* treasure,  
Take what ye will, but leaue *Aeneas* here.  
*Achates*, thou shalt be so meanly clad,  
As Seaborne Nymphes shall swarme about thy ships,  
And wanton Mermaides court thee with sweete songs,  
Flinging in fauours of more soueraigne worth,  
Then *Thetis* hangs about *Apolloes* necke,  
So that *Aeneas* may but stay with me.

*Æn.*

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0787  
wln 0788  
wln 0789  
wln 0790  
wln 0791  
wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795  
wln 0796  
wln 0797  
wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802  
wln 0803  
wln 0804  
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wln 0807  
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wln 0810  
wln 0811  
wln 0812  
wln 0813  
wln 0814  
wln 0815  
wln 0816  
wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819  
wln 0820  
wln 0821  
wln 0822  
wln 0823

*Æn.* Wherefore would *Dido* haue *Æneas* stay?

*Dido.* To warre against my bordering enemies:  
*Æneas*, thinke not *Dido* is in loue:

For if that any man could conquer me,  
I had been wedded ere *Æneas* came:

See where the pictures of my suiters hang,  
And are not these as faire as faire may be?

*Acha.* I saw this man at *Troy* ere *Troy* was sackt.

*Æn.* I this in *Greece* when *Paris* stole faire *Helen*.

*Illio.* This man and I were at *Olympus* games.

*Serg.* I know this face, he is a Persian borne,  
I traueled with him to *Ætolia*.

*Cloan.* And I in *Athens* with this gentleman,  
Vnlesse I be deceiu'd disputed once.

*Dido.* But speake *Æneas*, know you none of these?

*Æn.* No Madame, but it seemes that these are Kings.

*Dido.* All these and others which I neuer sawe,  
Haue been most vrgent suiters for my loue,

Some came in person, others sent their Legats:

Yet none obtaind me, I am free from all,

And yet God knowes intangled vnto one.

This was an Orator, and thought by words

To compasse me, but yet he was deceiu'd:

And this a Spartan Courtier vaine and wilde,

But his fantastick humours pleasde not me:

This was *Alcion*, a Musition,

But playd he nere so sweet, I let him goe:

This was the wealthie King of *Thessaly*,

But I had gold enough and cast him off:

This *Meleagers* sonne, a warlike Prince,

But weapons gree not with my tender yeares:

The rest are such as all the world well knowes,

Yet how I sweare by heauen and him I loue,

I was as farre from loue, as they from hate.

*Æn.* O happie shall he be whom *Dido* loues.

*Dido.* Then neuer say that thou art miserable,  
Because it may be thou shalt be my loue:

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0824  
wln 0825  
wln 0826  
wln 0827  
wln 0828  
wln 0829

Yet boast not of it, for I loue thee not,  
And yet I hate thee not: O if I speake  
I shall betray my selfe: *Aeneas* speake,  
We two will goe a hunting in the woods,  
But not so much for thee, thou art but one,  
As for *Achates*, and his followers.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0830  
wln 0831  
wln 0832  
wln 0833  
wln 0834  
wln 0835  
wln 0836  
wln 0837  
wln 0838  
wln 0839  
wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842  
wln 0843  
wln 0844  
wln 0845  
wln 0846  
wln 0847  
wln 0848  
wln 0849  
wln 0850

*Enter Iuno to Ascanius asleepe.*

*Iuno.* Here lyes my hate, *Aeneas* cursed brat,  
The boy wherein false destinie delights,  
The heire of furie, the fauorite of the face,  
That vgly impe that shall outweare my wrath,  
And wrong my deitie with high disgrace:  
But I will take another order now,  
And race th'eternall Register of time:  
*Troy* shall no more call him her second hope,  
Nor *Venus* triumph in his tender youth:  
For here in spight of heauen Ile murder him,  
And feede infection with his left out life:  
Say *Paris*, now shall *Venus* haue the ball?  
Say vengeance, now shall her *Ascanius* dye.  
O no God wot, I cannot watch my time,  
Nor quit good turnes with double fee downe told:  
Tut, I am simple without made to hurt,  
And haue no gall at all to grieue my foes:  
But lustfull *Ioue* and his adulterous child,  
Shall finde it written on confusions front,  
That onely *Iuno* rules in *Rhamnuse* towne.

wln 0851  
wln 0852  
wln 0853  
wln 0854  
wln 0855  
wln 0856  
wln 0857  
wln 0858

*Enter Venus.*

*Venus.* What should this meane? my Doues are back returnd,  
Who warne me of such daunger prest at hand,  
To harme my sweete *Ascanius* louely life.  
*Iuno*, my mortall foe, what make you here?  
Auaunt old witch and trouble not my wits.  
*Iuno.* Fie *Venus*, that such causeles words of wrath,  
Should ere defile so faire a mouth as thine:

Are

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0859  
wln 0860  
wln 0861  
wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864  
wln 0865  
wln 0866  
wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
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wln 0882  
wln 0883  
wln 0884  
wln 0885  
wln 0886  
wln 0887  
wln 0888  
wln 0889  
wln 0890  
wln 0891  
wln 0892  
wln 0893  
wln 0894  
wln 0895

Are not we both sprong of celestiall rase,  
And banquet as two Sisters with the Gods?  
Why is it then displeasure should disioyne,  
Whom kindred and acquaintance countites.

*Venus.* Out hatefull hag, thou wouldst haue slaine my sonne,  
Had not my Doues discou'rd thy entent:  
But I will teare thy eyes fro forth thy head,  
And feast the birds with their bloud-shotten balles,  
If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy.

*Iuno.* Is this then all the thanks that I shall haue,  
For sauing him from Snakes and Serpents stings,  
That would haue kild him sleeping as he lay?  
What though I was offended with thy sonne,  
And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,  
When for the hate of Troian *Ganimed*,  
That was aduanced by my *Hebes* shame,  
And *Paris* iudgement of the heauenly ball,  
I mustred all the windes vnto his wracke,  
And vrg'd each Element to his annoy:  
Yet now I doe repent me of his ruth,  
And wish that I had neuer wrongd him so:  
Bootles I sawe it was to warre with fate,  
That hath so many vnresisted friends:  
Wherefore I chaunge my counsell with the time,  
And planted loue where enuie erst had sprong.

*Venus.* Sister of *Ioue*, if that thy loue be such,  
As these thy protestations doe paint forth,  
We two as friends one fortune will deuide:  
*Cupid* shall lay his arrowes in thy lap,  
And to a Scepter change his golden shafts,  
Fancie and modestie shall liue as mates,  
And thy faire peacockes by my pigeons pearch:  
Loue my *Aneas*, and desire is thine,  
The day, the night, my Swannes, my sweetes are thine.

