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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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



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img: 1-a

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

*Acted by the Queen's Majesty's Servants.*

Written by JOHN WEBSTER.

*Non inferiora secutus.*

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

To the Reader.

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

ln 0023

ln 0024

img: 3-a  
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*all the critical laws, as height of style; and gravity  
of person; enrich it with the sententious Chorus, and as it*

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ln 0052

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

— Haec hodie Porcis comedenda relinques.

*To those who report I was a long time in finishing this  
Tragedy, I confess I do not write with a goose-quill, winged  
with two feathers, and if they will needs make it my fault,  
I must answer them with that of Eurypides to Alcestides,  
a Tragic Writer: Alcestides objecting that Eurypides  
had only in three days composed three verses, whereas himself  
had written three hundred: Thou tell'st truth, (quoth he)  
but here's the difference, thine shall only be read for three  
days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.*

*Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: For mine  
own part I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other  
men's worthy Labors, especially of that full and heightened  
style of Master Chapman. The labored and understanding  
works of Master Johnson: The no less worthy composures  
of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont, and Master  
Fletcher: And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right  
happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare, Master Decker,  
and Master Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their  
light: Protesting, that, in the strength of mine own judgement,  
I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my  
own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix  
that of Martial.*

— non norunt, Haec monumenta mori.

img: 3-b  
sig: B1r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

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

wln 0005

*Enter Count Lodovico, Antonelli and Gasparo.*

wln 0006

LODOVICO.

wln 0007

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

wln 0008

wln 0009

LODOVICO Ha, Ha, ô *Democritus* thy Gods

wln 0010

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

wln 0011

wln 0012

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

wln 0013

That she may take away all at one swoop.

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wln 0025  
wln 0026

img: 4-a  
sig: B1v

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

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wln 0061

Of drinkings have you, you staggered through one Citizen  
Is Lord of two fair Manors, called you master  
Only for Caviar. GASPARO Those noblemen  
Which were invited to your prodigal feasts,  
Wherein the Phoenix scarce could scape your throats,  
Laugh at your misery, as foredeeming you:  
An idle Meteor which drawn forth the earth  
Would be soon lost i' th' air. ANTONELLI Jest upon you,  
And say you were begotten in an Earthquake,  
You have ruined such fair Lordships. LODOVICO Very good,  
This Well goes with two buckets, I must tend  
The pouring out of either. GASPARO Worse than these,  
You have acted, certain Murders here in Rome,  
Bloody and full of horror. LODOVICO 'Las they were flea-bitings:  
Why took they not my head then? GASPARO O my Lord  
The law doth sometimes mediate, thinks it good  
Not ever to steep violent sins in blood,  
This gentle penance may both end your crimes,  
And in the example better these bad times.  
LODOVICO So, but I wonder then some great men scape  
This banishment, there's *Paulo Giordano Orsini*,  
The Duke of *Brachiano*, now lives in Rome,  
And by close pandarism seeks to prostitute  
The honor of *Vittoria Corombona*,  
*Vittoria*, she that might have got my pardon  
For one kiss to the Duke. ANTONELLI Have a full man within you,  
We see that Trees bear no such pleasant fruit  
There where they grew first, as where the are new set.  
Perfumes the more they are chafed the more they render  
Their pleasing scents, and so affliction  
Expresseth virtue, fully, whether true,  
Or else adulterate. LODOVICO Leave your painted comforts,  
I'll make Italian cut-works in their guts  
If ever I return. GASPARO O Sir. LODOVICO I am patient,  
I have seen some ready to be executed

wln 0062  
wln 0063

img: 4-b  
sig: B2r

Give pleasant looks, and money, and grown familiar  
With the knave hangman, so do I, I thank them,

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wln 0065  
wln 0066  
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wln 0068  
wln 0069  
wln 0070  
wln 0071  
wln 0072  
wln 0073

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

*Exeunt.*

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

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wln 0099

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

BRACHIANO *Flamineo*. FLAMINEO My Lord.

BRACHIANO Quite lost *Flamineo*.

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

The fair *Vittoria*, my happy sister

Shall give you present audience, gentlemen

*(whisper*

Let the caroché go on, and 'tis his pleasure

You put out all your torches and depart.

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

Observed you not tonight my honored Lord

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

I have dealt already with her chambermaid

*Zanche* the Moor, and she is wondrous proud

To be the agent for so high a spirit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the buttry hatch at Court stood continually open their would

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

BRACHIANO O but her jealous husband.

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

img: 5-a  
sig: B2v

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wln 0104

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

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

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

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Enter  
Corombona.

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

CAMILLO Come you know not where my nightcap wrings me.

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

CAMILLO This doth not physic me,

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

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

CAMILLO The fault there Sir is not in the eyesight

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

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

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

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

CAMILLO Now he begins to tickle her.

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

CAMILLO He will make her know what is in me.

