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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, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A2r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

THE  
MALCONTENT.

By John Marston.

1604.

Printed at London by *V. S.* for *William Aspley*,  
and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's  
Churchyard.

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A3r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

In 0009

In 0010

BENJAMINO JONSONIO

POETAE

ELEGANTISSIMO

*GRAVISSIMO*

*AMICO*

SUO CANDIDO ET CORDATO,

*JOHANNES MARSTON*

MUSARUM ALUMNUS

*ASPERAM HANC SUAM THALIAM*

D. D.

img: 3-a

sig: A3v

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

In 0009

In 0010

*To the Reader.*

I Am an ill Orator; and in  
truth, use to indite more honestly  
then eloquently, for  
'tis my custom to speak as  
I think, and write as I speak.  
In plainness therefore understand, that in some  
things I have willingly erred,  
as in supposing a Duke of *Genoa*, and in taking

ln 0011  
ln 0012  
ln 0013  
ln 0014  
ln 0015  
ln 0016  
ln 0017  
ln 0018  
ln 0019  
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ln 0021  
ln 0022  
ln 0023  
ln 0024  
ln 0025

img: 3-b  
sig: A4r

names different from that City's families: for  
which some may wittily accuse me, but my defense  
shall be as honest, as many reproofs unto me have  
been most malicious. Since (I heartily protest) 'twas  
my care to write so far from reasonable offense,  
that even strangers, in whose State I laid my Scene,  
should not from thence draw any disgrace to any,  
dead or living. Yet in despite of my endeavors, I understand,  
some have been most unadvisedly overcunning  
in misinterpreting me, and with subtlety (as deep  
as hell) have maliciously spread ill rumors, which  
springing from themselves, might to themselves  
have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfy every  
firm spirit, who in all his actions, proposeth to  
himself no more ends than God and virtue do,  
whose intentions are always simple: to such I

ln 0026  
ln 0027  
ln 0028  
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ln 0046  
ln 0047

protest, that with my free understanding, I have not  
glanced at disgrace of any, but of those, whose unquiet  
studies labor innovation, contempt of holy  
policy, reverent comely superiority, and established  
unity: for the rest of my supposed tartness, I  
fear not, but unto every worthy mind 'twill be approved  
so general and honest, as may modestly  
pass with the freedom of a Satire. I would fain  
leave the paper; only one thing afflicts me, to  
think that Scenes invented, merely to be spoken,  
should be inforcively published to be read, and that  
the least hurt I can receive, is to do myself the  
wrong. But since others otherwise would do me  
more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I  
have myself therefore set forth this Comedy; but  
so, that my enforced absence must much rely upon  
the Printer's discretion: but I shall entreat, slight  
errors in orthography may be as slightly o'erpassed;  
and that the unhandsome shape which this  
trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned, for  
the pleasure it once afforded you, when it was presented  
with the soul of lively action.

img: 4-a  
sig: A4v

*Me mea sequentur fata.*

ln 0049

J. M.

ln 0001  
ln 0002

Giovanni  
Altfronto

Disguised Malevole sometime  
Duke of Genoa.

In 0003	Pietro Jacomo	Duke of Genoa.
In 0004	Mendoza	A Minion to the Duchess of
In 0005		Pietro Jacomo.
In 0006	Celso	A friend to Altofront.
In 0007	Bilioso.	An old choleric Marshal.
In 0008	Prepasso	A Gentleman Usher.
In 0009	Ferneze	A young Courtier, and enamored
In 0010		on the Duchess.
In 0011	Ferrardo	A Minion to Duke Pietro
In 0012		Jacomo.
In 0013	Equato.	Two Courtiers.
In 0014	Guerrino.	
In 0015	Aurelia	Duchess to Duke Pietro Jacomo.
In 0016	Maria	Duchess to Duke Altofront.
In 0017	Emilia	Two Ladies attending the Duchess.
In 0018	Bianca	
	Maquerelle	An old Panderess.

img: 4-b  
sig: B1r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

THE  
MALCONTENT.

*Vexat  
censura  
columbas.*

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCAENA PRIMA.

*The vilest out of tune Music being heard.*

*Enter Bilioso and Prepasso.*

*Bilioso.*

Why how now? are ye mad? or drunk? or  
both? or what?

*Prepasso* Are ye building *Babylon* there?

*Bilioso* Here's a noise in Court, you think you  
are in a Tavern, do you not?

*Prepasso* You think you are in a brothel house do you  
not? This room is ill scented.

*Enter one with a Perfume.*

So; perfume; perfume; some upon me I pray thee: The  
Duke is upon instant entrance; so, make place there.

SCAENA SECUNDA.

wln 0018  
wln 0019

*Enter the Duke Pietro, Ferrardo, Count Equato,  
Count Celso before, and Guerrino.*

wln 0020  
wln 0021  
wln 0022  
wln 0023  
wln 0024  
wln 0025  
wln 0026  
wln 0027  
wln 0028  
wln 0029  
wln 0030  
wln 0031

*Pietro.* Where breathes that Music?  
*Bilioso.* The discord rather than the Music is heard  
from the Malcontent *Malevoles* chamber.  
*Ferrardo Malevole.*  
*Malevole* Yaugh, god a' man what dost thou there: Duke's  
*Ganymede Juno's* jealous of thy long stockings: shadow  
of a woman, what wouldst Weasel? thou lamb a'  
Court: what dost thou bleat for? ah you smooth-chinned  
*Catamite.*  
*Pietro.* Come down thou rugged Cur, and snarl here,  
I give thy dogged sullenness free liberty: trot about and  
bespurtle whom thou pleasest.

*Out of his  
Chamber.*

img: 5-a  
sig: B1v

wln 0032  
wln 0033  
wln 0034  
wln 0035  
wln 0036  
wln 0037  
wln 0038  
wln 0039  
wln 0040  
wln 0041  
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wln 0046  
wln 0047  
wln 0048  
wln 0049

*Malevole.* I'll come among you, you Goatish-blooded  
Toderers, as Gum into Taffeta, to fret, to fret: I'll fall like a  
sponge into water to suck up; to suck up. Howl again. I'll  
pray, and come to you.  
*Pietro.* This *Malevole* is one of the most prodigious affections  
that ever conversed with nature; A man or rather a  
monster; more discontent than Lucifer when he was thrust  
out of the presence, his appetite is unsatiable as the Grave;  
as far from any content as from heaven, his highest delight  
is to procure others' vexation, and therein he thinks  
he truly serves heaven; for 'tis his position, whosoever in  
this earth can be contented is a slave and damned; therefore  
does he afflict all in that to which they are most affected; the  
Elements struggle within him; his own soul is at variance;  
his speech is halter-worthy at all hours; I like him  
faith, he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes me understand  
those weaknesses which others' flattery palliate:  
hark they sing.

wln 0050  
wln 0051  
wln 0052  
wln 0053  
wln 0054  
wln 0055  
wln 0056  
wln 0057  
wln 0058  
wln 0059  
wln 0060  
wln 0061  
wln 0062

## SCAENA TERTIA

### *A Song.*

*Enter Malevole after the Song.*

See he comes; now shall you hear the extremity of a  
Malcontent: he is as free as air; he blows over every  
man. And sir whence come you now?

*Malevole* From the public place of much dissimulation;  
the **church**

*Pietro* What didst there?

*Malevole* Talk with a Usurer; take up at **Interest**.

*Pietro* I wonder what religion thou art?

*Malevole* Of a Soldier's religion.

*Pietro* And what dost thou think makes most Infidels now?

wln 0063  
wln 0064  
wln 0065

img: 5-b  
sig: B2r

wln 0066  
wln 0067  
wln 0068  
wln 0069  
wln 0070  
wln 0071  
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wln 0100  
wln 0101  
wln 0102

img: 6-a  
sig: B2v

wln 0103  
wln 0104  
wln 0105  
wln 0106  
wln 0107

*Malevole* Sects, sects, I have seen seeming *Piety* change  
her robe so oft, that sure none but some arch-devil can  
shape her a new Petticoat.

*Pietro.* Of a religious policy.

*Malevole* But damnation on a politic religion.

*Pietro.* But what's the common news abroad *Malevole*,  
thou dog'st rumor still.

*Malevole* Common news? why common words are, God  
save ye, Fare ye well: common actions, Flattery and Cozenage:  
common things, Women and Cuckolds: and how  
does my little *Ferrard*: a ye lecherous Animal, my little  
Ferret, he goes sucking up and down the Palace into every  
Hen's nest like a Weasel: and to what dost thou addict thy  
time to now, more than to those Antique painted drabs that  
are still affected of young Courtiers, *Flattery*, *Pride* and *Venery*.

*Ferrardo* I study languages: who dost think to be the  
best linguist of our age?

*Malevole* Phew, the Devil let him possess thee, he'll teach  
thee to speak all languages, most readily and strangely, and  
great reason marry, he's traveled greatly i' the world; and is  
everywhere.

*Ferrardo* Save i' th' Court.

*Malevole* Ay save i' th' Court: and how does my old Muckhill  
overspread with fresh snow: thou half a man half a Goat,  
all a Beast: how does thy young wife old huddle?

*Bilioso* Out you improvident rascal.

*Malevole* Do, kick thou hugely horned old Duke's Ox,  
good Master Make-pleas.

*Pietro.* How dost thou live nowadays *Malevole*?

*Malevole* Why like the Knight *Saint Patrick* ***Penlobrans***, with  
killing o' Spiders for my Lady's Monkey.

*Pietro* How dost spend the night, I hear thou never sleepest?

*Malevole* O no, but dream the most fantastical: O heaven:  
O fubbery, fubbery.

*Pietro.* Dream, what dreamest?

*Malevole* Why methinks I see that *Signior* pawned his foot-cloth,  
that *Metreza* her Plate, this madam takes physic, that  
t' other *Monsieur* may minister to her: here is a Pandar Jeweled:  
there a fellow in shift of Satin this day, that could not  
shift a shirt t' other night, here a *Paris* supports that *Helen*,

*To Bilioso.*

*To*  
*Prepasso.*

there's a Lady *Guinever* bears up that sir *Lancelot*. Dreams,  
dreams, visions, fantasies, *Chimaeras*, imaginations, tricks,  
conceits, Sir *Tristram Trimtram* come a loft Jackanapes  
with a whim-wham, here's a Knight of the land of  
*Catito* shall play at trap with any Page in Europe; Do the

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wln 0109  
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img: 6-b  
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wln 0139  
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wln 0154  
wln 0155

sword dance, with any Morris-dancer in Christendom;  
ride at the Ring till the fin of his eyes look as blue as  
the welkin, and run the wild-goose chase even with  
*Pompey* the huge.

*Pietro.* You run.

*Malevole* To the devil: now *Signior Guerrino*; that thou  
from a most pitied prisoner shouldst grow a most loathed  
flatterer: Alas poor *Celso*, thy stars oppressed, thou art an honest  
Lord, 'tis pity.

*Equato.* Is't pity?

*Malevole* Ay marry is't Philosophical *Equato*, and 'tis pity that  
thou being so excellent a Scholar by Art, shouldst be so **ridiculous**  
a fool by Nature: I have a thing to tell you Duke;  
bid 'em avaunt, bid 'em avaunt.

*Pietro.* Leave us, leave us, now sir what is't?

*Exeunt all saving Pietro and Malevole*

*Malevole* Duke thou art a *Becco*, a *Cornuto*.

*Pietro.* How?

*Malevole* Thou art a Cuckold.

*Pietro.* Speak; unshell him quick.

*Malevole* With most tumbler-like nimbleness.

*Pietro.* Who? by whom? I burst with desire.

*Malevole* *Mendoza* is the man makes thee a horned beast;  
Duke 'tis *Mendoza* cornutes thee.

*Pietro.* What conformance, relate, short, short.

*Malevole* As a Lawyer's beard,

*There is an old Crone in the Court, her name is Maquerelle,  
She is my Mistress sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me,  
Blirt o' rhyme; blirt o' rhyme; Maquerelle is a cunning Bawd,  
I am an honest villain, thy wife is a close Drab, and thou  
art a notorious Cuckold, farewell Duke.*

*Pietro.* Stay stay.

*Malevole* Dull, dull Duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge;  
O God for a woman to make a man that which  
God never created, never made.

*Pietro.* What did God never make?

*Malevole* A Cuckold: To be made a thing that's hoodwinked  
with kindness whilst every rascal fillips his brows; to  
have a Coxcomb with egregious horns pinned to a Lord's  
back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter,  
whilst he must be the last must know it; Pistols and Poniards,  
Pistols and Poniards.

*Pietro.* Death and damnation.

*Malevole* Lightning and thunder.

*Pietro.* Vengeance and torture.

*Malevole* *Catso*.

*Pietro.* O revenge.

*Malevole* I would damn him and all his generation, my own

wln 0156  
wln 0157  
wln 0158  
wln 0159  
wln 0160

hands should do it; ha I would not trust heaven with my  
vengeance anything.

*Pietro.* Anything, anything *Malevole* thou shalt see instantly  
what temper my spirit holds; farewell, remember,  
I forget thee not, farewell.

