

# Folger SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

Advancing knowledge & the arts

## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

[emed.folger.edu](http://emed.folger.edu)

Discover over four hundred early modern English plays that were professionally performed in London between 1576 and 1642. Browse plays written by Shakespeare's contemporaries; explore the repertoires of London's professional companies; and download plays for reading and research.

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.



Plays distributed under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License.

**img: 1-a**  
**sig: [N/A]**

img: 1-b  
sig: A1r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

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

ln 0010

*Acted by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants.*

ln 0011

Written by IOHN WEBSTER.

ln 0012

*Non inferiora secutus.*

ln 0013

ln 0014

ln 0015

ln 0016

LONDON,  
Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be sold  
at his Shop in Popes head Pallace, neere the  
Royall Exchange. 1612.

img: 2-a  
sig: A1v

---

---

ln 0001

To the Reader.

ln 0002

*IN publishing this Tragedy, I do but*

ln 0003

*challenge to my selfe that liberty,*

ln 0004

*which other men haue tane before mee;*

ln 0005

*not that I affect praise by it, for, nos hæc*

ln 0006

*nouimus esse nihil, onely since it was*

ln 0007

*acted, in so dull a time of Winter, pre-*

ln 0008

*sented in so open and blacke a Theater,*

ln 0009

*that it wanted (that which is the onely*

ln 0010

*grace and setting out of a Tragedy) a full and vnder-*

ln 0011

*standing Auditory: and that since that time I haue noted, most*

ln 0012

*of the people that come to that Play-house, resemble those ig-*

ln 0013

*norant asses (who visiting Stationers shoppes their vse is not*

ln 0014

*to inquire for good bookes, but new bookes) I present it to the*

ln 0015

*generall veiw with this confidence.*

ln 0016

*Nec Rhoncos metues, maligniorum,*

ln 0017

*Nec Scombris tunicas, dabis molestas.*

ln 0018

*If it be obiected this is no true Drammaticke Poem, I shall*

ln 0019

*easily confesse it, non potes in nugas dicere plura meas: Ip-*

ln 0020

*se ego quam dixi, willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind*

ln 0021

*haue I faulted: for should a man present to such an Auditory,*

ln 0022

*the most sententious Tragedy that euer was written, obser-*

ln 0023

*uing all the criticall lawes, as heighth of stile; and grauety*

ln 0024

*of person; inrich it with the sententious Chorus, and as it*

To the Reader.

ln 0025

*were life'n Death, in the passionate and waighty Nuntius: yet after all this diuine rapture, O dura messorum ilia, the breath that comes frō the vncapable multitude, is able to poison it, and ere it be acted, let the Author resolute to fix to euer-ry scæne, this of Horace,*

ln 0026

ln 0027

ln 0028

ln 0029

ln 0030

— Hæc hodie Porcis comedenda relinques.

ln 0031

*To those who report I was a long time in finishing this*

ln 0032

*Tragedy, I confesse I do not write with a goose-quill, winged*

ln 0033

*with two feathers, and if they will needs make it my fault,*

ln 0034

*I must answer them with that of Eurypides to Alcestides,*

ln 0035

*a Tragicke Writer: Alcestides obiecting that Eurypides*

ln 0036

*had onely in three daies composed three verses, whereas him*

ln 0037

*selfe had written three hundreth: Thou telst truth, (quoth he)*

ln 0038

*but heres the difference, thine shall onely bee read for three*

ln 0039

*daies, whereas mine shall continue three ages.*

ln 0040

*Detraction is the sworne friend to ignorance: For mine*

ln 0041

*owne part I haue euer truly cherisht my good opinion of other*

ln 0042

*mens worthy Labours, especially of that full and haightned*

ln 0043

*stile of Maister Chapman. The labor'd and vnderstanding*

ln 0044

*workes of Maister Iohnson: The no lesse worthy composures*

ln 0045

*of the both worthily excellent Maister Beamont, & Maister*

ln 0046

*Fletcher: And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right*

ln 0047

*happy and copious industry of M. Shake-speare, M. Decker,*

ln 0048

*& M. Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their*

ln 0049

*light: Protesting, that, in the strength of mine owne iudge*

ln 0050

*ment, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my*

ln 0051

*owne worke, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix*

ln 0052

*that of Martiall.*

ln 0053

— non norunt, Hæc monumenta mori.

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

wln 0018

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025

wln 0026

THE TRAGEDY  
OF PAVLO GIORDANO  
Vrsini Duke of Brachiano, and Vittoria  
Corombona.

*Enter Count Lodouico, Antonelli and Gasparo.*

LODOVICO.

BAnisht? ANTO. It greeu'd me much to  
heare the sentence.

LODO. Ha, Ha, ô *Democritus* thy Gods  
That gouerne the whole world! Courtly re-  
ward, and punishment. Fortun's a right whore.  
If she giue ought, she deales it in smal percels,  
That she may take away all at one swope.  
This tis to haue great enemies, God quite them:  
Your wolfe no longer seemes to be a wolfe  
Then when shees hungry. GAS. You terme those enemies  
Are men of Princely ranke.

LOD. Oh I pray for them.  
The violent thunder is adored by those  
Are pasht in peeces by it. ANTO. Come my Lord,  
You are iustly dom'd; looke but a little backe  
Into your former life: you haue in three yeares  
Ruin'd the noblest Earldome GAS. Your followers  
Haue swallowed you like Mummia, and being sicke  
With such vnnaturall and horrid Phisicke  
Vomit you vp ith kennell ANTO. All the damnable degrees

B

Of

wln 0027 Of drinkings haue you, you staggerd through one Cittizen  
wln 0028 Is Lord of two faire Manors, cald you master  
wln 0029 Only for Caiiare. GAS. Those noblemen  
wln 0030 Which were inuited to your prodigall feastes,  
wln 0031 Wherin the Phænix scarce could scape your throtes,  
wln 0032 Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeminge you:  
wln 0033 An idle Meteor which drawne forth the earth  
wln 0034 Would bee soone lost ith aire. ANTO. Least vpon you,  
wln 0035 And say you were begotten in an Earthquake,  
wln 0036 You haue ruin'd such faire Lordships. LODO. Very good,  
wln 0037 This Well goes with two buckets, I must tend  
wln 0038 The powring out of eather. GAS. Worse then these,  
wln 0039 You haue acted, certaine Murders here in Rome,  
wln 0040 Bloody and full of horror. LOD. Las they were flea-bytinges:  
wln 0041 Why tooke they not my head then? GAS. O my Lord  
wln 0042 The law doth somtimes mediate, thinkes it good  
wln 0043 Not euer to steepe violent sinnes in blood,  
wln 0044 This gentle pennance may both end your crimes,  
wln 0045 And in the example better these bad times.  
wln 0046 LOD. So, but I wonder then some great men scape  
wln 0047 This banishment, ther's *Paulo Giordano Orsini*,  
wln 0048 The Duke of *Brachiano*, now liues in Rome,  
wln 0049 And by close pandarisme seekes to prostitute  
wln 0050 The honour of *Uittoria Corombona*,  
wln 0051 *Vittoria*, she that might haue got my pardon  
wln 0052 For one kisse to the Duke. ANTO. Haue a full man within you,  
wln 0053 Wee see that Trees beare no such pleasant fruite  
wln 0054 There where they grew first, as where the are new set.  
wln 0055 Perfumes the more they are chaf'd the more they render  
wln 0056 Their pleasing sents, and so affliction  
wln 0057 Expresseth vertue, fully, whether trew,  
wln 0058 Or ells adulterate. LOD. Leauē your painted comforts,  
wln 0059 Ile make Italian cut-works in their guts  
wln 0060 If euer I returne. GASP. O Sir. LODO. I am patient,  
wln 0061 I haue seene some ready to be executed  
wln 0062 Giue pleasant lookes, and money, and growne familiar  
wln 0063 With the knaue hangman, so do I, I thanke them,

And



Vittoria Corombona.

wln 0064 And would account them nobly mercifull  
wln 0065 Would they dispatch me quicklie, ANTO. Fare you well,  
wln 0066 Wee shall find time I doubt not to repeale  
wln 0067 Your banishment. LOD. I am euer bound to you: *Enter*  
wln 0068 This is the worlds almes; pray make vse of it, *Senate*  
wln 0069 Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in peeces,  
wln 0070 When first they haue shorne them bare and sold their fleeces.

*Exeunt.*

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

wln 0074 BRA. Your best of rest. VIT. Vnto my Lord the Duke,  
wln 0075 The best of wellcome, More lights, attend the Duke.  
wln 0076 BRA. *Flamineo.* FLA. My Lord. BRA. Quite lost *Flamineo.*  
wln 0077 FLA. Pursew your noble wishes, I am prompt  
wln 0078 As lightning to your seruice, ô my Lord!  
wln 0079 The faire *Vittoria*, my happy sister  
wln 0080 Shall giue you present audience, gentlemen *(whisper*  
wln 0081 Let the caroach go on, and tis his pleasure  
wln 0082 You put out all your torches and depart.

wln 0083 BRA. Are wee so happy. FLA. Can't be otherwise?  
wln 0084 Obseru'd you not to night my honor'd Lord  
wln 0085 Which way so ere you went shee threw her eyes,  
wln 0086 I haue dealt already with her chamber-maid  
wln 0087 *Zanche* the More, and she is wondrous proud  
wln 0088 To be the agent for so high a spirit.

wln 0089 BRA. Wee are happie about thought, because boue merrit.  
wln 0090 FLA. 'boue merrit! wee may now talke freely: 'boue merrit;  
wln 0091 what ist you doubt, her coynesse, thats but the superficies of lust  
wln 0092 most women haue; yet why should Ladyes blush to heare that  
wln 0093 nam'd, which they do not feare to handle? O they are polliticke,  
wln 0094 They know our desire is increas'd by the difficultie of inioy  
wln 0095 ing; where a satiety is a blunt, weary and drowsie passion, if  
wln 0096 the buttery hatch at Court stood continually open their would  
wln 0097 be nothing so passionat crouding, nor hot suit after the beuerage,

wln 0098 BRA. O but her iealous husband.

wln 0099 FLA. Hang him, a guilder that hath his braynes perisht with

wln 0100  
wln 0101  
wln 0102  
wln 0103  
wln 0104  
wln 0105  
wln 0106  
wln 0107  
wln 0108  
wln 0109  
wln 0110  
wln 0111  
wln 0112  
wln 0113  
wln 0114  
wln 0115  
wln 0116  
wln 0117  
wln 0118  
wln 0119  
wln 0120  
wln 0121  
wln 0122  
wln 0123  
wln 0124  
wln 0125  
wln 0126  
wln 0127  
wln 0128  
wln 0129  
wln 0130  
wln 0131  
wln 0132  
wln 0133  
wln 0134  
wln 0135  
wln 0136

quicke-siluer is not more could in the liuer. The great Barriers  
moulted not more feathers then he hath shed haire, by the con-  
fession of his doctor. An Irish gamster that will play himselfe na-  
ked, and then wage all downeward, at hazard, is not more ven-  
terous. So vn-able to please a woman that like a dutch doublet  
all his backe is shrunke into his breeches.

Shrowd you within this closet, good my Lord,  
Some tricke now must be thought on to deuide  
My brother in law from his faire bed-fellow,

BRA. O should she faile to come,

FLA. I must not haue your Lordship thus vnwisely amorous,  
I my selfe haue loued a lady and peursued her with a great deale  
of vnder-age protestation, whom some 3. or 4. gallants that haue  
enoyed would with all their harts haue bin glad to haue bin rid  
of. Tis iust like a summer bird-cage in a garden, the birds that are  
without, despaire to get in, and the birds that are within despaire  
and are in a consumption for feare they shall neuer get out: away  
away my Lord,

*Enter Camillo,*

See here he comes, this fellow by his apparell  
Some men would iudge a pollitian,  
But call his wit in question you shall find it  
Merely an Asse in's foot cloath,

How now brother what traauiling to bed to your kind wife?

CAM. I assure you brother no, My voyage lyes  
More northerlie, in a farre colder clime,

I do not well remember I protest when I last lay with her.

FLA. Strange you should loose your Count.

CAM. Wee neuer lay together but eare morning  
Their grew a flaw betweene vs. FLA. T'had byn your part  
To haue made vp that flaw.

CAM. Trew, but shee loathes I should be seene in't.

FLA. Why Sir, what's the matter?

CAM. The Duke your maister visits me I thanke him,  
And I perceau how like an earnest bowler  
Hee very passionatelie leanes that way,  
He should haue his boule runne

FLA. I hope you do not thinke

*Camillo*

wln 0137  
wln 0138  
wln 0139  
wln 0140  
wln 0141  
wln 0142  
wln 0143  
wln 0144  
wln 0145  
wln 0146  
wln 0147  
wln 0148  
wln 0149  
wln 0150  
wln 0151  
wln 0152  
wln 0153  
wln 0154  
wln 0155  
wln 0156  
wln 0157  
wln 0158  
wln 0159  
wln 0160  
wln 0161  
wln 0162  
wln 0163  
wln 0164  
wln 0165  
wln 0166  
wln 0167  
wln 0168  
wln 0169  
wln 0170  
wln 0171  
wln 0172  
wln 0173

CAM. That noble men boule bootie, Faith his cheeke  
Hath a most excellent Bias, it would faine iumpe with my mistris.  
FLA. Will you be an asse.  
Despight you *Aristotle* or a Cocould  
Contrary to your *Ephemerides*  
Which shewes you vnder what a smiling planet  
You were first swaddled,  
CAM: Pew wew, Sir tell not me  
Of planets nor of *Ephemerides*  
A man may be made Cocould in the day time  
When the Stars eyes are out. FLA. Sir God **boy** you,  
I do commit you to your pittifull pillow  
Stuft with horne-shauings. CAM. Brother. FLA. God refuse me  
Might I aduise you now your onlie course  
Weare to locke vp your wife. CAM. T'weare very good.  
FLA. Bar her the sight of reuels. CAM. Excellent.  
FLA. Let her not go to Church, but like a hounde  
In Leon at your heeles. CAM. Tweare for her honour  
FLA. And so you should be certayne in one fortnight,  
Despight her chastity or innocence  
To bee Cocoulded, which yet is in suspense:  
This is my counsell and I aske no fee for't.  
CAM. Come you know not where my-night cap wringes mee.  
FLA. Weare it ath' old fashion, let your large eares come  
through, it will be more easy, nay I will be bitter, barre your wife  
of her entertaynment: women are more willinglie & more glo-  
riouslie chast, when they are least restrayned of their libertie. It  
seemes you would be a fine Capricious Mathematically ielous  
Coxcombe, take the height of your owne hornes with a *Iacobs*  
staffe afore they are vp. These polliticke inclosures for paltry  
mutton, makes more rebellion in the flesh then all the pro-  
uocatiue electuaries Doctors haue vttered sence last Iubilee.  
CAM. This doth not phisicke me,  
FLA: It seemes you are Ielous, ile shew you the error of it by  
a familiar example, I haue seene a paire of spectacles fashiond  
with such perspectiue art, that lay downe but one twelue pence  
ath' bord twill appeare as if there were twenty, now should you

wln 0174  
wln 0175  
wln 0176  
wln 0177  
wln 0178  
wln 0179  
wln 0180  
wln 0181  
wln 0182  
wln 0183  
wln 0184  
wln 0185  
wln 0186  
wln 0187  
wln 0188  
wln 0189  
wln 0190  
wln 0191  
wln 0192  
wln 0193  
wln 0194  
wln 0195  
wln 0196  
wln 0197  
wln 0198  
wln 0199  
wln 0200  
wln 0201  
wln 0202  
wln 0203  
wln 0204  
wln 0205  
wln 0206  
wln 0207  
wln 0208  
wln 0209  
wln 0210

Enter Corom-  
[\*\*\*]a.

weare a paire of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her shooe, you would Imagine twenty hands were taking vp of your wiues clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causlesse fury,

CAM. The fault there Sir is not in the eye-sight

FLA. True, but they that haue the yellow Iaundeise, thinke all obiects they looke on to bee yellow. Iealousy is worser, her fit's present to a man, like so many bubbles in a Bason of water, twenty seuerall crabbed faces, many times makes his owne shadow his cocould-maker. \* See she comes, what reason haue you to be ieaious of this creature? what an ignorant asse or flattering knaue might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida, or Iuorie of Corinth, or compare her haire to the blacke birds bill, when 'tis liker the blacke birds feather. This is all: Be wise, I will make you freinds and you shall go to bed together, marry looke you, it shall not be your seeking, do you stand vpon that by any meanes, walk you a loofe, I would not haue you seene in't, sister my Lord attends you in the banquetting house, your husband is wondrous discontented.

VIT. I did nothing to displease him, I carued to him at supper-time

FLA. You need not haue carued him infaieth, they say he is a capon already, I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall a gentleman so well descended as *Camillo*. — a lousy slaue that within this twenty yeares rode with the blacke guard in the Dukes cariage mongst spits and dripping-pannes.

CAM. Now he begins to tickle her.

FLA. An excellent scholler, one that hath a head fild with calues braynes without any sage in them, — come crouching in the hams to you for a nights lodging — that hath an itch in's hams, which like the fier at the glasse house hath not gone out this seauen yeares — is hee not a courtly gentleman, — when he weares white sattin one would take him by his blacke mussel to be no other creature then a maggot, you are a goodly Foile, I confesse, well set out — but couerd with a false stone you conteraite dyamond.

CAM.

wln 0211  
wln 0212  
wln 0213  
wln 0214  
wln 0215  
wln 0216  
wln 0217  
wln 0218  
wln 0219  
wln 0220  
wln 0221  
wln 0222  
wln 0223  
wln 0224  
wln 0225  
wln 0226  
wln 0227  
wln 0228  
wln 0229  
wln 0230  
wln 0231  
wln 0232  
wln 0233  
wln 0234  
wln 0235  
wln 0236  
wln 0237  
wln 0238  
wln 0239  
wln 0240  
wln 0241  
wln 0242  
wln 0243  
wln 0244  
wln 0245  
wln 0246  
wln 0247

CAM. He will make her know what is in mee.  
FLA. Come, my Lord attends you, thou shalt go to bed to  
my Lord. CAM. Now he comes to't.  
FLA. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new  
wine, I am opening your case hard.  
CAM. A vertuous brother a my credit.  
FLA. He will giue thee a ringe with a philosophers stone in it.  
CAM. Indeede I am studying Alcumye.  
FLA. Thou shalt lye in a bed stuf with turtles feathers,  
swoone in perfumed lynnenn like the fellow was smothered in  
roses, so perfect shall be thy happinesse, that as men at Sea thinke  
land and trees and shippes go that way they go, so both heauen  
and earth shall seeme to go your voyage. Shal't meete him, tis  
fixt, with nayles of dyamonds to ineuitable necessitie.  
VITTO. How shals rid him hence?  
FLA. I will put breees in's tayle, set him gadding presentlie,  
I haue almost wrought her to it, I find her comming, but might  
I aduise you now for this night I would not lye with her, I would  
crosse her humor to make her more humble.  
CAMIL. Shall I, shall I?  
FLA. It will shew in you a supremacie of Iudgement.  
CAMIL. Trew, and a mind differing from the tumultuary  
opinion, for *quæ negata grata*.  
FLA. Right you are the Adamant shall draw her to you,  
though you keepe distance of:  
CAMIL. A philosophicall reason.  
FLA. Walke by her a'the noble mans fashion, and tell her  
you will lye with her at the end of the Progresse  
CAMIL. *Vittoria*, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say  
incited. VITTO. To do what Sir?  
CAMIL. To lye with you to night; your silkworme vseth to  
fast euery third day, and the next following spinnes the better.  
Tomorrow at night I am for you.  
VITTO. Youle spinne a faire thread, trust to't.  
FLA. But do you heare I shall haue you steale to her chamber  
about midnight.  
CAMIL. Do you thinke so, why looke you brother, because

you

wln 0248  
wln 0249  
wln 0250  
wln 0251  
wln 0252  
wln 0253  
wln 0254  
wln 0255  
wln 0256  
wln 0257  
wln 0258  
wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262  
wln 0263  
wln 0264  
wln 0265  
wln 0266  
wln 0267  
wln 0268  
wln 0269  
wln 0270  
wln 0271  
wln 0272  
wln 0273  
wln 0274  
wln 0275  
wln 0276  
wln 0277  
wln 0278  
wln 0279  
wln 0280  
wln 0281  
wln 0282  
wln 0283  
wln 0284

you shall not thinke ile gull you, take the key, locke me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

FLA. Introth I will, ile be your iaylor once,  
But haue you nere a false dore.

CAM. A pox on't, as I am a Christian tell mee to morrow how scuruelie shee takes my vnkind parting

FLA. I will. CAM. Didst thou not make the ieast of the silke-worme? good night in faith I will vse this tricke often,

FLA. Do, do, do. *Exit Camillo.*

So now you are safe. Ha ha ha, thou intanglest thy selfe in thine owne worke like a silke-worme *Enter Brachiano.*

Come sister, darkenesse hides your blush, women are like curst dogges, ciuilitie keepes them tyed all day time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good or most mischeefe, my Lord, my Lord

BRA. Giue credit: I could wish time would stand still  
And neuer end this enteruew this hower, *Zāche brings out a Carpet*  
But all delight doth it selfe soon't deuour. *Spreads it and layes on it*  
Let me into your bosome happy Ladie, *two faire Cushions*  
Powre out in stead of eloquence my vowes, *Enter Cornelia*  
Loose me not Madam, for if you forego me I am lost eternallie.

VIT. Sir in the way of pittie I wish you hart-hole.

BRA. You are a sweet Phisition.

VIT. Sure Sir a loathed crueltie in Ladyes  
Is as to Doctors many funeralls: It takes away their credit.

BRA. Excellent Creature.

Wee call the cruell fayre, what name for you  
That are so mercifull? ZAN. See now they close.

FLA. Most happie vnion.

COR. My feares are falne vpon me, oh my heart!  
My sonne the pandar: now I find our house  
Sinking to ruine. Earth-quakes leaue behind,  
Where they haue tyrannised, iron, or lead, or stone,  
But woe to ruine violent lust leaues none

BRA. What valew is this Iewell VIT. Tis the ornament  
Of a weake fortune.