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

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

CAMILLO A virtuous brother o' my credit.

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

CAMILLO Indeed I am studying Alchemy.

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

VITTORIA How shall's rid him hence?

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

CAMILLO Shall I, shall I?

FLAMINEO It will show in you a supremacy of Judgement.

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

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

CAMILLO A philosophical reason.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BRACHIANO You are a sweet Physician.

VITTORIA Sure Sir a loathed cruelty in Ladies

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

BRACHIANO Excellent Creature.

We call the cruel fair, what name for you

That are so merciful? ZANCHE See now they close.

FLAMINEO Most happy union.

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

My son the pander: now I find our house

Sinking to ruin. Earthquakes leave behind,

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

But woe to ruin violent lust leaves none

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

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

img: 7-b  
sig: C1r

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wln 0287  
wln 0288  
wln 0289  
wln 0290  
wln 0291  
wln 0292

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

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

BRACHIANO Nay lower, you shall wear my Jewel lower.

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

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

VITTORIA A foolish idle dream,

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  
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wln 0310  
wln 0311  
wln 0312  
wln 0313  
wln 0314  
wln 0315  
wln 0316  
wln 0317  
wln 0318  
wln 0319  
wln 0320  
wln 0321

img: 8-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0322  
wln 0323  
wln 0324  
wln 0325  
wln 0326  
wln 0327  
wln 0328  
wln 0329  
wln 0330  
wln 0331  
wln 0332  
wln 0333  
wln 0334  
wln 0335  
wln 0336  
wln 0337  
wln 0338  
wln 0339  
wln 0340

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

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

wln 0341  
wln 0342  
wln 0343  
wln 0344  
wln 0345  
wln 0346  
wln 0347  
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wln 0356  
wln 0357  
wln 0358

img: 8-b  
sig: C2r

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

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

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

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

img: 9-a  
sig: C2v

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

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

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

img: 9-b  
sig: C3r

wln 0433

Set us at louder variance, all my wrongs

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

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

FRANCISCO I wish it may. Be gone.

*Exit.*

*Enter Brachiano, and Flamineo.*

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

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

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

BRACHIANO You have said my Lord,

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

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

img: 10-a  
sig: C3v

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

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

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

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

wln 0481  
wln 0482  
wln 0483  
wln 0484  
wln 0485  
wln 0486  
wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489  
wln 0490  
wln 0491  
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wln 0502  
wln 0503  
wln 0504  
wln 0505  
wln 0506

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

img: 10-b  
sig: C4r

wln 0507  
wln 0508  
wln 0509  
wln 0510  
wln 0511  
wln 0512  
wln 0513  
wln 0514  
wln 0515  
wln 0516  
wln 0517  
wln 0518  
wln 0519  
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wln 0521  
wln 0522  
wln 0523  
wln 0524  
wln 0525  
wln 0526  
wln 0527

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

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

img: 11-a  
sig: C4v

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

wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
wln 0547  
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wln 0549  
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wln 0571  
wln 0572  
wln 0573  
wln 0574

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

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

img: 11-b  
sig: D1r

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

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

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

img: 12-a  
sig: D1v

wln 0618

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



wln 0619  
wln 0620  
wln 0621  
wln 0622  
wln 0623  
wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
wln 0627  
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wln 0647  
wln 0648  
wln 0649  
wln 0650  
wln 0651  
wln 0652  
wln 0653  
wln 0654

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

img: 12-b  
sig: D2r

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

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

wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669  
wln 0670  
wln 0671  
wln 0672  
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wln 0675  
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img: 13-a  
sig: D2v

wln 0692  
wln 0693  
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wln 0699  
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wln 0712  
wln 0713  
wln 0714

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

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

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img: 13-b  
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wln 0729  
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wln 0757  
wln 0758  
wln 0759  
wln 0760  
wln 0761

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

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

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

BRACHIANO O Saint *Anthony* fire:

DOCTOR Your Secretary is merry my Lord:

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

by scruples.

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

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

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

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

BRACHIANO Small mischiefs are by greater made secure.

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

MONTICELSO Here is an Emblem nephew pray peruse it.

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

Here is a Stag my Lord hath shed his horns,

And for the loss of them the poor beast weeps

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

Plenty of horns hath made him poor of horns.

CAMILLO What should this mean.

MONTICELSO I'll tell you, 'tis given out

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

I had rather such report as that my Lord.

Should keep within doors. FRANCISCO Have you any children.

CAMILLO None my Lord. FRANCISCO You are the happier

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

Upon a time *Phoebus* the God of light

Or him we call the Sun would need be married.

The Gods gave their consent, and *Mercury*

Was sent to voice it to the general world.

But what a piteous cry there straight arose

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

Reapers and Butter-women, amongst Fishmongers

And thousand other trades, which are annoyed

By his excessive heat; 'twas lamentable.