*Exit Pietro.*

wln 0161

SCAENA QUARTA.

wln 0162

*Enter Celso.*

wln 0163

*Celso* My honored Lord.

wln 0164

*Malevole* Peace, speak low; peace, O *Celso*, constant Lord,

wln 0165

Thou to whose faith I only rest discovered,

wln 0166

Thou one of full ten millions of men

wln 0167

That lovest virtue only for itself,

wln 0168

Thou in whose hands old *OPS* may put her soul;

wln 0169

Behold forever-banished *Altofront*

wln 0170

This *Genoa's* last year's Duke. O truly noble,

wln 0171

I wanted those old instruments of state,

wln 0172

Dissemblance, and suspect: I could not time it *Celso*,

img: 7-a  
sig: B3v

wln 0173

My throne stood like a point in midst of a circle,

wln 0174

To all of equal nearness, bore with none:

wln 0175

Reigned all alike, so slept in fearless virtue,

wln 0176

Suspectless, too suspectless, till the crowd:

wln 0177

(Still liquorous of untried novelties)

wln 0178

Impatient with severer government:

wln 0179

Made strong with *Florence*: banished *Altofront*.

wln 0180

*Celso.* Strong with *Florence*, Ay thence your mischief rose,

wln 0181

For when the **daughter** of the *Florentine*:

wln 0182

Was matched once with this *Pietro* now Duke,

wln 0183

No stratagem of state untried was left, till you of all

wln 0184

*Malevole* Of all was quite bereft,

wln 0185

Alas *Maria* too close prisoned:

wln 0186

My true faithed duchess i' the *Citadel*.

wln 0187

*Celso.* I'll still adhere, let's mutiny and die.

wln 0188

*Malevole* O climb not a falling tower *Celso*,

wln 0189

'Tis well held desperation, no Zeal:

wln 0190

Hopeless to strive with fate (peace) Temporize.

wln 0191

Hope, hope, that never forsakest the wretchedst man,

wln 0192

Yet bidst me live, and lurk in this disguise,

wln 0193

What play I well the free breathed discontent,

wln 0194

Why man we are all philosophical monarchs or natural

wln 0195

fools, *Celso* the Court's afire, the duchess' sheets will smoke

wln 0196

forth ere it be long: Impure *Mendoza* that sharp nosed

wln 0197

Lord, that made the cursed match linked *Genoa* with *Florence*

wln 0198

now broad horns, the Duke which he now knows: Discord

wln 0199

to malcontents is very *Manna*, when the ranks are

wln 0200

burst then scuffle *Altofront*.



wln 0201  
wln 0202  
wln 0203  
wln 0204  
wln 0205  
wln 0206  
wln 0207  
wln 0208

img: 7-b  
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*Celso.* Ay but durst.  
*Malevole* 'Tis gone, 'tis swallowed like a mineral, some way  
'twill work, phewt i'll not shrink, *He's resolute who can*  
*no lower sink.*  
*Celso.* Yonder's *Mendoza.*  
*Malevole* True, the privy key.  
*Celso.* I take my leave sweet Lord. *Exit Celso.*  
*Malevole* 'Tis fit, away.

wln 0209

SCAENA QUINTA.

wln 0210

*Enter Mendoza with three or four suitors.*

wln 0211

*Mendoza* Leave your suits with me, I can and will: attend  
my secretary, leave me.

wln 0212

*Malevole* *Mendoza* hark ye, hark ye, You are a treacherous  
villain, God b' wi' ye.

wln 0213

wln 0214

*Mendoza* Out you base-born rascal.

wln 0215

wln 0216

*Malevole* We are all the sons of heaven though a Tripe-wife  
were our mother; ah you whoreson hot-reined he-*Marmoset*,  
*Aegisthus* didst ever hear of one *Aegisthus*?

wln 0217

wln 0218

*Mendoza* *Gistus*?

wln 0219

wln 0220

*Malevole* Ay *Aegisthus*, he was a filthy incontinent Fleshmonger,  
such a one as thou art.

wln 0221

wln 0222

*Mendoza* Out grumbling rogue.

wln 0223

*Malevole* *Orestes*, beware *Orestes*.

wln 0224

*Mendoza* Out beggar.

wln 0225

*Malevole* I once shall rise,

wln 0226

*Mendoza* Thou rise?

wln 0227

*Malevole* Ay at the resurrection.

wln 0228

No vulgar seed but once may rise and shall,

wln 0229

No King so huge, but fore he die may fall.

*Exit.*

wln 0230

*Mendoza* Now good *Elysium*, what a delicious heaven is it  
for a man to be in a Prince's favor? ô sweet God, ô pleasure!

wln 0231

wln 0232

ô Fortune! ô all thou best of life? what should I think?

wln 0233

what say? what do? to be a favorite? a minion? to have a

wln 0234

general timorous respect observe a man, a stateful silence

wln 0235

in his presence: solitariness in his absence, a confused

wln 0236

**hum** and busy murmur of obsequious suitors training him;

wln 0237

the cloth held up, and way proclaimed before

wln 0238

him; Petitionary vassals licking the pavement with

wln 0239

their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace *Lamprels*

wln 0240

that engender with Snakes, and are full of eyes on

wln 0241

both sides with a kind of insinuating humbleness fix

wln 0242

all their lights upon his brow: O blessed state what a

wln 0242

img: 8-a

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wln 0243

ravishing prospect doth the *Olympus* of favor yield; Death,

wln 0244  
wln 0245  
wln 0246  
wln 0247  
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wln 0258  
wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261

I cornute the Duke: sweet women, most sweet Ladies, nay  
Angels; by heaven he is more accursed than a Devil that  
hates you, or is hated by you, and happier than a God that  
loves you, or is beloved by you; you preservers of mankind,  
lifeblood of society, who would live, nay who can live  
without you? O Paradise, how majestic is your austerer  
presence? how imperiously chaste is your more modest  
face? but O! how full of ravishing attraction is your pretty,  
petulant, languishing, lasciviously-composed countenance:  
these amorous smiles, those soul-warming sparkling glances;  
ardent as those flames that singed the world by heedless  
*Phaeton*; in body how delicate, in soul how witty, in discourse  
how pregnant, in life how wary, in favors how judicious,  
in day how sociable, and in night how? O pleasure  
unutterable, indeed it is most certain, one man cannot deserve  
only to enjoy a beauteous woman: but a Duchess? in  
despite of *Phoebus* I'll write a Sonnet instantly in praise  
of her.

*Exit.*

wln 0262

SCAENA SEXTA.

wln 0263  
wln 0264  
wln 0265

*Enter Ferneze ushering Aurelia, Emilia and Maquerelle  
bearing up her train, Bianca attending: all go out  
but Aurelia, Maquerelle and Ferneze.*

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wln 0267  
wln 0268  
wln 0269  
wln 0270  
wln 0271  
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wln 0273  
wln 0274  
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wln 0276

*Aurelia* And is't possible? *Mendoza* slight me, possible?  
*Ferneze* Possible? what can be strange in him that's drunk  
with favor,  
Grows insolent with grace, speak *Maquerelle*, speak.  
*Maquerelle* To speak feelingly, more, more richly in solid  
sense than worthless words, give me those Jewels of your  
ears to receive my enforced duty, as for my part 'tis well  
known I can put up anything; can bear patiently with  
any man: But when I heard he wronged your precious  
sweetness, I was enforced to take deep offense; 'Tis most  
certain he loves *Emilia* with high appetite; and as she told

img: 8-b  
sig: C1r

wln 0277  
wln 0278  
wln 0279  
wln 0280  
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wln 0284  
wln 0285  
wln 0286  
wln 0287  
wln 0288

me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another)  
when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possessed  
with your endeared grace: *Mendoza* most ingratelously renounced  
all faith to you.

*Ferneze* Nay, called you, speak *Maquerelle*, speak.

*Maquerelle* By heaven witch? dried biscuit, and contested  
blushlessly he loved you but for a spurt or so.

*Ferneze* For maintenance.

*Maquerelle* Advancement and regard.

*Aurelia* O villain? O impudent *Mendoza*.

*Maquerelle* Nay he is the rustiest-jawed, the foulest-mouthed  
knave in railing against our sex: he will rail again' women.

wln 0289  
wln 0290  
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wln 0311  
wln 0312

*Aurelia* How? how?  
*Maquerelle* I am ashamed to speak 't, I.  
*Aurelia* I love to hate him, speak.  
*Maquerelle* Why when *Emilia* scorned his base unsteadiness  
the black-throated rascal scolded, and said.  
*Aurelia* What?  
*Maquerelle* Troth 'tis too shameless,  
*Aurelia* What said he?  
*Maquerelle* Why that at four women were fools, at fourteen  
Drabs, at forty Bawds, at fourscore witches, and  
a hundreth Cats.  
*Aurelia* O unlimitable impudency!  
*Ferneze* But as for poor *Ferneze's* fixed heart,  
Was never shadeless meadow drier parched,  
Under the scorching heat of heaven's dog,  
Then is my heart with your inforcing eyes.  
*Maquerelle* A hot simile.  
*Ferneze* Your smiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell,  
O pity then; Grace should with beauty dwell.  
*Maquerelle* Reasonable perfect by 'r lady.  
*Aurelia* I will love thee, be it but in despite,  
Of that *Mendoza*, witch! *Ferneze*, witch!  
*Ferneze* thou art the Duchess' favorite,  
Be faithful, private, but 'tis dangerous,

img: 9-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0313  
wln 0314  
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wln 0335  
wln 0336

*Ferneze* *His love is liveless, that for love fears breath,  
The worst that's due to sin, O would 't were death.*  
*Aurelia* Enjoy my favor, I will be sick instantly and take physic,  
Therefore in depth of night, visit  
*Maquerelle* Visit her chamber, but conditionally you shall not  
offend her bed: by this Diamond.  
*Ferneze* By this Diamond. *Gives it to Maquerelle.*  
*Maquerelle* Nor tarry longer than you please: by this Ruby.  
*Ferneze* By this Ruby.  
*Maquerelle* And that the door shall not creak.  
*Ferneze* And that the door shall not creak.  
*Malevole* Nay but swear.  
*Ferneze* By this purse.  
*Maquerelle* Go to, I'll keep your oaths for you: remember,  
visit.  
*Enter Mendoza reading a Sonnet.*  
*Aurelia* Dried biscuit? look where the base wretch comes.  
*Mendoza* *Beauty's life, Heaven's model, Love's Queen.*  
*Maquerelle* That's his *Emilia*.  
*Mendoza* *Nature's triumph, best of Earth.*  
*Maquerelle* Meaning *Emilia*.  
*Mendoza* *Thou only wonder that the world hath seen.*  
*Maquerelle* That's *Emilia*.  
*Aurelia* Must I then hear her praised? *Mendoza*.

wln 0337  
wln 0338  
wln 0339  
wln 0340  
wln 0341  
wln 0342  
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wln 0347  
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wln 0364  
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wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380

*Mendoza* Madam, your excellency is graciously encountered;  
I have been writing passionate flashes in honor of — *Exit Ferneze*  
*Aurelia* Out villain, villain, O judgement where have been  
my eyes? what bewitched election made me dote on thee?  
what sorcery made me love thee? but be gone, bury thy  
head; O that I could do more than loathe thee: *Hence*  
*worst of ill*, No reason else, my reason is my will.

*Exit with Maquerelle.*

*Mendoza* Women? nay furies, nay worse, for they torment  
Only the bad, but women good and bad.  
Damnation of mankind, breath hast thou praised them for  
this: And is't you *Ferneze* are wriggled into smock grace; fit

sure, O that I could rail against these monsters in nature,  
models of hell, curse of the earth, women that dare attempt  
anything, and what they attempt they care not how they  
accomplish, without all premeditation or prevention; rash  
in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extreme  
in desiring, slaves unto appetite, mistresses in dissembling,  
only constant in unconstancy, only perfect in counterfeiting:  
their words are feigned, their eyes forged, their  
sights dissembled, their looks counterfeit, their hair false,  
their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial:

Their blood is their only God: Bad clothes, and old age  
are only the Devils they tremble at:  
That I could rail now.

SCAENA SEPTIMA.

*Enter Pietro his sword drawn.*

*Pietro.* A mischief fill thy throat, thou foul-jawed slave:  
Say thy prayers.

*Mendoza* I ha' forgot 'em.

*Pietro.* Thou shalt die.

*Mendoza* So shalt thou; I am heart mad.

*Pietro.* I am horn mad.

*Mendoza* Extreme mad.

*Pietro.* Monstrously mad.

*Mendoza* Why?

*Pietro.* Why? thou thou hast dishonored my bed.

*Mendoza* I? come, come, sit, here's my bare heart to thee as  
steady as is this center to this glorious world,  
And yet hark thou art a *Cornuto*; *but by me?*

*Pietro.* Yes slave by thee.

*Mendoza* Do not, do not with tart and spleenful breath,  
Lose him can loose thee; I offend my Duke?  
Bare record O ye dumb and raw aired nights,

wln 0381

img: 10-a  
sig: C2v

wln 0382

wln 0383

wln 0384

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wln 0391

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wln 0412

wln 0413

wln 0414

wln 0415

wln 0416

wln 0417

img: 10-b  
sig: C3r

wln 0418

wln 0419

wln 0420

wln 0421

wln 0422

wln 0423

wln 0424

wln 0425

How vigilant my sleepless eyes have been,

To watch the Traitor; record thou spirit of truth,  
With what debasement I ha' thrown myself,  
To under-offices, only to learn  
The truth, the party, time, the means, the place,  
By whom, and when, and where thou wert disgraced:  
And am I paid with slave? hath my intrusion  
To places private, and prohibited,  
Only to observe the closer passages:  
Heaven knows with vows of revelation,  
Made me suspected, made me deemed a villain?  
What rogue hath wronged us?

*Pietro.* *Mendoza*, I may err.

*Mendoza* Err? 'tis too mild a name, but err and err,  
Run giddy with suspect, fore through me thou know,  
That which most creatures save thyself do know,  
Nay since my service hath so loathed reject,  
Fore I'll reveal, shalt find them clipped together.

*Pietro* *Mendoza* thou know'st I am a most plain-breasted man.

*Mendoza* The fitter to make a *Cornuto*, would your brows  
were most plain too.

*Pietro* Tell me, indeed I heard thee rail?

*Mendoza* At women, true, why what cold phlegm could choose,  
Knowing a Lord so honest, virtuous,  
So boundless loving, bounteous, fair shaped, sweet,  
To be contemned, abused, defamed, made Cuckold,  
Heart, I hate all women for 't: sweet sheets, wax lights,  
Antique bedposts, Cambric smocks, villainous curtains,  
Arras pictures, oiled hinges, and all ye tongue-tied lascivious  
witnesses of great creatures' wantonness: what salvation  
can you expect?

*Pietro* Wilt thou tell me?

*Mendoza* Why you may find it yourself, observe, observe.

*Pietro* I ha' not the patience, wilt thou deserve me; tell,  
give it.

*Mendoza* Take 't, why *Ferneze* is the man, *Ferneze*, I'll prove 't,  
this night you shall take him, in your sheets, wilt serve.

*Pietro* It will, my bosom's in some peace, till night.

*Mendoza* What?

*Pietro* Farewell.

*Mendoza* God how weak a Lord are you,  
Why do you think there is no more but so?

*Pietro* Why?

*Mendoza* Nay then will I presume to counsel you,  
It should be thus; you with some guard upon the sudden

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wln 0427  
wln 0428  
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sig: C3v

wln 0451

wln 0452  
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wln 0467  
wln 0468  
wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472

Break into the Prince's chamber, I stay behind  
Without the door, through which he needs must pass,  
*Ferneze* flies, let him, to me he comes, he's killed  
By me, observe by me, you follow, I rail,  
And seem to save the body: Duchess comes  
On whom (respecting her advanced birth,  
And your fair nature) I know, nay I do know  
No violence must be used. She comes, I storm,  
I praise, excuse *Ferneze*, and still maintain  
The Duchess' honor, she for this loves me,  
I honor you, shall know her soul, you mine,  
Then naught shall she contrive in vengeance,  
(As women are most thoughtful in revenge)  
Of her *Ferneze*, but you shall sooner know 't  
Then she can think 't, thus shall his death come sure,  
Your Duchess brain-caught; so your life secure.