*Iuno.* More then melodious are these words to me,  
That ouercloy my soule with their content:

*Venus*, sweete *Venus*, how may I deserue

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0896           Such amorous fauours at thy beautious hand?  
wln 0897           But that thou maist more easilie perceiue,  
wln 0898           How highly I doe prize this amitie,  
wln 0899           Harke to a motion of eternall league,  
wln 0900           Which I will make in quittance of thy loue:  
wln 0901           Thy sonne thou knowest with *Dido* now remaines,  
wln 0902           And feedes his eyes with fauours of her Court,  
wln 0903           She likewise in admyring spends her time,  
wln 0904           And cannot talke nor thinke of ought but him:  
wln 0905           Why should not they then ioyne in marriage,  
wln 0906           And bring forth mightie Kings to Carthage towne,  
wln 0907           Whom casualtie of sea hath made such friends?  
wln 0908           And *Venus*, let there be a match confirmd  
wln 0909           Betwixt these two, whose loues are so alike,  
wln 0910           And both our Deities conioynd in one,  
wln 0911           Shall chaine felicitie vnto their throne.  
wln 0912                 *Venus.*   Well could I like this reconcilements meanes,  
wln 0913           But much I feare my sonne will nere consent,  
wln 0914           Whose armed soule alreadie on the sea,  
wln 0915           Darts forth her light to *Lauinias* shoare.  
wln 0916                 *Iuno.*   Faire Queene of loue, I will deuorce these doubts,  
wln 0917           And finde the way to wearie such fond thoughts:  
wln 0918           This day they both a forth will ride  
wln 0919           Into these woods, adioyning to these walles,  
wln 0920           When in the midst of all their gamesome sports,  
wln 0921           Ile make the Clowdes dissolue their watrie workes,  
wln 0922           And drench *Siluanus* dwellings with their shewers,  
wln 0923           Then in one Caue the Queene and he shall meete,  
wln 0924           And interchangeably discourse their thoughts,  
wln 0925           Whose short conclusion will seale vp their hearts,  
wln 0926           Vnto the purpose which we now propound.  
wln 0927                 *Venus.*   Sister, I see you sauour of my wiles,  
wln 0928           Be it as you will haue for this once,  
wln 0929           Meane time, *Ascanius* shall be my charge,  
wln 0930           Whom I will beare to *Ida* in mine armes,  
wln 0931           And couch him in *Adonis* purple downe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

*Enter Dido, Æneas, Anna, Iarbus, Achates,  
and followers.*

wln 0932  
wln 0933

wln 0934  
wln 0935  
wln 0936  
wln 0937  
wln 0938  
wln 0939  
wln 0940  
wln 0941  
wln 0942

*Dido.* Æneas, thinke not but I honor thee,  
That thus in person goe with thee to hunt:  
My princely robes thou seest are layd aside,  
Whose glittering pompe *Dianas* shrowdes supplies,  
All fellowes now disposde alike to sporte,  
The woods are wide, and we haue store of game:  
Faire Troian, hold my golden bowe a while,  
Vntill I gird my quiuer to my side:  
Lords goe before, we two must talke alone.

wln 0943  
wln 0944  
wln 0945  
wln 0946  
wln 0947

*Iar.* Vngentle, can she wrong *Iarbus* so?  
Ile dye before a stranger haue that grace:  
We two will talke alone, what words be these?  
*Dido.* What makes *Iarbus* here of all the rest?  
We could haue gone without your companie.

wln 0948  
wln 0949  
wln 0950  
wln 0951

*Æn.* But loue and duetie led him on perhaps,  
To presse beyond acceptance to your sight.  
*Iar.* Why man of *Troy*, doe I offend thine eyes?  
Or art thou grieude thy betters presse so nye?

wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954  
wln 0955  
wln 0956  
wln 0957

*Dido.* How now Getulian, are ye growne so braue,  
To challenge vs with your comparisons?  
Pesant, goe seeke companions like thy selfe,  
And meddle not with any that I loue:  
*Æneas*, be not moude at what he sayes,  
For otherwhile he will be out of ioynt.

wln 0958  
wln 0959  
wln 0960  
wln 0961  
wln 0962

*Iar.* Women may wrong by priuiledge of loue:  
But should that man of men (*Dido* except)  
Haue taunted me in these opprobrious termes,  
I would haue either drunke his dying bloud,  
Or els I would haue giuen my life in gage?

wln 0963  
wln 0964  
wln 0965  
wln 0966

*Dido.* Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toyles apace,  
And rowse the light foot Deere from forth their laire.  
*Anna.* Sister, see see *Ascanius* in his pompe,  
Bearing his huntspeare brauely in his hand.

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 0967  
wln 0968  
wln 0969  
wln 0970  
wln 0971  
wln 0972  
wln 0973  
wln 0974  
wln 0975  
wln 0976  
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wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995  
wln 0996  
wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001  
wln 1002  
wln 1003

*Dido.* Yea little sonne, are you so forward now?  
*Asca.* I mother I shall one day be a man,  
And better able vnto other armes,  
Meane time these wanton weapons serue my warre,  
Which I will breake betwixt a Lyons jawes.  
*Dido.* What, darrest thou looke a Lyon in the face?  
*Asca.* I, and outface him to, doe what he can.  
*Anna.* How like his father speaketh he in all?  
*Æn.* And mought I liue to see him sacke rich *Thebes*,  
And loade his speare with Grecian Princes heads,  
Then would I wish me with *Anchises* Tombe,  
And dead to honour that hath brought me vp.  
*Iar.* And might I liue to see thee shipt away,  
And hoyst aloft on *Neptunes* hideous hilles,  
Then would I wish me in faire *Didos* armes,  
And dead to scorne that hath pursued me so.  
*Æn.* Stoute friend *Achates*, doest thou know this wood?  
*Acha.* As I remember, here you shot the Deere,  
That sau'd your famisht souldiers liues from death,  
When first you set your foote vpon the shoare,  
And here we met faire *Venus* virgine like,  
Bearing her bowe and quiuer at her backe.  
*Æn.* O how these irksome labours now delight,  
And ouerioy my thoughts with their escape:  
Who would not vndergoe all kind of toyle,  
To be well stor'd with such a winters tale?  
*Dido.* *Aeneas*, leaue these dumpes and lets away,  
Some to the mountaines some vnto the soyle,  
You to the vallies, thou vnto the house.  
*Iar.* I, this it is which wounds me to the death,  
To see a Phrigian **far fet** to the sea,  
Preferd before a man of maiestie:  
O loue, O hate, O cruell womens hearts,  
That imitate the Moone in euery change.  
And like the Planets euer loue to raunge:  
What shall I doe thus wronged with disdain?

*Exeunt omnes; manent.*

Reuenge



*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1004 Reuenge me on *Aeneas* or on her:  
wln 1005 On her? fond man, that were to warre gainst heauen,  
wln 1006 And with one shaft prouoke ten thousand darts:  
wln 1007 This Troians end will be thy enuies aime,  
wln 1008 Whose bloud will reconcile thee to content,  
wln 1009 And make loue drunken with thy sweete desire:  
wln 1010 But *Dido* that now holdeth him so deare,  
wln 1011 Will dye with very tidings of his death:  
wln 1012 But time will discontinue her content,  
wln 1013 And mould her minde vnto newe fancies shapes:  
wln 1014 O God of heauen, turne the hand of fate  
wln 1015 Vnto that happie day of my delight,  
wln 1016 And then, what then? *Iarbus* shall but loue:  
wln 1017 So doth he now, though not with equall gaine,  
wln 1018 That resteth in the riuall of thy paine,  
wln 1019 Who nere will cease to soare till he be slaine.

*Exit.*

wln 1020 *The storme. Enter Aeneas and Dido in the*  
wln 1021 *Caue at seuerall times.*

wln 1022 *Dido. Aeneas.*  
wln 1023 *Æn. Dido.*  
wln 1024 *Dido.* Tell me deare loue, how found you out this Caue?  
wln 1025 *Æn.* By chance sweete Queene, as *Mars* and *Venus* met.  
wln 1026 *Dido.* Why, that was in a net, where we are loose,  
wln 1027 And yet I am not free, oh would I were.  
wln 1028 *Æn.* Why, what is it that *Dido* may desire  
wln 1029 And not obtaine, be it in humaine power?  
wln 1030 *Dido.* The thing that I will dye before I aske,  
wln 1031 And yet desire to haue before I dye.  
wln 1032 *Æn.* It is not ought *Aeneas* may atchieue?  
wln 1033 *Dido.* *Aeneas* no although his eyes doe pearce.  
wln 1034 *Æn.* What, hath *Iarbus* angred her in ought?  
wln 1035 And will she be auenged on his life?  
wln 1036 *Dido.* Not angred me, except in angring thee.  
wln 1037 *Æn.* Who then of all so cruell may he be,  
wln 1038 That should detaine thy eye in his defect?