They came to *Jupiter* all in a sweat

wln 0762  
wln 0763  
wln 0764  
wln 0765

img: 14-a  
sig: D3v

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

wln 0766  
wln 0767  
wln 0768  
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wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802

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

img: 14-b  
sig: D4r

wln 0803  
wln 0804  
wln 0805  
wln 0806

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

wln 0807  
wln 0808  
wln 0809  
wln 0810  
wln 0811  
wln 0811  
wln 0812  
wln 0813  
wln 0814

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

FRANCISCO Come to observe this Strumpet.

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

wln 0815  
wln 0816  
wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819  
wln 0820  
wln 0821  
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wln 0834  
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wln 0836  
wln 0837  
wln 0838

*Enter Brachiano with one in the habit of a Conjuror.*

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

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

img: 15-a  
sig: D4v

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

#### A DUMB SHOW.

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

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

wln 0851

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

wln 0852  
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wln 0855  
wln 0856  
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wln 0858  
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wln 0860  
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wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864

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

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

#### THE SECOND DUMB SHOW.

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

img: 15-b  
sig: E1r

wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877

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

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wln 0879  
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wln 0881  
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wln 0891  
wln 0892  
wln 0893  
wln 0894  
wln 0895  
wln 0896  
wln 0897

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

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

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wln 0906  
wln 0907  
wln 0908  
wln 0909

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

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sig: E1v

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wln 0944

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

wln 0945

wln 0946

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sig: E2r

wln 0947

wln 0948

wln 0949

wln 0950

wln 0951

wln 0952

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wln 0983

img: 17-a  
sig: E2v

wln 0984

wln 0985

wln 0986

wln 0987

wln 0988

wln 0989

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

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

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

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

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

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

LAWYER O but he's an excellent horseman.

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

LAWYER Lo you my *Spaniard*.

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

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF VITTORIA.

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

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

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

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

BRACHIANO Forbear your kindness, an unbidden guest

Should travail as dutchwomen go to Church:

Bear their stools with them. MONTICELSO At your pleasure Sir.

Stand to the table gentlewomen: now Signior



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wln 0991  
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wln 1020

img: 17-b  
sig: E3r

wln 1021  
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wln 1035  
wln 1036  
wln 1037

Fall to your plea.  
*Domine Judex converte oculos in hanc pestem  
mulierum corruptissimam.* VITTORIA What's he?  
FRANCISCO A Lawyer, that pleads against you.  
VITTORIA Pray my Lord, Let him speak his usual tongue  
I'll make no answer else. FRANCISCO Why you understand latin.  
VITTORIA I do Sir, but amongst this auditory  
Which come to hear my cause, the half or more  
May be ignorant in 't. MONTICELSO Go on Sir:  
VITTORIA By your favor,  
I will not have my accusation clouded,  
In a strange tongue: All this assembly  
Shall hear what you can charge me with. FRANCISCO Signior.  
You need not stand on 't much; pray change your language,  
MONTICELSO Oh for God sake: gentlewoman, your credit  
Shall be more famous by it.  
LAWYER Well then have at you.  
VITTORIA I am at the mark Sir, I'll give aim to you,  
And tell you how near you shoot.  
LAWYER Most literated Judges, please your Lordships,  
So to connive your Judgements to the view  
Of this debauched and diversivolent woman  
Who such a black concatenation  
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp  
The memory of 't, must be the consummation  
Of her and her projections VITTORIA What's all this  
LAWYER Hold your peace.  
Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.  
VITTORIA Surely my Lords this lawyer here hath swallowed  
Some Pothecary's bills, or proclamations.  
And now the hard and undigestible words,  
  
Come up like stones we use give Hawks for physic.  
Why this is Welsh to Latin. LAWYER My Lords, the woman  
Knows not her tropes nor figures, nor is perfect  
In the academic derivation  
Of Grammatical elocution. FRANCISCO Sir your pains  
Shall be well spared, and your deep eloquence  
Be worthily applauded amongst those  
Which understand you. LAWYER My good Lord. FRANCISCO Sir,  
Put up your papers in your fustian bag, *Francisco speaks this*  
Cry mercy Sir, 'tis buckram, and accept *as in scorn.*  
My notion of your learned verbosity.  
LAWYER I most graduatically thank your Lordship.  
I shall have use for them elsewhere.  
MONTICELSO I shall be plainer with you, and paint out  
Your follies in more natural red and white.  
Than that upon your cheek. VITTORIA O you mistake.  
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek

wln 1038  
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wln 1056  
wln 1057

img: 18-a  
sig: E3v

wln 1058  
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wln 1080  
wln 1081  
wln 1082  
wln 1083  
wln 1084  
wln 1085

As ever was your mother's.

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

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

VITTORIA Your envenomed Pothecary should do 't

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

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

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

VITTORIA Ha? whore what's that?