*Pietro* It is too well, my bosom, and my heart,  
*When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part.*

*Exit.*

*Mendoza* Who cannot feign friendship, can ne'er produce  
the effects of hatred: Honest fool Duke, subtle lascivious  
Duchess, silly novice *ferneze*; I do laugh at ye, my brain  
is in labor till it produce mischief, and I feel sudden throes,  
proofs sensible, the issue is at hand.

*As Bears shape young, so I'll form my device,  
Which grown proves horrid: Vengeance makes men wise.*

#### ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCAENA PRIMA.

*Enter Mendoza with a Sconce, to observe Ferneze's entrance,  
who whilst the Act is playing: Enter unbraced two Pages  
before him with lights, is met by Maquerelle and  
conveyed in. The Duchess' Pages  
sent away.*

*Mendoza* He's caught, the Woodcock's head is i' th' noose,  
Now treads *Ferneze* in dangerous path of lust,  
Swearing his sense is merely deified.  
The fool grasps clouds, and shall beget *Centaur*s.  
And now in strength of panting faint delight,  
The Goat bids heaven envy him; good Goose,  
I can afford thee nothing but the poor comfort of calamity, Pity.  
*Lust's like the plummets hanging on clock lines,  
Will ne'er a' done till all is quite is undone.*  
Such is the course salt-sallow lust doth run.  
Which thou shalt try; I'll be revenged. Duke thy suspect,  
Duchess thy disgrace, *Ferneze* thy rivalship,  
Shall have swift vengeance, nothing so holy,  
No band of nature so strong,  
No law of friendship so sacred,  
But i'll profane, burst, violate

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wln 0474  
wln 0475  
wln 0476  
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wln 0483  
wln 0484  
wln 0485

img: 11-b  
sig: C4r

Fore i'll endure disgrace: contempt and poverty:  
Shall I whose very hum, struck all heads bare,  
Whose face made silence: creaking of whose shoe,  
Forced the most private passages fly ope,  
Scrape like a servile dog at some latched door?  
Learn now to make a leg? and cry beseech ye,  
Pray ye is such a Lord within? be awed  
At some odd usher's scoffed formality?  
First sear my brains: *Unde cadis non quo refert.*  
My heart cries perish all, how? how? what fate?  
*Can once avoid revenge, that's desperate,*  
I'll to the Duke, if all should ope, if? tush  
*Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blush.*

wln 0486

SCAENA Secunda.

wln 0487  
wln 0488

*Enter Malevole at one door, Bianca, Emilia and  
Maquerelle at the other door.*

wln 0489  
wln 0490  
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wln 0516  
wln 0517

*Malevole* Bless ye cast a' Ladies; ha *Dipsas*, how dost thou old *Coal*.  
*Maquerelle* Old *Coal*?  
*Malevole* Ay old *Coal*, methinks thou liest like a brand under  
these billets of green wood.  
He that will inflame a young wench's heart, let him lay close  
to her, an old *Coal* that hath first been fired a *panderess*, my  
half burned lint, who though thou canst not flame thyself  
yet art able to set a 1000. virgins' tapers afire: and how does  
*Janivere* thy husband, my little periwinkle: is a troubled with  
the cough a' the Lungs still, does he hawk a-nights still, he  
will not bite.  
*Bianca* No by my troth, I took him with his mouth empty  
of old teeth.  
*Malevole* And he took thee with thy belly full of young bones,  
marry he took his maim by the stroke of his enemy.  
*Bianca* And I mine by the stroke of my friend:  
*Malevole* The close stock, ô mortal wench: Lady ha' ye now no  
restoratives for your decayed *Jason*, look ye, Crab's guts  
baked, distilled Ox-pith, the pulverised hairs of a Lion's upper  
lip, jelly of Cock-sparrows, He Monkey's marrow, or  
powder of Fox-stones; and whither are all you ambling  
now?  
*Bianca* Why to bed, to bed.  
*Malevole* Do your husbands lie with ye?  
*Bianca* That were country fashion i' faith.  
*Malevole* Ha' ye no foregoers about you; come, whither in  
good deed la now?  
*Maquerelle* In good indeed la now, to eat the most miraculously,  
admirably, astonishable composed Posset with

wln 0518  
wln 0519

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sig: C4v

three Curds, without any drink: will ye help me with a  
He Fox: here's the Duke.

*Exeunt Ladies.*

wln 0520

SCAENA TERTIA

wln 0521  
wln 0522

*Enter Duke Pietro, Count Celso, Count Equato,  
Bilioso, Ferrardo, and Mendoza.*

wln 0523

*Pietro* The night grows deep and foul, what hour is't?

wln 0524

*Celso.* Upon the stroke of twelve.

wln 0525

*Malevole* Save ye Duke.

wln 0526

*Pietro* From thee, begone I do not love thee, let me see  
thee no more, we are displeased.

wln 0527

*Malevole* Why God b' wi' thee, heaven hear my curse,

wln 0528

May thy wife and thee live long together.

wln 0529

*Pietro* Be gone sirrah.

wln 0530

*Malevole* When *Arthur* first in Court began, — *Agamemnon*,  
*Menelaus*, — was ever any Duke a *Cornuto*,

wln 0531

*Pietro* Begone hence.

wln 0532

*Malevole* What religion wilt thou be of next?

wln 0533

*Mendoza* Out with him.

wln 0534

*Malevole* With most servile patience, time will come,

wln 0535

When wonder of thy error will strike dumb,

wln 0536

Thy bezzled sense, slaves I' favor, Ay marry shall he rise,

wln 0537

*Good God how subtle Hell doth flatter vice,*

wln 0538

*Mount him aloft, and makes him seem to fly,*

wln 0539

*As foul the Tortoise mocked: who to the sky,*

wln 0540

*Th' ambitious shell-fish raised, th' end of all,*

wln 0541

*Is only that from height he might dead fall.*

wln 0542

*Exit.*

wln 0543

*Pietro* It shall be so.

wln 0544

*Mendoza* It must be so, for where great States revenge,

wln 0545

'Tis requisite, the parts with piety

wln 0546

And soft respect forbears, be closely dogged,

wln 0547

Lay one into his breast shall sleep with him,

wln 0548

Feed in the same dish, run in self faction,

wln 0549

Who may dissever any shape of danger,

wln 0550

For once disgraced, discovered in offense,

wln 0551

It makes man blushless, and man is (all confess)

wln 0552

img: 12-b  
sig: D1r

wln 0553

More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness.

wln 0554

*Favors are writ in dust, but stripes we feel,*

wln 0555

*Depraved nature stamps in lasting steel.*

wln 0556

*Pietro* You shall be leagued with the Duchess.

wln 0557

*Equato* The plot is very good.

wln 0558

*Mendoza* You shall both kill, and seem the course to save.

wln 0559

*Ferrardo* A most fine brain trick.



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wln 0561  
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wln 0563  
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*Celso.* Of a most cunning knave.  
*Pietro.* My Lords: The heavy action we intend  
Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes  
That can confound a soul, think, think of it;  
I strike but yet like him that 'gainst stone walls,  
Directs his shafts, rebounds in his own face,  
My Lady's shame is mine, O God, 'tis mine.  
Therefore I do conjure all secrecy,  
Let it be as very little as may be; pray ye, as may be;  
Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft eyes,  
Stain naught with blood, only *Ferneze* dies,  
But not before her brows: O Gentlemen  
God knows I love her, nothing else, but this  
I am not well; if grief that sucks veins dry,  
Rivels the skin, casts ashes in men's faces,  
Bedulls the eye, unstrengthens all the blood,  
Chance to remove me to another world,  
As sure I once must die: let him succeed:  
I have no child, all that my youth begot,  
Hath been your loves, which shall inherit me,  
Which as it ever shall, I do conjure it  
*Mendoza* may succeed, he's nobly born;  
With me of much desert.

*Celso.* Much.  
*Pietro.* Your silence answers Ay,  
I thank you, come on now, ô that I might die,  
Before her shame's displayed, would I were forced  
To burn my father's Tomb; unhill his bones,  
And dash them in the dirt, rather than this:

This both the living and the dead offends,  
*Sharp surgery where naught but death amends.*

*Exit with others.*

#### SCAENA QUARTA.

*Enter Maquerelle, Emilia and Bianca,  
with a Posset.*

*Maquerelle* Even here it is, three curds in three regions individually  
distinct,  
Most methodically according to art composed, without any  
drink.

*Bianca* Without any drink.

*Maquerelle* Upon my honor, will ye sit and eat.

*Emilia* Good the composure the receipt, how is't:

*Maquerelle* 'Tis a pretty pearl, by this pearl, (how dost with  
me) thus it is, seven and thirty yolks of *Barbary* hens'  
eggs, eighteen spoonfuls and a half of the Juice of cock-sparrow

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bones, one ounce, three drams, four scruples, and one quarter of the Syrup of *Ethiopian Dates*, sweetened with three quarters of a pound of pure Candied *Indian Eryngoes*, strowed over with the powder of Pearl of *America*, *Amber of Cataia*, and Lamb stones of *Muscovia*.

*Bianca* Trust me the ingredients are very Cordial, and no question good, and most powerful in operation.

*Maquerelle* I know not what you mean by restoration, but this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheth the skin, enliveneth the eye, strengtheneth the veins, mundifieth the teeth, comforteth the stomach, fortifieth the back, and quickeneth the wit, that's all.

*Emilia* By my troth I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse most swiftly, and wittily already.

*Maquerelle* Have you the art to seem honest.

*Bianca* I thank advice and practice.

*Maquerelle* Why then eat me a this posset, quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty, do you know Doctor Plaster-face, by this curd he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, sprightening of eyes, dying of hair, sleeking of skins, blushing of cheeks, surfling of breasts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady gracious by torchlight: by this curd law.

*Bianca* Well we are resolved, what God has given us we'll cherish.

*Maquerelle* Cherish anything saving your husband, keep him not too high lest he leap the pale: but for your beauty, let it be your Saint, bequeath two hours to it every morning in your closet, I ha' been young, and yet in my conscience I am not above five and twenty, but believe me, preserve and use your beauty, for youth and beauty once gone, we are like Beehives without honey: out a fashion, apparel that no man will wear, therefore use me your beauty.

*Emilia* Ay but men say.

*Maquerelle* Men say, let men say what they will, life a' woman, they are ignorant of our wants, the more in years the more in perfection they grow: if they lose youth and beauty, they gain wisdom and discretion: But when our beauty fades, goodnight with us, there cannot be an uglier thing to see than an old woman, from which, ô pruning, pinching, and painting, deliver all sweet beauties.

*Bianca* Hark music.

*Maquerelle* Peace 'tis i' the Duchess' bedchamber, good rest most prosperously graced ladies.

*Emilia* Goodnight sentinel.

*Bianca* Night dear Maquerelle.

*Exeunt at several doors.*

wln 0653  
wln 0654  
wln 0655  
wln 0656

*Maquerelle* May my posset's operation send you my wit and honesty,  
And me your youth and beauty, the pleasingst rest.

*Exit.*

img: 14-a  
sig: D2v

wln 0657

SCAENA QUINTA.

wln 0658

*A Song.*

wln 0659

*Whilst the Song is singing, enter Mendoza with his sword*

wln 0660

*drawn standing ready to murder Ferneze as he*

wln 0661

*flies from the Duchess' chamber.*

wln 0662

*Tumult  
within.*

*All.* Strike, strike.

wln 0663

*Aurelia* Save my *Ferneze*, ô save my *Ferneze*.

wln 0664

*Enter Ferneze in his shirt, and is received upon Mendoza's sword.*

wln 0665

*All.* Follow, persue.

wln 0666

*Aurelia* O save *Ferneze*.

wln 0667

*Mendoza* Pierce, pierce, thou shallow fool drop there,

wln 0668

He that attempts a Prince's lawless love,

wln 0669

Must have broad hands, close heart with *Argos'* eyes,

wln 0670

And back of *Hercules*, or else he dies.

wln 0671

*Enter Aurelia, Duke Pietro, Ferrardo, Bilioso,*

wln 0672

*Celso and Equato.*

wln 0673

*All.* Follow, follow,

wln 0674

*Mendoza* Stand off, forbear, ye most uncivil Lords.

wln 0675

*Pietro* Strike.

wln 0676

*Mendoza* Do not; tempt not a man resolved;

wln 0677

Would you inhuman murderers more than death?

wln 0678

*Aurelia* O poor *Ferneze*.

wln 0679

*Mendoza* Alas now all defense too late.

wln 0680

*Aurelia* He's dead.

wln 0681

*Pietro* I am sorry for our shame, go to your bed,

wln 0682

Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed

wln 0683

When I am dead?

wln 0684

*Aurelia* What weep for thee? my soul no tears shall find.

wln 0685

*Pietro* Alas, alas, that women's souls are blind.

wln 0686

*Mendoza* Betray such beauty? murder such youth? contemn

wln 0687

civility,

wln 0688

He loves him not that rails not at him.

wln 0689

*Pietro* Thou canst not move us, we have blood enough;

wln 0690

And please you Lady we have quite forgot

img: 14-b  
sig: D3r

wln 0691

All your defects: if not, why then

wln 0692

*Aurelia* Not.

wln 0693

*Pietro* Not: the best of rest, good night.

*Exit Pietro with*

wln 0694  
wln 0695  
wln 0696  
wln 0697  
wln 0698  
wln 0699  
wln 0700  
wln 0701  
wln 0702  
wln 0703  
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wln 0723  
wln 0724  
wln 0725  
wln 0726

img: 15-a  
sig: D3v

wln 0727  
wln 0728  
wln 0729  
wln 0730  
wln 0731  
wln 0732  
wln 0733  
wln 0734  
wln 0735  
wln 0736  
wln 0737  
wln 0738  
wln 0739  
wln 0740  
wln 0741

*Aurelia* Despite go with thee. *other Courtiers.*  
*Mendoza* Madam, you ha' done me foul disgrace,  
You have wronged him much, loves you too much.  
Go to; your soul knows you have.  
*Aurelia* I think I have.  
*Mendoza* Do you but think so?  
*Aurelia* Nay sure I have, my eyes have witnessed thy love,  
Thou hast stood too firm for me.  
*Mendoza* Why tell me fair-cheeked Lady, who even in tears  
Art powerfully beauteous, what unadvised passion  
Struck ye into such a violent heat against me,  
Speak, what mischief wronged us? what devil injured us?  
Speak?  
*Aurelia* That thing ne'er worthy of the name of man; *Ferneze*,  
*Ferneze* swore thou lov'st *Emilia*,  
Which to advance, with most reproachful breath,  
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love.  
*Mendoza* Ignoble Villain, did I for this bestride  
Thy wounded limbs; for this? rank opposite  
Even to my Sovereign: for this? O God for this?  
Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life,  
Ripped bare my throat unto the hangman's Axe,  
Thou most dishonored trunk — *Emilia*?  
By life I know her not — *Emilia*?  
Did you believe him?  
*Aurelia* Pardon me, I did.  
*Mendoza* Did you, and thereupon you graced him?  
*Aurelia* I did.  
*Mendoza* Took him to favor, nay even clasped with him?  
*Aurelia* Alas I did.  
*Mendoza* This night?  
*Aurelia* This night.  
*Mendoza* And in your lustful twines the Duke took you?