BRA. In sooth ile haue it; nay I will but change

wln 0285  
wln 0286  
wln 0287  
wln 0288  
wln 0289  
wln 0290  
wln 0291  
wln 0292  
wln 0293  
wln 0294  
wln 0295  
wln 0296  
wln 0297  
wln 0298  
wln 0299  
wln 0300  
wln 0301  
wln 0302  
wln 0303  
wln 0304  
wln 0305  
wln 0306  
wln 0307  
wln 0308  
wln 0309  
wln 0310  
wln 0311  
wln 0312  
wln 0313  
wln 0314  
wln 0315  
wln 0316  
wln 0317  
wln 0318  
wln 0319  
wln 0320  
wln 0321

My Iewell for your Iewell. FLAM. Excellent,  
His Iewell for her Iewell, well put in Duke.  
BRAC. Nay let me see you weare it. VIT. Heare sir.  
BRAC. Nay lower, you shall weare my Iewell lower.  
FLAM. That's better she must weare his Iewell lower.  
VIT. To passe away the time I'le tell your grace,  
A dreame I had last night. BRAC. Most wishedly.  
VIT. A foolish idle dreame,  
Me thought I walkt about the mid of night,  
Into a Church-yard, where a goodly *Eu* Tree  
Spred her large roote in ground, vnder that *Eu*,  
As I sat sadly leaning on a graue,  
Checked with crosse-sticks, their came stealing in  
Your Dutchesse and my husband, one of them  
A picax bore, th'other a Rusty spade,  
And in rough termes they gan to challenge me,  
About this *Eu*. BRAC. That Tree.  
VIT. This harmelesse *Eu*:  
They told me my entent was to root vp  
That well-growne *Eu*, and plant i'th steed of it  
A withered blacke-thorne, and for that they vow'd  
To bury me aliue: my husband straight  
With picax gan to dig, and your fell Dutchesse  
With shouell, like a fury, voyded out  
The earth & scattered bones, Lord how me thought  
I trembled, and yet for all this terror  
I could not pray. FLAM. No the diuell was in your dreame.  
VIT. When to my rescue there arose me thought  
A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arme  
From that strong plant,  
And both were strucke dead by that sacred *Eu*  
In that base shallow graue that was their due.  
FLAM. Excellent Diuell.  
Shee hath taught him in a dreame  
To make away his Dutchesse and her husband.  
BRAC. Sweetly shall I enterpret this your dreame,  
You are lodged within his armes who shall protect you,

wln 0322 From all the feauers of a iealous husband,  
wln 0323 From the poore enuy of our flegmaticke Dutchesse,  
wln 0324 I'le seate you aboue law and aboue scandall,  
wln 0325 Giue to your thoughts the inuention of delight  
wln 0326 And the fruition, nor shall gouernment  
wln 0327 Diuide me from you longer then a care  
wln 0328 To keepe you great: you shall to me at once,  
wln 0329 Be Dukedome, health, wife, children, friends and all.  
wln 0330 COR. Woe to light hearts they still forerun our fall.  
wln 0331 FLAM. What fury rais'd thee vp? away, away *Exit Zanche.*  
wln 0332 COR. What make you heare my Lord this dead of night?  
wln 0333 Neuer dropt meldew on a flower here, tell now.  
wln 0334 FLAM. I pray will you go to bed then,  
wln 0335 Least you be blasted. COR. O that this faire garden,  
wln 0336 Had all poysoned hearbes of *Thessaly*,  
wln 0337 At first bene planted, made a nursery  
wln 0338 For witch-craft; rather a buriall plot,  
wln 0339 For both your Honours. VIT. Dearest mother heare me.  
wln 0340 COR. O thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,  
wln 0341 Sooner then nature, see the curse of children  
wln 0342 In life they keepe vs **frequently** in teares,  
wln 0343 And in the cold graue leaues vs in pale feares.  
wln 0344 BRAC. Come, come, I will not heare you.  
wln 0345 VIT. Deere my Lord.  
wln 0346 COR. Where is thy Dutchesse now adulterous Duke?  
wln 0347 Thou little dreamd'st this night shee is come to *Rome*.  
wln 0348 FLAM. How? come to *Rome*, VIT. The Dutchesse,  
wln 0349 BRAC. She had bene better,  
wln 0350 COR. The liues of Princes should like dyals moue,  
wln 0351 Whose regular example is so strong,  
wln 0352 They make the times by them go right or wrong.  
wln 0353 FLAM. So, haue you done? COR. Vnfortunate *Camillo*.  
wln 0354 VIT. I do protest if any chast deniall,  
wln 0355 If any thing but bloud could haue alayed,  
wln 0356 His long suite to me.  
wln 0357 COR. I will ioyne with thee,  
wln 0358 To the most wofull end ere mother kneel'd,



wln 0359  
wln 0360  
wln 0361  
wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
wln 0367  
wln 0368  
wln 0369  
wln 0370  
wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373  
wln 0374  
wln 0375  
wln 0376  
wln 0377  
wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380  
wln 0381  
wln 0382  
wln 0383  
wln 0384  
wln 0385  
wln 0386  
wln 0387  
wln 0388  
wln 0389  
wln 0390  
wln 0391  
wln 0392  
wln 0393  
wln 0394  
wln 0395

If thou dishonour thus thy husbands bed,  
Bee thy life short as are the funerall teares  
In great mens. BRAC. Fye, fye, the womans mad.

COR. Bee thy act *Iudas-like* betray in kissing,  
Maiest thou be enuied during his short breath,  
And pittied like a wretch after this death.

VIT. O me accurst.

*Exit Uictoria*

FLAM. Are you out of your wits, my Lord  
Ile fetch her backe againe? BRAC. No I'le to bed.  
Send Doctor *Iulio* to me presently,

Vncharitable woman thy rash tongue  
Hath rais'd a fearefull and prodigious storme,  
Bee thou the cause of all ensuing harme.

*Exit Brachiano.*

FLAM. Now, you that stand so much vpon your honour,  
Is this a fitting time a night thinke you,  
To send a Duke home without ere a man:

I would faine know where lies the masse of wealth  
Which you haue whoorded for my maintenance,  
That I may beare my beard out of the leuell

Of my Lords Stirop. COR. What? because we are poore,  
Shall we be vicious? FLAM. Pray what meanes haue you  
To keepe me from the gallies, or the gallowes?

My father prou'd himselfe a Gentleman,  
Sold al's land, and like a fortunate fellow,  
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me vp,

At *Padua* I confesse, where I protest  
For want of meanes, the Vniuersity iudge me,  
I haue bene faine to heele my Tutors stockings  
At least seuen yeares: Conspiring with a beard  
Made me a Graduate, then to this Dukes seruice,

I visited the Court, whence I return'd:  
More courteous, more letcherous by farre,  
But not a suite the richer, and shall I,  
Hauing a path so open and so free  
To my preferment, still retaine your milke  
In my pale forehead, no this face of mine  
I'le arme and fortiefie with lusty wine,

wln 0396  
wln 0397  
wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
wln 0408  
wln 0409  
wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412  
wln 0413  
wln 0414  
wln 0415  
wln 0416  
wln 0417  
wln 0418  
wln 0419  
wln 0420  
wln 0421  
wln 0422  
wln 0423  
wln 0424  
wln 0425  
wln 0426  
wln 0427  
wln 0428  
wln 0429  
wln 0430  
wln 0431  
wln 0432

Gainst shame and blushing.  
COR. O that I ne're had borne thee,  
FLAM. So would I.  
I would the common'st Courtezan in *Rome*,  
Had bene my mother rather than thy selfe.  
Nature is very pittfull to whoores  
To giue them but few children, yet those children  
Plurality of fathers, they are sure  
They shall not want. Go, go,  
Complaine vnto my great Lord Cardinall,  
Yet may be he will iustifie the act.  
*Lycurgus* wondred much men would prouide  
Good stalions for their Mares, and yet would suffer  
Their faire wiues to be barren,  
COR. Misery of miseries. *Exit Cornelia.*  
FLAM. The Dutchesse come to Court, I like not that,  
Wee are ingag'd to mischiefe and must on.  
As Riuers to finde out the Ocean  
Flow with crooke bendings beneath forced bankes,  
Or as wee see to aspire some mountaines top,  
The way ascends not straight, but Imitates  
The suttile fouldings of a Winters snake,  
So who knowes policy and her true aspect,  
Shall finde her waies winding and indirect. *Exit.*  
*Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinall Mountcelso, Marcello,*  
*Isabella, young Giouanni, with little Iaques the Moore.*  
FRAN. Haue you not seene your husband since you ariued?  
ISAB. Not yet sir. FRAN. Surely he is wondrous kind,  
If I had a such Doue-house as *Camillo's*  
I would set fire on't, wer't but to destroy  
The Pole-cats that haunt to't, — my sweet cossin.  
GIO. Lord vnkle you did promise mee a horse  
And armour. FRAN. That I did my pretty cossin,  
*Marcello* see it fitted. MAR. My Lord the Duke is here.  
FRAN. Sister away you must not yet bee seene.  
ISAB. I do beseech you intreate him mildely,  
Let not your rough tongue

wln 0433  
wln 0434  
wln 0435  
wln 0436  
wln 0437  
wln 0438  
wln 0439  
wln 0440  
wln 0441  
wln 0442  
wln 0443  
wln 0444  
wln 0445  
wln 0446  
wln 0447  
wln 0448  
wln 0449  
wln 0450  
wln 0451  
wln 0452  
wln 0453  
wln 0454  
wln 0455  
wln 0456  
wln 0457  
wln 0458  
wln 0459  
wln 0460  
wln 0461  
wln 0462  
wln 0463  
wln 0464  
wln 0465  
wln 0466  
wln 0467  
wln 0468  
wln 0469

Set vs at louder variance, all my wrongs  
Are freely pardoned, and I do not doubt  
As men to try the precious Vnicornes horne  
Make of the powder a preseruatiue Circle  
And in it put a spider, so these armes  
Shall charme his poyson, force it to obeying  
And keepe him chast from an infected straying  
FRAN. I wish it may. Be gone.

*Exit.*

*Enter Brachiano, and Flamineo.*

Void the chamber,  
You are welcome, will you sit, I pray my Lord  
Bee you my Orator, my hearts too full,  
I'le second you anon. MONT. E're I beginne  
Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion  
Which may be raised by my free discourse.  
BRAC. As silent as i'th Church you may proceed.

MONT. It is a wonder to your noble friends,  
That you haue as 'twere entred the world,  
With a free Scepter in your able hand,  
And haue to th'use of nature well applied  
High gifts of learning, should in your prime-age  
Neglect your awfull throne, for the soft downe  
Of an insatiate bed. oh my Lord,  
The Drunkard after all his lauish cuppes,  
Is dry, and then is sober, so at length,  
When you awake from this lasciuious dreame,  
Repentance then will follow; like the sting  
Plac't in the Adders tayle: wretched are Princes  
When fortune blasteth but a petty flower  
Of their vnweldy crownes; or rauesheth  
But one pearle from their Scepter: but alas!  
When they to wilfull shipwrake loose good Fame  
All Princely titles perish with their name.

BRAC. You haue said my Lord, MON. Inough to giue you tast  
How farre I am from flattering your greatnesse?

BRAC. Now you that are his second, what say you?  
Do not like yong hawkes fetch a course about

wln 0470 Your game flies faire and for you, FRAN. Do not feare it:  
wln 0471 I'le answere you in your owne hawking phrase,  
wln 0472 Some Eagles that should gaze vpon the Sunne  
wln 0473 Seldome soare high, but take their lustfull ease,  
wln 0474 Since they from dunghill birds their pery can ceaze,  
wln 0475 You know *Uittoria*, BRA. Yes.  
wln 0476 FRAN. You shift your shirt there  
wln 0477 When you retire from Tennis. BRAC. Happely.  
wln 0478 FRAN. Her husband is Lord of a poore fortune  
wln 0479 Yet she wears cloth of Tissue, BRAC. What of this?  
wln 0480 Will you vrge that my good Lord Cardinall  
wln 0481 As part of her confession at next Shrift,  
wln 0482 And know from whence it sailes. FRAN. She is your Strumpet,  
wln 0483 BRAC. Vnciuill sir ther's Hemlocke in thy breath  
wln 0484 And that blacke slander, were she a whore of mine  
wln 0485 All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers  
wln 0486 Thy Gallies, nor thy sworne confederates,  
wln 0487 Durst not supplant her. FRAN. Let's not talke on thunder,  
wln 0488 Thou hast a wife, our sister, would I had giuen  
wln 0489 Both her white hands to death, bound and lockt fast  
wln 0490 In her last winding sheete, when I gaue thee  
wln 0491 But one. BRAC. Thou hadst giuen a soule to God then.  
wln 0492 FRAN. True,  
wln 0493 Thy ghostly father with al's absolution,  
wln 0494 Shall ne're do so by thee. BRAC. Spit thy poyson,  
wln 0495 FRAN. I shall not need, lust carries her sharpe whippe  
wln 0496 At her owne girdle, looke to't for our anger  
wln 0497 Is making thunder-bolts. BRAC. Thunder? in faith,  
wln 0498 They are but crackers. FRAN. Wee'le end this with the Cannon.  
wln 0499 BRAC. Thou'lt get nought by it but iron in thy wounds,  
wln 0500 And gunpowder in thy nostrels. FRAN. Better that  
wln 0501 Then change perfumes for plaisters, BRAC. Pitty on thee,  
wln 0502 'Twere good you'ld shew your slaues or men condemn'd  
wln 0503 Your new plow'd fore-head defiance, and I'le meete thee,  
wln 0504 Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.  
wln 0505 MON. My Lords, you shall not word it any further  
wln 0506 Without a milder limit. FRAN. Willingly.

BRAC

wln 0507           BRAC.   Haue you proclaimed a Triumph that you baite a  
wln 0508   Lyon thus.   MON.   My Lord.   BRAC.   I am tame, I am tame sir.  
wln 0509           FLAN.   We send, vnto the Duke for conference  
wln 0510   Bout leauyes 'gainst the Pyrates, my Lord Duke  
wln 0511   Is not at home, we come our selfe in person,  
wln 0512   Still my Lord Duke is busied, but we feare  
wln 0513   When Tyber to each proling passenger  
wln 0514   Discouers flockes of wild-duckes, then my Lord  
wln 0515   'Bout moulting time, I meane wee shall be certaine  
wln 0516   To finde you sure enough and speake with you.   BRAC.   Ha?  
wln 0517           FLAN.   A meere tale of a tub, my wordes are idle,  
wln 0518   But to expresse the Sonnet by naturall reason,           *Enter Giouanni*  
wln 0519   When Stagges grow melancholike you'le finde the season  
wln 0520           MON.   No more my Lord, heere comes a Champion,  
wln 0521   Shall end the difference betweene you both,  
wln 0522   Your sonne the Prince *Giouanni*, see my Lords  
wln 0523   What hopes you store in him, this is a casket  
wln 0524   For both your Crowns, & should be held like deere:  
wln 0525   Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know  
wln 0526   It is a more direct and euen way  
wln 0527   To traine to vertue those of Princely bloud,  
wln 0528   By examples then by precepts: if by examples  
wln 0529   Whom should he rather striue to imitate  
wln 0530   Then his owne father: be his patterne then,  
wln 0531   Leaue him a stocke of vertue that may last,  
wln 0532   Should fortune rend his sailes, and split his mast.  
wln 0533           BRA.   Your hand boy growing to souldier.   GIO.   Giue me a pike.  
wln 0534           FRAN.   What practising your pike so yong, faire cous.  
wln 0535           GIO.   Suppose me one of *Homers* frogges, my Lord,  
wln 0536   Tossing my bul-rush thus, pray sir tell mee  
wln 0537   Might not a child of good descretion  
wln 0538   Be leader to an army:   FRAN.   Yes cousin a yong Prince  
wln 0539   Of good descretion might.   GIO.   Say you so,  
wln 0540   Indeed I haue heard 'tis fit a Generall  
wln 0541   Should not endanger his owne person oft,  
wln 0542   So that he make a noyse, when hee's a horsebacke  
wln 0543   Like a danske drummer, ô 'tis excellent.

Hee

wln 0544 Hee need not fight, me thinkes his horse as well  
wln 0545 Might lead an army for him; if I liue  
wln 0546 I'le charge the French foe, in the very front  
wln 0547 Of all my troupes, the formost man. FRA. What, what,  
wln 0548 GIO. And will not bid my Souldiers vp and follow  
wln 0549 But bid them follow me. BRAC. Forward Lap-wing.  
wln 0550 He flies with the shell on's head. FRAN. Pretty cousin,  
wln 0551 GIO. The first yeare vnkle that I go to warre,  
wln 0552 All prisoners that I take I will set free  
wln 0553 Without their ransome. FRAN. Ha, without thier ransome,  
wln 0554 How then will you reward your souldiers  
wln 0555 That tooke those prisoners for you. GIO. Thus my Lord,  
wln 0556 I'le marry them to all the wealthy widowes  
wln 0557 That fals that yeare. FRAN. Why then the next yeare following  
wln 0558 You'le haue no men to go with you to warre.  
wln 0559 GIO. Why then I'le presse the women to the war,  
wln 0560 And then the men will follow. MON. Witty Prince.  
wln 0561 FRAN. See a good habite makes a child a man,  
wln 0562 Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast:  
wln 0563 Come you and I are friends. BRAC. Most wishedly,  
wln 0564 Like bones which broke in sunder and well set  
wln 0565 Knit the more strongly. FRAN. Call *Camillo* hither  
wln 0566 You haue receiued the rumor, how Count *Lodowicke*  
wln 0567 Is turn'd a Pyrate. BRAC. Yes. FRA. We are now preparing,  
wln 0568 Some shippes to fetch him in: behold your Dutchesse, *Exeunt Fr.*  
wln 0569 Wee now will leaue you and expect from you *Mon. Giou.*  
wln 0570 Nothing but kind intreaty. BRAC. You haue charm'd mee.  
wln 0571 You are in health we see. ISA. And aboue health  
wln 0572 To see my Lord well, BRAC. So I wonder much,  
wln 0573 What amorous whirlwind hurryed you to *Rome*  
wln 0574 ISA. Deuotion my Lord. BRAC. Deuotion?  
wln 0575 Is your soule charg'd with any grieuous sinne  
wln 0576 ISA. 'Tis burdened with too many, and I thinke  
wln 0577 The oftner that we cast our reckonings vp,  
wln 0578 Our sleepes will be the sounder. BRAC. Take your chamber?  
wln 0579 ISA. Nay my deere Lord I will not haue you angry,  
wln 0580 Doth not my absence from you two moneths,

Merite

wln 0581 Merit one kisse? BRAC. I do not vse to kisse,  
wln 0582 If that will dispossesse your iealousy,  
wln 0583 I'le sweare it to you. ISA. O my loued Lord,  
wln 0584 I do not come to chide; my iealousy,  
wln 0585 I am to learne what that *Italian* meanes,  
wln 0586 You are as welcome to these longing armes,  
wln 0587 As I to you a Virgine. BRAC. O your breath,  
wln 0588 Out vpon sweete meates, and continued Physicke.  
wln 0589 The plague is in them. ISA. You haue oft for these two lippes  
wln 0590 Neglected *Cassia* or the naturall sweetes  
wln 0591 Of the Spring-violet, they are not yet much whithered,  
wln 0592 My Lord I should be merry, these your frownes  
wln 0593 Shew in a Helmet, louely but on me,  
wln 0594 In such a peacefull enterueiw me thinkes  
wln 0595 They are to too roughly knit. BRA. O dissemblance.  
wln 0596 Do you bandy factions gainst me? haue you learn't,  
wln 0597 The trick of impudent basenes to complaine  
wln 0598 Vnto your kindred? ISA. Neuer my deere Lord.  
wln 0599 BRAC. Must I be haunted out, or wast your trick  
wln 0600 To meete some amorous gallant heere in Rome  
wln 0601 That must supply our discontinuance?  
wln 0602 ISA. I pray sir burst my heart, and in my death  
wln 0603 Turne to your antient pittie, though not loue.  
wln 0604 BRA. Because your brother is the corpulent Duke,  
wln 0605 That is the great Duke, S'death I shall not shortly  
wln 0606 Rackit away fiue hundreth Crownes at Tennis,  
wln 0607 But it shall rest vpon record: I scorne him  
wln 0608 Like a shau'd Pollake, all his reuerent wit  
wln 0609 Lies in his wardrope, hee's a discret fellow  
wln 0610 When hee's made vp in his robes of state,  
wln 0611 Your brother the great Duke, because h'as gallies,  
wln 0612 And now and then ransackes a Turkish flye-boate,  
wln 0613 (Now all the hellish furies take his soule,)  
wln 0614 First made this match, accursed be the Priest  
wln 0615 That sang the wedding Masse, and euen my Issue.  
wln 0616 ISA. O to too far you haue curst. BRA. Your hand I'le kisse,  
wln 0617 This is the latest ceremony of my loue,

wln 0618 Hence-forth I'le neuer lye with thee, by this,  
wln 0619 This wedding-ring: I'le ne'remore lye with thee.  
wln 0620 And this diuorce shall be as truly kept,  
wln 0621 As if the Iudge had doom'd it: fare you well,  
wln 0622 Our sleeps are seuer'd. ISA. Forbid it the sweet vnion  
wln 0623 Of all things blessed; why the Saints in heauen  
wln 0624 Will knit their browes at that. BRA. Let not thy loue,  
wln 0625 Make thee an vnbeleuer, this my vow,  
wln 0626 Shall neuer on my soule bee satisfied  
wln 0627 With my repentance: let thy brother rage  
wln 0628 Beyond a horred tempest or sea-fight,  
wln 0629 My vow is fixed. ISA. O my winding sheet,  
wln 0630 Now shall I need thee shortly, deere my Lord,  
wln 0631 Let me heare once more, what I would not heare,  
wln 0632 Neuer. BRA. Neuer?  
wln 0633 ISA. O my vnkind Lord may your sins find mercy,  
wln 0634 As I vpon a woefull widowed bed,  
wln 0635 Shall pray for you, if not to turne your eyes,  
wln 0636 Vpon your wretched wife, and hopefull sonne,  
wln 0637 Yet that in time you'le fix them vpon heauen.  
wln 0638 BRAC. No more, go, go, complaine to the great Duke.  
wln 0639 ISA. No my deere Lord, you shall haue present wnesse,  
wln 0640 How I'le worke peace betweene you, I will make  
wln 0641 My selfe the author of your cursed vow  
wln 0642 I haue some cause to do it, you haue none,  
wln 0643 Conceale it I beseech you, for the weale  
wln 0644 Of both your Dukedomes, that you wrought the meanes  
wln 0645 Of such a separation, let the fault  
wln 0646 Remaine with my supposed iealousy,  
wln 0647 And thinke with what a pitteous and rent heart,  
wln 0648 I shall performe this sad insuing part.  
wln 0649 *Enter Francisco, Flamineo, **Montcello**, Marcello, Camillo.*  
wln 0650 BRAC. Well, take your course my honourable brother.  
wln 0651 FRAN. Sister, this is not well my Lord, why sister,  
wln 0652 She merits not this welcome. BRAC. Welcome say?  
wln 0653 Shee hath giuen a sharpe welcome. FRAN. Are you foolish?  
wln 0654 Come dry your teares, is this a modest course.



wln 0655 To better what is nought, to raile and weepe,  
wln 0656 Grow to a reconcilement, or by heauen,  
wln 0657 I'le nere more deale betweene you. ISA. Sir you shall not,  
wln 0658 No though *Uittoria* vpon that condition  
wln 0659 Would become honest. FRAN. Was your husband loud.  
wln 0660 Since we departed. ISA. By my life sir no,  
wln 0661 I swear by that I do not care to loose.  
wln 0662 Are all these ruines of my former beauty,  
wln 0663 Laid out for a whores triumph? FRA. Do you heare  
wln 0664 Looke vpon other women, with what patience  
wln 0665 They suffer these slight wrongs, with what iustice  
wln 0666 They study to requite them, take that course.  
wln 0667 ISA. O that I were a man, or that I had power  
wln 0668 To execute my apprehended wishes,  
wln 0669 I would whip some with scorpions. FRAN. What? turn'd fury?  
wln 0670 ISA. To dig the strumpets eyes out, let her lye  
wln 0671 Some twenty monethes a dying, to cut off  
wln 0672 Her nose and lippes, pull out her rotten teeth,  
wln 0673 Preserue her flesh like *Mummia*, for trophies  
wln 0674 Of my iust anger: Hell to my affliction  
wln 0675 Is meere snow-water. by your fauour sir,  
wln 0676 Brother draw neere, and my Lord Cardinall,  
wln 0677 Sir let me borrow of you but one kisse,  
wln 0678 Hence-forth I'le neuer lye with you, by this,  
wln 0679 This wedding ring. FRA. How? nere more lie with him,  
wln 0680 ISA. And this diuorce shall be as truly kept,  
wln 0681 As if in thronged Court, a thousand eares  
wln 0682 Had heard it, and a thousand Lawyers hands,  
wln 0683 Seal'd to the separation. BRAC. Nere lie with me?  
wln 0684 ISA. Let not my former dotage,  
wln 0685 Make thee an vnbeleuer, this my vow  
wln 0686 Shall neuer on my soule be satisfied  
wln 0687 With my repentance, *manet alta mente repositum*.  
wln 0688 FRAN. Now by my birth you are a foolish, mad,  
wln 0689 And ielialous woman. BRA. You see 'tis not my seeking.  
wln 0690 FRAN. Was this your circle of pure Vnicornes horne,  
wln 0691 You said should charme your Lord; now hornes vpon thee,

wln 0692  
wln 0693  
wln 0694  
wln 0695  
wln 0696  
wln 0697  
wln 0698  
wln 0699  
wln 0700  
wln 0701  
wln 0702  
wln 0703  
wln 0704  
wln 0705  
wln 0706  
wln 0707  
wln 0708  
wln 0709  
wln 0710  
wln 0711  
wln 0712  
wln 0713  
wln 0714  
wln 0715  
wln 0716  
wln 0717  
wln 0718  
wln 0719  
wln 0720  
wln 0721  
wln 0722  
wln 0723  
wln 0724  
wln 0725  
wln 0726  
wln 0727  
wln 0728

For ieaalousy deserues them, keepe your vow,  
And take your chamber. ISA. No sir I'le presently to *Padua*,  
I will not stay a minute. MONT. O good Madame.  
BRAC. 'Twere best to let her haue her humor,  
Some halfe daies iourney will bring downe her stomacke,  
And then she'le turne in post. FRAN. To see her come,  
To my Lord Cardinall for a dispensation  
Of her rash vow will beget excellent laughter.  
„ ISA. Vnkindnesse do thy office, poore heart breake,  
„Those are the killing greifes which dare not speake. *Exit.*  
MAR. *Camillo's* come my Lord. *Enter Camillo.*  
FRAN. Where's the commission? MAR. Tis here.  
FRAN. Giue me the Signet.  
FLAM. My Lord do you marke their whispering, I will com-  
pound a medicine out of their two heads, stronger then garlick,  
deadlier then stibium, the Cantarides which are scarce seene to  
sticke vpon the flesh when they work to the heart, shall not do it  
with more silence or inuisible cunning. *Enter Doctor.*  
BRAC. About the murder.  
FLAM. They are sending him to *Naples*, but I'le send him to  
*Candy*, her's another property to. BRAC. O the Doctor,  
FLA. A poore quackesaluing knaue, my Lord, one that should  
haue bene lasht for's letchery, but that he confest a iudgement,  
had an execution laid vpon him, and so put the whip to a *non-plus*.  
DOCT. And was cosin'd, my Lord, by an arranter knaue  
then my selfe, and made pay all the coulourable execution.  
FLAM. He will shoot pils into a mans guts, shall make them  
haue more ventages then a cornet or a lamprey, hee will poyson  
a kisse, and was once minded, for his Master-peece, because *Ire-*  
*land* breeds no poyson, to haue prepared a deadly vapour in a  
*Spaniards* fart that should haue poison'd all *Dublin*.  
BRAC. O Saint *Anthony* fire:  
DOCT. Your Secretary is merry my Lord:  
FLAM. O thou cursed antipathy to nature, looke his eyes  
bloud-shed like a needle a Chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with,  
let me embrace thee toad, & loue thee ô thou abhominable loth-  
some gargarisme, that will fetch vp lungs, lights, heart, and liuer

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  
wln 0742  
wln 0743  
wln 0744  
wln 0745  
wln 0746  
wln 0747  
wln 0748  
wln 0749  
wln 0750  
wln 0751  
wln 0752  
wln 0753  
wln 0754  
wln 0755  
wln 0756  
wln 0757  
wln 0758  
wln 0759  
wln 0760  
wln 0761  
wln 0762  
wln 0763  
wln 0764  
wln 0765

by scruples.