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

wln 1086  
wln 1087  
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wln 1094

img: 18-b  
sig: E4r

wln 1095  
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wln 1100  
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wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131

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

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

img: 19-a  
sig: E4v

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wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
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wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167  
wln 1168

img: 19-b  
sig: F1r

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SERVANT My Lord your gown.

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

*Exit Brachiano.*

MONTICELSO Your Champion's gone.

VITTORIA The wolf may prey the better.

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

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wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
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wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206

img: 20-a  
sig: F1v

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wln 1208  
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wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224

And ere next spring wither both branch and root.

The act of blood let pass, only descend,  
To matter of incontinence. VITTORIA I discern poison,  
Under your gilded pills.

MONTICELSO Now the Duke's gone, I will produce a letter,  
Wherein 'twas plotted, her and you should meet,  
At an Apothecary's summer-house.

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

Where after wanton bathing and the heat

Of a lascivious banquet. — I pray read it,

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

Temptation to lust proves not the act,

*Casta est quam nemo rogavit,*

You read his hot love to me, but you want

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

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

So may you blame some fair and crystal river

For that some melancholic distracted man,

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

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

That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,

And a good stomach to feast, are all,

All the poor crimes that you can charge me with:

In faith my Lord you might go pistol flies,

The sport would be more noble. MONTICELSO Very good.

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

And now would fain undo me, I have houses,

Jewels, and a poor remnant of Crusadoes,

Would those would make you charitable. MONTICELSO If the devil

Did ever take good shape behold his picture.

VITTORIA You have one virtue left,

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

VITTORIA I am not compelled to tell you.

MONTICELSO My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand ducats,

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

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

'Twas Interest for his lust.

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

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

Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these

Be moderators: my Lord Cardinal,

Were your intelligencing ears as loving

As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue

I would not care though you proclaimed them all.

MONTICELSO Go to, go to.

After your goodly and vainglorious banquet,

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

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

wln 1225  
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wln 1241  
wln 1242  
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sig: F2r

wln 1244  
wln 1245  
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wln 1249  
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wln 1271  
wln 1272

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

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

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wln 1274  
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img: 21-a  
sig: F2v

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

wln 1281  
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My mind shall make it honester to me  
Than the Pope's Palace, and more peaceable  
Than thy soul, though thou art a Cardinal,  
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spite,  
Through darkness Diamonds spread their richest light.  
*Enter Brachiano. Exit Vittoria.*  
BRACHIANO Now you and I are friends sir, we'll shake hands,  
In a friend's grave, together, a fit place,  
Being the emblem of soft peace t' atone our hatred.  
FRANCISCO Sir, what's the matter?  
BRACHIANO I will not chase more blood from that loved cheek,  
You have lost too much already, fare you well.  
FRANCISCO How strange these words sound? what's the interpretation?  
FLAMINEO Good, this is a preface to the discovery of the Duchess'  
death: He carries it well: because now I cannot counterfeit a  
whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will feign a mad  
humor for the disgrace of my sister, and that will keep off idle  
questions, Treason's tongue hath a villainous palsy in 't, I will talk  
to any man, hear no man, and for a time appear a politic  
madman. *Enter Giovanni, Count Lodovico.*  
FRANCISCO How now my Noble cousin, what in black?  
GIOVANNI Yes Uncle, I was taught to imitate you  
In virtue, and you must imitate me  
In colors for your garments, my sweet mother  
Is, FRANCISCO How? Where?  
GIOVANNI Is there, no yonder, indeed sir I'll not tell you,  
For I shall make you weep. FRANCISCO Is dead.  
GIOVANNI Do not blame me now,  
I did not tell you so. LODOVICO She's dead my Lord.  
FRANCISCO Dead? MONTICELSO Blessed Lady;  
Thou art now above thy woes,  
Wilt please your Lordships to withdraw a little.  
GIOVANNI What do the dead do, uncle? do they eat,  
Hear music, go a-hunting, and be merry, as we that live?  
FRANCISCO No coz; they sleep.  
GIOVANNI Lord, Lord, that I were dead,  
I have not slept these six nights. When do they wake?

img: 21-b  
sig: F3r

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sig: F3v

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

Enter English  
Ambassador.

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



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

img: 22-b  
sig: F4r

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

well, till he come to the scaffold.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARCELLO Mark this strange encounter.

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

FLAMINEO How croaks the raven?

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

FLAMINEO Yes, content.

Let's be unsociably sociable.

LODOVICO Sit some three days together, and discourse.

FLAMINEO Only with making faces;

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

FLAMINEO And be lousy.