*Aurelia* A most sad truth.  
*Mendoza* O God, O God, how we dull honest souls,  
Heavy brained men, are swallowed in the bogs  
Of a deceitful ground, whilst nimble bloods,  
Light jointed spirits pent, cut good men's throats,  
And scape alas, I am too honest for this age,  
Too full of phlegm, and heavy steadiness:  
Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about me;  
Nay then to stand in honor of him, and her,  
Who had even sliced my heart.  
*Aurelia* Come I did err, and am most sorry, I did err.  
*Mendoza* Why we are both but dead, the Duke hates us  
*And those whom Princes do once groundly hate,*  
*Let them provide to die; as sure as fate,*  
*Prevention is the heart of policy.*

wln 0742  
wln 0743  
wln 0744  
wln 0745  
wln 0746  
wln 0747  
wln 0748  
wln 0749  
wln 0750  
wln 0751  
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wln 0760  
wln 0761  
wln 0762

img: 15-b  
sig: D4r

wln 0763  
wln 0764  
wln 0765  
wln 0766  
wln 0767  
wln 0768  
wln 0769  
wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772

wln 0773

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wln 0780  
wln 0781  
wln 0782  
wln 0783  
wln 0784  
wln 0785  
wln 0786  
wln 0787

*Aurelia* Shall we murder him.  
*Mendoza* Instantly?  
*Aurelia* Instantly, before he casts a plot,  
Or further blaze my honor's much known blot,  
Let's murder him?  
*Mendoza* I would do much for you, will ye marry me?  
*Aurelia* I'll make thee Duke, we are of *Medicis*,  
*Florence* our friend, in court my faction  
Not meanly strengthful; the Duke then dead,  
We well prepared for change, the multitude  
Irresolutely reeling, we in force,  
Our party seconded, the kingdom mazed,  
No doubt of swift success all shall be graced.  
*Mendoza* You do confirm me, we are resolute,  
Tomorrow look for change, rest confident,  
'Tis now about the immodest waste of night,  
The mother of moist dew with pallid light,  
Spreads gloomy shades about the numbed earth,  
Sleep, sleep, whilst we contrive our mischief's birth,  
This man i'll get inhumed, farewell, to bed,  
I kiss thy pillow, dream, the duke is dead.

*Exit Aurelia.*

So, so, good night, how fortune dotes on impudence,  
I am in private the adopted son of yon good Prince,  
I must be Duke, why if I must, I must,  
Most silly Lord, name me? O heaven  
I see God made honest fools, to maintain crafty knaves:  
The duchess is wholly mine too; must kill her husband  
To quit her shame, much: then marry her: Ay,  
O I grow proud in prosperous treachery,  
As wrestlers clip, so i'll embrace you all,  
Not to support, but to procure your fall.

*Enter Malevole.*

*Malevole* God arrest thee.  
*Mendoza* At whose suit?  
*Malevole* At the devil's, ha you treacherous damnable monster,  
How dost? how dost thou treacherous rogue,  
Ha ye rascal, I am banished the Court, Sirrah.  
*Mendoza* Prithee let's be acquainted, I do love thee faith.  
*Malevole* At your service, by the Lord law, shall's go to supper,  
Let's be once drunk together, and so unite a most virtuously  
strengthened friendship, shall's *Huguenot*, shall's?  
*Mendoza* Wilt fall upon my chamber tomorrow morn.  
*Malevole* As a Raven to a dunghill, they say there's one dead  
here pricked for the pride of the flesh.  
*Mendoza* *Ferneze*: there he is, pray thee bury him.  
*Malevole* O most willingly, I mean to turn pure Rochelle

wln 0788  
wln 0789  
wln 0790  
wln 0791  
wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795  
wln 0796  
wln 0797

img: 16-a  
sig: D4v

Churchman, I.

*Mendoza* Thou Churchman, why? why?

*Malevole* Because i'll live lazily, fail upon authority, deny King's supremacy in things indifferent, and be a Pope in mine own parish.

*Mendoza* Wherefore dost thou think Churches were made?

*Malevole* To scour plowshares, I ha' seen Oxen plow up Altars: *Et nunc seges ubi sion fuit.*

*Mendoza* Strange.

wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802  
wln 0803  
wln 0804  
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wln 0806  
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wln 0831  
wln 0832

*Malevole* Nay monstrous, I ha' seen a sumptuous steeple turned to a stinking privy: more beastly, the sacredst place made a Dog's kennel: nay most inhuman, the stoned coffins of long dead Christians burst up, and made Hogs-troughs.

*Hic finis Priami.*

Shall I ha' some sack, and cheese at thy chamber,  
Good night, good mischivous incarnate devil, goodnight  
*Mendoza*, ha, ye Inhuman villain goodnight, night fub:

*Mendoza* Goodnight: tomorrow morn. *Exit Mendoza.*

*Malevole* Ay, I will come friendly Damnation, I will come,  
I do descry cross-points, honesty, and courtship, straddle  
as far asunder, as a true Frenchman's legs.

*Ferneze* O!

*Malevole* Proclamations, more proclamations.

*Ferneze* O a Surgeon.

*Malevole* Hark lust cries for a surgeon, what news from *Limbo*  
How does the grand cuckold *Lucifer*.

*Ferneze* O help, help, conceal and save me.

*Ferneze stirs and Malevole helps him up and conveys him away.*

*Malevole* Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieve me far,  
Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar:

But fame ne'er heals still rankles worse and worse,  
Such is of uncontrolled Lust the curse.

Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie,

But ô *Ferneze* what in lust to die:

Then thou that shame respects ô fly converse,

With women's eyes and lispings wantonness:

Stick candles 'gainst a virgin wall's white back,

If they not burn, yet at the least they'll black,

Come I'll convey thee to a private port,

Where thou shalt live (O happy man) from court.

The beauty of the day begins to rise,

From whose bright form *Night's* heavy shadow flies.

Now 'gins close plots to work, the Scene grows full,

And craves his eyes who hath a solid Skull.

*Exeunt.*

img: 16-b  
sig: E1r

wln 0833

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCAENA PRIMA.

wln 0834

*Enter Pietro the Duke, Mendoza Count Equato and Bilioso.*

wln 0835

*Pietro* 'Tis grown to youth of day, how shall we waste this light?

wln 0836

My heart's more heavy than a tyrant's crown.

wln 0837

Shall we go hunt? Prepare for field.

*Exit Equato.*

wln 0838

*Mendoza* Would ye could be merry.

wln 0839

*Pietro* Would God I could: *Mendoza* bid 'em haste.

*Exit*

wln 0840

I would fain shift place, O vain relief.

*Mendoza*

wln 0841

*Sad souls may well change place, but not change grief:*

wln 0842

As Deer being struck fly thorough many soils,

wln 0843

Yet still the shaft stick fast, so, A good old simile my honest Lord,

wln 0844

I am not much unlike to some sick-man,

wln 0845

That long desired hurtful drink; at last

wln 0846

Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once

wln 0847

Both life and thirst: O would I ne'er had known

wln 0848

My own dishonor: good God, that men should

wln 0849

Desire to search out that, which being found kills all

wln 0850

Their joy of life: to taste the tree of Knowledge,

wln 0851

And then be driven from out Paradise.

wln 0852

Canst give me some comfort?

wln 0853

*Bilioso* My Lord, I have some books which have been

wln 0854

dedicated to my honor, and I ne'er read 'em, and yet they

wln 0855

had very fine names: *Physic for Fortune: Lozenges of sanctified*

wln 0856

*sincerity; very pretty works of Curates, Scriveners and*

wln 0857

Schoolmasters. Marry I remember one *Seneca, Lucius Annaeus*

wln 0858

*Seneca.*

wln 0859

*Pietro* Out upon him, he writ of Temperance and Fortitude,

wln 0860

yet lived like a voluptuous Epicure, and died like an

wln 0861

effeminate coward. Haste thee to *Florence*: here take our

wln 0862

Letters, see 'em sealed, away: report in private to the honored

wln 0863

duke his daughter's forced disgrace, tell him at length

wln 0864

we know too much, due complaints advance.

wln 0865

*There's naught that's safe and sweet but Ignorance.*

*Exit Duke.*

img: 17-a

sig: E1v

wln 0867

SCAENA SECUNCA.

wln 0868

*Enter Malevole in some frieze gown whilst Bilioso*

wln 0869

*reads his Patent.*

wln 0870

*Malevole* I cannot sleep my eyes ill neighboring lids

wln 0871

Will hold no fellowship: O thou pale sober night,

wln 0872

Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep:

wln 0873

Thou that gives all the world full leave to play,

wln 0874

Unbend'st the feeble veins of sweaty labor;

wln 0875

The Galley-slave, that all the toilsome day,

wln 0876

Tugs at his oar against the stubborn wave,

wln 0877

Straining his rugged veins; snores fast:

wln 0878  
wln 0879  
wln 0880  
wln 0881  
wln 0882  
wln 0883  
wln 0884  
wln 0885  
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wln 0900  
wln 0901  
wln 0902  
wln 0903

img: 17-b  
sig: E2r

wln 0904  
wln 0905  
wln 0906  
wln 0907  
wln 0908  
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wln 0911  
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wln 0923  
wln 0924  
wln 0925

The stooping Scytheman that doth barb the field,  
Thou mak'st wink sure: in night all creatures sleep,  
Only the Malcontent, that 'gainst his fate,  
Repines and quarrels, alas he's goodman tell-clock,  
His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan,  
Whilst other beds are down, his pillow's stone.

*Bilioso Malevole.*

*Malevole* Elder of Israel, thou honest defect of wicked nature  
and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee  
lie with her?

*Bilioso* I am going Ambassador to *Florence*.

*Malevole* Ambassador, now for thy country's honor, prithee  
do not put up Mutton and Porridge i' thy clock bag: thy  
young lady wife goes to *Florence* with thee too does she not?

*Bilioso* No, I leave her at the Palace.

*Malevole* At the Palace? now discretion shield man, for God's  
love let's ha' no more cuckolds, *Hymen* begins to put off his  
Saffron robe, keep thy wife i' the state of grace, **heart** a' truth,  
I would sooner leave my lady singled in a *Bordello*, then in  
the *Genoa* palace, sin there appearing in her sluttish shape  
Would soon grow loathsome, even to **blush's** sense,  
Surfeit would cloak intemperate appetite,  
Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust.  
When in an *Italian* lascivious Palace, a Lady guardianless.  
Left to the push of all allurement,  
The strongest incitements to immodesty,

To have her bound, incensed with wanton sweets,  
Her veins filled high with heating delicates,  
Soft rest, sweet Music, amorous Masquerers, lascivious  
banquets, sin itself guilt o'er, strong fantasy tricking up  
strange delights, presenting it dressed pleasingly to sense,  
sense leading it unto the soul, confirmed with potent example,  
impudent custom enticed by that great bawd opportunity,  
thus being prepared, clap to her easy ear,  
youth in good clothes, well shaped, rich, fair spoken, promising  
noble, ardent blood-full, witty, flattering, *Ulysses* absent,  
O *Ithaca* can chastest *Penelope* hold out.

*Bilioso* Mass i'll think on 't farewell.

*Exit Bilioso.*

*Malevole* Farewell, take thy wife with thee, farewell,  
To *Florence*, um? it may prove good, it may,  
And we may once unmask our brows.

SCAENA TERTIA.

*Enter* Count Celso.

*Celso* My honored Lord.

*Malevole* *Celso* peace, how is't? speak low, pale fears suspect  
that hedges, walls and trees have ears, speak how runs all?

*Celso* I' faith my Lord, that beast with many heads,  
The staggering multitude recoils apace,



wln 0926  
wln 0927  
wln 0928  
wln 0929  
wln 0930  
wln 0931  
wln 0932  
wln 0933  
wln 0934  
wln 0935  
wln 0936  
wln 0937  
wln 0938  
wln 0939  
wln 0940

img: 18-a  
sig: E2v

Though thorough great men's envy, most men's malice,  
Their much intemperate heat hath banished you.  
Yet now they feigned envy and malice ne'er,  
Produce faint reformation.  
The Duke, the too soft Duke lies as a block,  
For which two tugging factions seem to saw,  
But still the Iron through the ribs they draw.  
*Malevole* I tell thee *Celso*, I have ever found  
Thy breast most far from shifting cowardice  
And fearful baseness: therefore i'll tell thee *Celso*,  
I find the wind begins to come about,  
I'll shift my suit of fortune, I know the *Florentine* whose only force,  
By marrying his proud daughter to this Prince,  
Both banished me, and made this weak Lord Duke,  
Will now forsake them all, be sure he will:

wln 0941  
wln 0942  
wln 0943  
wln 0944  
wln 0945  
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wln 0971  
wln 0972  
wln 0973

I'll lie in ambush for conveniency,  
Upon their severance to confirm myself.  
*Celso* Is *Ferneze* interred?  
*Malevole* Of that at leisure: he lives.  
*Celso* But how stands *Mendoza*, how is't with him?  
*Malevole* Faith like a pair of Snuffers, snibs filth in other  
men, and retains it in himself.  
*Celso* He does fly from public notice methinks, as a Hare  
does from hounds, the feet whereon he flies betrays him.  
*Malevole* I can track him *Celso*:  
O my disguise fools him most powerfully:  
For that I seem a desperate malcontent  
He fain would clasp with me: he is the true slave,  
That will put on the most affected grace, *Enter Mendoza*  
For some vild second cause.  
*Celso* He's here.  
*Malevole* Give place.  
*Illo, ho ho ho*, art there old true penny, *Exit Celso.*  
Where hast thou spent thyself this morning? I see flattery  
in thine eyes, and damnation i' thy soul. Ha ye huge Rascal.  
*Mendoza* Thou art very merry.  
*Malevole* As a scholar *futuens gratis*: How does the devil go with thee now.  
*Mendoza* *Malevole*, thou art an arrant knave.  
*Malevole* Who I? I have been a Sergeant man.  
*Mendoza* Thou art very poor.  
*Malevole* As *Job*, an Alchemist, or a Poet.  
*Mendoza* The Duke hates thee.  
*Malevole* As *Irishmen* do bum-cracks.  
*Mendoza* Thou hast lost his amity.  
*Malevole* As pleasing as Maids lose their virginity.  
*Mendoza* Would thou wert of a lusty spirit, would thou wert noble.  
*Malevole* Why sure my blood gives me I am noble, sure I am  
of noble kind, for I find myself possessed with all their

wln 0974  
wln 0975  
wln 0976  
wln 0977

img: 18-b  
sig: E3r

wln 0978  
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wln 1014

img: 19-a  
sig: E3v

wln 1015  
wln 1016  
wln 1017  
wln 1018

qualities: love Dogs, Dice and Drabs, scorn wit in stuff  
clothes, have beat my Shoemaker, knocked my Sempstress,  
cuckold my Pothecary, and undone my Tailor.  
Noble, why not? since the Stoic said; *Neminem seruum non*

*ex regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse oriundum*, only busy  
fortune touses, and the provident chances blends them  
together; I'll give you a simile: did you e'er see a Well with  
two buckets, whilst one comes up full to be emptied, another  
goes down empty to be filled; such is the state of all humanity:  
why look you, I may be the son of some Duke,  
for believe me intemperate lascivious bastardy makes nobility  
doubtful, I have a lusty daring heart *Mendoza*.