BRAC. No more, I must employ thee honest Doctor,  
You must to *Padua* and by the way, vse some of your skil for vs.

DOC. Sir I shall. BRAC. But for *Camillo*?

FLAM. He dies this night by such a polliticke straine,  
Men shall suppose him by's owne engine slaine.

But for your Dutchesse death. DOCT. I'le make her sure

BRAC. Small mischiefes are by greater made secure.

FLAM. Remember this you slaue, when knaues come to pre-  
ferment they rise as gallouses are raised i'th low countries, one  
vpon another shouldrs.

*Exeunt.*

MONT. Here is an Embleme nephew pray peruse it.

'Twas throwne in at your window, CAM. At my window,

Here is a Stag my Lord hath shed his hornes,

And for the losse of them the poore beast weepes

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

Plenty of hornes hath made him poore of hornes.

CAM. What should this meane. MON. Ile tell you, 'tis giuen out  
You are a Cocould. CAM. Is it giuen out so.

I had rather such report as that my Lord.

Should keepe within dores. FRAN. Haue you any children.

CAM. None my Lord. FRA. You are the happier

Ile tell you a tale. CAM. Pray my Lord. FRAN. An old tale.

Vppon a time *Phœbus* the God of light

Or him wee call the Sunne would neede be married.

The Gods gaue their consent, and *Mercury*

Was sent to voice it to the generall world.

But what a pitious cry their straight arose

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

Reapers and Butter-women, amongst Fishmongers

And thousand other trades, which are annoyed

By his excessiue heate; twas lamentable.

They came to *Iupiter* all in a sweat

And do forbid the banes; a great fat Cooke

Was made their Speaker, who intreates of *Ioue*

That *Phoebus* might bee guelled, for if now

When there was but one, Sunne so many men,



wln 0803  
wln 0804  
wln 0805  
wln 0806  
wln 0807  
wln 0808  
wln 0809  
wln 0810  
wln 0811  
wln 0812  
wln 0813  
wln 0814

I faine would haue the Duke *Brachiano* run  
Into notorious scandale, for their's nought  
In such curst dotage, to repaire his name,  
Onely the deepe sence of some deathlesse shame:  
MON. It may be obiected I am dishonourable,  
To play thus with my kinsman, but I answere.  
For my reuenge I'de stake a brothers life,  
That being wrong'd durst not auenge himselfe.  
FRA. Come to obserue this Strūpet. MON. Cursse of greatnes,  
Sure hee'le not leaue her. FRAN. There's small pittie in't  
Like mistle-tow on seare Elmes spent by weather,  
Let him cleaue to her and both rot together. *Exeunt.*

wln 0815  
wln 0816  
wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819  
wln 0820  
wln 0821  
wln 0822  
wln 0823  
wln 0824  
wln 0825  
wln 0826  
wln 0827  
wln 0828  
wln 0829  
wln 0830  
wln 0831  
wln 0832  
wln 0833  
wln 0834  
wln 0835  
wln 0836  
wln 0837  
wln 0838

*Enter Brachiano with one in the habite of a Coniurer.*  
BRAC. Now sir I claime your promise, 'tis dead midnight,  
The time prefixt to shew me by your Art,  
How the intended murder of *Camillo*,  
And our loathed Dutchesse grow to action.  
CON. You haue won me by your bounty to a deed,  
I do not often practise, some there are,  
Which by Sophisticke tricks, aspire that name  
Which I would gladly loose, of Nigromancer:  
As some that vse to iuggle vpon cardes,  
Seeming to coniure, when indeed they cheate.  
Others that raise vp their confederate spirits,  
'Bout wind-mils, and indanger their owne neckes,  
For making of a squib, and some their are  
Will keepe a curtall to shew iuggling trickes  
And giue out 'tis a spirit: besides these  
Such a whole reame of Almanacke-makers, figure-flingers.  
Fellowes indeed that onely liue by stealth,  
Since they do meerely lie about stolne goods,  
Thei'd make men thinke the diuell were fast and loose,  
With speaking fustian Lattine: pray sit downe,  
Put on this night-cap sir, 'tis charm'd, and now  
I'le shew you by my strong-commanding Art  
The circumstance that breakes your Dutchsse heart.

*Enter*

img: 15-a  
sig: D4v

Vittoria Corombona.

A DVMBE SHEVV.

*Enter suspiciously, Iulio and Christophero, they draw a curtaine wher **Brachian's** picture is, they put on spectacles of glasse, which couer their eyes and noses, and then burne perfumnes afore the picture, and wash the lips of the picture, that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles they depart laughing.*  
*Enter Isabella in her night-gowne as to bed-ward, with lights after her, Count Lodouico, Giouanni, Guid-antonio and others waighting on her, shee kneeles downe as to prayers, then drawes the curtaine of the picture, doe's three reuerences to it, and kisses it thrice, shee faints and will not suffer them to come nere it, dies, sorrow exprest in Giouanni and in Count Lodouico, shees conueid out solemnly.*

BRAC. Excellent, then shee's dead, CON. She's poysoned,  
By the fum'd picture, 'twas her custome nightly,  
Before shee went to bed, to go and visite  
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lippes  
On the dead shadow, Doctor *Iulio*  
Observing this, infects it with an oile  
And other poison'd stuffe, which presently  
Did suffocate her spirits. BRAC. Me thought I saw,  
Count *Lodowicke* there. CON. He was, and by my art  
I finde hee did most passionately doate  
Vpon your Dutchesse, now turne another way,  
And veiw *Camillo's* farre more polliticke face,  
Strike louder musicke from this charmed ground,  
To yeeld, as fits the act, a Tragicke sound.

THE SECOND DVMBE SHEVV.

*Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with foure more as Captaines, they drinke healths and dance, a vaunting horse is brought into the roome, Marcello and two more whisper'd out of the roome, while Flamineo and Camillo strip themselues into their shirts, as to vault, complement who shall beginne, as Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth him vpon his necke, and with the help of the rest, wriths his necke about, seeme's to see if it be broke, and layes him foulded double as 'twere vnder the horse, makes shewes to call for helpe.*

Marcello

img: 15-b  
sig: E1r

Vittoria Corombona.

*Marcello comes in, laments, sends for the Cardinall and Duke, who comes forth with armed men, wonder at the act, commands the bodie to be carried home, apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest, and go as 'twere to apprehend Vittoria.*

BRAC. 'Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance,  
I tast not fully. CON. O 'twas most apparant,

wln 0839  
wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842  
wln 0843  
wln 0844  
wln 0845  
wln 0846  
wln 0847  
wln 0848  
wln 0849  
wln 0850

wln 0851  
wln 0852  
wln 0853  
wln 0854  
wln 0855  
wln 0856  
wln 0857  
wln 0858  
wln 0859  
wln 0860  
wln 0861  
wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864

wln 0865  
wln 0866  
wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873

wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877

wln 0878  
wln 0879

wln 0880 You saw them enter charged with their deepe helthes  
 wln 0881 To their boone voyage, and to second that,  
 wln 0882 *Flamineo* cals to haue a vaulting horse  
 wln 0883 Maintaine their sport. The vertuous *Marcello*,  
 wln 0884 Is innocently plotted forth the roome,  
 wln 0885 Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can informe you  
 wln 0886 The engine of all. **MAR.** It seemes *Marcello*, and *Flamineo*  
 wln 0887 Are both committed. **CON.** Yes, you saw them guarded,  
 wln 0888 And now they are come with purpose to apprehend  
 wln 0889 Your Mistresse, faire *Uittoria*; wee are now  
 wln 0890 Beneath her roofe: 'twere fit we instantly  
 wln 0891 Make out by some backe posterne: **BRAC.** Noble friend,  
 wln 0892 You bind me euer to you, this shall stand  
 wln 0893 As the firme seale annexed to my hand. *Exit Brac.*  
 wln 0894 It shall inforce a payment. **CON.** Sir I thanke you.  
 wln 0895 Both flowers and weedes, spring when the Sunne is warme,  
 wln 0896 And great men do great good, or else great harme. *Exit Con.*  
 wln 0897 *Enter Francisco, and Monticelso, their Chancellor*  
 wln 0898 *and Register.*  
 wln 0899 **FRAN.** You haue dealt discreetly to obtaine the presence,  
 wln 0900 Of all the graue Leiger Embassadors  
 wln 0901 To heare *Vittorias* triall. **MON.** 'Twas not ill,  
 wln 0902 For sir you know we haue nought but circumstances  
 wln 0903 To charge her with, about her husbands death,  
 wln 0904 Their approbation therefore to the proofes  
 wln 0905 Of her blacke lust, shall make her infamous  
 wln 0906 To all our neighbouring Kingdomes, I wonder (pable  
 wln 0907 If *Brachiano* will be here. **FRA.** O fye 'twere impudence too pal-  
 wln 0908 *Enter Flamineo and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.*  
 wln 0909 **LAVV.** What are you in by the weeke, so I will try now

E

whether

wln 0910  
wln 0911  
wln 0912  
wln 0913  
wln 0914  
wln 0915  
wln 0916  
wln 0917  
wln 0918  
wln 0919  
wln 0920  
wln 0921  
wln 0922  
wln 0923  
wln 0924  
wln 0925  
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  
wln 0941  
wln 0942  
wln 0943  
wln 0944  
wln 0945  
wln 0946

whether thy wit be close prisoner, mee thinke's none should sit  
vpon thy sister but old whoore-maisters,  
FLAM. Or cocoulds, for your cocould is your most terrible  
tickler of letchery: whoore-maisters would serue, for none are  
iudges at tilting, but those that haue bene old Tilters.  
LAVV. My Lord Duke and shee haue bene very priuate:  
FLAM. You are a dull asse, 'tis threatned they haue bene very  
publicke.  
LAVV. If it can be proued they haue but kist one another.  
FLAM. What then? LAVV. My Lord Cardinall will ferit them,  
FLAM. A Cardinall I hope will not catch conyes.  
LAVV. For to sowe kisses (marke what I say) to sowe kisses, is  
to reape letchery, and I am sure a woman that will endure kissing  
is halfe won.  
FLAM. True, her vpper part by that rule, if you will win her  
nether part to, you know what followes.  
LAVV. Harke the Embassadours are lighted,  
FLAM. I do put on this feigned Garbe of mirth,  
To gull suspition.  
MAR. O my vnfortunate sister!  
I would my daggers point had cleft her heart  
When she first saw *Brachiano*: You 'tis said,  
Were made his engine, and his stauking horse  
To vndo my sister. FLAM. I made a kind of path  
To her & mine owne preferment. MAR. Your ruine.  
FLAM. Hum! thou art a souldier,  
Followest the great Duke, feedest his victories,  
As witches do their seruiceable spirits,  
Euen with thy prodigall bloud, what hast got?  
But like the wealth of Captaines, a poore handfull,  
Which in thy palme thou bear'st, as men hold water  
Seeking to gripe it fast, the fraile reward  
Steales through thy fingers. MAR. Sir,  
FLAM. Thou hast scarce maintenance  
To keepe thee in fresh shamoyes. MAR. Brother.  
FLAM. Heare me,  
And thus when we haue euen powred ourselues,

Into



wln 0947 Into great fights, for their ambition  
wln 0948 Or idle spleene, how shall we find reward,  
wln 0949 But as we seldome find the mistle-towe  
wln 0950 Sacred to physicke: Or the builder Oke,  
wln 0951 Without a Mandrake by it, so in our quest of gaine.  
wln 0952 Alas the poorest of their forc'd dislikes  
wln 0953 At a limbe proffers, but at heart it strikes:  
wln 0954 This is lamented doctrine. MAR. Come, come.  
wln 0955 FLAM. When age shall turne thee,  
wln 0956 White as a blooming hauthorne. MAR. I'le interrupt you.  
wln 0957 For loue of vertue beare an honest heart,  
wln 0958 And stride ouer euery polliticke respect,  
wln 0959 Which where they most aduance they most infect.  
wln 0960 VVere I your father, as I am your brother,  
wln 0961 I should not be ambitious to leaue you *Enter Sauoy.*  
wln 0962 A better patrimony. FLA. I'le think on't, The Lord Embassadors.  
wln 0963 *Here there is a passage of the Lieger Embassadors ouer*  
wln 0964 *the Stage seuerally. Enter French Embassadors.*  
wln 0965 LAVV. O my sprightly Frenchman, do you know him, he's an  
wln 0966 admirable Tilter.  
wln 0967 FLAM. I saw him at last Tilting, he shewed like a peuter can-  
wln 0968 dlesticke fashioned like a man in armour, houlding a Tilting  
wln 0969 staffe in his hand, little bigger then a candle of twelue i'th pound.  
wln 0970 LAVV. O but he's an excellent horseman.  
wln 0971 FLAM. A lame one in his lofty trickes, hee sleepes a horse-  
wln 0972 backe like a poulter, *Enter English and Spanish*  
wln 0973 LAVV. Lo you my *Spaniard*.  
wln 0974 FLAM. He carries his face in's ruffe, as I haue seene a seruing-  
wln 0975 man carry glasses in a cipres hat-band, monstrous stedly for feare  
wln 0976 of breaking, He lookes like the claw of a blacke-bird, first salted  
wln 0977 and then broyled in a candle. *Exeunt.*  
wln 0978 THE ARAIGNEMENT OF VITTORIA.  
wln 0979 *Enter Francisco, **Montcelso**, the sixe lieger Embassadors, Brachiano,*  
wln 0980 *Uittoria, Isabella, Lawyer, and a guard.*  
wln 0981 MONT. Forbear my Lord, here is no place assing'd you,  
wln 0982 This businesse by his holinesse is left  
wln 0983 To our examination.



wln 1021 Come vp like stones wee vse giue Haukes for phisicke.  
wln 1022 Why this is welch to Lattin. LAVV. My Lords, the woman  
wln 1023 Know's not her tropes nor figures, nor is perfect  
wln 1024 In the academick deriuation  
wln 1025 Of Grammaticall elocution. FRAN. Sir your paynes  
wln 1026 Shall bee well spared, and your deepe eloquence  
wln 1027 Bee worthely applauded amongst those  
wln 1028 Which vnderstand you. LAVV. My good Lord. FRAN. Sir,  
wln 1029 Put vp your papers in your fustian bag, *Francisco speakes this*  
wln 1030 Cry mercy Sir, tis buckeram, and accept *as in scorne.*  
wln 1031 My notion of your learn'd verbosity.  
wln 1032 LAVV. I most graduatically thanke your Lordship.  
wln 1033 I shall haue vse for them elsewhere.  
wln 1034 MON. I shall bee playner with you, and paint out  
wln 1035 Your folies in more naturall red and white.  
wln 1036 Then that vpon your cheeke. VIT. O you mistake.  
wln 1037 You raise a blood as noble in this cheeke  
wln 1038 As euer was your mothers.  
wln 1039 MON. I must spare you till prooffe cry whore to that,  
wln 1040 Obserue this creature here my honoured Lords,  
wln 1041 A woman of a most prodigious spirit  
wln 1042 In her effected. VIT. Honorable my Lord,  
wln 1043 It doth not sute a reuerend Cardinall  
wln 1044 To play the Lawier thus  
wln 1045 MON. Oh your trade instructs your language!  
wln 1046 You see my Lords what goodly fruit she seemes,  
wln 1047 Yet like those apples trauellers report  
wln 1048 To grow where *Sodom* and *Gomora* stood.  
wln 1049 I will but touch her and you straight shall see  
wln 1050 Sheele fall to soote and ashes.  
wln 1051 VIT. Your inuenom'd Poticary should doo't  
wln 1052 MON. I am resolved.  
wln 1053 Were there a second Paradice to loose  
wln 1054 This Deuell would betray it. VIT. O poore charity!  
wln 1055 Thou art seldome found in scarlet.  
wln 1056 MON. Who knowes not how, when seuerall night by night  
wln 1057 Her gates were choak'd with coaches, and her roomes.

wln 1058 Out-brau'd the stars with seuerall kind of lights,  
wln 1059 When shee did counterfet a Princes Court.  
wln 1060 In musicke banquets and most ryotous surfets  
wln 1061 This whore, forsooth, was holy.  
wln 1062 VIT. Ha? whore what's that?  
wln 1063 MON. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shal;  
wln 1064 Ile giue their perfect character. They are first,  
wln 1065 Sweete meates which rot the eater: In mans nostrill  
wln 1066 Poison'd perfumes. They are coosning Alcumy,  
wln 1067 Shipwrackes in Calmest weather? What are whores?  
wln 1068 Cold Russian winters, that appeare so barren,  
wln 1069 As if that nature had forgot the spring.  
wln 1070 They are the trew matteriall fier of hell,  
wln 1071 Worse then those tributes ith low countries payed,  
wln 1072 Exactions vpon meat, drinke, garments sleepe.  
wln 1073 I euen on mans perdition, his sin.  
wln 1074 They are those brittle euidences of law  
wln 1075 Which forfait all a wretched mans estate  
wln 1076 For leauing out one sillable. What are whores?  
wln 1077 They are those flattering bels haue all one tune:  
wln 1078 At weddings, and at funerals, your ritch whores  
wln 1079 Are only treasuries by extortion fild,  
wln 1080 And emptied by curs'd riot. They are worse,  
wln 1081 Worse then dead bodies, which are beg'd at gallowes  
wln 1082 And wrought vpon by surgeons, to teach man  
wln 1083 Wherin hee is imperfect. Whats a whore?  
wln 1084 Shees like the guilty conterfettet coine  
wln 1085 Which who so eare first stampes it bring in trouble  
wln 1086 All that receaue it VIT. This carracter scapes me.  
wln 1087 MON. You gentlewoman;  
wln 1088 Take from all beasts, and from all mineralls  
wln 1089 Their deadly poison. VIT. Well what then? MON. Ile tell thee  
wln 1090 Ile find in thee a Poticaries shop  
wln 1091 To sample them all. FR. EMB. Shee hath liued ill.  
wln 1092 ENG. and EMB. Trew, but the Cardinals too bitter.  
wln 1093 MON. You know what Whore is next the deuell; Adultry.  
wln 1094 Enters the deuell, murder. FRAN. Your vnhappy husband

wln 1095 Is dead. VIT. O hee's a happy husband  
wln 1096 Now hee owes Nature nothing.  
wln 1097 FRAN. And by a vaulting engine. MON. An actiue plot  
wln 1098 Hee iumpt into his graue. FRAN. what a prodigy wast,  
wln 1099 That from some two yardes height a slender man (more,  
wln 1100 Should breake his necke? MON. Ith' rushes. FRA. And what's  
wln 1101 Vpon the instant loose all vse of speach,  
wln 1102 All vitall motion, like a man had laine  
wln 1103 Wound vp three dayes. Now marke each circumstance.  
wln 1104 MON. And looke vpon this creature was his wife.  
wln 1105 Shee comes not like a widow: shee comes arm'd  
wln 1106 With scorne and impudence: Is this a mourning habit.  
wln 1107 VIT. Had I forknowne his death as you suggest,  
wln 1108 I would haue bespoke my mourning.  
wln 1109 MON. O you are conning.  
wln 1110 VIT. You shame your wit and Iudgement  
wln 1111 To call it so; What is my iust defence  
wln 1112 By him that is my Iudge cal'd impudence?  
wln 1113 Let mee appeale then from this Christian Court  
wln 1114 To the vnciuill Tartar. MON. See my Lords.  
wln 1115 Shee scandals our proceedings. VIT. Humbly thus.  
wln 1116 Thus low, to the most worthy and respected  
wln 1117 Leigier Embassadors, my modesty  
wln 1118 And womanhood I tender; but withall  
wln 1119 So intangled in a cursed accusation  
wln 1120 That my defence of force like *Perseus*.  
wln 1121 Must personate masculine vertue to the point.  
wln 1122 Find mee but guilty, seuer head from body:  
wln 1123 Weele part good frindes: I scorne to hould my life.  
wln 1124 at yours or any mans intreaty, Sir,  
wln 1125 ENG. EMB. Shee hath a braue spirit  
wln 1126 MON. Well, well, such counterfet Iewels  
wln 1127 Make trew on's oft suspected. VIT. You are deceaued.  
wln 1128 For know that all your strickt combined heads,  
wln 1129 Which strike against this mine of diamondes,  
wln 1130 Shall proue but glassen hammers, they shall breake,  
wln 1131 These are but faigned shadowes of my euels.

Terrifie

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

Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted deuils,  
I am past such needlesse palsy, for your names,  
Of Whoore and Murdresse they proceed from you,  
As if a man should spit against the wind,  
The filth returne's in's face.

MON. Pray you Mistresse satisfy me one question:  
Who lodg'd beneath your roofe that fatall night  
Your husband brake his necke? BRA. That question  
Inforceth me breake silence, I was there.

MONT. Your businesse? BRAC. Why I came to comfort her,  
And take some course for setling her estate,  
Because I heard her husband was in debt  
To you my Lord. MONT. He was.

BRAC. And 'twas strangely fear'd,  
That you would cosen her. MONT. Who made you ouer-seer?

BRAC. Why my charity, my charity, which should flow  
From euery generous and noble spirit,  
To orphans and to widdows. MONT. Your lust.

BRA. Cowardly dogs barke loudest. Sirrah Priest,  
Ile talke with you hereafter, — Do you heare?  
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,  
I'le sheath in your owne bowels:

There are a number of thy coate resemble  
Your common post-boyes. MONT. Ha?

BRAC. Your mercinary post-boyes,  
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise  
To fill your mouth's with grosse and impudent lies.

SER. My Lord your gowne.