*Dido.*

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1039  
wln 1040  
wln 1041  
wln 1042  
wln 1043  
wln 1044  
wln 1045  
wln 1046  
wln 1047  
wln 1048  
wln 1049  
wln 1050  
wln 1051  
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wln 1067  
wln 1068  
wln 1069  
wln 1070  
wln 1071  
wln 1072  
wln 1073  
wln 1074  
wln 1075

*Dido.* The man that I doe eye where ere I am,  
Whose amorous face like *Pean* sparkles fire,  
When as he butts his beames on *Floras* bed,  
*Prometheus* hath put on *Cupids* shape,  
And I must perish in his burning armes:  
*Aeneas*, O *Aeneas*, quench these flames.  
*Æn.* What ailes my Queene, is she falne sicke of late?  
*Dido.* Not sicke my loue, but sicke, I must conceale  
The torment, that it bootes me not reueale,  
And yet Ile speake, and yet Ile hold my peace,  
Doe shame her worst, I will disclose my griefe:  
*Aeneas*, thou art he, what did I say?  
Something it was that now I haue forgot.  
*Æn.* What meanes faire *Dido* by this doubtfull speech?  
*Dido.* Nay, nothing, but *Aeneas* loues me not.  
*Æn.* *Aeneas* thoughts dare not ascend so high  
As *Didos* heart, which Monarkes might not scale.  
*Dido.* It was because I sawe no King like thee,  
Whose golden Crowne might ballance my content:  
But now that I haue found what to effect,  
I followe one that loueth fame for me,  
And rather had seeme faire *Sirens* eyes,  
Then to the Carthage Queene that dyes for him.  
*Æn.* If that your maiestie can looke so lowe,  
As my despised worths, that shun all praise,  
With this my hand I giue to you my heart,  
And vow by all the Gods of Hospitalitie,  
By heauen and earth, and my faire brothers bowe,  
By *Paphos*, *Capys*, and the purple Sea,  
From whence my radiant mother did descend,  
And by this Sword that saued me from the Greekes,  
Neuer to leaue these newe vpreared walles,  
Whiles *Dido* liues and rules in *Iunos* towne,  
Neuer to like or loue any but her.  
*Dido.* What more then delian musicke doe I heare,  
That calles my soule from forth his liuing seate,  
To moue vnto the measures of delight:

Kind

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1076  
wln 1077  
wln 1078  
wln 1079  
wln 1080  
wln 1081  
wln 1082  
wln 1083  
wln 1084  
wln 1085  
wln 1086

Kind clowdes that sent forth such a curteous storme,  
As made disdaine to flye to fancies lap:  
Stoute loue in mine armes make thy *Italy*,  
Whose Crowne and kingdome rests at thy commande:  
*Sicheus*, not *Aeneas* be thou calde:  
The King of *Carthage*, not *Anchises* sonne:  
Hold, take these Iewels at thy Louers hand,  
These golden bracelets, and this wedding ring,  
Wherewith my husband woo'd me yet a maide,  
And be thou king of *Libia*, by my giuft.

*Exeunt to the Caue.*

wln 1087

Actus 4. Scena I.

wln 1088  
wln 1089  
wln 1090  
wln 1091  
wln 1092  
wln 1093  
wln 1094  
wln 1095  
wln 1096  
wln 1097  
wln 1098  
wln 1099  
wln 1100  
wln 1101  
wln 1102  
wln 1103  
wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109  
wln 1110

*Enter Achates, Ascanius, Iarbus, and Anna.*

*Acha.* Did euer men see such a sudden storme?  
Or day so cleere so suddenly orecast?

*Iar.* I thinke some fell Inchantresse dwelleth here,  
That can call them forth when as she please,  
And diue into blacke tempests treasurie,  
When as she meanes to maske the world with clowdes.

*Anna.* In all my life I neuer knew the like,  
It haild, it snowde, it lightned all at once.

*Acha.* I thinke it was the diuels reuelling night,  
There was such hurly burly in the heauens:  
Doubtles *Apollo*s Axeltree is crackt,  
Or aged *Atlas* shoulder out of ioynt,  
The motion was so ouer violent.

*Iar.* In all this coyle, where haue ye left the Queene?

*Asca.* Nay, where is my warlike father, can you tell?

*Anna.* Behold where both of them come forth the Caue.

*Iar.* Come forth the Caue: can heauen endure this sight?  
*Iarbus*, curse that vnreuenging *Ioue*,  
Whose flintie darts slept in *Tiphous* den,  
Whiles these adulterors surfetted with sinne:  
Nature, why mad'st me not some poysonous beast,  
That with the sharpnes of my edged sting,

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123

I might haue stakte them both vnto the earth,  
Whil'st they were sporting in this darksome Caue?  
*Æn.* The ayre is cleere, and Southerne windes are whist,  
Come *Dido*, let vs hasten to the towne,  
Since gloomie *Æolus* doth cease to frowne.  
*Dido.* *Achates* and *Ascanius*, well met.  
*Æn.* Faire *Anna*, how escapt you from the shower?  
*Anna.* As others did, by running to the wood.  
*Dido.* But where were you *Iarbus* all this while?  
*Iar.* Not with *Æneas* in the vgly Caue.  
*Dido.* I see *Æneas* sticketh in your minde,  
But I will soone put by that stumbling blocke,  
And quell those hopes that thus employ your eares. *Exeunt.*

wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
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

*Enters Iarbus to Sacrifize.*  
*Iar.* Come seruants, come bring forth the Sacrifize,  
That I may pacifie that gloomie *Ioue*,  
Whose emptie Altars haue enlarg'd our illes.  
Eternall *Ioue*, great master of the Clowdes,  
Father of gladnesse, and all frolicke thoughts,  
That with thy gloomie hand corrects the heauen,  
When ayrie creatures warre amongst themselues:  
Heare, heare, O heare *Iarbus* plaining prayers,  
Whose hideous eccoes make the welkin howle,  
And all the woods *Eliza* to resound:  
The woman that thou wild vs entertaine,  
Where straying in our borders vp and downe,  
She crau'd a hide of ground to build a towne,  
With whom we did deuide both lawes and land,  
And all the fruites that plentie els sends forth,  
Scorning our loues and royall marriage rites,  
Yeelds vp her beautie to a strangers bed,  
Who hauing wrought her shame, is straight way fled:  
Now if thou beest a pitying God of power,  
On whom ruth and compassion euer waites,  
Redresse these wrongs, and warne him to his ships,  
That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

*Enter*

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

*Enter Anna.*

*Anna.* How now *Iarbus*, at your prayers so hard?

*Iar.* I *Anna*, is there ought you would with me?

*Anna.* Nay, no such waightie busines of import,  
But may be slackt vntill another time:

Yet if you would partake with me the cause  
Of this deuotion that detaineth you,  
I would be thankfull for such curtesie.

*Iar.* *Anna*, against this Troian doe I pray,  
Who seekes to rob me of thy Sisters loue,  
And diue into her heart by coloured lookes.

*Anna.* Alas poore King that labours so in vaine,  
For her that so delighteth in thy paine:  
Be rul'd by me, and seeke some other loue,  
Whose yeelding heart may yeeld thee more reliefe.