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

wln 1413  
wln 1414  
wln 1415  
wln 1416  
wln 1417  
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wln 1419  
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wln 1423  
wln 1424  
wln 1425  
wln 1426  
wln 1427  
wln 1428

img: 23-a  
sig: F4v

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

Feed after midnight.  
We are observed: see how yon couple grieve.  
LODOVICO What a strange creature is a laughing fool,  
As if man were created to no use  
But only to show his teeth. FLAMINEO I'll tell thee what,  
It would do well instead of looking-glasses  
To set one's face each morning by a saucer  
Of a witch's congealed blood. LODOVICO Precious gue.  
We'll never part. FLAMINEO Never: till the beggary of Courtiers,  
The discontent of churchmen, want of soldiers,  
And all the creatures that hang manacled,  
Worse than strappadoed, on the lowest felly  
Of fortune's wheel be taught in our two lives. *Enter Antonelli.*  
To scorn that world which life of means deprives.  
ANTONELLI My Lord, I bring good news. The Pope on's deathbed,  
At th' earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence,

Hath signed your pardon, and restored unto you —  
LODOVICO I thank you for your news. Look up again  
*Flamineo*, see my pardon. FLAMINEO Why do you laugh?  
There was no such condition in our covenant. LODOVICO Why?  
FLAMINEO You shall not seem a happier man than I,  
You know our vow sir, if you will be merry,  
Do it i' th' like posture, as if some great man  
Sat while his enemy were executed:  
Though it be very lechery unto thee,  
Do 't with a crabbed Politician's face.  
LODOVICO Your sister is a damnable whore. FLAMINEO Ha?  
LODOVICO Look you; I spake that laughing.  
FLAMINEO Dost ever think to speak again?  
LODOVICO Do you hear?  
Wilt sell me forty ounces of her blood,  
To water a mandrake? FLAMINEO Poor Lord; you did vow  
To live a lousy creature. LODOVICO Yes; FLAMINEO Like one  
That had for ever forfeited, the daylight,  
By being in debt, LODOVICO Ha, ha?  
FLAMINEO I do not greatly wonder you do break:  
Your Lordship learned long since. But I'll tell you,  
LODOVICO What? FLAMINEO And 't shall stick by you.  
LODOVICO I long for it.  
FLAMINEO This laughter scurvily becomes your face,  
If you will not be melancholy, be angry. *Strikes him.*  
See now I laugh too.  
MARCELLO You are to blame, I'll force you hence.  
LODOVICO Unhand me: *Exit Marcello and Flamineo*  
That e'er I should be forced to right myself,  
Upon a Pander. ANTONELLI My Lord.  
LODOVICO H'ad been as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.  
GASPARO How this shows!

wln 1461  
wln 1462  
wln 1463  
wln 1464  
wln 1465

img: 23-b  
sig: G1r

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

wln 1466  
wln 1467  
wln 1468  
wln 1469  
wln 1470  
wln 1471  
wln 1472  
wln 1473  
wln 1474  
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wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502

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

*Enter Francisco and Monticelso.*

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

FRANCISCO Far be it from my thoughts  
To seek revenge.

MONTICELSO What, are you turned all marble?

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

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

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

img: 24-a  
sig: G1v

wln 1503  
wln 1504  
wln 1505

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

wln 1506  
wln 1507  
wln 1508  
wln 1509  
wln 1510  
wln 1511  
wln 1512  
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wln 1537  
wln 1538  
wln 1539

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

img: 24-b  
sig: G2r

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

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

wln 1554  
wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557  
wln 1558  
wln 1559  
wln 1560  
wln 1561  
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wln 1573  
wln 1574  
wln 1575  
wln 1576

img: 25-a  
sig: G2v

wln 1577  
wln 1578  
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wln 1598  
wln 1599  
wln 1600  
wln 1601

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

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

*he writes*

*Enter servant*

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

img: 25-b  
sig: G3r

wln 1614  
wln 1615  
wln 1616  
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wln 1619  
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wln 1646  
wln 1647  
wln 1648  
wln 1649

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

*Enter the Matron, and Flamineo.*

MATRON Should it be known the Duke hath such recourse.  
To your imprisoned sister, I were like  
T' incur much damage by it. FLAMINEO Not a scruple.  
The Pope lies on his deathbed, and their heads  
Are troubled now with other business  
Than guarding of a Lady. *Enter servant.*

SERVANT Yonder's *Flamineo* in conference  
With the Matrona. Let me speak with you.  
I would entreat you to deliver for me  
This letter to the fair *Vittoria*.

MATRON I shall Sir. *Enter Brachiano.*

SERVANT With all care and secrecy,  
Hereafter you shall know me, and receive  
Thanks for this courtesy. FLAMINEO How now? what's that?

MATRON A letter. FLAMINEO To my sister: I'll see 't delivered.

BRACHIANO What's that you read *Flamineo*? FLAMINEO Look.

BRACHIANO Ha? To the most unfortunate his best respected *Vittoria*  
Who was the messenger? FLAMINEO I know not.

BRACHIANO No! Who sent it?

FLAMINEO Ud's foot you speak, as if a man  
Should know what fowl is confined in a baked meat  
Afore you cut it up.