BRAC. Thou liest 'twas my stoole.  
Bestow't vpon thy maister that will challenge  
The rest a'th houshold-stuffe for *Brachiano*  
Was nere so beggarly, to take a stoole  
Out of anothers lodging: let him make  
Valence for his bed on't, or a demy foote-cloth,  
For his most reuerent moile, *Monticelso*,  
*Nemo me Impune lacescit.*

*Exit Brachiano.*

MONT. Your Champions gon.

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  
wln 1191  
wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206

VIT. The wolfe may prey the better.  
FRA. My Lord there's great suspicion of the murder,  
But no sound prooffe who did it: for my part  
I do not thinke she hath a soule so blacke  
To act a deed so bloody, if shee haue,  
As in cold countries husband-men plant Vines,  
And with warme blood manure them, euen so  
One summer she will beare vnsauory fruite,  
And ere next spring wither both branch and roote.  
The act of blood let passe, onely descend,  
To matter of incontinence. VIT. I decerne poison,  
Vnder your guilded pils.  
MON. Now the Duke's gone, I wil produce a letter,  
Wherein 'twas plotted, her and you should meete,  
At an Appoticaries summer-house.  
Downe by the riuier Tiber: veiw't my Lords:  
Where after wanton bathing and the heat  
Of a lasciuious banquet. — I pray read it,  
I shame to speak the rest. VIT. Grant I was tempted,  
Temptation to lust proues not the act,  
*Casta est quam nemo rogauit,*  
You reade his hot loue to me, but you want  
My frosty answer. MON. Frost i'th dog-daies! strange!  
VIT. Condemne you me for that the Duke did loue mee,  
So may you blame some faire and christall riuier  
For that some melancholike distracted man,  
Hath drown'd himselfe in't. MON. Truly drown'd indeed.  
VIT. Summe vp my faults I pray, and you shall finde,  
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,  
And a good stomacke to feast, are all,  
All the poore crimes that you can charge me with:  
Infaith my Lord you might go pistoll flyes,  
The sport would be more noble. MON. Very good.  
VIT. But take you your course, it seemes you haue beggerd me  
And now would faine vndo me, I haue houses, (first  
Iewels, and a poore remnant of Crusado's,  
Would those would make you charitable. MON. If the deuill  
Did euer take good shape behold his picture.

wln 1207  
wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210  
wln 1211  
wln 1212  
wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226  
wln 1227  
wln 1228  
wln 1229  
wln 1230  
wln 1231  
wln 1232  
wln 1233  
wln 1234  
wln 1235  
wln 1236  
wln 1237  
wln 1238  
wln 1239  
wln 1240  
wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243

VIT. You haue one vertue left,  
You will not flatter me. FRA. Who brought this letter?  
VIT. I am not compel'd to tell you.  
MON. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand duckets,  
The twelfth of August. VIT. 'Twas to keepe your cosen  
From prison, I paid vse for't. MON. I rather thinke  
'Twas Interest for his lust.  
VIT. Who saies so but your selfe? if you bee my accuser  
Pray cease to be my Iudge, come from the Bench,  
Giue in your euidence 'gainst me, and let these  
Be moderators: my Lord Cardinall,  
Were your intelligencing eares as louing  
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue  
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.  
MONT. Go to, go to.  
After your goodly and vaine-glorious banquet,  
I'le giue you a choake peare. VIT. A' your owne grafting?  
MON. You were borne in *Uenice*, honourably descended,  
From the *Vittelli*, 'twas my cossins fate,  
Ill may I name the hower to marry you,  
Hee bought you of your father. VIT. Ha?  
MON. Hee spent there in sixe monthes  
Twelue thousand Dukets, and to my acquaintance  
Receiu'd in dowry with you not one *Iulio*:  
'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so light,  
I yet but draw the curtaine now to your picture,  
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,  
And so you haue continued. VIT. My Lord.  
MON. Nay heare me,  
You shall haue time to prate my Lord *Brachiano*,  
Alas I make but repetition,  
Of what is ordinary and Ryalto talke,  
And ballated, and would bee plaid a'th stage,  
But that vice many times findes such loud freinds.  
That Preachers are charm'd silent.  
You Gentlemen *Flamineo* and *Marcello*,  
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,



wln 1244 Onely you must remaine vpon your suerties,  
wln 1245 For your appearance. FRA. I stand for *Marcello*.  
wln 1246 FLA. And my Lord Duke for me.  
wln 1247 MON. For you *Vittoria*, your publicke fault,  
wln 1248 Ioynd to'th condition of the present time,  
wln 1249 Takes from you all the fruits of noble pittie.  
wln 1250 Such a corrupted triall haue you made  
wln 1251 Both of your life and beauty, and bene stil'd  
wln 1252 No lesse in ominous fate then blasing starres  
wln 1253 To Princes heares; your sentence, you are confin'd,  
wln 1254 **VIT.** Vnto a house of conuertites and your baud.  
wln 1255 FLA. Who I? MON. The *Moore*.  
wln 1256 FLA. O I am a sound man againe.  
wln 1257 VIT. A house of conuertites, what's that?  
wln 1258 MON. A house of penitent whoores.  
wln 1259 VIT. Do the Noblemen in Rome,  
wln 1260 Erect it for their wiues, that I am sent  
wln 1261 To lodge there? FRAN. You must haue patience.  
wln 1262 VIT. I must first haue vengeance.  
wln 1263 I faine would know if you haue your saluation  
wln 1264 By patent, that you proceed thus. MON. Away with her,  
wln 1265 Take her hence. VIT. A rape, a rape. MON. How?  
wln 1266 VIT. Yes you haue rauisht iustice,  
wln 1267 Forc't her to do your pleasure. MON. fy shee's mad  
wln 1268 VIT. Dye with these pils in your most cursed mawes,  
wln 1269 Should bring you health, or while you sit a'th Bench,  
wln 1270 Let your owne spittle choake you. MON. She's turn'd fury.  
wln 1271 VIT. That the last day of iudgement may so find you,  
wln 1272 And leaue you the same deuill you were before,  
wln 1273 Instruct me some good horse-lech to speak Treason,  
wln 1274 For since you cannot take my life for deeds,  
wln 1275 Take it for wordes, ô womans poore reuenge  
wln 1276 Which dwels but in the tongue, I will not weepe,  
wln 1277 No I do scorne to call vp one poore teare  
wln 1278 To fawne one your iniustice, beare me hence,  
wln 1279 Vnto this house of what's your mittigating Title?  
wln 1280 MON. Of conuertites. VIT. It shal not be a house of conuertites

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1281  
wln 1282  
wln 1283  
wln 1284  
wln 1285  
wln 1286  
wln 1287  
wln 1288  
wln 1289  
wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292  
wln 1293  
wln 1294  
wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302  
wln 1303  
wln 1304  
wln 1305  
wln 1306  
wln 1307  
wln 1308  
wln 1309  
wln 1310  
wln 1311  
wln 1312  
wln 1313  
wln 1314  
wln 1315  
wln 1316  
wln 1317

My minde shall make it honester to mee  
Then the Popes Pallace, and more peaceable  
Then thy soule, though thou art a Cardinall,  
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,  
Through darkenesse Diamonds spred their ritchest light.

*Enter Brachiano.*

*Exit Uittoria.*

BRA. Now you and I are friends sir, wee'le shake hands,  
In a friends graue, together, a fit place,  
Being the embleme of soft peace t'attone our hatred.

FRA. Sir, what's the matter?

BRA. I will not chase more bloud from that lou'd checke,  
You haue lost too much already, fare-you-well.

FRA. How strange these words sound? what's the interpretatiō?

FLA. Good, this is a preface to the discouery of the Dutches  
death: Hee carries it well: because now I cannot counterfeit a  
whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will faine a madde  
humor for the disgrace of my sister, and that will keepe off idle  
questions, Treasons tongue hath a villanous palsy in't, I will talk  
to any man, heare no man, and for a time appeare a polliticke  
mad-man.

*Enter Giouanni, Count Lodouico.*

FRA. How now my Noble cossin, what in blacke?

GIO. Yes Vnckle, I was taught to imitate you  
In vertue, and you must imitate mee  
In couloures for your garments, my sweete mother  
Is, FRA. How? Where?

GIO. Is there, no yonder, indeed sir I'le not tell you,  
For I shall make you weepe. FRA. Is dead.

GIO. Do not blame me now,  
I did not tell you so. LOD. She's dead my Lord.

FRA. Dead? MON. Blessed Lady;  
Thou art now about thy woes,  
Wilt please your Lordships to with-draw a little.

GIO. What do the dead do, vnckle? do they eate,  
Heare musicke, goe a hunting, and bee merrie, as wee that liue?

FRAN. No cose; they sleepe.

GIO. Lord, Lord, that I were dead,  
I haue not slept these sixe nights. When doe they wake?

FRA.

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

FRAN. When God shall please.  
Good God let her sleepe euer.  
GIO. For I haue knowne her wake an hundreth nights,  
When all the pillow, where shee laid her head,  
Was brine-wet with her teares. I am to complaine to you Sir.  
Ile tell you how they haue vsed her now shees dead:  
They wrapt her in a cruell fould of lead,  
And would not let mee kisse her. FRAN. Thou didst loue her.  
GIO. I haue often heard her say shee gaue mee sucke,  
And it should seeme by that shee deerely lou'd mee,  
Since Princes seldome doe it.  
FRAN. O, all of my poore sister that remaines!  
Take him away for Gods sake. MON. How now my Lord?  
FRAN. Beleeue mee I am nothing but her graue,  
And I shall keepe her blessed memorie,  
Longer then thousand Epitaphs. *Enter Flamineo as distracted.*  
FLA. Wee indure the strokes like anuiles or hard steele,  
Till paine it selfe make vs no paine to feele.  
Who shall doe mee right now? Is this the end of seruice? Ide  
rather go weede garlicke; trauaile through France, and be mine  
owne ostler; weare sheepe-skin lininges; or shoos that stinke of  
blacking; bee entred into the list of the fourtie thousand pedlars  
in Poland. *Enter Sauoy.*  
Would I had rotted in some Surgeons house at Venice, built  
vpon the Pox as well as on piles, ere I had seru'd *Brachiano*.  
SAV. You must haue comfort.  
FLA. Your comfortable wordes are like honie. They rellish  
well in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded  
they go downe as if the sting of the Bee were in them. Oh they  
haue wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not  
seeme to doe it of malice. In this a Polititian imitates the  
deuill, as the deuill imitates a Canon. Wheresoeuer he comes to  
doe mischiefe, he comes with his backside towards you.  
*Enter the French.*  
FRE. The proofes are euident.  
FLA. Prooffe! t'was corruption. O Gold, what a God art  
thou! and ô man, what a deuill art thou to be tempted by that

wln 1355  
wln 1356  
wln 1357  
wln 1358  
wln 1359  
wln 1360  
wln 1361  
wln 1362  
wln 1363  
wln 1364  
wln 1365  
wln 1366  
wln 1367  
wln 1368  
wln 1369  
wln 1370  
wln 1371  
wln 1372  
wln 1373  
wln 1374  
wln 1375  
wln 1376  
wln 1377  
wln 1378  
wln 1379  
wln 1380  
wln 1381  
wln 1382  
wln 1383  
wln 1384  
wln 1385  
wln 1386  
wln 1387  
wln 1388  
wln 1389  
wln 1390  
wln 1391

Enter English  
Embassador.

cursed Minerall! You diuersiuolent Lawyer; marke him, knaues  
turne informers, as maggots turne to flies, you may catch gud-  
gions with either. A Cardinall; I would hee would heare mee,  
theres nothing so holie but mony will corrupt and putrifie it,  
like vittell vnder the line. You are happie in England, my Lord;  
here they sell iustice with those weights they presse men to  
death with. O horrible salarie!

ENG. Fie, fie, *Flamineo*.

FLA. Bels nere ring well, till they are at their full pitch,  
And I hope yon Cardinall shall neuer haue the grace to pray  
well, till he come to the scaffold.

If they were rackt now to know the confederacie! But your  
Noblemen are priuiledged from the racke; and well may. For  
a little thing would pull some of them a peeces afore they came  
to their arraignment. Religion; oh how it is commeddled with  
policie. The first bloudshed in the world happened about re-  
ligion. Would I were a Iew. MAR. O, there are too many.

FLA. You are deceiu'd. There are not Iewes enough;  
Priests enough, nor gentlemen enough. MAR. How?

FLA. Ile proue it. For if there were Iewes enough, so many  
Christians would not turne vsurers; if Preists enough, one  
should not haue sixe Benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so  
many earlie mushromes, whose best growth sprang from a  
dunghill, should not aspire to gentilitie. Farewell. Let others  
liue by begging. Bee thou one of them; practize the art of *Wol-  
nor* in England to swallow all's giuen thee; and yet let one pur-  
gation make thee as hungrie againe as fellowes that worke in  
saw-pit. Ile go heare the scritch-owle.

*Exit.*

LOD. This was *Brachiano's* Pandar, and 'tis strange  
That in such open and apparant guilt  
Of his adulterous sister, hee dare vtter  
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him. *Enter Flamineo.*

FLA. How dares this banisht Count returne to Rome,  
His pardon not yet purchast? I haue heard  
The deceast Dutchesse gaue him pension,  
And that he came along from Padua  
I'th' traine of the yong Prince. There's somewhat in 't.

Phisitians

wln 1392 Phisitians, that cure poisons, still doe worke  
wln 1393 With counterpoisons.  
wln 1394 MAR. Marke this strange incounter.  
wln 1395 FLA. The God of Melancholie turne thy gall to poison,  
wln 1396 And let the stigmaticke wrinces in thy face,  
wln 1397 Like to the boisterous waues in a rough tide  
wln 1398 One still ouertake an other. LOD. I doe thanke thee  
wln 1399 And I doe wish ingeniously for thy sake  
wln 1400 The dog-daies all yeare long.  
wln 1401 FLA. How crokes the rauen?  
wln 1402 Is our good Dutchesse dead? LOD. Dead FLA. O fate!  
wln 1403 Misfortune comes like the Crowners businesse,  
wln 1404 Huddle vpon huddle. LOD. Shalt thou & I ioyne housekeeping?  
wln 1405 FLA. Yes, content.  
wln 1406 Let's bee vnsociably sociable.  
wln 1407 LOD. Sit some three daies together, and discourse.  
wln 1408 FLA. Onely with making faces;  
wln 1409 Lie in our clothes. LOD. With faggots for our pillowes.  
wln 1410 FLA. And bee lowsie.  
wln 1411 LOD. In taffeta lininges; that's gentile melancholie,  
wln 1412 Sleepe all day. FLA. Yes: and like your melancholike hare  
wln 1413 Feed after midnight.  
wln 1414 Wee are obserued: see how yon couple greue.  
wln 1415 LOD. What a strange creature is a laughing foole,  
wln 1416 As if man were created to no vse  
wln 1417 But onely to shew his teeth. FLA. Ile tell thee what,  
wln 1418 It would doe well in stead of looking glasses  
wln 1419 To set ones face each morning by a sawcer  
wln 1420 Of a witches congealed bloud. LOD. Pretious gue.  
wln 1421 Weel neuer part. FLA. Neuer: till the beggerie of Courtiers,  
wln 1422 The discontent of church-men, want of souldiers,  
wln 1423 And all the creatures that hang manacled,  
wln 1424 Worse then strappado'd, on the lowest fellie  
wln 1425 Of fortunes wheele be taught in our two liues. *Enter Antonelli.*  
wln 1426 To scorne that world which life of meanes depriues.  
wln 1427 AN. My Lord, I bring good newes. The Pope on's death-bed,  
wln 1428 At th' earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence,

Hath

wln 1429  
wln 1430  
wln 1431  
wln 1432  
wln 1433  
wln 1434  
wln 1435  
wln 1436  
wln 1437  
wln 1438  
wln 1439  
wln 1440  
wln 1441  
wln 1442  
wln 1443  
wln 1444  
wln 1445  
wln 1446  
wln 1447  
wln 1448  
wln 1449  
wln 1450  
wln 1451  
wln 1452  
wln 1453  
wln 1454  
wln 1455  
wln 1456  
wln 1457  
wln 1458  
wln 1459  
wln 1460  
wln 1461  
wln 1462  
wln 1463  
wln 1464  
wln 1465

Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd vnto you —  
LOD. I thanke you for your news. Look vp againe  
*Flamineo*, see my pardon. FLAM. Why do you laugh?  
There was no such condition in our couenant. LOD. Why?  
FLAM. You shall not seeme a happier man then I,  
You know our vow sir, if you will be merry,  
Do it i'th like posture, as if some great man  
Sate while his enemy were executed:  
Though it be very letchery vnto thee,  
Doo't with a crabbed Polititians face.  
LOD. Your sister is a damnable whore. FLAM. Ha?  
LOD. Looke you; I spake that laughing.  
FLAM. Dost euer thinke to speake againe?  
LOD: Do you heare?  
Wil't sel me fourty ounces of her bloud,  
To water a mandrake? FL. Poore Lord; you did vow  
To liue a lowzy creature. LOD. Yes; FLA. Like one  
That had for euer forfeited, the day-light,  
By being in debt, LOD. Ha, ha?  
FLAM. I do not greatly wonder you do breake:  
Your Lordship learn't long since. But Ile tell you,  
LOD. What? FLA. And't shall sticke by you.  
LOD. I long for it.  
FLAM. This laughter scruily becomes your face,  
If you will not be melancholy, be angry. *Strikes him.*  
See now I laugh too.  
MAR. You are to blame, Ile force you hence.  
LOD. Vnhand me: *Exit Mar. & Flam.*  
That ere I should be forc't to right my selfe,  
Vpon a Pandar. ANT. My Lord.  
LOD. H'had bene as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.  
GAS. How this shewes!  
LOD. Vds' death, how did my sword misse him?  
These rogues that are most weary of their liues,  
Still scape the greatest dangers,  
A pox vpon him: all his reputation;  
Nay all the goodnesse of his family;

wln 1466  
wln 1467  
wln 1468  
wln 1469  
wln 1470  
wln 1471  
wln 1472  
wln 1473  
wln 1474  
wln 1475  
wln 1476  
wln 1477  
wln 1478  
wln 1479  
wln 1480  
wln 1481  
wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486  
wln 1487  
wln 1488  
wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502

Is not worth halfe this earthquake.  
I learnt it of no fencer to shake thus;  
Come, I'le forget him, and go drinke some wine. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Franciso and Monticelso.*

MON. Come, come my Lord, vntie your fouled thoughts,  
And let them dangle loose as a brid's haire.  
Your sister's poisoned.

FRA. Farre bee it from my thoughts  
To seeke reuenge.

MON. What, are you turn'd all marble?

FRA. Shall I defye him, and impose a warre  
Most burthensome on my poore subiects neckes,  
Which at my will I haue not power to end?  
You know; for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,  
Committed in the horred lust of warre,  
He that vniustly caus'd it first proceed,  
Shall finde it in his graue and in his seed.

MON. That's not the course I'de wish you: pray, obserue me,  
We see that vndermining more preuailes  
Then doth the Canon, Beare your wrongs conceal'd,  
And, patient as the Tortoise, let this Cammell  
Stalke o're your back vnbruis'd: sleep with the Lyon,  
And let this brood of secure foolish mice  
Play with your nostrils, till the time bee ripe  
For th'bloody audit, and the fatall gripe:  
Aime like a cunning fowler, close one eie,  
That you the better may your game espy.

FRA. Free me my innocence; frõ treacherous actes:  
I know ther's thunder yonder: and I'le stand,  
Like a safe vallie, which low bends the knee  
To some aspiring mountaine: since I know  
Treason, like spiders weauing nets for flies,  
By her foule worke is found, and in it dies.  
To passe away these thoughts, my honour'd Lord,  
It is reported you possesse a booke  
Wherein you haue quoted, by intelligence,  
The names of all notorious offenders

wln 1503  
wln 1504  
wln 1505  
wln 1506  
wln 1507  
wln 1508  
wln 1509  
wln 1510  
wln 1511  
wln 1512  
wln 1513  
wln 1514  
wln 1515  
wln 1516  
wln 1517  
wln 1518  
wln 1519  
wln 1520  
wln 1521  
wln 1522  
wln 1523  
wln 1524  
wln 1525  
wln 1526  
wln 1527  
wln 1528  
wln 1529  
wln 1530  
wln 1531  
wln 1532  
wln 1533  
wln 1534  
wln 1535  
wln 1536  
wln 1537  
wln 1538  
wln 1539

Lurking about the Citty, MON. Sir I doe  
And some there are which call it my blacke booke:  
Well may the title hold: for though it teach not  
The Art of coniuring, yet in it lurke,  
The names of many deuils. FRAN. Pray let's see it.  
MON. I'le fetch it to your Lordship.  
FRA. *Monticelso,*  
I will not trust thee, but in all my plots  
I'le rest as iealous as a Towne besieg'd.  
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act.  
Your flax soone kindles, soone is out againe,  
But gold slow heat's, and long will hot remaine.  
MON. 'Tis here my Lord.  
FRA. First your Intelligencers pray let's see.  
MON. Their number rises strangely,  
And some of them  
You'd Take for honest men.  
Next are Pandars.  
These are your Pirats: and these following leaues,  
For base rogues that vndo yong Gentlemen  
By taking vp commodities: for pollitick bankroupts:  
For fellowes that are bawdes to their owne wiues,  
Onely to put off horses and slight iewels,  
Clockes, defac't plate, and such commodities,  
At birth of their first children. FRA. Are there such?  
MON. These are for Impudent baudes,  
That go in mens apparell: for vsurers  
That share with scriueners for their good reportage:  
For Lawyers that will antedate their writtes:  
And some Diuines you might find fouled there;  
But that I slip them o're for conscience sake.  
Here is a generall catalogue of knaues.  
A man might study all the prisons o're,  
Yet neuer attaine this knowledge. FRA. Murderers.  
Fould downe the leafe I pray,  
Good my Lord let me borrow this strange doctrine.  
MON. Pray vse't my Lord.

*Exit Monticelso.*

*Enter Mont.*  
*Fran. with*

FRA.





Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1577 Imagination workes! how she can frame  
wln 1578 Things which are not! me thinks she stands afore me;  
wln 1579 And by the quicke Idea of my minde,  
wln 1580 Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.  
wln 1581 Thought, as a subtile Iugler, makes vs deeme  
wln 1582 Things, supernaturall, which haue cause  
wln 1583 Common as sicknesse. 'Tis my melancholy,  
wln 1584 How cam'st thou by thy death? — how idle am I  
wln 1585 To question mine owne idlenesse? — did euer  
wln 1586 Man dreame awake till now? — remoue this obiect  
wln 1587 Out of my braine with't: what haue I to do  
wln 1588 With tombes, or death-beds, funerals, or teares,  
wln 1589 That haue to meditate vpon reuenge?  
wln 1590 So now 'tis ended, like an old wiues story.  
wln 1591 States-men thinke often they see stranger sights  
wln 1592 Then mad-men. Come, to this waighty businesse.  
wln 1593 My Tragedy must haue some idle mirth in't,  
wln 1594 Else it will neuer passe. I am in loue,  
wln 1595 In loue with *Corombona*; and my suite  
wln 1596 Thus haltes to her in verse. —  
wln 1597 I haue done it rarely: ô the fate of Princes!  
wln 1598 I am so vs'd to frequent flattery, *he writes*  
wln 1599 That being alone I now flatter my selfe;  
wln 1600 But it will serue, 'tis seal'd; beare this *Enter seruant*  
wln 1601 To th'house of Conuertites; and watch your leisure  
wln 1602 To giue it to the hands of *Corombona*,  
wln 1603 Or to the Matron, when some followers  
wln 1604 Of *Brachiano* may be by. Away *Exit seruant.*  
wln 1605 He that deales all by strength, his wit is shallow:  
wln 1606 When a mans head goes through each limbe will follow.  
wln 1607 The engine for my busines, bold Count *Lodowicke*:  
wln 1608 'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,  
wln 1609 With empty fist no man doth falcons lure.  
wln 1610 *Brachiano*, I am now fit for thy encounter.  
wln 1611 Like the wild Irish I'le nere thinke thee dead,  
wln 1612 Till I can play at footeball with thy head.  
wln 1613 *Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta mouebo.* *Exit Mon.*

*Enter*

*Enter the Matron, and Flamineo.*

wln 1614  
wln 1615  
wln 1616  
wln 1617  
wln 1618  
wln 1619  
wln 1620  
wln 1621  
wln 1622  
wln 1623  
wln 1624  
wln 1625  
wln 1626  
wln 1627  
wln 1628  
wln 1629  
wln 1630  
wln 1631  
wln 1632  
wln 1633  
wln 1634  
wln 1635  
wln 1636  
wln 1637  
wln 1638  
wln 1639  
wln 1640  
wln 1641  
wln 1642  
wln 1643  
wln 1644  
wln 1645  
wln 1646  
wln 1647  
wln 1648  
wln 1649  
wln 1650

MAT. Should it be knowne the Duke hath such recourse.  
To your imprison'd sister, I were like  
T'incur much damage by it. FLA. Not a scruple.  
The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads  
Are troubled now with other businesse  
Than guarding of a Ladie.