*Iar.* Mine eye is fixt where fancie cannot start,  
O leaue me, leaue me to my silent thoughts,  
That register the numbers of my ruth,  
And I will either moue the thoughtles flint,  
Or drop out both mine eyes in drisling teares,  
Before my sorrowes tide haue any stint.

*Anna.* I will not leaue *Iarbus* whom I loue,  
In this delight of dying pensiuenes:  
Away with *Dido*, *Anna* be thy song,  
*Anna* that doth admire thee more then heauen.

*Iar.* I may nor will list to such loathsome change,  
That intercepts the course of my desire:  
Seruants, come fetch these emptie vessels here,  
For I will flye from these alluring eyes,  
That doe pursue my peace where ere it goes.

*Exit.*

*Anna.* *Iarbus* stay, louing *Iarbus* stay,  
For I haue honey to present thee with:  
Hard hearted, wilt not deigne to heare me speake,  
Ile follow thee with outcryes nere the lesse,  
And strewe thy walkes with my discheueld haire.

*Exit.*

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

*Enter Æneas alone.*

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

*Æn.* Carthage, my friendly host adue,  
Since destinie doth call me from the shoare:  
*Hermes* this night descending in a dreame,  
Hath summond me to fruitfull *Italy*:  
*Ioue* wils it so, my mother wils it so:  
Let my Phenissa graunt, and then I goe:  
Graunt she or no, *Æneas* must away,  
Whose golden fortunes clogd with courtly ease,  
Cannot ascend to Fames immortall house,  
Or banquet in bright honors burnisht hall,  
Till he hath furrowed *Neptunes* glassie fieldes,  
And cut a passage through his toples hilles:  
*Achates* come forth, *Sergestus*, *Illioneus*,  
*Cloanthus*, haste away, *Æneas* calles.

*Enter Achates, Cloanthus, Sergestus,  
and Illioneus.*

wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206  
wln 1207  
wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210  
wln 1211  
wln 1212  
wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215  
wln 1216

*Acha.* What willes our Lord, or wherefore did he call?  
*Æn.* The dreames (braue mates) that did beset my bed,  
When sleepe but newly had imbrast the night,  
Commaunds me leaue these vnrenowmed beames,  
Whereas Nobilitie abhors to stay,  
And none but base *Æneas* will abide:  
Abourd, abourd, since Fates doe bid abourd,  
And slice the Sea with sable coloured ships,  
On whom the nimble windes may all day waight,  
And follow them as footemen through the deepe:  
Yet *Dido* casts her eyes like anchors out,  
To stay my Fleete from loosing forth the Bay:  
Come backe, come backe, I heare her crye a farre,  
And let me linke my bodie to my lips,  
That tyed together by the striuing tongues,  
We may as one saile into *Italy*.  
*Acha.* Banish that ticing dame from forth your mouth,  
And follow your foreseeing starres in all;

This

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1217 This is no life for men at armes to liue,  
wln 1218 Where daliance doth consume a Souldiers strength,  
wln 1219 And wanton motions of alluring eyes,  
wln 1220 Effeminate our mindes inur'd to warre.  
wln 1221 *Illio.* Why, let vs build a Citie of our owne,  
wln 1222 And not stand lingering here for amorous lookes:  
wln 1223 Will *Dido* raise old *Priam* forth his graue,  
wln 1224 And build the towne againe the Greekes did burne?  
wln 1225 No no, she cares not how we sinke or swimme,  
wln 1226 So she may haue *Aeneas* in her armes.  
wln 1227 *Cloan.* To *Italy*, sweete friends to *Italy*,  
wln 1228 We will not stay a minute longer here.  
wln 1229 *Æn.* Troians abourd, and I will follow you,  
wln 1230 I faine would goe, yet beautie calles me backe:  
wln 1231 To leaue her so and not once say farewell,  
wln 1232 Were to transgresse against all lawes of loue:  
wln 1233 But if I vse such ceremonious thankes,  
wln 1234 As parting friends accustome on the shoare,  
wln 1235 Her siluer armes will coll me round about,  
wln 1236 And teares of pearle, crye stay, *Aeneas*, stay:  
wln 1237 Each word she sayes will then containe a Crowne,  
wln 1238 And euery speech be ended with a kisse:  
wln 1239 I may not dure this female drudgerie,  
wln 1240 To sea *Aeneas*, finde out *Italy*.

*Exit.*

*Enter Dido and Anna.*

wln 1241 *Dido.* O *Anna*, runne vnto the water side,  
wln 1242 They say *Aeneas* men are going abourd,  
wln 1243 It may be he will steale away with them:  
wln 1244 Stay not to answeere me, runne *Anna* runne.  
wln 1245 O foolish Troians that would steale from hence,  
wln 1246 And not let *Dido* vnderstand their drift:  
wln 1247 I would haue giuen *Achates* store of gold,  
wln 1248 And *Illioneus* gum and Libian spice,  
wln 1249 The common souldiers rich imbrodered coates,  
wln 1250 And siluer whistles to controule the windes,  
wln 1251 Which *Circes* sent *Sicheus* when he liued:  
wln 1252

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1253  
wln 1254

Vnworthis are they of a Queenes reward:  
See where they come, how might I doe to chide?

wln 1255  
wln 1256  
wln 1257  
wln 1258  
wln 1259

*Enter Anna, with Æneas, Achates, Illioneus,  
and Sergestus.*

*Anna.* Twas time to runne, *Æneas* had been gone,  
The sailes were hoysing vp, and he abourd.

*Dido.* Is this thy loue to me?

wln 1260  
wln 1261

*Æn.* O princely *Dido*, giue me leaue to speake,  
I went to take my farewell of *Achates*.

wln 1262

*Dido.* How haps *Achates* bid me not farewell?

wln 1263

*Acha.* Because I feard your grace would keepe me here.

wln 1264

*Dido.* To rid thee of that doubt, abourd againe,  
I charge thee put to sea and stay not here.

wln 1265

*Acha.* Then let *Æneas* goe abourd with vs.

wln 1266

*Dido.* Get you abourd, *Æneas* meanes to stay.

wln 1267

*Æn.* The sea is rough, the windes blow to the shoare.

wln 1268

*Dido.* O false *Æneas*, now the sea is rough,  
But when you were abourd twas calme enough,  
Thou and *Achates* ment to saile away.

wln 1269

*Æn.* Hath not the Carthage Queene mine onely sonne?

wln 1270

Thinkes *Dido* I will goe and leaue him here?

wln 1271

*Dido.* *Æneas* pardon me, for I forgot

wln 1272

That yong *Ascanius* lay with me this night:

wln 1273

Loue made me ielous, but to make amends,

wln 1274

Weare the emperiall Crowne of *Libia*,

wln 1275

Sway thou the Punike Scepter in my steede,

wln 1276

And punish me *Æneas* for this crime.

wln 1277

*Æn.* This kisse shall be faire *Didos* punishment.

wln 1278

*Dido.* O how a Crowne becomes *Æneas* head!

wln 1279

Stay here *Æneas*, and commaund as King.

wln 1280

*Æn.* How vaine am I to weare this Diadem,

wln 1281

And beare this golden Scepter in my hand?

wln 1282

A Burgonet of steele, and not a Crowne,

wln 1283

A Sword, and not a Scepter fits *Æneas*.

wln 1284

*Dido.* O keepe them still, and let me gaze my fill:

wln 1285

Now lookes *Æneas* like immortall *Ioue*,

wln 1286

wln 1287

wln 1288



*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1289  
wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292  
wln 1293  
wln 1294  
wln 1295  
wln 1296  
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wln 1302  
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wln 1321  
wln 1322  
wln 1323  
wln 1324  
wln 1325

O where is *Ganimed* to hold his cup,  
And *Mercury* to flye for what he calles,  
Ten thousand *Cupids* houer in the ayre,  
And fanne it in *Aeneas* louely face,  
O that the Clowdes were here wherein thou fleest,  
That thou and I vnseene might sport our selues:  
Heauens enuious of our ioyes is waxen pale,  
And when we whisper, then the starres fall downe,  
To be partakers of our honey talke.