*Mendoza* Let's grasp? I do like thee infinitely, wilt enact  
one thing for me?

*Malevole* Shall I get by it? *Gives him his purse.*  
Command me, I am thy slave, beyond death and hell.

*Mendoza* Murder the Duke?

*Malevole* My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my fantasy's dream,  
My blood's longing, the only height of my hopes, how?  
O God how? O how my united spirits throng together,  
So strengthen my resolve.

*Mendoza* The Duke is now a-hunting.

*Malevole* Excellent, admirable, as the devil would have it,  
lend me, lend me, Rapier Pistol, Crossbow: so, so, i'll do it.

*Mendoza* Then we agree.

*Malevole* As Lent and Fishmongers, come *a cap-à-pie*, how in form?

*Mendoza* Know that this weak-brained duke, who only stands  
on *Florence* stilts, hath out of witless zeal made me his  
heir, and secretly confirmed the wreath to me after his  
life's full point.

*Malevole* Upon what merit?

*Mendoza* Merit? by heaven I horn him, only *Ferneze's*  
death gave me state's life: tut we are politic, he must not  
live now.

*Malevole* No reason marry: but how must he die now.

*Mendoza* My utmost project is to murder the Duke, that I  
might have his state, because he makes me his heir: to banish  
the Duchess, that I might be rid of a cunning *Lacedaemonian*,  
because I know *Florence* will forsake her, and then to marry  
*Maria* the banished duke *Altofront's* wife, that her friends  
might strengthen me and my faction, this is all law.

*Malevole* Do you love *Maria*.

*Mendoza* Faith no great affection, but as wise men do love  
great women to ennoble their blood and augment their revenue:  
to accomplish this now, thus now. The Duke is in

wln 1019

wln 1020

wln 1021

wln 1022

wln 1023

wln 1024

wln 1025

wln 1026

wln 1027

wln 1028

wln 1029

wln 1030

wln 1031

wln 1032

wln 1033

wln 1034

wln 1035

wln 1036

wln 1037

wln 1038

wln 1039

wln 1040

wln 1041

wln 1042

wln 1043

wln 1044

wln 1045

wln 1046

wln 1047

wln 1048

wln 1049

img: 19-b  
sig: E4r

wln 1050

wln 1051

wln 1052

wln 1053

wln 1054

wln 1055

wln 1056

wln 1057

wln 1058

wln 1059

wln 1060

wln 1061

wln 1062

wln 1063

the forest next the Sea, single him, kill him, hurl him i' the main, and proclaim thou saw'st Wolves eat him.

*Malevole* Um, not so good, methinks when he is slain to get some Hypocrite, some dangerous wretch that's muffled, or with feigned holiness to swear he heard the Duke on some steep cliff lament his wife's dishonor, and in an agony of his heart's torture hurled his groaning sides into the swollen sea, this circumstance well made, sounds probable, and hereupon the Duchess.

*Mendoza* May well be banished: ô unpeerable invention, rare, Thou God of policy! it honeys me.

*Malevole* Then fear not for the wife of *Altofront*, i'll close to her.

*Mendoza* Thou shalt, thou shalt, our excellency is pleased: why wert not thou an Emperor, when we are Duke i'll make thee some great man sure?

*Malevole* Nay make me some rich knave, and I'll make myself some great man.

*Mendoza* In thee be all my spirit, retain ten souls, unite thy virtual powers, resolve, ha, remember greatness, heart farewell.

*Enter Celso.*

The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.

*Malevole* *Celso* didst hear? ô heaven didst hear? Such devilish mischief, sufferest thou the world Carouse damnation even with greedy swallow, And still dost wink, still does thy vengeance slumber, If now thy brows are clear; when will they thunder.

*Exit.*

#### SCAENA QUARTA.

*Enter Pietro, Ferrardo, Prespasso and three Pages.*

*Ferrardo* The Dogs are at a fault. *Cornets like horns.*

*Pietro* Would God nothing but the dogs were at it? let the Deer pursue safely, the Dogs follow the game, and do

you follow the dogs, as for me, 'tis unfit one beast should hunt another; I ha' one chaseth me: and please you I would be rid of ye a little.

*Ferrardo* Would your grief would as soon as we, leave you to quietness.

*Exeunt.*

*Pietro* I thank you: Boy; what dost thou dream of now?

*Page.* Of a dry summer my Lord for here's a hot world towards: but my Lord I had a strange dream last night.

*Pietro* What strange dream?

*Page.* Why methought I pleased you with singing, and then I dreamt you gave me that short sword.

*Pietro* Prettily begged: hold thee, i'll prove thy dream true, take 't.

*Page.* My duty: But still I dreamt on my Lord, and methought

wln 1064  
wln 1065  
wln 1066  
wln 1067  
wln 1068  
wln 1069  
wln 1070  
wln 1071  
wln 1072  
wln 1073  
wln 1074  
wln 1075  
wln 1076  
wln 1077  
wln 1078  
wln 1079  
wln 1080  
wln 1081  
wln 1082  
wln 1083  
wln 1084  
wln 1085

img: 20-a  
sig: E4v

wln 1086  
  
wln 1087  
  
wln 1088  
  
wln 1089  
wln 1090  
wln 1091  
wln 1092  
wln 1093  
wln 1094  
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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

and shall please your excellency, you would needs  
out of your royal bounty give me that jewel in your Hat.  
*Pietro* O thou didst but dream boy, do not believe it,  
dreams prove not always true, they may hold in a short  
sword, but not in a Jewel. But now sir you dream you  
had pleased me with singing, make that true as I ha' made  
the other.

*Page.* Faith my Lord I did but dream, and dreams  
you say prove not always true: they may hold in a good  
sword, but not in a good song: the truth is, I ha' lost my  
voice.

*Pietro* Lost thy voice, how?

*Page.* With dreaming faith but here's a couple of Sirenical  
rascals shall inchant ye: What shall they sing my  
good Lord?

*Pietro* Sing of the nature of women, and then the song  
shall be surely full of variety, old crochets and most sweet  
closes; it shall be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy,  
sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

*Pages* All in **one**?

*Pietro* By 'r Lady too many sing, my speech grows culpable  
of unthrifty **idleness**, sing.

*The Song.*

SCAENA QUINTA.

*Enter Malevole with Crossbow and Pistol.*

A, so. so, sing, I am heavy, walk off, I shall talk in my sleep  
walk off. *Exeunt Pages.*

*Malevole* Brief, brief, who? the Duke? good heaven that  
fools should stumble upon greatness? do not sleep duke,  
give ye good morrow: must be brief Duke. I am fee'd to  
murder thee, start not; *Mendoza, Mendoza* hired me, here's  
his gold, his Pistol, Crossbow, Sword, 'tis all as firm as  
earth: O fool, fool, choked with the common maze of  
easy Idiots, credulity make him thine heir, what thy  
sworn murderer?

*Pietro.* O can it be?

*Malevole* Can?

*Pietro.* Discovered he not *Ferneze*?

*Malevole* Yes, but why? but why? for love to thee, much,  
much, to be revenged upon his rival, who had thrust his  
jaws awry, who being slain supposed by thine own  
hands; defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome,  
him most gracious, with thy loose Princes, thou closely  
yielding egress and regress to her, madest him heir,  
whose hot unquiet lust straight toused thy sheets, and now

wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119

img: 20-b  
sig: F1r

wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123

would seize thy state, politician, wise man, death to be led  
to the stake, like a Bull by the horns to make even kindness  
cut a gentle throat, life, why art thou numbed: Thou foggy  
dullness speak? lives not more faith in a home thrusting  
tongue, then in these fencing tip tap Courtiers.

*Enter Celso with a Hermit's gown and beard.*

*Celso* Lord *Malevole*, if this be true  
*Malevole* If? come shade thee with this disguise, if? thou  
shalt handle it, he shall thank thee for killing thyself,  
come follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange  
sleights.

*Pietro.* World whither wilt thou?

*Malevole* Why to the Devil: come, the morn grows late.  
*A steady quickness is the soul of state.*

*Exeunt.*

*Finis actus tertij.*

wln 1124  
wln 1125

ACTUS QUARTUS,  
SCAENA PRIMA.

wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135

*Enter Maquarelle, knocking at the Ladies' door.*

*Maquerelle* Madam, Madam, are you stirring Madam, if  
you be stirring Madam, if I thought I should disturb ye.

*Page.* My Lady is up forsooth.

*Maquerelle* A, pretty boy, faith how old art thou?

*Page.* I think fourteen.

*Maquerelle* Nay, and ye be in the teens, are ye a gentleman  
born, do you know me, my name is Madam *Maquerelle*,  
I lie in the old Cunny Court.

*Enter Bianca and Emilia.*

See here the Ladies.

*Bianca* A fair day to ye *Maquerelle*.

*Emilia* Is the Duchess up yet *Sentinel*?

*Maquerelle* O Ladies, the most abominable mischance, O  
dear Ladies the most piteous disaster, *Ferneze* was taken  
last night in the Duchess' Chamber: Alas the Duke caught  
him and killed him.

*Bianca* Was he found in bed?

*Maquerelle* O no, but the villainous certainty is, the door was  
not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace, so the  
naked troth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I like an  
errand beast lay in the outward Chamber, heard nothing,  
and yet they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt them not,  
like a senseless creature as I was. O beauties, look to  
your busk-points, if not chastely, yet charily: be sure  
the door be bolted: is your Lord gone to *Florence*?

*Bianca* Yes *Maquarelle*.

*Maquerelle* I hope you'll find the discretion to purchase a  
fresh gown fore his return: Now by my troth beauties,

wln 1136  
wln 1137  
wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154

img: 21-a  
sig: F1v

wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167  
wln 1168  
wln 1169  
wln 1170  
wln 1171  
wln 1172  
wln 1173  
wln 1174  
wln 1175  
wln 1176  
wln 1177  
wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
wln 1182  
wln 1183  
wln 1184  
wln 1185  
wln 1186  
wln 1187  
wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190

I would ha' ye once wise: he loves ye, pish: he is witty, bubble:  
fair proportioned, mew: nobly born, wind; let this  
be still your fixed position, esteem me every man according  
to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most dear,  
and most worthy to be most dear Ladies.

*Emilia.* Is the Duke returned from hunting yet?

*Maquerelle* They say, not yet.

*Bianca* 'Tis now in midst of day.

*Emilia* How bears the Duchess with this blemish now?

*Maquerelle* Faith boldly, strongly defies defame, as one that  
has a Duke to her father. And there's a note to you, be  
sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may always awe  
your husband. Mark the 'havior of the Duchess now,  
she dares defame, cries, Duke do what thou canst, i'll quite  
mine honor: nay, as one confirmed in her own virtue against  
ten thousand mouths that mutter her disgrace, she's  
presently for dances.

*Enter Ferrardo.*

*Bianca* For dances?

*Maquerelle* Most true.

*Emilia.* Most strange, see, here's my servant young *Ferrard*:  
How many servants thinkst thou I have,

*Maquarelle?*

*Maquerelle* The more the merrier: 'twas well said, use your  
servants as you do your smocks, have many, use one, and  
change often, for that's most sweet and courtlike.

*Ferrardo* Save ye fair Ladies, is the Duke returned?

*Bianca* Sweet Sir, no voice of him as yet in Court.

*Ferneze* 'Tis very strange.

*Bianca* And how like you my servant, *Maquarelle?*

*Maquerelle* I think he could hardly draw *Ulysses'* bow,  
but by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader,  
his hands thinner, his lips thicker, his legs bigger,  
his feet lesser, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter,  
he were a tolerable sweet youth i' faith. And he will  
come to my Chamber, I will read him the fortune of  
his beard.

*Cornets sound.*

img: 21-b  
sig: F2r

wln 1191  
wln 1192  
  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
  
wln 1197

*Ferrardo* Not yet returned I fear, but  
The Duchess approacheth.

*Enter Mendoza supporting the Duchess: Guerrino,  
the Ladies that are on the Stage rise: Ferrardo  
Ushers in the Duchess, and then takes a  
Lady to tread a measure.*

SCAENA SECUNDA.