*Enter seruant.*

SER. Yonder's *Flamineo* in conference  
With the Matrona. Let mee speake with you.  
I would intreat you to deliuer for mee  
This letter to the faire *Uittoria*.

MAT. I shall Sir.

*Enter Brachiano.*

SER. With all care and secrecie,  
Hereafter you shall know mee, and receiue  
Thankes for this curtesie. FLA. How now? what's that?

MAT. A letter. FLA. To my sister: Ile see't deliuered.

BRA. What's that you read *Flamineo*? FLA. Looke.

BRA. Ha? To the most vnfortunate his best respected *Uittoria*  
Who was the messenger? FLA. I know not.

BRA. No! Who sent it?

FLA. Vd's foot you speake, as if a man  
Should know what foule is coffind in a bak't meate  
Afore you cut it vp.

BRA. Ile open't, were't her heart. What's heere subscribed  
This iugling is grosse and palpable. (Florence?)  
I haue found out the conueyance; read it, read, it.

FLA. *Your teares Ile turne to triumphes, bee but mine.*

*Reades the  
letter,*

*Your prop is fall'n; I pittie that a vine  
Which Princes heretofore haue long'd to gather,  
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.  
Wine yfaith, my Lord, with lees would serue his turne.  
Your sad imprisonment Ile soone vncharme,  
And with a princelie vncontrolled arme  
Lead you to Florence, where my loue and care  
Shall hang your wishes in my siluer haire.  
A halter on his strange æquiucation.  
Nor for my yeares returne mee the sad willow,*

wln 1651 *Who prefer blossomes before fruit that's mellow.*  
wln 1652 Rotten on my knowledge with lying too long i'th bed-straw.  
wln 1653 *And all the lines of age this line conuinces:*  
wln 1654 *The Gods neuer wax old, no more doe Princes.*  
wln 1655 A pox on't teare it, let's haue no more Atheists for Gods sake.  
wln 1656 BRA. Vdsdeath, Ile cut her into Atomies  
wln 1657 And let th'irregular North-winde sweepe her vp  
wln 1658 And blow her int' his nostrhils. Where's this whore?  
wln 1659 FLA. That? what doe you call her?  
wln 1660 BRA. Oh, I could bee mad,  
wln 1661 Preuent the curst disease shee'l bring mee to;  
wln 1662 And teare my haire off. Where's this changeable stuffe?  
wln 1663 FLA. Ore head and eares in water, I assure you,  
wln 1664 Shee is not for your wearing. BRA. In you Pandar?  
wln 1665 FLA. What mee, my Lord, am I your dog?  
wln 1666 BRA. A bloud-hound: doe you braue? doe you stand mee?  
wln 1667 FLA. Stand you? let those that haue diseases run;  
wln 1668 I need no plaisters. BRA. Would you bee kickt?  
wln 1669 FLA. Would you haue your necke broke?  
wln 1670 I tell you Duke, I am not in Russia;  
wln 1671 My shinnes must be kept whole. BRA. Do you know mee?  
wln 1672 FLA. O my Lord! methodically.  
wln 1673 As in this world there are degrees of euils:  
wln 1674 So in this world there are degrees of deuils.  
wln 1675 You'r a great Duke; I your poore secretarie.  
wln 1676 I doe looke now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.  
wln 1677 BRA. Pandar, plie your conuoy, and leaue your prating.  
wln 1678 FLA. All your kindnesse to mee is like that miserable cur-  
wln 1679 tiesie of *Polyphemus* to *Ulisses*, you reserue mee to be deuour'd  
wln 1680 last, you would dig turues out of my graue to feed your Larkes:  
wln 1681 that would bee musicke to you. Come, Ile lead you to her.  
wln 1682 BRA. Do you face mee?  
wln 1683 FLA. O Sir I would not go before a Pollitique enimie with  
wln 1684 my backe towards him, though there were behind mee a whirle-  
wln 1685 poole. *Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.*  
wln 1686 BRA. Can you read Mistresse? looke vpon that letter;  
wln 1687 There are no characters nor Hieroglyphicks.

You

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1688 You need no comment, I am growne your receiuer,  
wln 1689 Gods pretious you shall bee a braue great Ladie,  
wln 1690 A statelie and aduanced whore. VIT. Say Sir.  
wln 1691 BRA. Come, come, let's see your Cabinet, discouer  
wln 1692 Your treasurie of loue-letters. Death and furies,  
wln 1693 Ile see them all. VIT. Sir, vpon my soule,  
wln 1694 I haue not any. Whence was this directed?  
wln 1695 BRA. Confusion on your politicke ignorance.  
wln 1696 You are reclaimed; are you? Ile giue you the bells  
wln 1697 And let you flie to the deuill. FLA. Ware hawke, my Lord.  
wln 1698 VIT. Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my Lord,  
wln 1699 To mee, he nere was louely I protest,  
wln 1700 So much as in my sleepe. BRA. Right: they are plots.  
wln 1701 Your beautie! ô, ten thousand curses on't.  
wln 1702 How long haue I beheld the deuill in christall?  
wln 1703 Thou hast lead mee, like an heathen sacrifice,  
wln 1704 With musicke, and with fatall yokes of flowers  
wln 1705 To my eternall ruine. Woman to man  
wln 1706 Is either a God or a wolfe. VIT. My Lord. BRA. Away.  
wln 1707 Wee'l bee as differing as two Adamants;  
wln 1708 The one shall shunne the other. What? do'st weepe?  
wln 1709 Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,  
wln 1710 Yee'ld furnish all the Irish funeralls  
wln 1711 With howling, past wild Irish. FLA. Fie, my Lord.  
wln 1712 BRA. That hand, that cursed hand, which I haue wearied  
wln 1713 With doting kisses! O my sweetest Dutchesse  
wln 1714 How louelie art thou now! Thy loose thoughtes  
wln 1715 Scatter like quicke-siluer, I was bewitch'd;  
wln 1716 For all the world speakes ill of thee. VIT. No matter.  
wln 1717 Ile liue so now Ile make that world recant  
wln 1718 And change her speeches. You did name your Dutchesse.  
wln 1719 BRA. Whose death God pardon.  
wln 1720 VIT. Whose death God reuenge  
wln 1721 On thee most godlesse Duke. FLA. Now for tow whirlwindes.  
wln 1722 VIT. What haue I gain'd by thee but infamie?  
wln 1723 Thou hast stain'd the spotlesse honour of my house,  
wln 1724 And frighted thence noble societie:

Like

wln 1725  
wln 1726  
wln 1727  
wln 1728  
wln 1729  
wln 1730  
wln 1731  
wln 1732  
wln 1733  
wln 1734  
wln 1735  
wln 1736  
wln 1737  
wln 1738  
wln 1739  
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  
wln 1753  
wln 1754  
wln 1755  
wln 1756  
wln 1757  
wln 1758  
wln 1759  
wln 1760  
wln 1761

Like those, which sicke 'oth' Palsie, and retaine  
Ill-senting foxes 'bout them, are still shun'd  
By those of choicer nostrills. What doe you call this house?  
Is this your palace? did not the Iudge stile it  
A house of penitent whores? who sent mee to it?  
Who hath the honour to aduance *Uittoria*  
To this incontinent colledge? is 't not you?  
Is 't not your high preferment? Go, go brag  
How many Ladies you haue vndone, like mee.  
Fare you well Sir; let me heare no more of you.  
I had a limbe corrupted to an vlcer,  
But I haue cut it off: and now Ile go  
Weeping to heauen on crutches. For your giftes,  
I will returne them all; and I do wish  
That I could make you full Executor  
To all my sinnes, ò that I could tosse my selfe  
Into a graue as quickly: for all thou art worth  
Ile not shed one teare more; — Ile burst first.

*She throwes her  
selfe vpon a bed.*

BRA. I haue drunke Lethe.  
*Uittoria?* My dearest happinesse? *Vittoria?*  
What doe you aile my Loue? why doe you weepe?  
VIT. Yes, I now weepe poniardes, doe you see.  
BRA. Are not those matchlesse eies mine? VIT. I had rather.  
They were not matches. BRA. Is not this lip mine?  
VIT. Yes: thus to bite it off, rather than giue it thee.  
FLA. Turne to my Lord, good sister.  
VIT. Hence you Pandar.  
FLA. Pandar! Am I the author of your sinne?  
VIT. Yes: Hee's a base theif that a theif lets in.  
FLA. Wee're blowne vp, my Lord,  
BRA. Wilt thou heare mee?  
Once to bee ieaalous of thee is t'expresse  
That I will loue thee euerlastingly,  
And neuer more bee ieaalous. VIT. O thou foole,  
Whose greatnesse hath by much oregrowne thy wit!  
What dar'st thou doe, that I not dare to suffer,  
Excepting to bee still thy whore? for that;

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1762 In the seas bottome sooner thou shalt make  
wln 1763 A bonefire. FLA. O, no othes for gods sake.  
wln 1764 BRA. Will you heare mee? VIT. Neuer.  
wln 1765 FLA. What a damn'd impostume is a womans will?  
wln 1766 Can nothing breake it? fie, fie, my Lord.  
wln 1767 Women are caught as you take Tortoises,  
wln 1768 Shee must bee turn'd on her backe. Sister, by this hand  
wln 1769 I am on your side. Come, come, you haue wrong'd her.  
wln 1770 What a strange credulous man were you, my Lord,  
wln 1771 To thinke the Duke of Florence could loue her?  
wln 1772 Will any Mercer take an others ware  
wln 1773 When once 't is tows'd and sullied? And, yet sister,  
wln 1774 How scuruily this frowardnesse becomes you?  
wln 1775 Yong Leuerets stand not long; and womens anger  
wln 1776 Should, like their flight, procure a little sport;  
wln 1777 A full crie for a quarter of an hower;  
wln 1778 And then bee put to th' dead quat. BRA. Shall these eies,  
wln 1779 VVhich haue so long time dwelt vpon your face,  
wln 1780 Be now put out? FLA. No cruell Land-ladie 'ith' world,  
wln 1781 VVhich lend's forth grotes to broome-men, & takes vse for thẽ,  
wln 1782 VVould doe't.  
wln 1783 Hand her, my Lord, and kisse her: be not like  
wln 1784 A ferret to let go your hold with blowing.  
wln 1785 BRA. Let vs renew right handes. VIT. Hence.  
wln 1786 BRA. Neuer shall rage, or the forgetfull wine,  
wln 1787 Make mee commit like fault.  
wln 1788 FLA. Now you are ith' way out, follow 'thard.  
wln 1789 BRA. Bee thou at peace with mee; let all the world  
wln 1790 Threaten the Cannon. FLA. Marke his penitence.  
wln 1791 Best natures doe commit the grossest faultes,  
wln 1792 When they're giu'n ore to iealosie; as best wine  
wln 1793 Dying makes strongest vinneger. Ile tell you;  
wln 1794 The Sea's more rough and raging than calme riuers,  
wln 1795 But nor so sweet nor wholesome. A quiet woman  
wln 1796 Is a still water vnder a great bridge.  
wln 1797 A man may shoot her safely. VIT. O yee dissembling men!  
wln 1798 FLA. Wee suckt that, sister, from womens brestes, in our

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1799 first infancie. VIT. To ad miserie to miserie. BRA. Sweetest.  
wln 1800 VIT. Am I not low enough?  
wln 1801 I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball  
wln 1802 Now your affection's cold. FLA. Vd' foot, it shall melt,  
wln 1803 To a hart againe, or all the wine in Rome  
wln 1804 Shall run o'th lees for't.  
wln 1805 VIT. Your dog or hawke should be rewarded better  
wln 1806 Then I haue bin. Ile speake not one word more.  
wln 1807 FLA. Stop her mouth,  
wln 1808 With a sweet kisse, my Lord.  
wln 1809 So now the tide's turne'd the vessel's come about  
wln 1810 Hee's a sweet armefull. O wee curl'd-haird men  
wln 1811 Are still most kind to women. This is well.  
wln 1812 BRA. That you should chide thus!  
wln 1813 FLA. O, sir, your little chimnies  
wln 1814 Doe euer cast most smoke. I swet for you.  
wln 1815 Couple together with as deepe a silence,  
wln 1816 As did the Grecians in their wodden horse.  
wln 1817 My Lord supplie your promises with deedes.  
wln 1818 *You know that painted meat no hunger feedes.*  
wln 1819 BRA. Stay ingratefull Rome. (vsage.  
wln 1820 FLA. Rome! it deserues to be cal'd Barbarie, for our villainous  
wln 1821 BRA. Soft; the same proiect which the Duke of Florence,  
wln 1822 (Whether in loue or gullerie I know not)  
wln 1823 Laid downe for her escape, will I pursue.  
wln 1824 FLA. And no time fitter than this night, my Lord;  
wln 1825 The Pope being dead; and all the Cardinals entred  
wln 1826 The Conclauē for th' electing a new Pope;  
wln 1827 The Cittie in a great confusion;  
wln 1828 Wee may attire her in a Pages suit,  
wln 1829 Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amaine  
wln 1830 For Padua.  
wln 1831 BRA. Ile instantly steale forth the Prince *Giouanni*,  
wln 1832 And make for Padua. You two with your old Mother  
wln 1833 And yong *Marcello* that attendes on Florence,  
wln 1834 If you can worke him to it, follow mee.  
wln 1835 I will aduance you all: for you *Vittoria*,

Thinke



wln 1836  
wln 1837  
wln 1838  
wln 1839  
wln 1840  
wln 1841  
wln 1842  
wln 1843  
wln 1844  
wln 1845  
wln 1846  
wln 1847  
wln 1848  
wln 1849  
wln 1850  
wln 1851  
wln 1852  
wln 1853  
wln 1854  
wln 1855  
wln 1856  
wln 1857  
wln 1858  
wln 1859  
wln 1860  
wln 1861  
wln 1862  
wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868  
wln 1869  
wln 1870  
wln 1871  
wln 1872

Thinke of a Dutchesse title. FLA. Lo you sister.  
Stay, my Lord; I'le tell you a tale. The crocodile, which liues in  
the riuier *Nilus*, hath a worme bredes i'th teeth of't, which puts it  
to extreame anguish: a little bird, no bigger then a wren, is bar-  
bor-surgeon to this crocodile; flies into the iawes of't; pickes out  
the worme; and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease  
but ingratefull to her that did it, that the bird may not talke  
largely of her abroad for non payment, closeth her chaps inten-  
ding to swallow her, and so put her to perpetuall silence. But na-  
ture loathing such ingratitude, hath arm'd this bird with a quill  
or pricke on the head, top o'th which wounds the crocodile i'th  
mouth; forceth her open her bloody prison; and away flies the  
pretty tooth-picker from her cruell patient.

BRAC. Your application is, I haue not rewarded  
The seruice you haue done me. FLAM. No, my Lord;  
You sister are the crocodile: you are blemisht in your fame, My  
Lord cures it. And though the comparison hold not in euery  
particle; yet obserue, remember, what good the bird with the  
pricke i'th head hath done you; and scorne ingratitude.

It may appeare to some ridiculous  
Thus to talke knaue and madman; and sometimes  
Come in with a dried sentence, stuft with sage.  
But this allowes my varying of shapes,

*Knaues do grow great by being great mens apes. Exeunt.*

*Enter Francisco, Lodouico, **Gasper**, and sixe Embassadors.*

*At another dore the Duke of Florence.*

FRA. So, my Lord, I commend your diligence  
Guard well the conclaue, and, as the order is,  
Let none haue conference with the Cardinals.

LOD. I shall, my Lord: roome for the Embassadors,

GAS. They're wondrous braue to day: why do they weare  
These seuerall habits? LOD, O sir, they'r Knights  
Of seuerall Orders.

That Lord i'th blacke cloak with the siluer crosse  
Is Knight of *Rhodes*; the next Knight of S. *Michael*,  
That of the golden fleece; the *French-man* there  
Knight of the Holy-Ghost; my Lord of *Sauoy*

Vittoria Corombona.

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  
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  
wln 1906  
wln 1907  
wln 1908  
wln 1909

Knight of th' Annuntiation; the *Englishman*  
Is Knight of th' honoured Garter, dedicated  
Vnto their Saint, S. *George*. I could describe to you  
Their seuerall institutions, with the lawes  
Annexed to their Orders, but that time  
Permits not such discouery.

FRAN. Where's Count *Lodowicke*?

LOD. Here my Lord.

FRA. 'Tis o'th point of dinnertime,  
Marshall the Cardinals seruice, LOD. Sir I shall.  
Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for?

SER. For my Lord Cardinall *Monticelso*,

LOD. Whose this?

SER. For my Lord Cardinall of *Burbon*.

FRE. Why doth he search the dishes, to obserue  
What meate is drest? ENG. No Sir, but to preuent.  
Least any letters should be conuei'd in  
To bribe or to sollicite the aduancement  
Of any Cardinall, when first they enter  
'Tis lawfull for the Embassadors of Princes  
To enter with them, and to make their suit  
For any man their Prince affecteth best;  
But after, till a generall election,  
No man may speake with them.

LOD. You that attend on the Lord Cardinals  
Open the window, and receiue their viands.

A CAR. You must returne the seruice; the L. Cardinals  
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope,  
They haue giuen o're scrutinie, and are fallen  
To admiration. LOD. Away, away.

FRAN. I'le lay a thousand Duckets you here news  
Of a Pope presently, Hearke; sure he's elected,  
Behold! my Lord of *Arragon* appeares,  
On the Church battlements.

ARRAGON. *Denuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reuerendissi-  
mus Cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem Apostoli-  
cam, & elegit sibi nomen Paulum quartum.*

*Enter ser-  
uants with se-  
uerall dishes  
couered.*

*A Cardinal  
on the Tarras*

OMNES.

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1910 OMNES. *Uiuat sanctus Pater Paulus Quartus.*  
wln 1911 SER. *Vittoria* my Lord.  
wln 1912 FRAN. Wel: what of her? SER. Is fled the Citty, FRA. Ha?  
wln 1913 SER. With Duke *Brachiano*. FRA. Fled? Where's the Prince  
wln 1914 SER. Gone with his father. (*Giouanni*)  
wln 1915 FRAN. Let the Matrona of the Conuertites  
wln 1916 Be apprehended: fled ô damnable!  
wln 1917 How fortunate are my wishes. Why? 'twas this  
wln 1918 I onely laboured. I did send the letter  
wln 1919 T'instruct him what to doe. Thy fame, fond Duke,  
wln 1920 I first haue poison'd; directed thee the way  
wln 1921 To marrie a whore; what can be worse? This follows.  
wln 1922 The hand must act to drowne the passionate tongue,  
wln 1923 I scorne to weare a sword and prate of wrong.  
wln 1924 *Enter Monticelso in state.*  
wln 1925 MON. My Lord reportes *Vittoria Corombona*  
wln 1926 Is stol'ne from forth the house of Conuertites  
wln 1927 By *Brachiano*, and they're fled the Cittie.  
wln 1928 Now, though this bee the first daie of our state,  
wln 1929 Wee cannot better please the diuine power,  
wln 1930 Than to sequester from the holie Church  
wln 1931 These cursed persons. Make it therefore knowne,  
wln 1932 Wee doe denounce excommunication  
wln 1933 Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome  
wln 1934 Wee likewise banish. Set on. *Exeunt.*  
wln 1935 FRAN. Come deare *Lodouico*.  
wln 1936 You haue tane the sacrament to prosecute  
wln 1937 Th' intended murder. LOD. With all constancie.  
wln 1938 But, Sir, I wonder you'l ingage your selfe,  
wln 1939 In person, being a great Prince. FRAN. Diuert mee not.  
wln 1940 Most of his Court are of my faction,  
wln 1941 And some are of my councill. Noble freind,  
wln 1942 Our danger shall be 'like in this designe,  
wln 1943 Giue leaue, part of the glorie may bee mine.  
wln 1944 Why did the Duke of Florence with such care  
wln 1945 Labour your pardon? say.  
wln 1946 LOD. Italian beggars will resolue you that

wln 1947  
wln 1948  
wln 1949  
wln 1950  
wln 1951  
wln 1952  
wln 1953  
wln 1954  
wln 1955  
wln 1956  
wln 1957  
wln 1958  
wln 1959  
wln 1960  
wln 1961  
wln 1962  
wln 1963  
wln 1964  
wln 1965  
wln 1966  
wln 1967  
wln 1968  
wln 1969  
wln 1970  
wln 1971  
wln 1972  
wln 1973  
wln 1974  
wln 1975  
wln 1976  
wln 1977  
wln 1978  
wln 1979  
wln 1980  
wln 1981  
wln 1982  
wln 1983

Who, begging of an almes, bid those they beg of  
Doe good for their owne sakes; or't may bee  
Hee spreades his bountie with a sowing hand,  
Like Kinges, who many times giue out of measure;  
Not for desert so much as for their pleasure.

*Enter Monticelso.*

MON. I know you're cunning. Come, what deuill was that  
That you were raising? LOD. Deuill, my Lord?  
I aske you.

MONT. How doth the Duke imploy you, that his bonnet  
Fell with such complement vnto his knee,  
When hee departed from you? LOD. Why, my Lord,  
Hee told mee of a restie Barbarie horse  
Which he would faine haue brought to the carreere,  
The 'sault, and the ring galliard. Now, my Lord,  
I haue a rare French Rider. MONT. Take you heede:  
Least the Iade breake your necke. Doe you put mee off  
With your wild horse-trickes? Sirra you doe lie.  
O, thou'rt a foule blacke cloud, and thou do'st threat  
A violent storme. LOD. Stormes are 'ith aire, my Lord;  
I am too low to storme. MONT. Wretched creature!  
I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,  
Like dogges, that once get bloud, they'l euer kill.  
About some murder? wa'st not? LOD. Ile not tell you;  
And yet I care not greatly if I doe;  
Marry with this preparation. Holie father,  
I come not to you as an Intelligencer,  
But as a penitent sinner. What I vtter  
Is in confession meerely; which you know  
Must neuer bee reueal'd. MONT. You haue oretane mee.