*Æn.* O *Dido*, patronesse of all our liues,  
When I leaue thee, death be my punishment,  
Swell raging seas, frowne wayward destinies,  
Blow windes, threaten ye Rockes and sandie shelves,  
This is the harbour that *Aeneas* seekes,  
Lets see what tempests can anoy me now.

*Dido.* Not all the world can take thee from mine armes,  
*Aeneas* may commaund as many Moores,  
As in the Sea are little water drops:  
And now to make experience of my loue,  
Faire sister *Anna* leade my loue forth,  
And seated on my Gennet, let him ride  
As *Didos* husband through the punicke streetes,  
And will my guard with Mauritanian darts,  
To waite vpon him as their soueraigne Lord.

*Anna.* What if the Citizens repine thereat?

*Dido.* Those that dislike what *Dido* giues in charge,  
Commaund my guard to slay for their offence:  
Shall vulgar pesants storme at what I doe?  
The ground is mine that giues them sustenance,  
The ayre wherein they breathe, the water, fire,  
All that they haue their lands, their goods, their liues,  
And I the Goddessse of all these, commaund  
*Aeneas* ride as Carthaginian King.

*Acha.* *Aeneas* for his parentage deserues  
As large a kingdome as is *Libia*.

*Æn.* I, and vnlesse the destinies be false,  
I shall be planted in as rich a land.

*Dido.*

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

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

*Dido.* Speake of no other land, this land is thine,  
*Dido* is thine, henceforth Ile call thee Lord:  
Doe as I bid thee, sister leade the way,  
And from a turret Ile behold my loue.

*Æn.* Then here in me shall flourish *Priams* race,  
And thou and I *Achates*, for reuenge,  
For *Troy*, for *Priam*, for his fiftie sonnes,  
Our kinsmens loues, and thousand guiltles soules,  
Will leade an hoste against the hatefull Greekes,  
And fire proude *Lacedemon* ore their heads.

*Exit.*

*Dido.* Speakes not *Æneas* like a Conqueror?  
O blessed tempests that did driue him in,  
O happie sand that made him runne aground:  
Henceforth you shall be our Carthage Gods:  
I, but it may be he will leaue my loue,  
And seeke a forraine land calde *Italy*:  
O that I had a charme to keepe the windes  
Within the closure of a golden ball,  
Or that the Tyrrhen sea were in mine armes,  
That he might suffer shipwracke on my breast,  
As oft as he attempts to hoyst vp saile:  
I must preuent him, wishing will not serue:  
Goe, bid my Nurse take yong *Ascanius*,  
And beare him in the countrey to her house,  
*Æneas* will not goe without his sonne:  
Yet lest he should, for I am full of feare,  
Bring me his oares, his tackling, and his sailes:  
What if I sinke his ships? O heele frowne:  
Better he frowne, then I should dye for griefe:  
I cannot see him frowne, it may not be:  
Armies of foes resolu'd to winne this towne,  
Or impious traitors vowde to haue my life,  
Affright me not, onely *Æneas* frowne  
Is that which terrifies poore *Didos* heart:  
Not bloudie speares appearing in the ayre,  
Presage the downfall of my Emperie,  
Nor blazing Commets threatens *Didos* death,

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1363  
wln 1364  
wln 1365  
wln 1366

It is *Aeneas* frowne that ends my daies:  
If he forsake me not, I neuer dye,  
For in his lookes I see eternitie,  
And heele make me immortall with a kisse.

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  
wln 1392  
wln 1393  
wln 1394  
wln 1395  
wln 1396  
wln 1397  
wln 1398

*Enter a Lord.*

Your Nurse is gone with yong *Ascanius*,  
And heres *Aeneas* tackling, oares and sailes.  
*Dido.* Are these the sailes that in despight of me,  
Packt with the windes to beare *Aeneas* hence?  
Ile hang ye in the chamber where I lye,  
Driue if you can my house to *Italy*:  
Ile set the casement open that the windes  
May enter in, and once againe conspire  
Against the life of me poore Carthage Queene:  
But though he goe, he stayes in Carthage still,  
And let rich Carthage fleete vpon the seas,  
So I may haue *Aeneas* in mine armes.  
Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plaines,  
And would be toying in the watrie billowes,  
To rob their mistresse of her Troian guest?  
O cursed tree, hadst thou but wit or sense,  
To measure how I prize *Aeneas* loue,  
Thou wouldst haue leapt from out the Sailers hands,  
And told me that *Aeneas* ment to goe:  
And yet I blame thee not, thou art but wood.  
The water which our Poets terme a Nymph,  
Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast,  
And shrunke not backe, knowing my loue was there?  
The water is an Element, no Nymph,  
Why should I blame *Aeneas* for his flight?  
O *Dido*, blame not him, but breake his oares,  
These were the instruments that launcht him forth,  
Theres not so much as this base tackling too,  
But dares to heape vp sorrowe to my heart:  
Was it not you that hoysed vp these sailes?  
Why burst you not, and they fell in the seas?

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1399  
wln 1400  
wln 1401  
wln 1402  
wln 1403  
wln 1404  
wln 1405  
wln 1406  
wln 1407  
wln 1408  
wln 1409

For this will *Dido* tye ye full of knots,  
And sheere ye all asunder with her hands:  
Now serue to chastize shipboyes for their faults,  
Ye shall no more offend the Carthage Queene.  
Now let him hang my fauours on his masts,  
And see if those will serue in steed of sailes:  
For tackling, let him take the chaines of gold,  
Which I bestowd vpon his followers:  
In steed of oares, let him vse his hands,  
And swim to *Italy*, Ile keepe these sure:  
Come beare them in.

*Exit.*

wln 1410

*Enter the Nurse with Cupid for Ascanius.*

wln 1411  
wln 1412  
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  
wln 1429  
wln 1430  
wln 1431  
wln 1432  
wln 1433

*Nurse.* My Lord *Ascanius*, ye must goe with me.  
*Cupid.* Whither must I goe? Ile stay with my mother.  
*Nurse.* No, thou shalt goe with me vnto my house,  
I haue an Orchard that hath store of plums,  
Browne Almonds, Seruises, ripe Figs and Dates,  
Dewberries, Apples, yellow Orenge,  
A garden where are Bee hiues full of honey,  
Musk-roses, and a thousand sort of flowers,  
And in the midst doth run a siluer streame,  
Where thou shalt see the red gild fishes leape,  
White Swannes, and many louely water fowles:  
Now speake *Ascanius*, will ye goe or no?  
*Cupid.* Come come Ile goe, how farre hence is your house?  
*Nurse.* But hereby child, we shall get thither straight.  
*Cupid.* Nurse I am wearie, will you carrie me?  
*Nurse.* I, so youle dwell with me and call me mother.  
*Cupid.* So youle loue me, I care not if I doe.  
*Nurse.* That I might liue to see this boy a man,  
How pretilie he laughs, goe ye wagge,  
Youle be a twigger when you come to age.  
Say *Dido* what she will I am not old,  
Ile be no more a widowe, I am young,  
Ile haue a husband, or els a louer.