BRACHIANO I'll open 't, were 't her heart. What's here subscribed Florence?  
This juggling is gross and palpable.

I have found out the conveyance; read it, read, it.

FLAMINEO *Your tears I'll turn to triumphs, be but mine.*

*Reads the  
letter,*

*Your prop is fall'n; I pity that a vine*

*Which Princes heretofore have longed to gather,*

*Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.*

*Wine i' faith, my Lord, with lees would serve his turn.*

*Your sad imprisonment I'll soon uncharm,*

*And with a princely uncontrolled arm*

*Lead you to Florence, where my love and care*

*Shall hang your wishes in my silver hair.*

*A halter on his strange equivocation.*

wln 1650

img: 26-a  
sig: G3v

wln 1651

wln 1652

wln 1653

wln 1654

wln 1655

wln 1656

wln 1657

wln 1658

wln 1659

wln 1660

wln 1661

wln 1662

wln 1663

wln 1664

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wln 1681

wln 1682

wln 1683

wln 1684

wln 1685

wln 1686

wln 1687

img: 26-b  
sig: G4r

wln 1688

wln 1689

wln 1690

wln 1691

wln 1692

wln 1693

wln 1694

*Nor for my years return me the sad willow,*

*Who prefer blossoms before fruit that's mellow.*

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

*And all the lines of age this line convinces:*

*The Gods never wax old, no more do Princes.*

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

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

And let th' irregular Northwind sweep her up

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

FLAMINEO That? what do you call her?

BRACHIANO Oh, I could be mad,

Prevent the cursed disease she'll bring me to;

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

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

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

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

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

FLAMINEO Stand you? let those that have diseases run;  
I need no plasters. BRACHIANO Would you be kicked?

FLAMINEO Would you have your neck broke?

I tell you Duke, I am not in Russia;

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

FLAMINEO O my Lord! methodically.

As in this world there are degrees of evils:

So in this world there are degrees of devils.

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

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

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

FLAMINEO All your kindness to me is like that miserable courtesy  
of *Polyphemus* to *Ulysses*, you reserve me to be devoured  
last, you would dig turfs out of my grave to feed your Larks:

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

BRACHIANO Do you face me?

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

*Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.*

BRACHIANO Can you read Mistress? look upon that letter;  
There are no characters nor Hieroglyphics.

You need no comment, I am grown your receiver,

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

A stately and advanced whore. VITTORIA Say Sir.

BRACHIANO Come, come, let's see your Cabinet, discover  
Your treasury of love-letters. Death and furies,

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

I have not any. Whence was this directed?

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

wln 1725  
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wln 1731  
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wln 1739  
wln 1740  
wln 1741  
wln 1742

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

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

*She throws herself*



wln 1743  
wln 1744  
wln 1745  
wln 1746  
wln 1747  
wln 1747  
wln 1748  
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wln 1759  
wln 1760  
wln 1761

img: 27-b  
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wln 1762  
wln 1763  
wln 1764  
wln 1765  
wln 1766  
wln 1767  
wln 1768  
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wln 1785  
wln 1786  
wln 1787  
wln 1788  
wln 1789

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

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

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

img: 28-a  
sig: H1v

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

wln 1799  
wln 1800  
wln 1801  
wln 1802  
wln 1803  
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wln 1829  
wln 1830  
wln 1831  
wln 1832  
wln 1833  
wln 1834  
wln 1835

img: 28-b  
sig: H2r

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

wln 1836  
wln 1837  
wln 1838  
wln 1839  
wln 1840  
wln 1841  
wln 1842  
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wln 1870  
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wln 1872

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wln 1873  
wln 1874  
wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877  
wln 1878  
wln 1879  
wln 1880  
wln 1881  
wln 1882

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

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

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

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

*Enter Francisco, Lodovico, Gasparo, and six Ambassadors.*

*At another door the Duke of Florence.*

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

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

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

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

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

FRANCISCO Where's Count *Lodowick*?

LODOVICO Here my Lord.

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

wln 1883  
wln 1884  
wln 1885  
wln 1886  
wln 1887  
wln 1888  
wln 1889  
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wln 1909

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wln 1910  
wln 1911  
wln 1912  
wln 1912  
wln 1913  
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wln 1914  
wln 1915  
wln 1916  
wln 1917  
wln 1918  
wln 1919  
wln 1920  
wln 1921  
wln 1922  
wln 1923  
wln 1924  
wln 1925  
wln 1926  
wln 1927  
wln 1928

Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for? *servants with  
several dishes  
covered.*

SERVANT For my Lord Cardinal *Monticelso*,  
LODOVICO Whose this?  
SERVANT For my Lord Cardinal of *Bourbon*.  
FRENCH AMBASSADOR Why doth he search the dishes, to observe  
What meat is dressed? ENGLISH AMBASSADOR No Sir, but to prevent.  
Lest any letters should be conveyed in  
To bribe or to solicit the advancement  
Of any Cardinal, when first they enter  
'Tis lawful for the Ambassadors of Princes  
To enter with them, and to make their suit  
For any man their Prince affecteth best;  
But after, till a general election,  
No man may speak with them.