LOD. Sir I did loue *Brachiano's* Dutchesse deerely;  
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,  
Though shee nere knew on't. Shee was poyson'd;  
Vpon my soule shee was: for which I haue sworne  
T'auenge her murder. MONT. To the Duke of Florence?  
LOD. To him I haue. MON. Miserable Creature!  
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.  
Do'st thou imagine thou canst slide on bloud

And

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1984 And not be tainted with a shamefull fall?  
wln 1985 Or like the blacke, and melancholicke Eugh-tree,  
wln 1986 Do'st thinke to roote thy selfe in dead mens graues,  
wln 1987 And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee  
wln 1988 Comes like sweet shewers to ouer-hardned ground:  
wln 1989 They wet, but peirce not deepe. And so I leaue thee  
wln 1990 Withall the Furies hanging bout thy necke,  
wln 1991 Till by thy penitence thou remoue this euill,  
wln 1992 In coniuring from thy breast that cruell Deuill.  
wln 1993 LOD. I'le giue it o're. He saies 'tis damable: *Exit Mon.*  
wln 1994 Besides I did expect his suffrage,  
wln 1995 By reason of *Camillo's* death. *Enter seruant*  
wln 1996 *& Francisco,*  
wln 1997 FRA. Do you know that Count? SER. Yes, my Lord,  
wln 1998 FRA. Beare him these thousand Duckets to his lodging;  
wln 1999 Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily  
wln 2000 That will confirme more then all the rest. SER. Sir.  
wln 2001 LOD. To me sir?  
wln 2002 SER. His holinesse hath sent you a thousand Crownes,  
wln 2003 And **will** you if you trauaile, to make him (commanded.  
wln 2004 Your Patron for intelligence. LOD. His creature euer to bee  
wln 2005 Why now 'tis come about. He rai'd vpon me;  
wln 2006 And yet these Crownes were told out and laid ready,  
wln 2007 Before he knew my voiage. O the Art  
wln 2008 The modest forme of greatnesse! that do sit  
wln 2009 Like Brides at wedding dinners, with their look's turn'd  
wln 2010 From the least wanton iests, their puling stomacke  
wln 2011 Sicke of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose.  
wln 2012 Euen acting of those hot and lustfull sports  
wln 2013 Are to ensue about midnight: such his cunning!  
wln 2014 Hee soundes my depth thus with a golden plummet,  
wln 2015 I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th'act of bloud,  
wln 2016 There's but three furies found in spacious hell;  
wln 2017 But in a great mans breast three thousand dwell.  
  
wln 2018 *A passage ouer the stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Hor-*  
wln 2019 *tensio, Corombona. Cornelia, Zanche and others.*  
wln 2020 FLA. In all the weary minutes of my life,

Day

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 2021 Day nere broke vp till now. This mariage.  
wln 2022 Confirnes me happy. HOR. 'Tis a good assurance.  
wln 2023 Saw you not yet the Moore that's come to Court?  
wln 2024 FLA. Yes, and confer'd with him i'th Dukes closet,  
wln 2025 I haue not seene a goodlier personage,  
wln 2026 Nor euer talkt with man better experienc't  
wln 2027 In State-affares or rudiments of warre.  
wln 2028 Hee hath by report, seru'd the *Venetian*  
wln 2029 In *Candy* these twice seuen yeares, and bene cheife  
wln 2030 In many a bold designe. HOR. What are those two,  
wln 2031 That beare him company?  
wln 2032 FLA. Two Noblemen of *Hungary*, that liuing in the Empe-  
wln 2033 rours seruice as commanders, eight yeares since, contrary to the  
wln 2034 expectation of all the Court entred into religion, into the strickt  
wln 2035 order of Capuchins: but being not well settled in their vnder-  
wln 2036 taking they left their Order and returned to Court: for which be-  
wln 2037 ing after troubled in conscience, they vowed their seruice against  
wln 2038 the enemies of Christ; went to *Malta*; were there knighted; and  
wln 2039 in their returne backe, at this great solemnity, they are resolu'd  
wln 2040 for euer to forsake the world, and settle themselues here in a  
wln 2041 house of Capuchines in *Padua*. HOR. 'Tis strange.  
wln 2042 FLA. One thing makes it so. They haue vowed for euer to  
wln 2043 weare next their bare bodies those coates of maile they ser-  
wln 2044 ued in. HOR. Hard penance.  
wln 2045 Is the Moore a Christian? FLA. Hee is.  
wln 2046 HOR. Why proffers hee his seruice to our Duke?  
wln 2047 **FLV.** Because he vnderstands ther's like to grow  
wln 2048 Some warres betweene vs and the Duke of Florence,  
wln 2049 In which hee hopes imployment. *Enter Duke Brachiano.*  
wln 2050 I neuer saw one in a sterne bold looke  
wln 2051 Weare more command, nor in a lofty phrase  
wln 2052 Expresse more knowing, or more deepe contempt  
wln 2053 Of our slight airy Courtiers. Hee talkes  
wln 2054 As if hee had traueil'd all the Princes Courts  
wln 2055 Of Christendome; in all things striues t'expresse,  
wln 2056 That all that should dispute with him may know,  
wln 2057 Glories, like glow-wormes, a farre off shine bright

But

wln 2058 But lookt to neare, haue neither heat nor light.  
wln 2059 The Duke.  
wln 2060 *Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Mulinassar; Lodouico, An-*  
wln 2061 *tonelli, **Gaspar**, Farnese bearing their swordes and helmets.*  
wln 2062 BRA. You'are nobly welcome. Wee haue heard at full  
wln 2063 Your honourable seruice 'gainst the Turke.  
wln 2064 To you, braue *Mulinassar*, wee assigne  
wln 2065 A competent pension: and are inly sorrow,  
wln 2066 The voves of those two worthie gentlemen,  
wln 2067 Make them incapable of our proffer'd bountie.  
wln 2068 Your wish is you may leaue your warlike swordes  
wln 2069 For Monuments in our Chappell. I accept it  
wln 2070 As a great honour done mee, and must craue  
wln 2071 Your leaue to furnish out our Dutchesse reuells.  
wln 2072 Onely one thing, as the last vanitie  
wln 2073 You ere shall view, denie mee not to stay  
wln 2074 To see a Barriers prepar'd to night;  
wln 2075 You shall haue priuate standings: It hath pleas'd  
wln 2076 The great Ambassadors of seuerall Princes  
wln 2077 In their returne from Rome to their owne Countries  
wln 2078 To grace our marriage, and to honour mee  
wln 2079 With such a kind of sport. FRAN. I shall perswade them  
wln 2080 To stay, my Lord. *Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo,*  
wln 2081 Set on there to the presence *and Marcello.*  
wln 2082 CAR. Noble my Lord, most fortunately wellcome, *The Conspira-*  
wln 2083 You haue our voves seal'd with the sacrament *tors here im-*  
wln 2084 To second your attempts. PED. And all thinges readie. *brace.*  
wln 2085 Hee could not haue inuented his owne ruine,  
wln 2086 Had hee despair'd with more proprietie.  
wln 2087 LOD. You would not take my way. FRA. 'Tis better ordered.  
wln 2088 LOD. 'T'haue poison'd his praier booke, or a paire of beades,  
wln 2089 The pummell of his saddle, his looking-glasse,  
wln 2090 Or th'handle of his racket, ô that, that!  
wln 2091 That while he had bin bandying at Tennis,  
wln 2092 He might haue sworne himselfe to hell, and strooke  
wln 2093 His soule into the hazzard! O my Lord!  
wln 2094 I would haue our plot bee ingenious,

wln 2095  
wln 2096  
wln 2097  
wln 2098  
wln 2099  
wln 2100  
wln 2101  
wln 2102  
wln 2103  
wln 2104  
wln 2105  
wln 2106  
wln 2107  
wln 2108  
wln 2109  
wln 2110  
wln 2111  
wln 2112  
wln 2113  
wln 2114  
wln 2115  
wln 2116  
wln 2117  
wln 2118  
wln 2119  
wln 2120  
wln 2121  
wln 2122  
wln 2123  
wln 2124  
wln 2125  
wln 2126  
wln 2127  
wln 2128  
wln 2129  
wln 2130  
wln 2131

And haue it hereafter recorded for example  
Rather than borrow example. FRAN. There's no way  
More speeding than this thought on. LOD. On then.  
FRAN. And yet mee thinks that this reuenge is poore,  
Because it steales vpon him like a theif,  
To haue tane him by the Caske in a pitch feild,  
Led him to Florence! LOD. It had bin rare. — And there  
Haue crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlicke.  
T'haue showne the sharpnesse of his gouernment; *Exeunt Lodo-*  
And rancknesse of his lust. *uico Antonelli.*  
*Flamineo* comes. *Enter Flamineo, Marcello,*  
MAR. Why doth this deuill haunt you? say. *and Zanche.*  
FLA. I know not.  
For by this light I doe not coniure for her.  
Tis not so great a cunning as men thinke  
To raise the deuill: for heeres one vp allreadie,  
The greatest cunning were to lay him downe  
MAR. Shee is your shame. FLA. I prethee pardon her.  
In faith you see, women are like to burrees;  
Where their affection throwes them, there they'l sticke.  
ZAN. That is my Country-man, a goodly person;  
When hee's at leisure Ile discourse with him *Exit Zanche*  
In our owne language. FLA. I beseech you doe,  
How is 't' braue souldier; ô that I had seene  
Some of your iron daies! I pray relate  
Some of your seruice to vs.  
FRAN. T'is a ridiculous thing for a man to bee his owne  
Chronicle, I did neuer wash my mouth with mine owne praise  
for feare of getting a stinking breath.  
MAR. You 're too Stoicall. The Duke will expect other  
discourse from you  
FRAN. I shall neuer flatter him, I haue studied man to much  
to do that: What difference is betweene the Duke and I? no more  
than betweene two brickettes; all made of one clay. Onely't may  
bee one is plac't on the top of a turret; the other in the bottom  
of a well by meere chance; if I were plac't as high as the Duke,  
I should sticke as fast; make as faire a shew; and beare out

weather



wln 2132

weather equally.

wln 2133

FLA. If this souldier had a patent to beg in Churches, then hee would tell them stories, MAR. I haue bin a souldier too.

wln 2134

FRAN. How haue you thriu'd? MAR. Faith poorely.

wln 2135

wln 2136

FRAN. That's the miserie of peace. Onely outsides are then respected: As shippes seeme verie great vpon the riuer, which shew verie little vpon the Seas: So some men i'th Court seeme *Colossusses* in a chamber, who if they came into the feild would appeare pittifull. Pigmies.

wln 2137

wln 2138

wln 2139

wln 2140

wln 2141

FLA. Giue mee a faire roome yet hung with Arras, and some great Cardinall to lug mee by th' eares as his endeared Minion.

wln 2142

wln 2143

wln 2144

FRA. And thou maist doe, the deuill knowes what vilanie.

wln 2145

FLA. And safely.

wln 2146

wln 2147

wln 2148

wln 2149

FRA. Right; you shall see in the Countrie in haruest time, pigeons, though they destroy neuer so much corne, the farmer dare not present the fowling peece to them! why? because they belong to the Lord of the Mannor; whilst your poore sparrows that belong to the Lord of heauen, they go to the pot for't.

wln 2150

wln 2151

FLA. I will now giue you some polliticke instruction. The Duke saies hee will giue you pension; that's but bare promise: get it vnder his hand. For I haue knowne men that haue come from seruing against the Turke; for three or foure moneths they haue had pension to buy them new wooden legges and fresh plaisters; but after 'twas not to bee had. And this miserable curtesie shewes, as if a Tormenter should giue hot cordiall drinkes to one three quarters dead o'th' racke, onely to fetch the miserable soule againe to indure more dogdaies.

wln 2152

wln 2153

wln 2154

wln 2155

wln 2156

wln 2157

wln 2158

wln 2159

*Enter Hortensio,*

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

wln 2161

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

wln 2162

Y. LORD. Yes: the Lordes are putting on their armour.

wln 2163

HOR. What's hee?

wln 2164

wln 2165

FLA. A new vp-start: one that swears like a Falckner, and will lye in the Dukes eare day by day like a maker of Almanacks; And yet I knew him since hee came to th' Court smell worse of sweat than an vnder-tennis-court keeper.

wln 2166

wln 2167

wln 2168

HOR. Looke you, yonder's your sweet Mistresse.

wln 2169  
wln 2170  
wln 2171  
wln 2172  
wln 2173  
wln 2174  
wln 2175  
wln 2176  
wln 2177  
wln 2178  
wln 2179  
wln 2180  
wln 2181  
wln 2182  
wln 2183  
wln 2184  
wln 2185  
wln 2186  
wln 2187  
wln 2188  
wln 2189  
wln 2190  
wln 2191  
wln 2192  
wln 2193  
wln 2194  
wln 2195  
wln 2196  
wln 2197  
wln 2198  
wln 2199  
wln 2200  
wln 2201  
wln 2202  
wln 2203  
wln 2204  
wln 2205

FLA. Thou art my sworne brother, I'le tell thee, I doe loue that Moore, that Witch very constrainedly: shee knowes some of my villanny; I do loue her, iust as a man holds a wolfe by the eares. But for feare of turning vpon mee, and pulling out my throate, I would let her go to the Deuill.

HOR. I heare she claimes marriage of thee.

FLA. 'Faith, I made to her some such darke promise, and in seeking to flye from't I run on, like a frighted dog with a bottle at's taile, that faine would bite it off and yet dares not looke behind him. Now my pretious Gipsie!

ZAN. I your loue to me rather cooles then heates.

FLA. Marry, I am the sounder, louer, we haue many wenches about the Towne heate too fast.

HOR. What do you thinke of these perfum'd Gallants then?

FLAM. Their sattin cannot saue them. I am confident They haue a certaine spice of the disease, For they that sleep with dogs; shall rise with fleas.

ZAN. Beleeue it! A little painting and gay clothes, Make you loath me.

FLA. How? loue a Lady for painting or gay apparell? I'le vn-kennell one example more for thee. *Esop* had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow. I would haue Courtiers bee better *Diuers*. ZAN. You remember your oathes.

FLA. Louers oathes are like Marriners prayers, vttered in extremity; but when the tempest is o're, and that the vessell leaues tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet amongst Gentlemen protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as Shooemakers and West-phalia bacon. They are both drawers on: for drinke drawes on protestation; and protestation drawes on more drinke. Is not this discourse better now then the mortality of your sun-burnt Gentleman. *Enter Cornelia.*

COR. Is this your pearch, you haggard? flye to'th stewes.

FLA. You should be clapt by th'heeles now: strike i'th Court.

ZAN. She's good for nothing but to make her maids, Catch cold a nights; they dare not vse a bedstaffe, For feare of her light fingers. MAR. Your'e a strumpet. An impudent one. FLA. Why do you kicke her? say,

wln 2206 Do you thinke that she's like a walnut-tree?  
wln 2207 Must she be cudgel'd ere shee beare good fruite?  
wln 2208 MAR. Shee brags that you shall marry her. FLA. What then?  
wln 2209 MAR. I had rather she were pitcht vpon a stake  
wln 2210 In some new-seeded garden, to affright  
wln 2211 Her fellow crowes thence. FLA. Your a boy, a foole,  
wln 2212 Be guardian to your hound, I am of age.  
wln 2213 MAR. If I take her neere you I'le cut her throate.  
wln 2214 FLA. With a fan of feathers? MAR. And for you; I'le whip  
wln 2215 This folly from you. FLAM. Are you cholericke?  
wln 2216 I'le purg't with Rubarbe. HOR. O your brother. FLA. Hang him.  
wln 2217 Hee wrongs me most that ought t'offend mee least,  
wln 2218 I do suspect my mother plaid foule play,  
wln 2219 When she conceiu'd thee. MAR. Now by all my hopes.  
wln 2220 Like the two slaughtred sonnes of *Oedipus*,  
wln 2221 The very flames of our affection,  
wln 2222 Shall turne **10** waies. Those words I'le make thee answer  
wln 2223 With thy heart bloud. FLA. Doe like the geesse in the progresse,  
wln 2224 You know where you shall finde mee, MAR. Very good,  
wln 2225 And thou beest a noble, friend, beare him my sword,  
wln 2226 And bid him fit the length on't. Y. LORD. Sir I shall.  
wln 2227 ZAN. He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace,  
wln 2228 I neere lou'd my complexion till now, *Enter Francisco the*  
wln 2229 Cause I may boldly say without a blush, *Duke of Florence.*  
wln 2230 I loue you. **FLA.** Your loue is vntimely sowen,  
wln 2231 Ther's a Spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one, I am sunck  
wln 2232 In yeares, and I haue vowed neuer to marry.  
wln 2233 ZAN. Alas! poore maides get more louers then husbands,  
wln 2234 Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when Embassadors  
wln 2235 are sent to congratulate Princes, there's commonly sent along  
wln 2236 with them a rich present; so that though the Prince like not the  
wln 2237 Embassadors person nor words, yet he likes well of the present-  
wln 2238 ment. So I may come to you in the same maner, & be better loued  
wln 2239 for my dowry then my vertue. **FLA.** I'le thinke on the motion.  
wln 2240 ZAN. Do, Ile now detaine you no longer. At your better  
wln 2241 leasure I'le tell you things shall startle your bloud.  
wln 2242 Nor blame me that this passion I reueale;

wln 2243  
wln 2244  
wln 2245  
wln 2246  
wln 2247  
wln 2248  
wln 2249  
wln 2250  
wln 2251  
wln 2252  
wln 2253  
wln 2254  
wln 2255  
wln 2256  
wln 2257  
wln 2258  
wln 2259  
wln 2260  
wln 2261  
wln 2262  
wln 2263  
wln 2264  
wln 2265  
wln 2266  
wln 2267  
wln 2268  
wln 2269  
wln 2270  
wln 2271  
wln 2272  
wln 2273  
wln 2274  
wln 2275  
wln 2276  
wln 2277  
wln 2278  
wln 2279

Louers dye inward that their flames conceale.  
**FLA.** Of all intelligence this may proue the best,  
Sure I shall draw strange fowle, from this foule nest. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Marcello and Cornelia.*  
COR. I heare a whispering all about the Court,  
**Your** are to fight, who is your opposite?  
What is the quarrell? MRA. 'Tis an idle rumour.  
COR. Will you dissemble? sure you do not well  
To fright me thus, you neuer look thus pale,  
But when you are most angry. I do charge you  
Vpon my blessing; nay I'le call the Duke,  
And he shall schoole you. MAR. Publish not a feare  
Which would conuert to laughter; 'tis not so,  
Was not this Crucifix my fathers? COR. Yes.  
MAR. I haue heard you say, giuing my brother sucke,  
Hee tooke the Crucifix betweene his hands, *Enter Flamineo,*  
And broke a limbe off. COR. Yes: but 'tis mended.  
FLA. I haue brought your weapon backe. *Flamineo runnes*  
COR. Ha, O my horreur! *Marcello through.*  
MAR. You haue brought it home indeed.  
COR. Helpe, oh he's murdered.  
FLA. Do you turne your gaule vp? I'le to sanctuary,  
And send a surgeon to you. HOR. How? o'th ground?  
MAR. O mother now remember what I told,  
Of breaking off the Crucifix: farewell *Enter Car. Hort.*  
There are some sinnes which heauen doth duly punish, *Pedro.*  
In a whole family. This it is to rise  
By all dishonest meanes. Let all men know  
That tree shall long time keepe a stedy foote  
Whose branches spread no wilder then the roote.  
COR. O my perpetuall sorrow! HOR. Vertuous *Marcello.*  
Hee's dead: pray leaue him Lady; come, you shall.  
COR. Alas he is not dead: hee's in a trance.  
Why here's no body shall get any thing by his death. Let me call  
him againe for Gods sake. **CAR.** I would you were deceiu'd.  
COR. O you abuse mee, you abuse me, you abuse me. How  
many haue gone away thus for lacke of tendance; reare vp's head,

reare

wln 2280 reare vp's head; His bleeding inward will kill him.  
wln 2281 HOR. You see hee is departed.  
wln 2282 COR. Let mee come to him; giue mee him as hee is, if hee  
wln 2283 bee turn'd to earth; let mee but giue him one heartie kisse, and  
wln 2284 you shall put vs both into one coffin: fetch a looking glass, see  
wln 2285 if his breath will not staine it; or pull out some feathers from  
wln 2286 my pillow, and lay them to his lippes, will you loose him for a  
wln 2287 little paines taking? HOR. Your kindest office is to pray for him.  
wln 2288 COR. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. Hee may liue to  
wln 2289 lay mee ith' ground, and pray for mee, if you'l let mee come  
wln 2290 to him. *Enter Brachiano all armed, saue*  
wln 2291 BRA. Was this your handy-worke? *the beauer, with*  
wln 2292 FLA. It was my misfortune. *Flamineo.*  
wln 2293 COR. Hee lies, hee lies, hee did not kill him: these haue  
wln 2294 kill'd him, that would not let him bee better look't to.  
wln 2295 BRA. Haue comfort my greiu'd Mother.  
wln 2296 COR. O you scritch-owle. HOR. Forbeare, good Madam.  
wln 2297 COR. Let mee goe, let mee goe. *Shee runes to Flamineo*  
wln 2298 The God of heauen forgiue thee. Do'st not wonder *with her*  
wln 2299 I pray for thee? Ile tell thee what's the reason, *knif drawne and*  
wln 2300 I haue scarce breath to number twentie minutes; *comming to*  
wln 2301 Ide not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well *him lets it fall.*  
wln 2302 Halfe of thy selfe lies there: and maist thou liue  
wln 2303 To fill an howre-glasse with his mouldred ashes,  
wln 2304 To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to come  
wln 2305 In blest repentance. BRA. Mother, pray tell mee  
wln 2306 How came hee by his death? what was the quarrell?  
wln 2307 COR. Indeed my yonger boy presum'd too much  
wln 2308 Vpon his manhood; gaue him bitter wordes;  
wln 2309 Drew his sword first; and so I know not how,  
wln 2310 For I was out of my wits, hee fell with's head  
wln 2311 Iust in my bosome. PAGE. This is not trew Madam.  
wln 2312 COR. I pray thee peace.  
wln 2313 One arrow's graz'd allready; it were vaine  
wln 2314 T'lose this: for that will nere bee found againe.  
wln 2315 BRA. Go, beare the bodie to *Cornelia's* lodging:  
wln 2316 And wee commaund that none acquaint our Dutchesse

With

wln 2317  
wln 2318  
wln 2319  
wln 2320  
wln 2321  
wln 2322  
wln 2323  
wln 2324  
wln 2325  
wln 2326  
wln 2327  
wln 2328  
wln 2329  
wln 2330  
wln 2331  
wln 2332  
wln 2333  
wln 2334  
wln 2335  
wln 2336  
wln 2337  
wln 2338  
wln 2339  
wln 2340  
wln 2341  
wln 2342  
wln 2343  
wln 2344  
wln 2345  
wln 2346  
wln 2347  
wln 2348  
wln 2349  
wln 2350  
wln 2351  
wln 2352  
wln 2353

With this sad accident: for you *Flamineo*,  
Hearke you, I will not graunt your pardon. FLA. No?  
BRA. Onely a lease of your life. And that shall last  
But for one day. Thou shalt be forc't each euening to renew it,  
or be hang'd. FLA. At your pleasure.  
*Lodouico sprinckles Brachiano's beuer with a poison.*  
Your will is law now, Ile not meddle with it.  
BRA. You once did braue mee in your sisters lodging;  
I'le now keepe you in awe for't. Where's our beauer?  
FRAN. Hee cals for his destruction. Noble youth,  
I pittie thy sad fate. Now to the barriers.  
This shall his passage to the blacke lake further,  
The last good deed hee did, he pardon'd murther. *Exeunt.*  
*Charges and shoutes, They fight at Barriers;*  
*first single paires, then three to three.*  
*Enter Brachiano & Flamineo with others.*  
BRA. An Armorer? uds' death an Armorer?  
FLA. Armorer; where's the Armorer?  
BRA. Teare off my beauer. FLA. Are you hurt, my Lord?  
BRA. O my braine's on fire, *Enter Armorer.*  
The helmet is poison'd. ARM. My Lord vpon my soule.  
BRA. Away with him to torture.  
There are some great ones that haue hand in this,  
And neere about me. VIT. O my loued Lord, poisoned?  
FLA. Remoue the barre: heer's vnfortunate reuls,  
Call the Physitions; a plague vpon you; *Ent. 2 Physitians:*  
Wee haue to much of your cunning here already.  
I feare the Embassadors are likewise poyson'd.  
BRA. Oh I am gone already: the infection  
Flies to the braine and heart. O thou strong heart!  
There's such a couenant 'twene the world and it,  
They're loath to breake. GIO. O my most loued father!  
BRA. Remoue the boy away,  
Where's this good woman? had I infinite worlds  
They were too little for thee. Must I leaue thee?  
What say you scritch-owles, is the venomne mortall?  
PHYS. Most deadly. BRA. Most corrupted pollitick hangmā!