*Cupid.*

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1434  
wln 1435  
wln 1436  
wln 1437  
wln 1438  
wln 1439  
wln 1440  
wln 1441  
wln 1442  
wln 1443  
wln 1444  
wln 1445  
wln 1446  
wln 1447

*Cupid.* A husband and no teeth!  
*Nurse.* O what meane I to haue such foolish thoughts!  
Foolish is loue, a toy, O sacred loue,  
If there be any heauen in earth, tis loue:  
Especially in women of your yeares.  
Blush blush for shame, why shouldst thou thinke of loue?  
A graue, and not a louer fits thy age:  
A graue, why? I may liue a hundred yeares,  
Fourescore is but a girles age, loue is sweete:  
My vaines are withered, and my sinewes drie,  
Why doe I thinke of loue now I should dye?  
*Cupid.* Come Nurse.  
*Nurse.* Well, if he come a wooing he shall speede,  
O how vnwise was I to say him nay!

*Exeunt.*

wln 1448

Actus 5.

wln 1449  
wln 1450  
wln 1451  
wln 1452  
wln 1453  
wln 1454  
wln 1455  
wln 1456  
wln 1457  
wln 1458  
wln 1459  
wln 1460  
wln 1461  
wln 1462  
wln 1463  
wln 1464  
wln 1465  
wln 1466  
wln 1467  
wln 1468

*Enter Æneas with a paper in his hand, drawing the  
platforme of the citie, with him Achates,  
Cloanthus, and Illioneus.*

*Æn.* Triumph my mates, our trauels are at end.  
Here will *Æneas* build a statelier *Troy*,  
Then that which grim *Atrides* ouerthrew:  
*Carthage* shall vaunt her pettie walles no more,  
For I will grace them with a fairer frame,  
And clad her in a Chrystall liuerie,  
Wherein the day may euermore delight:  
From golden *India Ganges* will I fetch,  
Whose wealthie streames may waite vpon her towers,  
And triple wise intrench her round about:  
The Sunne from Egypt shall rich odors bring,  
Wherewith his burning beames like labouring Bees,  
That loade their thighes with *Hyblas* honeys spoyles,  
Shall here vnburden their exhaled sweetes,  
And plant our pleasant suburbes with her fumes.  
*Acha.* What length or bredth shal this braue towne cōtain?  
*Æn.* Not past foure thousand paces at the most.

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1469  
wln 1470  
wln 1471  
wln 1472  
wln 1473  
wln 1474

*Illio.* But what shall it be calde, *Troy* as before?  
*Æn.* That haue I not determinde with my selfe.  
*Cloan.* Let it be term'd *Ænea* by your name.  
*Serg.* Rather *Ascania* by your little sonne.  
*Æn.* Nay, I will haue it calde *Anchisaon*,  
Of my old fathers name.

wln 1475  
wln 1476  
wln 1477  
wln 1478  
wln 1479  
wln 1480  
wln 1481  
wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
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wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502  
wln 1503  
wln 1504

*Enter Hermes with Ascanius.*  
*Hermes.* *Æneas* stay, *Ioues* Herald bids thee stay.  
*Æn.* Whom doe I see, *Ioues* winged messenger?  
Welcome to *Carthage* new erected towne.  
*Hermes.* Why cosin stand you building Cities here,  
And beautifying the Empire of this Queene,  
While *Italy* is cleane out of thy minde?  
To too forgetfull of thine owne affayres,  
Why wilt thou so betray thy sonnes good hap?  
The king of Gods sent me from highest heauen,  
To sound this angrie message in thine eares.  
Vaine man, what Monarky expectst thou here?  
Or with what thought sleepst thou in *Libia* shoare?  
If that all glorie hath forsaken thee,  
And thou despise the praise of such attempts:  
Yet thinke vpon *Ascanius* prophesie,  
And yong *Iulus* more then thousand yeares,  
Whom I haue brought from *Ida* where he slept,  
And bore yong *Cupid* vnto *Cypresse* Ile.  
*Æn.* This was my mother that be guild the Queene,  
And made me take my brother for my sonne:  
No maruell *Dido* though thou be in loue,  
That daylie **danlest** *Cupid* in thy armes:  
Welcome sweet child, where hast thou been this long?  
*Asca.* Eating sweet Comfites with Queene *Didos* maide,  
Who euersince hath luld me in her armes.  
*Æn.* *Sergestus*, beare him hence vnto our ships,  
Lest *Dido* spying him keepe him for a pledge.  
*Hermes.* Spendst thou thy time about this little boy,  
And giuest not eare vnto the charge I bring?

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1505  
wln 1506  
wln 1507  
wln 1508  
wln 1509  
wln 1510  
wln 1511  
wln 1512  
wln 1513

I tell thee thou must straight to *Italy*,  
Or els abide the wrath of frowning *Ioue*.  
*Æn.* How should I put into the raging deepe,  
Who haue no sailes nor tackling for my ships?  
What would the Gods haue me *Deucalion* like,  
Flote vp and downe where ere the billowes driue?  
Though she repairde my fleete and gaue me ships,  
Yet hath she tane away my oares and masts,  
And left me neither saile nor sterne abourd.

wln 1514  
wln 1515  
wln 1516  
wln 1517  
wln 1518  
wln 1519  
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wln 1521  
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wln 1523  
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wln 1532  
wln 1533  
wln 1534  
wln 1535  
wln 1536

*Enter to them Iarbus.*

*Iar.* How now *Æneas*, sad, what meanes these dumpes?

*Æn.* *Iarbus*, I am cleane besides my selfe,  
*Ioue* hath heapt on me such a desperate charge,  
Which neither art nor reason may atchieue,  
Nor I deuise by what meanes to contriue.

*Iar.* As how I pray, may I entreate you tell.

*Æn.* With speede he bids me saile to *Italy*,  
When as I want both rigging for my fleete,  
And also furniture for these my men.

*Iar.* If that be all, then cheare thy drooping lookes,  
For I will furnish thee with such supplies:  
Let some of those thy followers goe with me,  
And they shall haue what thing so ere thou needst.

*Æn.* Thankes good *Iarbus* for thy friendly ayde,  
*Achates* and the rest shall waite on thee,  
Whil'st I rest thankfull for this curtesie.

*Exit Iarbus and Æneas traine.*

Now will I haste vnto *Lauinian* shoare,  
And raise a new foundation to old *Troy*,  
Witnes the Gods, and witnes heauen and earth,  
How loth I am to leaue these *Libian* bounds,  
But that eternall *Iupiter* commands.

wln 1537  
wln 1538  
wln 1539

*Enter Dido and Æneas.*

*Dido.* I feare I sawe *Æneas* little sonne,  
Led by *Achates* to the Troian fleete:

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1540  
wln 1541  
wln 1542  
wln 1543  
wln 1544  
wln 1545  
wln 1546  
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wln 1572  
wln 1573  
wln 1574  
wln 1575  
wln 1576