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  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222

*Aurelia* We will dance, music, we will dance.  
*Guerrino* *Les quanto (Lady) pensez bien, passa regis, or Bianca's*  
brawl.  
*Aurelia* We have forgot the brawl.  
*Ferrardo* So soon? 'tis wonder.  
*Guerrino* Why 'tis but two singles on the left, two on the  
right, three double forward, a traverse of six round: do this  
twice, three singles side, galliard trick of twenty, coranto  
pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come  
up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honor.  
*Aurelia* O *Daedalus!* thy maze, I have quite forgot it.  
*Maquerelle* Trust me so have I, saving the falling back, and  
then honor. *Enter Prepasso.*  
*Aurelia* Music, music.  
*Prepasso* Who saw the duke? the duke. *Enter Equato.*  
*Aurelia* Music.  
*Equato* The duke, is the duke returned?  
*Aurelia* Music: *Enter Celso.*  
*Celso* The duke is either quite invisible, or else is not.  
*Aurelia* We are not pleased with your intrusion upon  
our private retirement: we are not pleased: you have forgot  
yourselves. *Enter a Page.*  
*Celso* Boy, thy Master, where's the Duke?  
*Page* Alas, I left him burying the earth with his spread  
joyless limbs: he told me he was heavy, would sleep, bade

img: 22-a  
sig: F2v

wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226

me walk off, for that the strength of fantasy oft made him  
talking in his dreams: I straight obeyed, nor never saw him  
since: but, wheresoe'er he is, he's sad.  
*Aurelia* Music sound high, as is our heart, sound high.

wln 1227

### SCAENA TERTIA

wln 1228

*Enter Malevole and Pietro disguised like an Hermit.*

wln 1229  
wln 1230  
wln 1231  
wln 1232  
wln 1233  
wln 1234  
wln 1235  
wln 1236  
wln 1237  
wln 1238  
wln 1239  
wln 1240  
wln 1241

*Malevole* The Duke, peace, the Duke is dead.  
*Aurelia* Music.  
*Malevole* Is't Music?  
*Mendoza* Give proof.  
*Ferrardo* How?  
*Celso* Where.  
*Prepasso* When?  
*Malevole* Rest in peace, as the Duke does, quietly sit: for  
my own part, I beheld him but dead, that's all: marry here's  
one can give you a more particular account of him.  
*Mendoza* Speak holy father, nor let any brow within this  
presence fright thee from the truth: speak confidently and  
freely.

wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244  
wln 1245  
wln 1246  
wln 1247  
wln 1248  
wln 1249  
wln 1250  
wln 1251  
wln 1252  
wln 1253  
wln 1254  
wln 1255  
wln 1256

*Aurelia* We attend.

*Pietro* Now had the mounting Sun's all-ripening wings  
Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank breast,  
When I (whom men call *Hermit* of the Rock)  
Forsook my Cell, and clambered up a cliff,  
Against whose base, the heady *Neptune* dashed  
His high curled brows, there 'twas I eased my limbs,  
When lo, my entrails melted with the moan,  
Some one, who far 'bove me was climbed, did make:  
I shall offend.

*Mendoza* Not. *Aurelia* On.

*Pietro.* Methinks I hear him yet, O female faith!  
*Go sow the ingrateful sand, and love a woman:*  
And do I live to be the scoff of men,  
To be their wittol cuckold, even to hug my poison?

img: 22-b  
sig: F3r

wln 1257  
wln 1258  
wln 1259  
wln 1260  
wln 1261  
wln 1262  
wln 1263  
wln 1264  
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wln 1286  
wln 1287  
wln 1288  
wln 1289

Thou knowest ô Truth!  
Sooner hard steel will melt with Southern wind;  
A Seaman's whistle calm the Ocean;  
A town on fire be extinct with tears,  
Then women vowed to blushless impudence,  
With sweet behavior and soft minioning,  
Will turn from that where appetite is fixed.  
O powerful blood! how thou dost slave their soul?  
I washed an Ethiop, who for recompense  
Sullied my name. And must I then be forced.  
To walk, to live thus black: must, must, fie,  
*He that can bear with must, he cannot die.*  
With that he sighed so passionately deep,  
That the dull air even groaned, at last he cries:  
Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough, so dies.  
For then I viewed his body fall and souse  
Into the foamy main, O then I saw  
That which methinks I see, it was the Duke,  
Whom straight the nicer stomached sea  
Belched up: but then,

*Malevole* Then came I in, but 'las all was too late,  
For even straight he sunk.

*Pietro.* Such was the Duke's sad fate.

*Celso* A better fortune to our Duke *Mendoza*.

Cry all, *Mendoza*: Cornets flourish.

*Enter a guard.*

*Mendoza* A guard, a guard, we full of hearty tears,  
For our good father's loss,  
For so we well may call him:  
Who did beseech your loves, for our succession,  
Cannot so lightly over-jump his death.  
As leave his woes revengeless: woman of shame,  
We banish thee forever to the place,

To *Emilia*,



wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292

img: 23-a  
sig: F3v

wln 1293  
wln 1294  
wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302  
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wln 1321  
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wln 1323  
wln 1324  
wln 1325  
wln 1326  
wln 1327  
wln 1328

img: 23-b  
sig: F4r

wln 1329  
wln 1330  
wln 1331  
wln 1332  
wln 1333  
wln 1334

From whence this good man comes,  
Nor permit on death unto the body any ornament:  
But base as was thy life, depart away.

*Aurelia* Ungrateful. *Mendoza* Away.

*Aurelia* Villain hear me.

*Prepasso and Guerrino leads away the Duchess.*

*Mendoza* Be gone my Lords, address to public counsel,  
'Tis most fit,

*The train of Fortune is borne up by wit.*

Away, our presence shall be sudden, haste.

*All depart saving Mendoza, Malevole, and Pietro.*

*Malevole* Now you egregious devil, ha' ye murdering politician,  
how dost duke? how dost look now? brave duke  
i' faith.

*Mendoza* How did you kill him?

*Malevole* Slatted his brains out, then soused him in the briny  
sea.

*Mendoza* Brained him and drowned him too?

*Malevole* O 'twas best, sure work:

*For he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else 'ware,  
he'll prove no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, unless you  
may be sure to lay him in the kennel.*

*Mendoza* A most sound brain-pan,

I'll make you both Emperors

*Malevole* Make us christians, make us christians.

*Mendoza* I'll hoist ye, ye shall mount.

*Malevole* To the gallows, say ye? O ô me, *Praemium incertum  
petit certum scelus*. How stands the Progress?

*Mendoza* Here, take my ring unto the Citadel,

Have entrance to *Maria* the grave Duchess

Of banished *Altofront*. Tell her we love her:

Omit no circumstance to grace our Person (do 't)

*Malevole* **I'll** make an excellent pander: Duke farewell,  
due adieu Duke. *Exit*

*Mendoza* Take *Maquerelle* with thee; for 'tis found,

None cuts a Diamond but a Diamond.

*Hermit*, thou art a man for me, my Confessor,

O thou selected spirit, born for my good,

Sure thou wouldst make an excellent elder in a deformed

church:

Come, we must be inward, thou and I all one.

*Pietro* I am glad I was ordained for ye.

*Mendoza* Go to then, thou must know that *Malevole* is a  
strange villain: dangerous, very dangerous, you see how  
broad 'a speaks, a gross-jawed rogue, I would have thee

wln 1335  
wln 1336  
wln 1337  
wln 1338  
wln 1339  
wln 1340  
wln 1341  
wln 1342  
wln 1343  
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wln 1350  
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wln 1357  
wln 1358  
wln 1359  
wln 1360  
wln 1361  
wln 1362  
wln 1363  
wln 1364

img: 24-a  
sig: F4v

wln 1365  
wln 1366  
wln 1367  
wln 1368  
wln 1369  
wln 1370  
wln 1371  
wln 1372  
wln 1373  
wln 1374  
wln 1375  
wln 1376  
wln 1377  
wln 1378  
wln 1379  
wln 1380  
wln 1381  
wln 1382

poison him: he's like a corn upon my great toe, I cannot  
go for him: he must be cored out: he must, wilt do 't,  
ha?

*Pietro* Anything, anything.

*Mendoza* Heart of my life, thus then to the Citadel,  
Thou shalt consort with this *Malevole*,  
There being at supper, poison him,  
It shall be laid upon *Maria*, who yields love, or dies,  
Scud quick.

*Pietro* Like lightning good deeds crawl, but mischief flies.

*Enter* Malevole.

*Exit* Pietro

*Malevole* Your devilship's ring has no virtue, the buff-captain,  
the sallow-westphalian gammon-faced zaza cries  
stand out, must have a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the  
castle of Comfort.

*Mendoza* Command our sudden Letter: not enter? sha't,  
what place is there in *Genoa*, but thou shalt into my heart,  
into my very heart: come, let's love, we must love, we two,  
soul and body.

*Malevole* How didst like the Hermit? A strange Hermit  
sirrah.

*Mendoza* A dangerous fellow, very perilous: he must die.

*Malevole* Ay, he must die.

*Mendoza* Thoust kill him: we are wise, we must be wise.

*Malevole* And provident.

*Mendoza* Yea provident; beware an hypocrite.

*A Churchman once corrupted, oh avoid*

*A fellow that makes Religion his stalking horse,*

*He breeds a plague: thou shalt poison him.*

*Malevole* Ho, 'tis wondrous necessary: how?

*Mendoza* You both go jointly to the Citadel,  
There sup, there poison him: and *Maria*,  
Because she is our opposite, shall bear  
The sad suspect, on which she dies, or loves us.

*Malevole* I run. *Exit Malevole*

*Mendoza* We that are great, our sole self good still moves us:  
They shall die both, for their deserts craves more  
Than we can recompense, their presence still  
Imbraids our fortunes with beholdingness,  
Which we abhor, like deed, not doer: then conclude,  
They live not to cry out Ingratitude.  
*One stick burns t' other, steel cuts steel alone:*  
*'Tis good trust few: but O, 'tis best trust none.*

*Exit Mendoza.*

#### SCAENA QUARTA.

*Enter Malevole and Pietro still disguised, at several doors.*

*Malevole* How do you? how dost Duke?

*Pietro* O let the last day fall, drop, drop in our cursed heads!

wln 1383  
wln 1384  
wln 1385  
wln 1386  
wln 1387  
wln 1388  
wln 1389  
wln 1390  
wln 1391  
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wln 1393  
wln 1394  
wln 1395  
wln 1396  
wln 1397  
wln 1398  
wln 1399  
wln 1400

img: 24-b  
sig: G1r

wln 1401  
wln 1402  
wln 1403  
wln 1404  
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wln 1426  
wln 1427  
wln 1428

Let heaven unclasp itself, vomit forth flames:

*Malevole* O do not rave, do not turn Player, there's more  
of them, than can well live one by another already.  
What, art an Infidel still?

*Pietro* I am mazed, struck in a swoon with wonder,  
I am commanded to poison thee.

*Malevole* I am commanded to poison thee, at supper.

*Pietro* At supper?

*Malevole* In the Citadel.

*Pietro* In the Citadel.

*Malevole* Cross capers, tricks? truth a heaven would discharge  
us as boys do elder guns, one pellet to strike out  
another: of what faith art now?

*Pietro* All is damnation, wickedness extreme, there is no  
faith in man.

*Mendoza* In none but usurers and brokers, they deceive no  
man, men take 'em for bloodsuckers, and so they are: now  
God deliver me from my friends.

*Pietro* Thy friends?

*Malevole* Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies  
I'll deliver myself. O, cutthroat friendship is the rankest  
villainy, mark this *Mendoza*, mark him for a villain:  
but heaven will send a plague upon him for a rogue.

*Pietro* O world!

*Malevole* World? 'Tis the only region of Death, the greatest  
shop of the Devil, the cruelest prison of men, out of the  
which none pass without paying their dearest breath for a  
fee, there's nothing perfect in it, but extreme extreme calamity,  
such as comes yonder.

#### SCAENA QUINTA.

*Enter Aurelia, two Halberds before, and two after,  
supported by Celso and Ferrardo, Aurelia  
in base mourning attire.*

*Aurelia* To banishment, led on to banishment.

*Pietro* Lady, the blessedness of repentance to you.

*Aurelia* Why, why, I can desire nothing but death, nor deserve  
anything but hell.

If heaven should give sufficiency of grace  
To clear my soul, it would make heaven graceless:  
My sins would make the stock of mercy poor,  
Oh they would try heaven's goodness to reclaim them:  
Judgement is just yet from that vast villain:  
But sure he shall not miss sad punishment,  
For he shall rule on to my Cell of shame.

*Pietro* My Cell 'tis Lady, where instead of Masques,  
Music, Tilts, Tourneys, and such Courtlike shows,

wln 1429  
wln 1430  
wln 1431  
wln 1432  
wln 1433  
wln 1434  
wln 1435

img: 25-a  
sig: G1v

The hollow murmur of the checkless winds  
Shall groan again, whilst the unquiet sea  
Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery:  
There Usherless the air comes in and out,  
The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,  
Whilst you behold true desolation:  
A rocky barrenness shall pain your eyes,

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wln 1469  
wln 1470  
wln 1471

img: 25-b  
sig: G2r

Where all at once one reaches, where he stands,  
With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands.  
*Aurelia* It is too good, blessed spirit of my Lord:  
O in what orb soe'er thy soul is throned,  
Behold me worthily most miserable:  
O let the anguish of my contrite spirit,  
Entreat some reconciliation:  
If not, O joy! triumph in my just grief,  
*Death is the end of woes, and tears relief.*  
*Pietro* Belike your Lord not loved you, was unkind.  
*Aurelia* O heaven,  
As the soul loved the body, so loved he,  
'Twas death to him to part my presence,  
Heaven to see me pleased:  
Yet I like to a wretch given o'er to hell,  
Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,  
To clip a base ungentle faithless villain:  
O God, a very Pagan reprobate!  
What should I say, ungrateful throws me out,  
For whom I lost soul, body, fame, and honor:  
But 'tis most fit: why should a better fate  
Attend on any, who forsake chaste sheets,  
Fly the embrace of a devoted heart,  
Joined by a solemn vow 'fore God and man,  
To taste the brackish blood of beastly lust  
In an adulterous touch? Oh ravenous immodesty,  
Insatiate impudence of appetite:  
*Look, here's your end, for mark what sap in dust,  
What sin in good, even so much love in lust:*  
Joy to thy ghost, sweet Lord, pardon to me.  
*Celso* It is the Duke's pleasure this night you rest in court.  
*Aurelia* Soul lurk in shades, run shame from brightsome skies,  
*In night, the blind man misseth not his eyes. exit Aurelia*  
*Malevole* Do not weep kind cuckold, take comfort man, thy  
betters have been *Beccos: Agamemnon* Emperor of all  
the merry Greeks; that tickled all the true Trojans, was a

wln 1472  
wln 1473

*Cornuto*: Prince *Arthur* that cut off twelve Kings' beards  
was a *Cornuto: Hercules*, whose back, bore up heaven, and

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img: 26-a  
sig: G2v

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wln 1521

got forty wenches with child in one night.

*Pietro* Nay 'twas fifty.

*Malevole* Faith forty's enough a conscience, yet was a *Cornuto*:  
patience, mischief grows proud, be wise.

*Pietro* Thou pinchest too deep, art too keen upon me.

*Malevole* Tut, a pitiful surgeon makes a dangerous sore.  
I'll tent thee to the ground. Thinkst I'll sustain myself  
by flattering thee, because thou art a Prince? I had rather  
follow a drunkard, and live by licking up his vomit, than  
by servile flattery.

*Pietro* Yet great men ha' done 't.