You

wln 2354  
wln 2355  
wln 2356  
wln 2357  
wln 2358  
wln 2359  
wln 2360  
wln 2361  
wln 2362  
wln 2363  
wln 2364  
wln 2365  
wln 2366  
wln 2367  
wln 2368  
wln 2369  
wln 2370  
wln 2371  
wln 2372  
wln 2373  
wln 2374  
wln 2375  
wln 2376  
wln 2377  
wln 2378  
wln 2379  
wln 2380  
wln 2381  
wln 2382  
wln 2383  
wln 2384  
wln 2385  
wln 2386  
wln 2387  
wln 2388  
wln 2389  
wln 2390

You kill without booke; but your art to saue  
Failes you as oft, as great mens needy friends.  
I that haue giuen life to offending slaues  
And wretched murderers, haue I not power  
To lengthen mine owne a twelue-month?  
Do not kisse me, for I shall poyson thee.  
This vnction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.  
FRA. Sir bee of comfort,  
BRA. O thou soft naturall death, that art ioint-twin,  
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded Comet,  
Stares on thy milde departure: the dull Owle  
Beates not against thy casement: the hoarse wolfe  
Sents not thy carion. Pitty windes thy coarse,  
Whilst horrour waights on Princes. VIT. I am lost for euer.  
BRAC. How miserable a thing it is to die,  
'Mongst women howling! What are those. FLA. *Franciscans.*  
They haue brought the extreame vnction.  
BRA. On paine of death, let no man name death to me,  
It is a word infinitely terrible,  
Withdraw into our Cabinet *Exeunt but Francisco and Flamineo.*  
FLA. To see what solitarinesse is about dying Princes. As  
heretofore they haue vnpeopled Townes; diuorst friends, and  
made great houses vnospitable: so now, ô iustice! where are  
their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadowes of Princes  
bodies the least thicke cloud makes them inuisible.  
FRA. There's great moane made for him.  
FLA. 'Faith, for some few howers salt water will runne most  
plentifully in euery Office o'th Court. But beleeeue it; most of  
them do but weepe ouer their step-mothers graues.  
FRA. How meane you?  
FLA. Why? They dissemble, as some men doe that liue  
within compasse o'th verge.  
FRA. Come you haue thriu'd well vnder him.  
FLA. 'Faith, like a wolfe in a womans breast; I haue beene  
fed with poultry; but for money, vnderstand me, I had as good a  
will to cosen him, as e're an Officer of them all. But I had not  
cunning enough to doe it.

K

FRA.

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 2391                   FRAN.   What did'st thou thinke of him; 'faith speake freely.  
wln 2392                   FLA.   Hee was a kinde of States-man, that would sooner  
wln 2393                   haue reckond how many Cannon bullets he had discharged  
wln 2394                   against a Towne, to count his expence that way, than how many  
wln 2395                   of his valiant and deseruing subiects hee lost before it.  
wln 2396                   FRAN.   O, speake well of the Duke.   FLA.   I haue done.  
wln 2397                   Will't heare some of my Court wisdome?                   *Enter Lodouico.*  
wln 2398                   To reprehend Princes is dangerous: and to ouer-commend some  
wln 2399                   of them is palpable lying.   FRAN.   How is it with the Duke?  
wln 2400                   LOD.   Most deadly ill.  
wln 2401                   Hee's fall'n into a strange distraction.  
wln 2402                   Hee talkes of Battailes and Monopolies,  
wln 2403                   Leuying of taxes, and from that descends  
wln 2404                   To the most brain-sicke language. His minde fastens  
wln 2405                   On twentie seuerall obiects, which confound  
wln 2406                   Deepe Sence with follie. Such a fearefull end  
wln 2407                   May teach some men that beare too loftie crest,  
wln 2408                   Though they liue happiest, yet they dye not best.  
wln 2409                   Hee hath conferr'd the whole State of the Dukedome  
wln 2410                   Vpon your sister, till the Prince arriue  
wln 2411                   At mature age.   FLA.   There's some good lucke in that yet.  
wln 2412                   FRAN.   See heere he comes.   *Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed*  
wln 2413                   There's death in's face allready.                   *Uittoria and others.*  
wln 2414                   VIT.   O my good Lord!   BRA.   Away, you haue abus'd mee.  
wln 2415                   You haue conuayd coyne forth our territories;  
wln 2416                   Bought and sold offices; oppres'd the poore,  
wln 2417                   And I nere dreamt on't. Make vp your accountes;  
wln 2418                   Ile now bee mine owne Steward.   FLA.   Sir, haue patience.  
wln 2419                   BRA.   Indeed I am too blame.  
wln 2420                   For did you euer heare the duskie rauens  
wln 2421                   Chide blacknesse? or wast euer knowne, the diuell  
wln 2422                   Raid against clouen Creatures.   VIT.   O my Lord!  
wln 2423                   BRA.   Let mee haue some quales to supper.   FLA.   Sir, you shal.  
wln 2424                   BRA.   No: some fried dog-fish. Your Quailes feed on poison,  
wln 2425                   That old dog-fox, that Polititian Florence,  
wln 2426                   Ile forswear hunting and turne dog-killer;  
wln 2427                   Rare! Ile bee frindes with him. for marke you, sir, one dog

These speches  
are seuerall  
kinds of di-  
stractions and  
in the action  
should ap-  
peare so.

Still



wln 2428 Still sets another a barking: peace, peace,  
wln 2429 Yonder's a fine slaue come in now. FLA. Where?  
wln 2430 BRA. Why there.  
wln 2431 In a blew bonnet, and a paire of breeches  
wln 2432 With a great codpeece. Ha, ha, ha,  
wln 2433 Looke you his codpeece is stucke full of pinnes  
wln 2434 With pearles o'th head of them. Doe not you know him?  
wln 2435 FLA. No, my Lord. BRA. Why 'tis the Deuill.  
wln 2436 I know him by a great rose he weares on's shooe  
wln 2437 To hide his clouen foot. Ile dispute with him.  
wln 2438 Hee's a rare linguist. VIT. My Lord heer's nothing.  
wln 2439 BRA. Nothing? rare! nothing! when I want monie,  
wln 2440 Our treasurie is emptie; there is nothing,  
wln 2441 Ile not bee vs'd thus. VIT. O! 'ly still, my Lord  
wln 2442 BRA. See, see, *Flamineo* that kill'd his brother  
wln 2443 Is dancing on the ropes there: and he carries  
wln 2444 A monie-bag in each hand, to keepe him euen,  
wln 2445 For feare of breaking's necke. And there's a Lawyer  
wln 2446 In a gowne whipt with veluet, stares and gapes  
wln 2447 When the mony will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!  
wln 2448 It should haue bin in a halter.  
wln 2449 'Tis there; what's shee? FLA. *Uittoria*, my Lord.  
wln 2450 BRA. Ha, ha, ha. Her haire is sprinkled with Arras powder,  
wln 2451 that makes her looke as if she had sinn'd in the Pastrie. What's  
wln 2452 hee? FLA. A Diuine my Lord.  
wln 2453 BRA. Hee will bee drunke: Auoid him: th' argument is  
wln 2454 fearefull when Church-men stagger in't.  
wln 2455 Looke you; six gray rats that haue lost their tailes, crall vp the  
wln 2456 pillow, send for a **Rat-cather**.  
wln 2457 Ile doe a miracle: Ile free the Court  
wln 2458 From all foule vermin. Where's *Flamineo*?  
wln 2459 FLA. I doe not like that hee names mee so often,  
wln 2460 Especially on's death-bed: 'tis a signe  
wln 2461 I shall not liue long: see hee's neere his end.  
wln 2462 LOD. Pray giue vs leaue; *Attende Domine Brachiane*,  
wln 2463 FLA. See, see, how firmly hee doth fixe his eye  
wln 2464 Vpon the Crucifix. VIT. O hold it constant.

*Brachiano  
seemes heare  
neare his end.  
Lodouico &  
Gasparo in  
the habit of  
Capuchins  
present him  
in his bed  
with a Cru-  
cifix and hal-  
lowed candle.*

wln 2465 It settles his wild spirits; and so his eies  
wln 2466 Melt into teares.  
wln 2467 [\*]y the Cru- LOD. *Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo,*  
wln 2468 [\*\*]fix *nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.*  
wln 2469 GAS. *Olim hasta valuisti in bello; nunc hanc sacram hastam vi-*  
wln 2470 By the Ho- *brabis contra hostem animarum.*  
wln 2471 [\*\*\*]wed taper. LOD. *Attende Domine Brachiane si nunc quòque probas ea quæ*  
wln 2472 *acta sunt inter nos, flecte Caput in dextrum.*  
wln 2473 GAS. *Esto securus Domine Brachiane: cogita quantum habeas*  
wln 2474 *meritorum denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratem si*  
wln 2475 *quid esset periculi.*  
wln 2476 LOD. *Si nunc quoque probas ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte ca-*  
wln 2477 *put in leuum.*  
wln 2478 Hee is departing: pray stand all apart,  
wln 2479 And let vs onely whisper in his eares  
wln 2480 Some priuate meditations, which our order *Heare the rest*  
wln 2481 Permits you not to heare. GAS. *Brachiano. being departed Lo-*  
wln 2482 LOD. *Deuill Brachiano. douico and Gasparo discover them-*  
wln 2483 Thou art damn'd. GAS. Perpetually. *selues.*  
wln 2484 LOD. A slaue condemn'd, and giuen vp to the gallowes  
wln 2485 Is thy great Lord and Master. GAS. True: for thou  
wln 2486 Art giuen vp to the deuill. LOD. O you slaue!  
wln 2487 You that were held the famous Pollititian;  
wln 2488 Whose art was poison. GAS. And whose conscience murder.  
wln 2489 LOD. That would haue broke your wiues necke downe the  
wln 2490 staires ere she was poison'd. GAS. That had your villanous  
wln 2491 LOD. And fine imbrodered bottles, (sallets  
wln 2492 And perfumes  
wln 2493 Equally mortall with a winter plague  
wln 2494 GAS. Now there's Mercarie. LOD. And coppresse  
wln 2495 GAS. And quicke-siluer.  
wln 2496 LOD. With other deuelish potticarie stufte  
wln 2497 A melting in your polliticke braines: do'st heare.  
wln 2498 GAS. This is Count *Lodouico*. LOD. This *Gasparo*.  
wln 2499 And thou shalt die like a poore rogue. GAS. And stinke  
wln 2500 Like a dead flie-blowne dog.  
wln 2501 LOD. And be forgotten before thy funerall sermon.

img: 37-b  
sig: K3r

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 2502  
wln 2503  
wln 2504  
wln 2505  
wln 2506  
wln 2507  
wln 2508  
wln 2509  
wln 2510  
wln 2511  
wln 2512  
wln 2513  
wln 2514  
wln 2515  
wln 2516  
wln 2517  
wln 2518  
wln 2519  
wln 2520  
wln 2521  
wln 2522  
wln 2523  
wln 2524  
wln 2525  
wln 2526  
wln 2527  
wln 2528  
wln 2529  
wln 2530  
wln 2531  
wln 2532  
wln 2533  
wln 2534  
wln 2535  
wln 2536  
wln 2537  
wln 2538

BRA. Uittoria? Uittoria! LOD. O the cursed deuill,  
Come to himselfe a gaine. Wee are vndone.  
*Enter Vittoria and the attend.* (again  
GAS. Strangle him in priuate. What? will you call him  
To liue in treble torments? for charitie,  
For Christian charitie, auoid the chamber.  
LOD. You would prate, Sir. This is a true-loue knot  
Sent from the Duke of Florence. *Brachiano is strangled*  
GAS. What is it done?  
LOD. The snuffe is out. No woman-keeper i'th' world,  
Though shee had practis'd seuen yere at the Pest-house,  
Could haue done't quaintlyer. My Lordes hee's dead.  
OMN. Rest to his soule.  
VIT. O mee! this place is hell. *Exit Vittoria.*  
**FLO.** How heauily shee takes it. FLA. O yes, yes;  
Had women nauigable riuers in their eies  
They would dispend them all; surely I wonder  
Why wee should wish more riuers to the Cittie,  
When they sell water so good cheape. Ile tell thee,  
These are but Moonish shades of greifes or feares,  
There's nothing sooner drie than womens teares.  
Why heere's an end of all my haruest, hee has giuen mee nothing  
Court promises! Let wisemen count them curst  
For while you liue hee that scores best paies worst.  
FLO. Sure, this was Florence doing. FLA. Very likelie.  
Those are found waightie strokes which come from th'hand,  
But those are killing strokes which come from th'head.  
O the rare trickes of a Machiuillian!  
Hee doth not come like a grosse plodding slaue  
And buffet you to death: No, my quaint knaue,  
Hee tickles you to death; makes you die laughing;  
As if you had swallow'd downe a pound of saffron  
You see the seat, 'tis practis'd in a trice  
To teach Court-honestie, it iumpes on Ice.  
FLO. Now haue the people libertie to talke  
And descant on his vices. FLA. Miserie of Princes,  
That must of force bee censur'd by their slaues!

wln 2539  
wln 2540  
wln 2541  
wln 2542  
wln 2543  
wln 2544  
wln 2545  
wln 2546  
wln 2547  
wln 2548  
wln 2549  
wln 2550  
wln 2551  
wln 2552  
wln 2553  
wln 2554  
wln 2555  
wln 2556  
wln 2557  
wln 2558  
wln 2559  
wln 2560  
wln 2561  
wln 2562  
wln 2563  
wln 2564  
wln 2565  
wln 2566  
wln 2567  
wln 2568  
wln 2569  
wln 2570  
wln 2571  
wln 2572  
wln 2573  
wln 2574  
wln 2575

Not onely blam'd for doing things are ill,  
But for not doing all that all men will.  
One were better be a thresher.  
Vds' death, I would faine speake with this Duke yet.  
FLO. Now hee's dead?  
FLAM. I cannot coniure; but if praiers or oathes  
VWill get to th'speech of him: though forty deuils  
VVaight on him in his liuery of flames,  
I'le speake to him, and shake him by the hand,  
Though I bee blasted. FRA Excellent *Lodouico!*  
VWhat? did you terrifie him at the last gaspe? *Exit Flamineo.*  
LOD. Yes; and so idely, that the Duke had like  
T'haue terrified vs. FRA. How? *Enter the Moore.*  
LOD. You shall heare that heereafter,  
See! yon's the infernall, that would make vp sport.  
Now to the reuelation of that secret,  
Shee promi'st when she fell in loue with you.  
FLO. You're passionately met in this sad world.  
**MOO.** I would haue you look vp, Sir; these Court teares  
Claime not your tribute to them. Let those weepe  
That guiltily pertake in the sad cause.  
I knew last night by a sad dreame I had  
Some mischief would insue; yet to say truth  
My dreame most concern'd you.  
LOD. Shal's fall a dreaming?  
FRA. Yes, and for fashion sake Ile dreame with her.  
MOO. Mee thought sir, you came stealing to my bed.  
FRA. VVilt thou beleue me sweeting; by this light  
I was a dreamt on thee too: for me thought  
I saw thee naked MOO. Fy sir! as I told you,  
Me thought you lay downe by me.  
FRA. So drempt I;  
And least thou should'st take cold, I couer'd thee  
VWith this Irish mantle. MOO. Verily I did dreame,  
You were somewhat bold with me; but to come to't.  
LOD. How? how? I hope you will not go to't here.  
FRA. Nay: you must heare my dreame out.

MOORE.

wln 2576 MOORE. VVell, sir, forth.  
wln 2577 FRA. VVhen I threw the mantle ore thee, thou didst laugh  
wln 2578 Exceedingly me thought. MOORE. Laugh?  
wln 2579 FLA. And cridst out,  
wln 2580 The haire did tickle thee. MOO. There was a dreame indeed.  
wln 2581 LOD. Marke her I prethee, shee simpers like the suddes  
wln 2582 A Collier hath bene washt in.  
wln 2583 MOO. Come, sir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you  
wln 2584 I would reueale a secret, *Isabella*  
wln 2585 The Duke of Florence sister was impoison'd,  
wln 2586 By a 'fum'd picture: and *Camillo's* necke  
wln 2587 Was broke by damn'd *Flamineo*; the mischance  
wln 2588 Laid on a vaulting horse. FRA. Most strange!  
wln 2589 MOO. Most true. LOD. The bed of snakes is broke.  
wln 2590 MOO. I sadly do confesse I had a hand  
wln 2591 In the blacke deed.  
wln 2592 FRA. Thou kepts their counsell, MOO. Right,  
wln 2593 For which, vrg'd with contrition, I intend  
wln 2594 This night to rob *Vittoria*. LOD. Excellent penitence!  
wln 2595 Vsurers dreame on't while they sleepe out Sermons.  
wln 2596 MOO. To further our escape, I haue entreated  
wln 2597 Leauē to retire me, till the funerall,  
wln 2598 Vnto a friend i'th country. That excuse  
wln 2599 Will further our escape, In coine and iewels  
wln 2600 I shall, at least, make good vnto your vse  
wln 2601 An hundred thousand crowns. FRA. O noble wench!  
wln 2602 LOD. Those crownes we'le share. MOO. It is a dowry,  
wln 2603 Me thinkes, should make that sun-burnt prouerbe false,  
wln 2604 *And wash the Ethiop white.* FRA. It shall, away  
wln 2605 MOO. Be ready for our flight. FRA. An howre 'fore day.  
wln 2606 O strange discouery! why till now we knew not *Exit the Moore.*  
wln 2607 The circumstance of either of their deaths. *Enter Moore.*  
wln 2608 MOO. You'le waight about midnight  
wln 2609 In the Chappel. FRA. There.  
wln 2610 LOD. Why now our action's iustified,  
wln 2611 FRA. Tush for iustice.  
wln 2612 What harmes it Iustice? we now, like the partridge

Purge

wln 2613  
wln 2614  
wln 2615  
wln 2616  
wln 2617  
wln 2618  
wln 2619  
wln 2620  
wln 2621  
wln 2622  
wln 2623  
wln 2624  
wln 2625  
wln 2626  
wln 2627  
wln 2628  
wln 2629  
wln 2630  
wln 2631  
wln 2632  
wln 2633  
wln 2634  
wln 2635  
wln 2636  
wln 2637  
wln 2638  
wln 2639  
wln 2640  
wln 2641  
wln 2642  
wln 2643  
wln 2644  
wln 2645  
wln 2646  
wln 2647  
wln 2648  
wln 2649

Purge the disease with lawrell: for the fame  
Shall crowne the enterprise and quit the shame. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Flam. and Gasp. at one dore, another way*

*Giouanni attended.*

GAS. The yong Duke: Did you e're see a sweeter Prince?

FLA. I haue knowne a poore womans bastard better fauor'd,  
This is behind him: Now, to his face all cōparisons were hateful:  
Wise was the Courtly Peacocke, that being a great Minion, and  
being compar'd for beauty, by some dottrels that stood by, to  
the Kingly Eagle, said the Eagle was a farre fairer bird then  
herselfe, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long  
Tallants. His will grow out in time,  
My gracious Lord. GIO. I pray leaue mee Sir.

FLA. Your Grace must be merry: 'tis I haue cause to mourne,  
for wot you what said the little boy that rode behind his father  
on horsebacke? GIO. Why, what said hee?

FLA. When you are dead father (said he) I hope then I shall  
ride in the saddle, O 'tis a braue thing for a man to sit by himselfe:  
he may stretch himselfe in the stirrops, looke about, and see the  
whole compasse of the Hemisphere, you're now, my Lord, ith  
saddle. GIO. Study your praiers, sir, and be penitent,

'Twere fit you'd thinke on what hath former bin,  
I haue heard grieffe nam'd the eldest child of sinne. *Exit Giou.*

FLA. Study my praiers? he threatens me diuinely,  
I am falling to peeces already, I care not, though, like *Anacharsis*  
I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were  
**fitter** for Vsurers gold and themselues to be beaten together, to  
make a most cordiall cullice for the deuill.

He hath his vnckles villanous looke already, *Enter Courtier.*  
*In dicimo sexto.* Now sir, what are you?

COVR It is the pleasure sir, of the yong Duke  
That you forbear the Presence, and all roome,  
That owe him reuerence.

FLAM. So, the wolfe and the rauen are very pretty fools when  
they are yong. Is it your office, sir, to keepe me out?

COVR. So the Duke wils.

FLA. Verely, Maister Courtier, extreimity is not to bee vsed

wln 2650  
wln 2651  
wln 2652  
wln 2653  
wln 2654  
wln 2655  
wln 2656  
wln 2657  
wln 2658  
wln 2659  
wln 2660  
wln 2661  
wln 2662  
wln 2663  
wln 2664  
wln 2665  
wln 2666  
wln 2667  
wln 2668  
wln 2669  
wln 2670  
wln 2671  
wln 2672  
wln 2673  
wln 2674  
wln 2675  
wln 2676  
wln 2677  
wln 2678  
wln 2679  
wln 2680  
wln 2681  
wln 2682  
wln 2683  
wln 2684  
wln 2685  
wln 2686

in all offices: Say that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smocke: would it not shew a cruell part in the gentleman porter to lay clame to her vpper garment, pull it ore her head and eares; and put her in nak'd? COVR. Very good: you are merrie

FLA. Doth hee make a Court eiection of mee? A flaming firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney, then withint. Ile smooore some of them. *Enter Florence.*

How now? Thou **hart** sad.

FRAN. I met euen now with the most pitious sight.

FLA. Thou metst another heere a pittifull Degraded Courtier. FRAN. Your reuerend mother Is growne a very old woman in two howers. I found them winding of *Marcello's* coarse; And there is such a solemne melodie 'Tweene dolefull songes, teares, and sad elegies: Such, as old grandames, watching by the dead, Were wont t'out-weare the nights with; that beleue mee I had no eies to guide mee forth the roome, They were so ore-charg'd with water. FLA. I will see them.

FRAN. 'Twere much vncharety in you: for your sight Will adde vnto their teares. FLA. I will see them. They are behind the trauers. Ile discouer Their superstitious howling.

*Cornelia, the Moore and 3. other Ladies discovered, winding Marcello's Coarse. A song.*

COR. This rosemarie is wither'd, pray get fresh; I would haue these herbes grow vp in his graue When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes, Ile tye a garland heere about his head: 'Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This sheet I haue kept this twentie yere, and euerie daie Hallow'd it with my praiers, I did not thinke Hee should haue wore it. MOO. Looke you; who are yonder.

COR. O reach mee the flowers.