If it be so, his father meanes to flye:  
But here he is, now *Dido* trie thy wit.  
*Æneas*, wherefore goe thy men about?  
Why are thy ships new rigd? or to what end  
Launcht from the hauen, lye they in the Rhode?  
Pardon me though I aske, loue makes me aske.  
*Æn.* O pardon me, if I resolue thee why:  
*Æneas* will not faine with his deare loue,  
I must from hence: this day swift *Mercury*  
When I was laying a platforme for these walles,  
Sent from his father *Ioue*, appeard to me,  
And in his name rebukt me bitterly,  
For lingering here, neglecting *Italy*.  
*Dido.* But yet *Æneas* will not leaue his loue.  
*Æn.* I am commaunded by immortall *Ioue*,  
To leaue this towne and passe to *Italy*,  
And therefore must of force.  
*Dido.* These words proceed not from *Æneas* heart.  
*Æn.* Not from my heart, for I can hardly goe,  
And yet I may not stay, *Dido* farewell.  
*Dido.* Farewell: is this the mends for *Didos* loue?  
Doe Troians vse to quit their Louers thus?  
Fare well may *Dido*, so *Æneas* stay,  
I dye, if my *Æneas* say farewell.  
*Æn.* Then let me goe and neuer say farewell,  
Let me goe, farewell, I must from hence.  
*Dido.* These words are poyson to poore *Didos* soule,  
O speake like my *Æneas*, like my loue:  
Why look'st thou toward the sea? the time hath been  
When *Didos* beautie chaungd thine eyes to her:  
Am I lesse faire then when thou sawest me first?  
O then *Æneas*, tis for grieffe of thee:  
Say thou wilt stay in *Carthage* with my Queene,  
And *Didos* beautie will returne againe:  
*Æneas*, say, how canst thou take thy leaue?  
Wilt thou kisse *Dido*? O thy lips haue sworne  
To stay with *Dido*: canst thou take her hand?

Thy



*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1577  
wln 1578  
wln 1579  
wln 1580  
wln 1581  
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wln 1609  
wln 1610  
wln 1611  
wln 1612  
wln 1613

Thy hand and mine haue plighted mutuall faith,  
Therefore vnkind *Aeneas*, must thou say,  
Then let me goe, and neuer say farewell.

*En.* O Queene of *Carthage*, wert thou vgly blacke,  
*Aeneas* could not choose but hold thee deare,  
Yet must he not gainsay the Gods behest.

*Dido.* The Gods, what Gods be those that seeke my death?  
Wherein haue I offended *Iupiter*,  
That he should take *Aeneas* from mine armes?  
O no, the Gods wey not what Louers doe,  
It is *Aeneas* calles *Aeneas* hence,  
And wofull *Dido* by these blubbred cheekes,  
By this right hand, and by our spousall rites,  
Desires *Aeneas* to remaine with her:  
*Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam  
Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis: & istam  
Oro, si quis ad hæc precibus locus, exue mentem.*

*En.* *Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis,  
Italiam non sponte sequor.*

*Dido.* Hast thou forgot how many neighbour kings  
Were vp in armes, for making thee my loue?  
How *Carthage* did rebell, *Iarbus* storme,  
And all the world calles me a second *Helen*,  
For being intangled by a strangers lookes:  
So thou wouldst proue as true as *Paris* did,  
Would, as faire *Troy* was, *Carthage* might be sackt,  
And I be calde a second *Helena*.  
Had I a sonne by thee, the grieffe were lesse,  
That I might see *Aeneas* in his face:

Now if thou goest, what canst thou leaue behind,  
But rather will augment then ease my woe?

*En.* In vaine my loue thou spendst thy fainting breath,  
If words might moue me I were ouercome.

*Dido.* And wilt thou not be mou'd with *Didos* words?  
Thy mother was no Goddess periurd man,  
Nor *Dardanus* the author of thy stocke:  
But thou art sprung from *Scythian Caucasus*,

And

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1614 And Tygers of *Hircania* gaue thee sucke:  
wln 1615 Ah foolish *Dido* to forbear this long!  
wln 1616 Wast thou not wrackt vpon this *Libian* shoare,  
wln 1617 And cam'st to *Dido* like a Fisher swaine?  
wln 1618 Repairde not I thy ships, made thee a King,  
wln 1619 And all thy needie followers Noblemen?  
wln 1620 O Serpent that came creeping from the shoare,  
wln 1621 And I for pitie harbord in my bosome,  
wln 1622 Wilt thou now flay me with thy venomd sting,  
wln 1623 And hisse at *Dido* for preseruing thee?  
wln 1624 Goe goe and spare not, seeke out *Italy*,  
wln 1625 I hope that that which loue forbids me doe,  
wln 1626 The Rockes and Sea-gulfes will performe at large,  
wln 1627 And thou shalt perish in the billowes waies,  
wln 1628 To whom poore *Dido* doth bequeath reuenge,  
wln 1629 I traytor, and the waues shall cast thee vp,  
wln 1630 Where thou and false *Achates* first set foote:  
wln 1631 Which if it chaunce, Ile giue ye buriall,  
wln 1632 And weepe vpon your liueles carcases,  
wln 1633 Though thou nor he will pitie me a whit.  
wln 1634 Why star'st thou in my face? if thou wilt stay,  
wln 1635 Leape in mine armes, mine armes are open wide:  
wln 1636 If not, turne from me, and Ile turne from thee:  
wln 1637 For though thou hast the heart to say farewell,  
wln 1638 I haue not power to stay thee: is he gone?  
wln 1639 I but heele come againe, he cannot goe,  
wln 1640 He loues me to too well to serue me so:  
wln 1641 Yet he that in my sight would not relent,  
wln 1642 Will, being absent, be abdurate still.  
wln 1643 By this is he got to the water side,  
wln 1644 And, see the Sailers take him by the hand,  
wln 1645 But he shrinkes backe, and now remembering me,  
wln 1646 Returnes amaine: welcome, welcome my loue:  
wln 1647 But wheres *Aeneas*? ah hees gone hees gone!  
wln 1648 *Anna.* What meanes my sister thus to raue and crye?  
wln 1649 *Dido.* O *Anna*, my *Aeneas* is aboutd,  
wln 1650 And leauing me will saile to *Italy*.

Once

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1651  
wln 1652  
wln 1653  
wln 1654  
wln 1655  
wln 1656  
wln 1657  
wln 1658  
wln 1659  
wln 1660  
wln 1661  
wln 1662  
wln 1663  
wln 1664  
wln 1665  
wln 1666  
wln 1667

Once didst thou goe, and he came backe againe,  
Now bring him backe, and thou shalt be a Queene,  
And I will liue a priuate life with him.

*Anna.* Wicked *Aeneas*.

*Dido.* Call him not wicked, sister speake him faire,  
And looke vpon him with a Mermaides eye,  
Tell him, I neuer vow'd at *Aulis* gulfe  
The desolation of his natiue *Troy*,  
Nor sent a thousand ships vnto the walles,  
Nor euer violated faith to him:  
Request him gently (*Anna*) to returne,  
I craue but this, he stay a tide or two,  
That I may learne to beare it patiently,  
If he depart thus suddenly, I dye:  
Run *Anna*, run, stay not to answere me.

*Anna.* I goe faire sister, heauens graunt good successe.

*Exit Anna.*

wln 1668  
wln 1669  
wln 1670  
wln 1671  
wln 1672  
wln 1673  
wln 1674  
wln 1675  
wln 1676  
wln 1677  
wln 1678  
wln 1679  
wln 1680  
wln 1681  
wln 1682

*Enter the Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O *Dido*, your little sonne *Ascanius*  
Is gone! he lay with me last night,  
And in the morning he was stolne from me,  
I thinke some Fairies haue beguiled me.

*Dido.* O cursed hagge and false dissembling wretch!  
That slayest me with thy harsh and hellish tale,  
Thou for some pettie guift hast let him goe,  
And I am thus deluded of my boy:  
Away with her to prison presently,  
Traytoresse too keend and cursed Sorceresse.

*Nurse.* I know not what you meane by treason, I,  
I am as true as any one of yours.