LODOVICO You that attend on the Lord Cardinals  
Open the window, and receive their viands.  
A CARDINAL You must return the service; the Lord Cardinals  
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope,  
They have given o'er scrutiny, and are fallen  
To admiration. LODOVICO Away, away.

FRANCISCO I'll lay a thousand Ducats you hear news *A Cardinal*  
Of a Pope presently, Hark; sure he's elected, *on the Terrace*  
Behold! my Lord of *Arragon* appears,  
On the Church battlements.

ARRAGON. *Denuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reverendissimus  
Cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem Apostolicam,  
et elegit sibi nomen Paulum quartum.*

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

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

img: 30-a  
sig: H3v

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

*Exeunt.*

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

LODOVICO Italian beggars will resolve you that

wln 1947  
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wln 1973  
wln 1974  
wln 1975  
wln 1976

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

*Enter  
Monticelso.*

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

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

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

img: 30-b  
sig: H4r

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

wln 1984  
wln 1985  
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wln 2015  
wln 2016  
wln 2017

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

wln 2018  
wln 2019  
wln 2020

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

FLAMINEO In all the weary minutes of my life,

img: 31-a  
sig: H4v

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wln 2022  
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wln 2024  
wln 2025  
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wln 2056  
wln 2057

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

img: 31-b  
sig: Ilr

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

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

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wln 2114  
wln 2115

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

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



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wln 2163

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

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

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

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

weather equally.

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

FRANCISCO How have you thrived? MARCELLO Faith poorly.

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

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

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

FLAMINEO And safely.

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

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

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

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

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

HORTENSIO What's he?

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wln 2168

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

HORTENSIO Look you, yonder's your sweet Mistress.

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

HORTENSIO I hear she claims marriage of thee.

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

ZANCHE Ay your love to me rather cools than heats.

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

HORTENSIO What do you think of these perfumed Gallants then?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do you think that she's like a walnut-tree?

Must she be cudgeled ere she bear good fruit?

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

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wln 2253  
wln 2254  
wln 2255

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

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Was not this Crucifix my father's? CORNELIA Yes.  
MARCELLO I have heard you say, giving my brother suck,  
He took the Crucifix between his hands, *Enter Flamineo,*  
And broke a limb off. CORNELIA Yes: but 'tis mended.  
FLAMINEO I have brought your weapon back. *Flamineo runs*  
CORNELIA Ha, O my horror! *Marcello through.*  
MARCELLO You have brought it home indeed.  
CORNELIA Help, oh he's murdered.  
FLAMINEO Do you turn your gall up? I'll to sanctuary,  
And send a surgeon to you. HORTENSIO How? o' th' ground?  
MARCELLO O mother now remember what I told,  
Of breaking off the Crucifix: farewell *Enter Carlo Hortensio*  
There are some sins which heaven doth duly punish, *Pedro.*  
In a whole family. This it is to rise  
By all dishonest means. Let all men know  
That tree shall long time keep a steady foot  
Whose branches spread no wilder than the root.  
CORNELIA O my perpetual sorrow! HORTENSIO *Virtuous Marcello.*  
He's dead: pray leave him Lady; come, you shall.  
CORNELIA Alas he is not dead: he's in a trance.  
Why here's nobody shall get any thing by his death. Let me call  
him again for God's sake. **CARLO** I would you were deceived.  
CORNELIA O you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me. How  
many have gone away thus for lack of tendance; rear up's head,  
  
rear up's head; His bleeding inward will kill him.  
HORTENSIO You see he is departed.  
CORNELIA Let me come to him; give me him as he is, if he  
be turned to earth; let me but give him one hearty kiss, and  
you shall put us both into one coffin: fetch a looking-glass, see  
if his breath will not stain it; or pull out some feathers from  
my pillow, and lay them to his lips, will you lose him for a  
little painstaking? HORTENSIO Your kindest office is to pray for him.  
CORNELIA Alas! I would not pray for him yet. He may live to  
lay me i' th' ground, and pray for me, if you'll let me come  
to him. *Enter Brachiano all armed, save*  
BRACHIANO Was this your handiwork? *the beaver, with*  
FLAMINEO It was my misfortune. *Flamineo.*  
CORNELIA He lies, he lies, he did not kill him: these have  
killed him, that would not let him be better looked to.  
BRACHIANO Have comfort my grieved Mother.  
CORNELIA O you screech-owl. HORTENSIO Forbear, good Madam.  
CORNELIA Let me go, let me go. *She runs to Flamineo*  
The God of heaven forgive thee. Dost not wonder *with her*  
I pray for thee? I'll tell thee what's the reason, *knife drawn and*  
I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes; *coming to*  
I'd not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well *him lets it fall.*  
Half of thyself lies there: and mayst thou live  
To fill an hourglass with his moldered ashes,

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To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to come  
In blessed repentance. BRACHIANO Mother, pray tell me  
How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?