*Malevole* Great slaves fear better than love, born naturally  
for a coal-basket, though the common usher of prince's  
presence fortune ha' blindly given them better place, I  
am vowed to be thy affliction.

*Pietro* Prithee be, I love much misery, and be thou  
son to me.

*Enter Biliosa.*

*Malevole* Because you are an usurping Duke,  
Your Lordship's well returned for *Florence*.

*To Biliosa.*

*Biliosa* Well returned, I praise my horse.

*Malevole* What news from the Florentines?

*Biliosa* I will conceal the great Duke's pleasure, only this  
was his charge, his pleasure is, that his daughter die, Duke  
*Pietro* be banished for banishing his blood's dishonor, and  
that Duke *Altofront* be reaccepted: this is all, but I hear  
Duke *Pietro* is dead.

*Malevole* Ay, and *Mendoza* is Duke, what will you do?

*Biliosa* Is *Mendoza* strongest?

*Malevole* Yet he is.

*Biliosa* Then yet I'll hold with him.

*Malevole* But if that *Altofront* should turn straight again?

*Bilioso.* Why then I would turn straight again:  
'Tis good run still with him that has most might:

I had rather stand with wrong, then fall with right.

*Malevole* Your Lordship sweats, your young Lady will get  
you a cloth for your old worship's brows, *Exit Biliosa.*  
here's a fellow to be damned, this is his inviolable *Maxim*.  
(flatter the greatest, and oppress the least:) a whoreson  
flesh fly, that still gnaws upon the lean galled backs.

*Pietro* Why **dost** then salute him?

*Malevole* Faith as bawds go to Church, for fashion sake:  
come, be not confounded, th' art but in danger to lose a  
Dukedom, think this: this earth is the only grave and golgotha  
wherein all things that live must rot: 'tis but the  
draught wherein the heavenly bodies discharge their corruption,  
the very muckhill on which the sublunary orbs  
cast their excrements: man is the slime of this dungpit,

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wln 1541  
wln 1542  
wln 1543

img: 26-b  
sig: G3r

and Princes are the governors of these men: for, for our  
souls, they are as free as Emperors, all of one piece, there  
goes but a pair of shears betwixt an Emperor and the  
son of a bagpiper: only the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing  
makes the difference: now what art thou like to lose?

A jailor's office to keep men in bonds,  
Whilst toil and treason, all life's good confounds.

*Pietro.* I here renounce forever Regency,  
O *Altofront*, I wrong thee to supplant thy right:  
To trip thy heels up with a devilish slight.  
For which I now from Throne am thrown, world tricks abjure,  
*For vengeance that comes slow, yet it comes sure.*

O I am changed, for herefore the dread power,  
In true contrition I do dedicate,  
My breath to solitary holiness,  
My lips to prayer, and my breasts care shall be,  
Restoring *Altofront* to regency.

*Malevole* Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy faith.

*Enter Ferneze and Celso* *undisguiseth himself.*

*Altofront, Ferneze, Celso, Pietro.*

Banish amazement: come, we four must stand full shock  
of Fortune, be not so wonder-stricken.

*Pietro* Doth *Ferneze* live?

*Ferneze.* For your pardon.

*Pietro* Pardon and love, give leave to recollect  
My thoughts dispersed in wild astonishment:  
My vows stand fixed in heaven, and from hence  
I crave all love and pardon.

*Malevole* Who doubts of providence,  
That sees this change, a hearty faith to all:  
*He needs must rise, who can no lower fall,*  
*For still impetuous Vicissitude*  
*Loseth the world, then let no maze intrude*  
Upon your spirits: wonder not I rise,  
*For who can sink that close can temporize?*  
The time grows ripe for action, I'll detect  
My privat'st plot, **lest** ignorance fear suspect:  
Let's close to counsel, leave the rest to fate,  
*Mature discretion is the life of state.*

*Exeunt.*

wln 1561

*Actus quartus Scaena prima.*

wln 1562  
wln 1563  
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wln 1565  
wln 1566  
wln 1567

*Enter Malevole and Maquarelle, at several  
doors opposite, singing.*

*Malevole* The Dutchman for a drunkard,

*Maquarelle* The Dane for golden locks:

*Malevole* The Irishman for usquebaugh,

*Maquarelle* The Frenchman for the ( )

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img: 27-b

*Malevole* O thou art a blessed creature, had I a modest woman to conceal, I would put her to thy custody, for no reasonable creature would ever suspect her to be in thy company: ha, thou art a melodious *Maquarelle*, thou picture of a woman and substance of a beast, and how dost thou think a' this transformation of state now?

*Maquerelle* Very very well, for we women always note, the falling of the one, is the rising of the other: some must be fat, some must be lean, some must be fools, and some must be Lords: some must be knaves, and some must be

officers, some must be beggars, some must be Knightes, some must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens: as for example, I have two court dogs, most fawning curs, the one called Watch, th' other Catch: now I, like Lady *Fortune*, sometimes love this dog, sometimes rouse that dog, sometimes favor Watch, most commonly fancy Catch: Now that dog which I favor I feed, and he's so ravenous, that what I give he never chaws it, gulps it down whole without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have: the other dog, now:

*Malevole* No more dog, soot *Maquarelle* no more dog: and what hope hast thou of the Duchess *Maria*, will she stoop to the Duke's lure, will she come, thinkst?

*Maquerelle* Let me see where's the sign now? ha' ye e'er a calendar, where's the sign trow you?

*Malevole* Sign? why, is there any moment in that?

*Maquerelle* O believe me a most secret power, look ye a *Caldean*, or an *Assyrian*, I am sure 'twas a most sweet Jew told me, court any woman in the right sign, you shall not miss, but you must take her in the right vein then: As when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable: in Cancer, a precisian's wife is very flexible: in Capricorn, a Merchant's wife hardly holds out: in Libra, a Lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially, if her husband be at the term: only, in Scorpio 'tis very dangerous meddling, has the Duke sent any jewel, any rich stones?

*Enter Captain.*

*Malevole* Ay, I think those are the best signs, to take a Lady in: by your favor signor: I must discourse with the Lady *Maria*, *Altofront*'s Duchess: I must enter for the Duke.

*Captain* She here shall give you interview, I received the guardship of this Citadel from the good *Altofront*, and for his use I'll keep 't, till I am of no use.

*Malevole* Wilt thou, O heaven that a christian should be found in a buff-jerkin, Captain conscience? I love thee

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wln 1628

Captain.  
we attend, and what hope hast thou of this Duchess easiness?

*Exit Captain.*

*Maquerelle* 'Twill go hard, she was a cold creature ever, she hated monkeys, fools, jesters, and gentlemen ushers extremely: she had the vild trick on 't, not only to be truly modestly honorable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton carri that might incur suspect, as God bless me, she had almost brought bed pressing out of fashion: I could scarce get a fine, for the lease of a Lady's favor once in a fortnight.

*Malevole* Now in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

*Maquerelle* Let me see: heaven forgive us our misdeeds, here's the Duchess.

SCAENA Secunda.

*Enter Maria and Captain.*

*Malevole* God bless thee Lady,

*Maria* out of thy company:

*Malevole* We have brought thee tender of a husband,

*Maria* I hope I have one already.

*Maquerelle* Nay, by mine honor madam, as good he ne'er a husband, as a banished husband, he's in another world now, I'll tell ye Lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep, the wife might lawfully entertain another man: for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banished.

*Maria* Unhonest creature:

*Maquerelle* Pish, honesty is but an art to seem so: pray ye what's honesty? what's constancy? but fables feigned, odd old fools chat devised by jealous fools, to wrong our liberty.

*Malevole* *Mully*, he that loves thee is a Duke, *Mendoza*, he will maintain thee royally, love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee in

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wln 1657

despite of *Rosicleer*, or *Donzel del Phoebo*: there's jewels, if thou wilt, so, if not, so.

*Maria* Captain, for God's love save poor wretchedness, From tyranny of lustful insolence:  
Enforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell  
Rather than here, here round about is hell.  
O my dearest *Altofront* where ere thou breathe,  
Let my soul sink into the shades beneath:  
Before I stain thine honor, 'tis thou hast,  
And long as I can die, I will live chaste.



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wln 1705

*Malevole* 'Gainst him that can enforce how vain is strife?  
*Maria* She that can be enforced has ne'er a knife.  
*She that through force her limbs with lust enrols,*  
*Wants Cleopatra's asps and Portia's coals.*  
God amend you. *Exit with Captain.*

*Malevole* Now the fear of the Devil forever go with thee.  
*Maquerelle*, I tell thee I have found an honest woman, faith  
I perceive when all is done, there is of women as of all other  
things: some good, most bad, some saints, some sinners:  
for as nowadays no Courtier but has his mistress, no  
Captain but has his cockatrice, no Cuckold but has his  
horns, and no fool but has his feather: even so no woman  
but has her weakness and feather too, no sex but has his:  
I can hunt the letter no further: O God how loathsome  
this toying is to me, that a Duke should be forced to fool  
it: well, *Stultorum plena sunt omnia*, better play the fool Lord,  
then be the fool Lord: now, where's your slights Madam  
*Maquarelle*?

*Maquerelle* Why, are ye ignorant that 'tis said, a squeamish  
affected niceness is natural to women, and that the excuse  
of their yielding, is only forsooth the difficult obtaining,  
you must put her to 't, women are flax, and will fire in a  
moment.

*Malevole* Why was the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou?  
thou set fire? thou inflame her.

*Maquerelle* Marry, but I'll tell ye now, you were too hot,

*Malevole* The fitter to have inflamed the flaxwoman.  
*Maquerelle* You were too boisterous spleeny, for indeed.  
*Malvole* Go, go, thou art a weak panderess, now I see.  
*Sooner earth's fire heaven itself shall waste,*  
*Than all with heat can melt a mind that's chaste.*  
Go thou the Duke's lime-twig, I'll make the Duke turn  
thee out of thine office, what not get one touch of hope, and  
had her at such advantage.

*Maquerelle* Now a' my conscience, now I think in my discretion,  
we did not take her in the right sign, the blood was  
not in the true vein, sure. *Exit.*

#### SCAENA TERTIA

*Enter Prepasso and Ferrando, two pages with lights, Celso and*  
*Equato, Mendoza in Duke's robes, Bilioso and Guerrino.*  
*:Exeunt all saving: Malevole.*

*Mendoza* On on, leave us, leave us: stay where is the hermit?

*Malevole* With Duke *Pietro*, with Duke *Pietro*.

*Mendoza* Is he dead? is he poisoned?

*Malevole* Dead as the Duke is.

*Mendoza* Good, excellent, he will not blab, secureness lives  
in secrecy, come hither, come hither.

*Malevole* Thou hast a certain strong villainous scent about

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wln 1740  
wln 1741  
wln 1742  
wln 1743  
wln 1744  
wln 1745  
wln 1746  
wln 1747  
wln 1748  
wln 1749  
wln 1750  
wln 1751  
wln 1752

thee, my nature cannot endure.

*Mendoza* Scent man? what returns *Maria*? what answer to our suit?

*Malevole* Cold, frosty, she is obstinate.

*Mendoza* Then she's but dead 'tis resolute, she dies:

*Black deed only through black deeds safely flies*

*Malevole* Pew, *per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.*

*Mendoza* What art a scholar? art a politician? sure thou art an arrant knave.

*Malevole* Who I? I ha' been twice an under-sheriff, man.

*Mendoza* Canst thou empoison? canst thou empoison?

*Malevole* Excellently, no Jew, Pothecary, or Politician better: look ye, here's a box, whom wouldst thou empoison, here's a box, which opened, and the fume ta'en up in conduits, thorough which the brain purges itself, doth instantly for twelve hours' space, bind up all show of life in a deep senseless sleep:

here's another, which being opened under the sleeper's nose, chokes all the pores of life, kills him suddenly. *Enter Celso*

*Mendoza* I'll try experiments, 'tis good not to be deceived: so, so, *Catzo*:

*Seems to poison* *Who would fear that may destroy, death hath no teeth, nor tongue,*  
*Malevole.* *And he that's great, to him one slaves shame,*

*Murder, fame and wrong. Celso?*

*Celso* My honored Lord.

*Mendoza* The good *Malevole*, that plain-tongued man, alas, is dead on sudden wondrous strangely, he held in our esteem good place,

*Celso*, see him buried, see him buried.

*Celso* I shall observe ye.

*Mendoza* And *Celso*, prithee let it be thy care tonight

To have some pretty show, to solemnize

Our high instalment, some music, masquery:

We'll give fair entertain unto *Maria*

The Duchess to the banished *Altofront*:

Thou shalt conduct her from the Citadel

Unto the Palace, think on some masquery.

*Celso* Of what shape, sweet Lord,

*Mendoza* Why shape? why any quick done fiction,

As some brave spirits of the *Genoan* Dukes,

To come out of *Elysium* forsooth,

Led in by *Mercury* to gratulate

Our happy fortune, some such any thing, some far fet

trick, good for Ladies, some stale toy or other, no matter

so 't be of our devising.

Do thou prepare 't, 'tis but for fashion sake,

Fear not, it shall be graced man, it shall take.

*Celso* All service.

*Mendoza* All thanks, our hand shall not be close to thee: farewell  
Now is my treachery secure, nor can we fall:

wln 1753  
wln 1754  
wln 1755  
wln 1756  
wln 1757

img: 29-b  
sig: H2r

*Mischief that prospers men do virtue call,  
I'll trust no man, he that by tricks gets wreathes,  
Keeps them with steel, no man securely breathes,  
Out of distuned ranks the Crowd will mutter fool:  
Who cannot bear with spite he cannot rule:*

wln 1758  
wln 1759  
wln 1760  
wln 1761  
wln 1762  
wln 1763  
wln 1764  
wln 1765  
wln 1766  
wln 1767  
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wln 1789  
wln 1790  
wln 1791  
wln 1792  
wln 1793  
wln 1794  
wln 1795

img: 30-a  
sig: H2v

*The chiefest secret for a man of state,  
Is to live senseless of a strengthless hate. Exit Mendoza.*

*Malevole* Death of the damned thief, I'll make one i' the  
masque, thou shalt ha' some  
Brave spirits of the antique Dukes.

*Celso* My Lord, what strange delusion?

*Malevole* Most happy, dear *Celso*, poisoned with an empty  
box? I'll give thee all anon: my Lady comes to court, there  
is a whirl of fate comes tumbling on, the Castle's captain  
stands for me, the people pray for me, and the great leader  
of the just stands for me: then courage *Celso*. Starts up and  
speaks.