*Exeunt the Nurse.*

*Dido.* Away with her, suffer her not to speake.  
My sister comes, I like not her sad lookes.

*Enter Anna.*

*Anna.* Before I came, *Aeneas* was abourd,  
And spying me, hoyst vp the sailes amaine:

G

But

wln 1683  
wln 1684  
wln 1685

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1686 But I cride out, *Aeneas*, false *Aeneas* stay.  
wln 1687 Then gan he wagge his hand, which yet held vp,  
wln 1688 Made me suppose he would haue heard me speake:  
wln 1689 Then gan they driue into the Ocean,  
wln 1690 Which when I viewd, I cride, *Aeneas* stay,  
wln 1691 *Dido*, faire *Dido* wils *Aeneas* stay:  
wln 1692 Yet he whose heart of adamant or flint,  
wln 1693 My teares nor plaints could mollifie a whit:  
wln 1694 Then carelesly I rent my haire for grieffe,  
wln 1695 Which seene to all, though he beheld me not,  
wln 1696 They gan to moue him to redresse my ruth,  
wln 1697 And stay a while to heare what I could say,  
wln 1698 But he clapt vnder hatches saild away.  
wln 1699 *Dido.* O *Anna*, *Anna*, I will follow him.  
wln 1700 *Anna.* How can ye goe when he hath all your fleete?  
wln 1701 *Dido.* Ile frame me wings of waxe like *Icarus*,  
wln 1702 And ore his ships will soare vnto the Sunne,  
wln 1703 That they may melt and I fall in his armes:  
wln 1704 Or els Ile make a prayer vnto the waues,  
wln 1705 That I may swim to him like *Tritons* neece:  
wln 1706 O *Anna*, fetch *Orions* Harpe,  
wln 1707 That I may tice a Dolphin to the shoare,  
wln 1708 And ride vpon his backe vnto my loue:  
wln 1709 Looke sister, looke louely *Aeneas* ships,  
wln 1710 See see, the billowes heaue him vp to heauen,  
wln 1711 And now downe falles the keeles into the deepe:  
wln 1712 O sister, sister, take away the Rockes,  
wln 1713 Theile breake his ships, O *Proteus*, *Neptune*, *Ioue*,  
wln 1714 Saue, saue *Aeneas*, *Didos* leefest loue!  
wln 1715 Now is he come on shoare safe without hurt:  
wln 1716 But see, *Achates* wils him put to sea,  
wln 1717 And all the Sailers merrie make for ioy,  
wln 1718 But he remembring me shrinkes backe againe:  
wln 1719 See where he comes, welcome, welcome my loue.  
wln 1720 *Anna.* Ah sister, leaue these idle fantasies,  
wln 1721 Sweet sister cease, remember who you are.  
wln 1722 *Dido.* *Dido* I am, vnlesse I be deceiu'd,

And

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1723 And must I raue thus for a runnagate?  
wln 1724 Must I make ships for him to saile away?  
wln 1725 Nothing can beare me to him but a ship,  
wln 1726 And he hath all thy fleete, what shall I doe  
wln 1727 But dye in furie of this ouersight?  
wln 1728 I, I must be the murderer of my selfe:  
wln 1729 No but I am not, yet I will be straight.  
wln 1730 *Anna* be glad, now haue I found a meane  
wln 1731 To rid me from these thoughts of Lunacie:  
wln 1732 Not farre from hence there is a woman famoused for arts,  
wln 1733 Daughter vnto the Nymphs *Hesperides*,  
wln 1734 Who wild me sacrificize his ticing relliques:  
wln 1735 Goe *Anna*, bid my seruants bring me fire.

*Exit Anna.*

*Enter Iarbus.*

wln 1736  
wln 1737 *Iar.* How long will *Dido* mourne a strangers flight,  
wln 1738 That hath dishonord her and *Carthage* both?  
wln 1739 How long shall I with grieffe consume my daies,  
wln 1740 And reape no guerdon for my truest loue?

wln 1741 *Dido.* *Iarbus*, talke not of *Aeneas*, let him goe,  
wln 1742 Lay to thy hands and helpe me make a fire,  
wln 1743 That shall consume all that this stranger left,  
wln 1744 For I entend a priuate Sacrifize,  
wln 1745 To cure my minde that melts for vnkind loue.

wln 1746 *Iar.* But afterwards will *Dido* graunt me loue?

wln 1747 *Dido.* I, I, *Iarbus*, after this is done,  
wln 1748 None in the world shall haue my loue but thou:  
wln 1749 So, leaue me now, let none approach this place.  
wln 1750 Now *Dido*, with these reliques burne thy selfe,  
wln 1751 And make *Aeneas* famous through the world,  
wln 1752 For periurie and slaughter of a Queene:  
wln 1753 Here lye the Sword that in the darksome Caue  
wln 1754 He drew, and swore by to be true to me,  
wln 1755 Thou shalt burne first, thy crime is worse then his:  
wln 1756 Here lye the garment which I cloath'd him in,  
wln 1757 When first he came on shoare, perish thou to:  
wln 1758 These letters, lines, and periurd papers all,

*Exit Iarbus.*

*The Tragedie of Dido.*

wln 1759 Shall burne to cinders in this pretious flame.  
wln 1760 And now ye Gods that guide the starrie frame,  
wln 1761 And order all things at your high dispose,  
wln 1762 Graunt, though the traytors land in *Italy*,  
wln 1763 They may be still tormented with vnrest,  
wln 1764 And from mine ashes let a Conquerour rise,  
wln 1765 That may reuenge this treason to a Queene,  
wln 1766 By plowing vp his Countries with the Sword:  
wln 1767 Betwixt this land and that be neuer league,  
wln 1768 *Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus vndas*  
wln 1769 *Impresor: arma armis: pugnent ipsiq[ue] nepotes:*  
wln 1770 Liue false *Æneas*, truest *Dido* dyes,  
wln 1771 *Sic sic iuuat ire sub vmbras.*

*Enter Anna.*

wln 1772  
wln 1773 *Anna.* O helpe *Iarbus*, *Dido* in these flames  
wln 1774 Hath burnt her selfe, aye me, unhappie me!

*Enter Iarbus running.*

wln 1775  
wln 1776 *Iar.* Cursed *Iarbus*, dye to expiate  
wln 1777 The grieffe that tires vpon thine inward soule,  
wln 1778 *Dido* I come to thee, aye me *Æneas*.

wln 1779 *Anna.* What can my teares or cryes preuaile me now?  
wln 1780 *Dido* is dead, *Iarbus* slaine, *Iarbus* my deare loue,  
wln 1781 O sweet *Iarbus*, *Annas* sole delight,  
wln 1782 What fatall destinie enuies me thus,  
wln 1783 To see my sweet *Iarbus* slay himselfe?  
wln 1784 But *Anna* now shall honor thee in death,  
wln 1785 And mixe her bloud with thine, this shall I doe,  
wln 1786 That Gods and men may pitie this my death,  
wln 1787 And rue our ends senceles of life or breath:  
wln 1788 Now sweet *Iarbus* stay, I come to thee.

wln 1789 *FINIS.*

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### Textual Notes

1. **299 (6-b)**: The regularized reading *Baucis'* is amended from the original *Vausis*.
2. **714 (12-b)**: The regularized reading *sour* comes from the original *sower*, though possible variants include *power*.
3. **996 (16-a)**: The regularized reading *manet* is amended from the original *manent*.
4. **998 (16-a)**: The regularized reading *forfeit* is amended from the original *far fet*.
5. **1497 (23-a)**: The regularized reading *danglest* is amended from the original *danlest*.