MOO. Her Ladiships foolish. WOM. Alas! her grief

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 2687 Hath turn'd her child againe. COR. You're very wellcome.  
wln 2688 There's Rosemarie for you, and Rue for you, *to Flamineo.*  
wln 2689 Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it.  
wln 2690 I haue left more for my selfe. FRAN. Ladie, who's this?  
wln 2691 COR. You are, I take it, the graue-maker. FLA. So.  
wln 2692 MOO. 'Tis *Flamineo.*  
wln 2693 COR. Will you make mee such a foole? heere's a white hand:  
wln 2694 Can bloud so soone bee washt out? Let mee see,  
wln 2695 When scritch-howles croke vpon the chimney tops,  
wln 2696 And the strange Cricket ith ouen singes and hoppes,  
wln 2697 When yellow spots doe on your handes appeare,  
wln 2698 Bee certaine then you of a Course shall heare.  
wln 2699 Out vpon't, how 'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad sure.  
wln 2700 Couslep-water is good for the memorie: pray buy mee 3. oun-  
wln 2701 ces of't. FLA. I would I were from hence. COR. Do you heere,  
wln 2702 Ile giue you a saying which my grandmother (sir?  
wln 2703 Was wont, when she heard the bell tolle, to sing ore vnto her lute  
wln 2704 FLA. Doe and you will, doe.  
wln 2705 COR. *Call for the Robin-Red-brest and the wren,*  
wln 2706 *Since ore shadie groues they houer,* *Cornelia doth this*  
wln 2707 *And with leaues and flowres doe couer* *in seuerall formes*  
wln 2708 *The friendlesse bodies of vnburied men.* *of distraction.*  
wln 2709 *Call vnto his funerall Dole*  
wln 2710 *The Ante, the field-mouse, and the mole*  
wln 2711 *To reare him hillockes, that shall keepe him warme,*  
wln 2712 *And (when gay tombes are rob'd) sustaine no harme,*  
wln 2713 *But keepe the wolfe far thence: that's foe to men,*  
wln 2714 *For with his nailes hee'l dig them vp agen.*  
wln 2715 They would not bury him 'cause hee died in a quarrell  
wln 2716 But I haue an answere for them.  
wln 2717 *Let holie Church receiue him duly*  
wln 2718 *Since hee payd the Church tithes truly.*  
wln 2719 His wealth is sum'd, and this is all his store:  
wln 2720 This poore men get; and great men get no more.  
wln 2721 Now the wares are gone, wee may shut vp shop.  
wln 2722 Blesse you all good people, *Exeunt Cornelia and Ladies.*  
wln 2723 FLA. I haue a strange thing in mee, to th' which

I can-



img: 40-b  
sig: L2v

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 2724  
wln 2725  
wln 2726  
wln 2727  
wln 2728  
wln 2729  
wln 2730  
wln 2731  
wln 2732  
wln 2733  
wln 2734  
wln 2735  
wln 2736  
wln 2737  
wln 2738  
wln 2739  
wln 2740  
wln 2741  
wln 2742  
wln 2743  
wln 2744  
wln 2745  
wln 2746  
wln 2747  
wln 2748  
wln 2749  
wln 2750  
wln 2751  
wln 2752  
wln 2753  
wln 2754  
wln 2755  
wln 2756  
wln 2757  
wln 2758  
wln 2759  
wln 2760

I cannot giue a name, without it bee  
Compassion, I pray leaue mee.  
This night Ile know the vtmost most of my fate,  
Ile bee resolu'd what my rich sister meanes  
T'assigne mee for my seruice: I haue liu'd  
Riotously ill, like some that liue in Court.  
And sometimes, when my face was full of smiles  
Haue felt the mase of conscience in my brest.  
Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures trie,  
„Wee thinke cag'd birds sing, when indeed they crie.  
Ha! I can stand thee. Neerer, neerer yet. *Enter Brachia. Ghost.*  
What a mockerie hath death made of thee? thou look'st sad.  
In what place art thou? in yon starrie gallerie,  
Or in the cursed dungeon? No? not speake?  
Pray, Sir, resolute mee, what religions best  
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge  
To answeere mee how long I haue to liue?  
That's the most necessarie question.  
Not answeere? Are you still like some great men  
That onely walke like shadowes vp and downe,  
And to no purpose: say: —  
What's that? O fatall! hee throwes earth vpon mee.  
A dead mans scull beneath the rootes of flowers.  
I pray speake Sir, our Italian Church-men  
Make vs beleue, dead men hold conference  
With their familiars, and many times  
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.  
Hee's gone; and see, the scull and earth are vanisht.  
This is beyond melancholie. I doe dare my fate  
To doe its worst. Now to my sisters lodging,  
And summe vp all these horrours; the disgrace  
The Prince threw on mee; next the pitious sight  
Of my dead brother; and my Mothers dotage;  
And last this terrible vision. All these  
Shall with *Vittoria's* bountie turne to good,  
Or I will drowne this weapon in her blood.

*Exit Francisco.*

*In his leather Cassock\*] & breeches bootes, a cool\*] a pot of lilly flowers with a scull int.*

*The Ghost throwes earl\*\*] vpon him al\*\*] shewes him the scull.*

*Exit Ghost.*

*Exit.*

*Enter Francisco, Lodouico, and Hortensio.*

L2

LOD.

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 2761  
wln 2762  
wln 2763  
wln 2764  
wln 2765  
wln 2766  
wln 2767  
wln 2768  
wln 2769  
wln 2770  
wln 2771  
wln 2772  
wln 2773  
wln 2774  
wln 2775  
wln 2776  
wln 2777  
wln 2778  
wln 2779  
wln 2780  
wln 2781  
wln 2782  
wln 2783  
wln 2784  
wln 2785  
wln 2786  
wln 2787  
wln 2788  
wln 2789  
wln 2790  
wln 2791  
wln 2792  
wln 2793  
wln 2794  
wln 2795  
wln 2796  
wln 2797  
wln 2798

Enter Vitto-  
ria with a  
booke in her  
hand. Zanke,  
Flamineo,  
following  
them.

Shee writes.

LOD. My Lord vpon my soule you shall no further:  
You haue most ridiculously ingag'd your selfe  
Too far allready. For my part, I haue payd  
All my debts, so if I should chance to fall  
My Creditours fall not with mee; and I vow  
To quite all in this bold assemblie  
To the meanest follower. My Lord leaue the Cittie,  
Or Ile forswear the murder.

FRAN. Farewell *Lodouico*.  
If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,  
Ile reare vnto thy memorie that fame  
Shall in the ashes keepe aliue thy name.

HOR. There's some blacke deed on foot. Ile presently  
Downe to the Citadell, and raise some force.  
These strong Court factions that do brooke no checks,  
In the cariere of't breake the Riders neckes.

FLA. What are you at your prayers? Giue o're.

VIT. How Ruffin?

FLA. I come to you 'bout worldly businesse:  
Sit downe, sit downe: Nay stay blouze, you may heare it,  
The dores are fast inough. VIT. Ha, are you drunke?

FLA. Yes, yes, with wormewood water, you shall tast  
Some of it presently. VIT. What intends the fury?

FLA. You are my Lords Executrix, and I claime  
Reward, for my long seruice. VIT. For your seruice

FLA. Come therfore heere is pen and Inke, set downe  
What you will giue me.

VIT. There, FLA. Ha! haue you done already,  
'Tis a most short conueyance. VIT. I will read it.  
I giue that portion to thee, and no other  
Which *Caine* gron'd vnder hauing slaine his brother.

FLA. A most courtly Pattent to beg by.

VIT. You are a villaine.

FLV. Is't come to this? the say affrights cure agues:  
Thou hast a Deuill in thee; I will try  
If I can scarre him from thee: Nay sit still:  
My Lord hath left me yet two case of Iewels  
Shall make me scorne your bounty; you shall see thē.

VIT.

*He enter  
with two  
of pistols.*

wln 2799  
wln 2800  
wln 2801  
wln 2802  
wln 2803  
wln 2804  
wln 2805  
wln 2806  
wln 2807  
wln 2808  
wln 2809  
wln 2810  
wln 2811  
wln 2812  
wln 2813  
wln 2814  
wln 2815  
wln 2816  
wln 2817  
wln 2818  
wln 2819  
wln 2820  
wln 2821  
wln 2822  
wln 2823  
wln 2824  
wln 2825  
wln 2826  
wln 2827  
wln 2828  
wln 2829  
wln 2830  
wln 2831  
wln 2832  
wln 2833  
wln 2834  
wln 2835

VIT. Sure hee's distracted. ZAN. O he's desperate  
For your owne safety giue him gentle language.  
FLA. Looke, these are better far at a dead lift,  
Then all your ieuell house. VIT. And yet mee thinkes,  
These stones haue no faire lustre, they are ill set.  
FLA. I'le turne the right side towards you: you shall see  
how **the** will sparkle. VIT. Turne this horror from mee:  
What do you want? what would you haue mee doe?  
Is not all mine, yours? haue I any children?  
FLA. Pray **theee** good woman doe not trouble mee  
With this vaine wordly businesse; say your prayers,  
I made a vow to my deceased Lord,  
Neither your selfe, nor I should out-liue him,  
The numbring of foure howers. VIT. Did he enioyne it.  
FLA. He did, and 'twas a deadly ieacholousy,  
Least any should enioy thee after him;  
That vrg'd him vow me to it: For my death  
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing  
If hee could not be safe in his owne Court  
Being a great Duke, what hope then for vs?  
VIT. This is your melancholy and dispaire. FLA. Away,  
Foole, thou art to thinke that Polititians  
Do vse to kill the effects of iniuries  
And let the cause liue: shall we groane in irons,  
Or be a shamefull and a waighty burthen  
To a publicke scaffold: This is my resolute  
I would not liue at any mans entreaty  
Nor dye at any's bidding. VIT. Will you heare me?  
FLA. My life hath done seruice to other men,  
My death shall serue mine owne turne; make you ready  
VIT. Do you meane to die indeed.  
FLA. With as much pleasure  
As e're my father gat me. VIT. Are the doores lockt?  
ZAN. Yes Madame.  
VIT. Are you growne an Atheist? will you turne your body,  
Which is the goodly pallace of the soule  
To the soules slaughter house? ô the cursed Deuill

Which

wln 2836 Which doth present vs with all other sinnes  
wln 2837 Thrice candied ore; Despaire with gaule and *stibium*,  
wln 2838 Yet we carouse it off; Cry out for helpe,  
wln 2839 Makes vs forsake that which was made for Man,  
wln 2840 The world, to sinke to that was made for deuils,  
wln 2841 Eternall darkenesse. ZAN. Helpe, helpe. FLA. I'le stop your  
wln 2842 With Winter plums, VIT. I prethee yet remember, (throate  
wln 2843 Millions are now in graues, which at last day  
wln 2844 Like Mandrakes shall rise shreeking. FLA. Leauē your prating,  
wln 2845 For these are but grammaticall laments,  
wln 2846 Feminine arguments, and they moue me  
wln 2847 As some in Pulpits moue their Auditory  
wln 2848 More with their exclamation then sence  
wln 2849 Of reason, or sound Doctrine. ZAN. Gentle Madam  
wln 2850 Seeme to consent, onely perswade him teach  
wln 2851 The way to death; let him dye first.  
wln 2852 VIT. 'Tis good, I apprehend it,  
wln 2853 To kill one's selfe is meate that we must take  
wln 2854 Like pils, not chew't, but quickly swallow it,  
wln 2855 The smart a'th wound, or weakenesse of the hand  
wln 2856 May else bring trebble torments. FLA. I haue held it  
wln 2857 A wretched and most miserable life,  
wln 2858 Which is not able to dye. VIT. O but frailty!  
wln 2859 Yet I am now resolu'd, farewell affliction;  
wln 2860 Behold *Brachiano*, I that while you liu'd  
wln 2861 Did make a flaming Altar of my heart  
wln 2862 To sacrifice vnto you; Now am ready  
wln 2863 To sacrifice heart and all. Fare-well *Zanche*.  
wln 2864 ZAN. How Madam! Do you thinke that I'le out-liue you?  
wln 2865 Especially when my best selfe *Flamineo*  
wln 2866 Goes the same voiage. FLA. O most loued Moore!  
wln 2867 ZAN. Onely by all my loue let me entreat you;  
wln 2868 Since it is most necessary none of vs  
wln 2869 Do violence on our selues; let you or I  
wln 2870 Be her sad taster, teach her how to dye.  
wln 2871 FLA. Thou dost instruct me nobly, take these pistols,  
wln 2872 Because my hand is stain'd with bloud already:

Vittoria Corombona.

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

Two of these you shall leuell at my brest,  
Th'other gainst your owne, and so we'le dye,  
Most equally contented: But first sweare  
Not to out-liue me. VIT. & MOO. Most religiously.  
FLA. Then here's an end of me: fare-well day-light  
And ô contemptible Physike! that dost take  
So long a study, onely to preserue  
So short a life, I take my leaue of thee.  
These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw  
All my infected bloud out,  
Are you ready? BOTH. Ready.  
FLA. Whither shall I go now? O *Lucian* thy ridiculous Pur-  
gatory to finde *Alexander* the great cobling shooes, *Pompey* tag-  
ging points, and *Iulius Cæsar*; making haire buttons, *Haniball* sel-  
ling blacking, and *Augustus* crying garlike, *Charlemaigne* selling  
lists by the dozen, and King *Pippin* crying Apples in a cart drawn  
with one horse.  
Whether I resolute to Fire, Earth, water, Aire,  
Or all the Elements by scruples; I know not  
Nor greatly care, — Shoote, shoote,  
Of all deaths the violent death is best,  
For from our selues it steales our selues so fast  
The paine once apprehended is quite past.  
VIT. What are you drop't.  
FLA. I am mixt with Earth already: As you are Noble  
Performe your vowes, and brauely follow mee.  
VIT. Whither to hell, ZAN. To most assured damnation.  
VIT. O thou most cursed deuill. ZAN. Thou art caught  
VIT. In thine owne Engine, I tread the fire out  
That would haue bene my ruine.  
FLA. Will you be periur'd? what a religious oath was Stix  
that the Gods neuer durst sweare by and violate? ô that wee had  
such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of  
Iustice. VIT. Thinke whither thou art going. ZAN. And remēber  
What villanies thou hast acted. VIT. This thy death,  
Shall make me like a blazing ominous starre,  
Looke vp and tremble. FLA. O I am caught with a springe!

*Shewing tr\*\*  
pistols.*

*They shoot  
and run to  
him & tr\*\*  
vpon him.*

VIT.

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 2910  
wln 2911  
wln 2912  
wln 2913  
wln 2914  
wln 2915  
wln 2916  
wln 2917  
wln 2918  
wln 2919  
wln 2920  
wln 2921  
wln 2922  
wln 2923  
wln 2924  
wln 2925  
wln 2926  
wln 2927  
wln 2928  
wln 2929  
wln 2930  
wln 2931  
wln 2932  
wln 2933  
wln 2934  
wln 2935  
wln 2936  
wln 2937  
wln 2938  
wln 2939  
wln 2940  
wln 2941  
wln 2942  
wln 2943  
wln 2944  
wln 2945  
wln 2946

VIT. You see the Fox comes many times short home,  
'Tis here prou'd true. FLA. Kild with a couple of braches.

VIT. No fitter offering for the infernall furies  
Then one in whom they raig'n'd while hee was liuing.

FLA. O the waies darke and horrid! I cannot see,  
Shall I haue no company? VIT. O yes thy sinnes,  
Do runne before thee to fetch fire from hell,  
To light thee thither.

FLA. O I smell soote, most **sinking** soote, the chimneis a fire,  
My liuers purboil'd like scotch holly-bread;  
There's a plumber, laying pipes in my guts, it scalds;  
Wilt thou out-lieue mee? ZAN. Yes, and driue a stake  
Through thy body; for we'le giue it out,  
Thou didst this violence vpon thy selfe.

FLA. O cunning Deuils! now I haue tri'd your loue,  
And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded:  
The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot  
To proue your kindnesse to mee; and I liue  
To punish your ingratitude, I knew  
One time or other you would finde a way  
To giue me a strong potion, ô Men  
That lye vpon your death-beds, and are haunted  
With howling wiues, neere trust them, they'le re-marry  
Ere the worme peirce your winding sheete: ere the Spider  
Make a thinne curtaine for your Epitaphes.

*Flamineo  
riseth.*

How cunning you were to discharge? Do you practise at  
the Artillery yard? Trust a woman; neuer, neuer; *Brachiano* bee  
my president: we lay our soules to pawne to the Deuill for a lit-  
tle pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That euer man  
should marry! For one *Hypermnestra* that sau'd her Lord and  
husband, forty nine of her sisters cut their husbands throates all  
in one night. There was a shole of vertuous horse-leeches.  
Here are two other Instruments. *Enter Lod. Gasp. Pedro, Carlo.*

VIT. Helpe, helpe.

FLA. What noise is that? hah? falce keies i'th Court.

LOD. We haue brought you a Maske. FLA. A matachine it  
By your drawne swords.

(seemes,  
Church-men

wln 2947 **Chuch-men** turn'd reuellers. CON. *Isabella, Isabella,*  
wln 2948 LOD. Doe you know vs now? FLA. *Lodouico and Gasparo.*  
wln 2949 LOD. Yes and that Moore the Duke gaue pention to  
wln 2950 Was the great Duke of Florence. VIT. O wee are lost.  
wln 2951 FLA. You shall not take Iustice from forth my hands,  
wln 2952 O let me kill her. — Ile cut my safty  
wln 2953 Through your coates of steele: Fate's a Spaniell,  
wln 2954 Wee cannot beat it from vs: what remains now?  
wln 2955 Let all that doe ill, take this president:  
wln 2956 *Man may his Fate foresee, but not preuent.*  
wln 2957 And of all Axiomes this shall winne the prise,  
wln 2958 *'Tis better to be fortunate then wise.*  
wln 2959 GAS. Bind him to the pillar. VIT. O your gentle pitty:  
wln 2960 I haue seene a black-bird that would sooner fly  
wln 2961 To a mans bosome, then to stay the gripe  
wln 2962 Of the feirce Sparrow-hawke. GAS. Your hope deceiues you.  
wln 2963 VIT. If Florence be ith Court, would hee would kill mee.  
wln 2964 GAS. Foole! Princes giue rewards with their owne hands,  
wln 2965 But death or punishment by the handes of others.  
wln 2966 LOD. Sirha you once did strike mee, Ile strike you  
wln 2967 Into the Center.  
wln 2968 FLA. Thoul't doe it like a hangeman; a base hangman;  
wln 2969 Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest  
wln 2970 I cannot strike againe. LOD. Dost laugh?  
wln 2971 FLA. Wouldst haue me dye, as I was borne, in whining.  
wln 2972 GAS. Recommend your selfe to heauen.  
wln 2973 FLA. Noe I will carry mine owne commendations thither.  
wln 2974 LOD. Oh could I kill you forty times a day  
wln 2975 And vs't foure yeere together; 'tweare to little:  
wln 2976 Nought greeu's but that you are to few to feede  
wln 2977 The famine of our vengeance. What dost thinke on?  
wln 2978 FLA. Nothing; of nothing: leaue thy idle questions;  
wln 2979 I am ith way to study a long silence,  
wln 2980 To prate were idle, I remember nothing.  
wln 2981 Thers nothing of so infinit vexation  
wln 2982 As mans owne thoughts. LOD. O thou glorious strumpet,  
wln 2983 Could I deuide thy breath from this pure aire

wln 2984 When't leaues thy body, I would sucke it vp  
wln 2985 And breath't vpon some dunghill. VIT. You, my Deaths man;  
wln 2986 Me thinkes thou doest not looke horrid enough,  
wln 2987 Thou hast to good a face to be a hang-man,,  
wln 2988 If thou be doe thy office in right forme;  
wln 2989 Fall downe vpon thy knees and aske forgiuenesse.  
wln 2990 LOD. O thou hast bin a most prodigious comet,  
wln 2991 But Ile cut of your traine: kill the Moore first.  
wln 2992 VIT. You shall not kill her first. behould my breast,  
wln 2993 I will be waited on in death; my seruant  
wln 2994 Shall neuer go before mee. GAS. Are you so braue.  
wln 2995 VIT. Yes I shall wellcome death  
wln 2996 As Princes doe some great Embassadors; Ile meete thy weapon  
wln 2997 halfe way. LOD. Thou dost tremble,  
wln 2998 Mee thinkes feare should dissolue thee into ayre.  
wln 2999 VIT. O thou art deceiu'd, I am to true a woman:  
wln 3000 Conceit can neuer kill me: Ile tell thee what,  
wln 3001 I will not in my death shed one base teare,  
wln 3002 Or if looke pale, for want of blood, not feare.  
wln 3003 CAR. Thou art my taske, blacke fury. ZAN. I haue blood  
wln 3004 As red as either of theirs; wilt drinke some?  
wln 3005 'Tis good for the falling sicknesse: I am proud  
wln 3006 Death cannot alter my complexion,  
wln 3007 For I shall neere looke pale. LOD. Strike, strike,  
wln 3008 With a Ioint motion. VIT. 'Twas a manly blow  
wln 3009 The next thou giu'st, murder some sucking Infant,  
wln 3010 And then thou wilt be famous. FLA. O what blade ist?  
wln 3011 A Toledo, or an English Fox.  
wln 3012 I euer thought a Cutler should distinguish  
wln 3013 The cause of my death, rather then a Doctor.  
wln 3014 Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steele that made it.  
wln 3015 VIT. O my greatest sinne lay in my blood.  
wln 3016 Now my blood paies for't. FLA. Th'art a noble sister  
wln 3017 I loue thee now; if woeman doe breed man  
wln 3018 Shee ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.  
wln 3019 Know many glorious woemen that are fam'd  
wln 3020 For masculine vertue, haue bin vitious



Vittoria Corombona.

wln 3021  
wln 3022  
wln 3023  
wln 3024  
wln 3025  
wln 3026  
wln 3027  
wln 3028  
wln 3029  
wln 3030  
wln 3031  
wln 3032  
wln 3033  
wln 3034  
wln 3035  
wln 3036  
wln 3037  
wln 3038  
wln 3039  
wln 3040  
wln 3041  
wln 3042  
wln 3043  
wln 3044  
wln 3045  
wln 3046  
wln 3047  
wln 3048  
wln 3049  
wln 3050  
wln 3051  
wln 3052  
wln 3053  
wln 3054  
wln 3055  
wln 3056  
wln 3057

Onely a happier silence did betyde them  
Shee hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them.  
VIT. My soule, like to a ship in a blacke storme,  
Is driuen I know not whither. FLA. Then cast ancor.  
„Prosperity doth bewitch men seeming cleere,  
„But seas doe laugh, shew white, when Rocks are neere.  
„Wee cease to greiue, cease to be fortunes slaues,  
„Nay cease to dye by dying. Art thou gonne  
And thou so neare the bottome: falce reporte  
Which saies that woemen vie with the nine Muses  
For nine tough durable liues: I doe not looke  
Who went before, nor who shall follow mee;  
Noe, at my selfe I will begin and end:  
„While we looke vp to heauen wee confound  
„Knowledge with knowledge. ô I am in a mist.  
VIT. O happy they that neuer saw the Court,  
„Nor euer knew great Man but by report. *Vittoria dyes.*  
FLA, I recouer like a spent taper, for a flash  
And instantly go out.  
Let all that belong to Great men remember th' ould wiues tra-  
dition, to be like the Lyons ith Tower on Candlemas day, to  
mourne if the Sunne shine, for feare of the pittifull remainder of  
winter to come.  
'Tis well yet there's some goodnesse in my death,  
My life was a blacke charnell: I haue cought  
An euerlasting could. I haue lost my voice  
Most irrecouerably: Farewell glorious villaines,  
„This busie trade of life appeares most vaine,  
„Since rest breeds rest, where all seeke paine by paine.  
Let no harsh flattering Bels resound my knell,  
Strike thunder, and strike lowde to my farewell. *Dyes.*  
*Enter Embassad: and Giouanni.*  
ENG. and E. This way, this way, breake ope the doores, this way.  
LOD. Ha, are wee betraid;  
Why then lets constantly dye all together,  
And hauing finisht this most noble deede,  
Defy the worst of fate; not feare to bleed.

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 3058                   ENG.   Keepe backe the Prince, shoot, shoot,  
wln 3059                   LOD.   O I am wounded.  
wln 3060                   I feare I shall be tane.   GIO.   You bloody villaines,  
wln 3061                   By what authority haue you committed  
wln 3062                   This Massakre.   LOD.   By thine.   GIO.   Mine?  
wln 3063                   LOD.   Yes, thy vnckle, which is a part of thee enioyn'd vs to't:  
wln 3064                   Thou knowst me I am sure, I am **Cout** *Lodowicke*,  
wln 3065                   And thy most noble vnckle in disguise  
wln 3066                   Was last night in thy Court.   GIO.   Ha!  
wln 3067                   CAR.   Yes, that Moore thy father chose his pentioner.  
wln 3068                   GIO.   He turn'd murderer;  
wln 3069                   Away with them to prison, and to torture;  
wln 3070                   All that haue hands in this, shall tast our iustice,  
wln 3071                   As I hope heauen.   LOD.   I do glory yet,  
wln 3072                   That I can call this act mine owne: For my part,  
wln 3073                   The racke, the gallowes, and the torturing wheele  
wln 3074                   Shall bee but sound sleepes to me, here's my rest  
wln 3075                   „I limb'd this night-peece and it was my best.  
wln 3076                   GIO.   Remoue the bodies, see my honoured Lord,  
wln 3077                   what vse you ought make of their punishment.  
wln 3078                   *Let guilty men remember their blacke deedes,*  
wln 3079                   *Do leane on **cruthes**, made of slender reedes.*

ln 0001                   In stead of an Epilogue onely this of *Martial* sup-  
ln 0002                   plies me.  
ln 0003   *Hæc fuerint nobis præmia si placui.*

ln 0001                   For the action of the play, twas generally well, and I dare affir-  
ln 0002                   me, with the Ioint testimony of some of their owne quality, (for  
ln 0003                   the true imitation of life, without striuing to make nature a mon-  
ln 0004                   ster) the best that euer became them: whereof as I make a gener-  
ln 0005                   rall acknowledgement, so in particular I must remember the  
ln 0006                   well approued industry of my freind *Maister Perkins*, and con-  
ln 0007                   fesse the worth of his action did Crowne both the beginning  
ln 0008                   and end.

*FINIS.*

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

---

## Textual Notes

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

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