*For no disastrous chance can ever move him,  
That leaveth nothing but a God above him. Exeunt.*

*Enter Prepasso and Bilioso, two Pages, before them  
Maquarelle Bianca, and Emilia.*

*Biliosa* Make room there, room for the ladies: why gentlemen,  
will not ye suffer the ladies to be entered in the great  
chamber? why gallants? and you sir, to drop your Torch  
where the beauties must sit too.

*Prepasso* And there's a great fellow plays the knave, why  
dost not strike him?

*Biliosa* Let him play the knave a' God's name, thinkst thou  
I have no more wit than to strike a great fellow, the music,  
more lights, revelling, scaffolds: do you hear? let there be  
oaths enough ready at the door, swear out the devil himself.  
Let's leave the Ladies, and go see if the Lords be ready for  
them. *All save the Ladies depart.*

*Maquerelle* And by my troth Beauties, why do you not put  
you into the fashion, this is a stale cut, you must come in fashion:  
look ye, you must be all felt, felt and feather, a felt  
upon your head: look ye, these tiring things are justly out  
of request now: and do ye hear? you must wear falling  
bands, you must come into the falling fashion: there is such  
a deal a' pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is  
worth all: and again, if you should chance to take a nap in  
the afternoon, your falling band requires no potting-stick  
to recover his form: believe me, no fashion to the falling  
band I say.

wln 1796  
wln 1797

*Bianca* And is not signior Saint *Andrew Jaques* gallant  
fellow now?

wln 1798  
wln 1799  
wln 1800  
wln 1801  
wln 1802  
wln 1803  
wln 1804  
wln 1805  
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wln 1828  
wln 1829  
wln 1830  
wln 1831  
wln 1832

img: 30-b  
sig: H3r

wln 1833  
wln 1834  
wln 1835  
wln 1836  
wln 1837  
wln 1838  
wln 1839  
wln 1840  
wln 1841  
wln 1842  
wln 1843  
wln 1844  
wln 1845

*Maquerelle* By my maidenhead la, honor and he agrees  
as well together, as a satin suit and woolen stockings.

*Emilia* But, is not Marshal Make-room my servant  
in reversion, a proper gentleman?

*Maquerelle* Yes in reversion as he had his office, as in truth he  
hath all things in reversion: he has his Mistress in reversion,  
his clothes in reversion, his wit in reversion, and indeed,  
is a suitor to me for my dog in reversion: but in good verity  
la, he is as proper a gentleman in reversion as: and  
indeed, as fine a man as may be, having a red beard and a  
pair of warped legs,

*Bianca* But I' faith I am most monstrously in love with  
count Quidlibet in Quodlibet, is he not a pretty dapper  
**windle** gallant?

*Maquerelle* He is even one of the most busy fingered lords, he  
will put the beauties to the squeak most hideously.

*Bilioso* Room, make a lane there, the Duke is entering:  
stand handsomely for beauty's sake, take up the Ladies  
there. So, cornets, cornets.

#### SCAENA QUARTA.

*Enter Prepasso joins to Bilioso, two pages with lights, Ferrardo,  
Mendoza, at the other door two pages with lights, and  
the Captain leading in Maria, the Duke meets Maria, and  
closeth with her, the rest fall back.*

*Mendoza* Madam, with gentle ear receive my suit,  
A kingdom's safety should o'er peise slight rites,  
Marriage is merely Nature's policy:  
Then since unless our royal beds be joined,  
Danger and civil tumult frights the state,  
Be wise as you are fair, give way to fate.

*Maria* What wouldst thou, thou affliction to our house?  
Thou ever devil, 'twas thou that banishedst  
my truly noble Lord. *Men.* I?

*Maria* Ay, by thy plots by thy black stratagems,  
Twelve Moons have suffered change since I beheld

The loved presence of my dearest Lord.  
O thou fair worse than death, he parts but soul  
From a weak body, but thou soul from soul  
Dissever'st, that which God's own hand did knit.  
Thou scant of honor, full of devilish wit.

*Mendoza* We'll check your too intemperate lavishness, Ay  
I can, and will. *Maria* What canst?

*Mendoza* Go to, in banishment thy husband dies.

*Maria* *He ever is at home that's ever wise.*

*Mendoza* Youst never meet more, Reason should Love control,

*Maria* Not meet?

*She that dear loves, her love's still in her soul.*

*Mendoza* You are but a woman Lady, you must yield.

wln 1846  
wln 1847  
wln 1848  
wln 1849  
wln 1850  
wln 1851  
wln 1852  
wln 1853  
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wln 1855  
wln 1856  
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wln 1860  
wln 1861  
wln 1862  
wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868  
wln 1869

img: 31-a  
sig: H3v

wln 1870  
wln 1871  
wln 1872  
wln 1873  
wln 1874  
wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877  
wln 1878  
wln 1879  
wln 1880  
wln 1881  
wln 1882  
wln 1883  
wln 1884  
wln 1885  
wln 1886

wln 1887  
wln 1888  
wln 1889  
wln 1890

wln 1891

*Maria* O save me thou innated bashfulness,  
Thou only ornament of woman's modesty.

*Mendoza* Modesty? Death I'll torment thee,

*Maria* Do, urge all torments, all afflictions try,  
I'll die, my Lords, as long as I can die.

*Mendoza* Thou obstinate, thou shalt die: captain, that Lady's  
life is forfeited to Justice, we have examined her,  
And we do find, she hath empoisoned  
The reverend Hermit, therefore we command  
Severest custody. Nay, if you'll do 's no good,  
Youst do 's no harm, a tyrant's peace is blood.

*Maria* O thou art merciful, O gracious devil,  
Rather by much let me condemned be,  
For seeming murder than be damned for thee.  
I'll mourn no more, come girt my brows with flowers,  
Revel and dance, soul, now thy wish thou hast,  
Die like a Bride, poor heart thou shalt die chaste.

*Enter Aurelia in mourning habit.*

*Life is a frost of cold felicity,*

*Aurelia* And death the thaw of all our vanity.

Wast not an honest Priest that wrote so?

*Mendoza* Who? let her in.

*Bilioso* Forbear. *Prepasso* Forbear.

*Aurelia* Alas calamity is everywhere.

Sad misery, despite your double doers,  
Will enter even in court.

*Unto Maria.*

*Bilioso* Peace.

*Aurelia* I ha' done; one word, take heed, I ha' done.

*Enter Mercury with loud music.*

*Mercury* Cyllenian *Mercury*, the God of ghosts,  
From gloomy shades that spread the lower coasts,  
Calls four high famed *Genoa* Dukes to come,  
And make this presence their *Elysium*:  
To pass away this high triumphal night,  
With song and dances, courts more soft delight.

*Aurelia* Are you God of ghosts, I have a suit depending  
in hell betwixt me and my conscience, I would fain have  
thee help me to an advocate.

*Bilioso* *Mercury* shall be your lawyer Lady,

*Aurelia* Nay faith, *Mercury* has too good a face to be a right lawyer.

*Prepasso* Peace, forbear: *Mercury* presents the masque.

*Cornets: The song to the Cornets, which playing the masque enters.*

*Enter Malevole, Pietro, Ferneze, and Celso in white robes,  
with Duke's Crowns upon laurel, wreathes, pistolets and  
short swords under their robes.*

*Mendoza* *Celso*, *Celso*, court *Maria* for our love Lady, be

wln 1892  
wln 1893  
wln 1894  
wln 1895  
wln 1896  
wln 1897  
wln 1898  
wln 1899  
wln 1900  
wln 1901  
wln 1902  
wln 1903  
wln 1904  
wln 1905

*Malevole takes  
his wife to  
dance.*

*Pietro takes  
his wife Aurelia  
to dance*

gracious, yet grace.

*Maria* With me Sir?

*Malevole* Yes more loved than my breath:

With you I'll dance.

*Maria* Why then you dance with death,

But come Sir, I was ne'er more apt for mirth.

*Death gives eternity a glorious breath*

*O, to die honored, who would fear to die.*

*Malevole* They die in fear who live in villainy.

*Mendoza* Yes, believe him Lady, and be ruled by him.

*Pietro,* Madam with me?

*Aurelia* Wouldst then be miserable?

*Pietro,* I need not wish.

*Aurelia* O, yet forbear my hand, away, fly, fly,

img: 31-b  
sig: H4r

wln 1906  
wln 1907  
wln 1908  
wln 1909  
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wln 1911  
wln 1912  
wln 1913  
wln 1914  
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wln 1936  
wln 1937  
wln 1938  
wln 1939

O seek not her that only seeks to die.

*Pietro,* Poor loved soul.

*Aurelia* What, wouldst court misery?

*Pietro,* Yes.

*Aurelia* She'll come too soon O my grieved heart.

*Pietro* Lady ha' done, ha', done.

Come down let's dance, be once from sorrow free.

*Aurelia* Art a sad man?

*Pietro,* Yes sweet.

*Aurelia* Then we'll agree.

*Ferneze takes Maquerelle, and Celso Bianca: then the  
cornets sound the measure, on change, and rest.*

*Ferneze* Believe it Lady, shall I swear, let me enjoy you in  
private, and I'll marry you by my soul.

To Bianca.

*Bianca* I had rather you would swear by your body: I  
think that would prove the more regarded oath with you.

*Ferneze* I'll swear by them both, to please you.

*Bea.* O, damn them not both, to please me, for God's sake.

***Ferneze*** Faith sweet creature let me enjoy you tonight, and  
I'll marry you tomorrow fortnight, by my troth lo.

*Maquerelle* On his troth lo, believe him not, that kind of  
coney-catching is as stale as sir Oliver Anchovy's perfumed  
jerkin: promise of matrimony by a young Gallant, to  
bring a virgin Lady into a fool's paradise: make her a great  
woman, and then cast her off: 'tis as common as natural to  
a Courtier, as jealousy to a Citizen, gluttony to a Puritan,  
wisdom to an Alderman, pride to a Tailor, or an empty  
to one of these sixpenny damnations: of his troth lo, believe  
him not, traps to catch polecats.

*Malevole* Keep your face constant, let no sudden passion  
speak in your eyes.

To Maria.

*Maria* O my *Altofront*.

*Pietro* A tyrant's jealousies  
are very nimble, you receive it all.

To Aurelia.

wln 1940  
wln 1941  
wln 1942

img: 32-a  
sig: H4v

wln 1943  
wln 1944  
wln 1945  
wln 1946  
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wln 1976  
wln 1977  
wln 1978  
wln 1979

*Aurelia* My heart though not my knees doth humbly fall,  
Lo as the earth to thee.

*Pietro.* Peace, next change, no words.

*Maria* Speech to such, ay, O what will affords?  
*Cornets sound the measure over again which danced*  
*they unmask.*

*Mendoza* *Malevole?* *They environ Mendoza bending*  
*Malevole* No. *their Pistols on him.*

*Mendoza* *Altofront, Duke Lorenzo Ferneze, hah?*  
*All, Duke Altofront, Duke Altofront. Cornets, a-flourish.*

*Mendoza* Are we surprized? what strange delusions mock  
Our senses, do I dream? or have I dreamt  
This two days' space? where am I? *They seize upon*

*Malevole* Where an arch villain is. *Mendoza.*

*Mendoza* O lend me breath to live till I am fit to die.  
For peace with heaven, for your own soul's sake  
Vouchsafe me life.

*Pietro.* Ignoble villain, whom neither heaven nor hell,  
goodness of God or man could once make good.

*Malevole* Base **treacherous** wretch, what grace canst thou expect,  
That hast grown impudent in gracelessness.

*Mendoza* O life!

*Malevole* Slave, take thy life.

Wert thou defended through blood and wounds,  
The sternest horror of a civil fight,  
Would I achieve thee, but prostrate at my feet,  
*I scorn to hurt thee, 'tis the heart of slaves*  
*That deigns to triumph over peasant's graves.*  
*For such thou art since birth doth ne'er enroll*  
*A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious soul.*

To Pietro and  
Aurelia.

You are joyed spirits, wipe your long wet eyes.

To Mendoza

*Malevole kicks out Mendoza.*

To Maquerelle

Hence with this man: an Eagle takes not flies.

To Bilioso.

You to your vows, to *Pietro and Aurelia*, and thou unto the suburbs.

To Celso and  
the Captain:

You to my worst friend I would hardly give:

Thou art a perfect old knave all pleased live,

To Maria.

You two unto my breast, thou to my heart.

And as for me I here assume my right,

To which I hope all's pleased: to all goodnight.

*Cornets a-fourish. Exeunt. omnes.*

*Finis.*

img: 32-b  
sig: [N/A]

## Textual Notes

1. **57 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *the church* is supplied for the original [ $\diamond\diamond$ ].
2. **59 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *Interest* is amended from the original *Intetest*.
3. **92 (5-b)**: The regularized reading *Penlobrans* comes from the original *Penlobrans*, though possible variants include *Penlolians*.
4. **113 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Guerrino* is amended from the original *Guerchino*.
5. **119 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *ridiculous* is amended from the original *riculous*.
6. **181 (7-a)**: The regularized reading *daughter* is amended from the original *danghrer*.
7. **236 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *hum* is amended from the original *ham*.
8. **895 (17-a)**: The regularized reading *heart* is amended from the original *harr*.
9. **898 (17-a)**: The regularized reading *blush's* comes from the original *blushes*, though possible variants include *blushless*.
10. **1083 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *one* is amended from the original *on*.
11. **1085 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *idleness* is amended from the original *idlencsse*.
12. **1322 (23-a)**: The regularized reading *I'll* is amended from the original *Iste*.
13. **1514 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *dost* is amended from the original *dust*.
14. **1558 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *lest* is amended from the original *est*.
15. **1561 (26-b)**: Act five (quintus) mistakenly labeled as act four (quartus).
16. **1588 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *soot* comes from the original *soote*, though possible variants include *sweet*.
17. **1725 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *Seems* is supplied for the original [ $*\text{Jeems}$ ].
18. **1725 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *poison* is supplied for the original [ $*\text{on}$ ].
19. **1811 (30-a)**: The regularized reading *windle* comes from the original *windle*, though possible variants include *unidle*.
20. **1924 (31-b)**: The regularized reading *Ferneze* is amended from the original *Eer*.
21. **1895 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *his* is supplied for the original [ $*\text{is}$ ].
22. **1895 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *dance* is supplied for the original [ $**\text{Junce}$ ].
23. **1903 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *Pietro* is supplied for the original [ $**\text{etro}$ ].
24. **1903 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *his* is supplied for the original [ $**\text{s}$ ].
25. **1903 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *Aurelia* is supplied for the original [ $***\text{lia}$ ].
26. **1959 (32-a)**: The regularized reading *treacherous* is amended from the original *trecherour*.