CORNELIA Indeed my younger boy presumed too much  
Upon his manhood; gave him bitter words;  
Drew his sword first; and so I know not how,  
For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head  
Just in my bosom. PAGE. This is not true Madam.

CORNELIA I pray thee peace.  
One arrow's grazed already; it were vain  
T' lose this: for that will ne'er be found again.

BRACHIANO Go, bear the body to *Cornelia's* lodging:  
And we command that none acquaint our Duchess

With this sad accident: for you *Flamineo*,  
Hark you, I will not grant your pardon. FLAMINEO No?  
BRACHIANO Only a lease of your life. And that shall last  
But for one day. Thou shalt be forced each evening to renew it,  
or be hanged. FLAMINEO At your pleasure.

*Lodovico sprinkles Brachiano's beaver with a poison.*  
Your will is law now, I'll not meddle with it.

BRACHIANO You once did brave me in your sister's lodging;  
I'll now keep you in awe for 't. Where's our beaver?

FRANCISCO He calls for his destruction. Noble youth,  
I pity thy sad fate. Now to the barriers.  
This shall his passage to the black lake further,  
The last good deed he did, he pardoned murder. *Exeunt.*

*Charges and shouts, They fight at Barriers;  
first single pairs, then three to three.*

*Enter Brachiano and Flamineo with others.*

BRACHIANO An Armorer? ud's death an Armorer?

FLAMINEO Armorer; where's the Armorer?

BRACHIANO Tear off my beaver. FLAMINEO Are you hurt, my Lord?

BRACHIANO O my brain's on fire, *Enter Armorer.*

The helmet is poisoned. ARMORER My Lord upon my soul.

BRACHIANO Away with him to torture.

There are some great ones that have hand in this,  
And near about me. VITTORIA O my loved Lord, poisoned?

FLAMINEO Remove the bar: here's unfortunate revels,  
Call the Physicians; a plague upon you; *Enter two Physicians:*  
We have too much of your cunning here already.

I fear the Ambassadors are likewise poisoned.

BRACHIANO Oh I am gone already: the infection  
Flies to the brain and heart. O thou strong heart!  
There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,  
They're loath to break. GIOVANNI O my most loved father!

BRACHIANO Remove the boy away,  
Where's this good woman? had I infinite worlds  
They were too little for thee. Must I leave thee?

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wln 2391

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

PHYSICIAN Most deadly. BRACHIANO Most corrupted politic hangman!

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

I that have given life to offending slaves  
And wretched murderers, have I not power  
To lengthen mine own a twelvemonth?  
Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee.

This unction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

FRANCISCO Sir be of comfort,

BRACHIANO O thou soft natural death, that art joint-twin,  
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded Comet,  
Stares on thy mild departure: the dull Owl  
Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf  
Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy corse,  
Whilst horror waits on Princes. VITTORIA I am lost for ever.

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

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

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

FRANCISCO There's great moan made for him.

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

FRANCISCO How mean you?

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

FRANCISCO Come you have thrived well under him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

wln 2444  
wln 2445  
wln 2446  
wln 2447  
wln 2448  
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wln 2490  
wln 2491

A moneybag in each hand, to keep him even,  
For fear of breaking's neck. And there's a Lawyer  
In a gown whipped with velvet, stares and gapes  
When the money will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!  
It should have been in a halter.  
'Tis there; what's she? FLAMINEO *Vittoria*, my Lord.  
BRACHIANO Ha, ha, ha. Her hair is sprinkled with Arras powder,  
that makes her look as if she had sinned in the Pastry. What's  
he? FLAMINEO A Divine my Lord.  
BRACHIANO He will be drunk: Avoid him: th' argument is  
fearful when Churchmen stagger in 't.  
Look you; six gray rats that have lost their tails, crawl up the  
pillow, send for a **Rat-catcher**.  
I'll do a miracle: I'll free the Court  
From all foul vermin. Where's *Flamineo*?  
FLAMINEO I do not like that he names me so often,  
Especially on's deathbed: 'tis a sign  
I shall not live long: see he's near his end.  
LODOVICO Pray give us leave; *Attende Domine Brachiane*,  
FLAMINEO See, see, how firmly he doth fix his eye  
Upon the Crucifix. VITTORIA O hold it constant.

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

By the  
**Crucifix**

By the **Hallowed**  
taper.

It settles his wild spirits; and so his eyes  
Melt into tears.  
LODOVICO *Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo,  
nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.*  
GASPARO *Olim hasta valuisti in bello; nunc hanc sacram hastam vibrabis  
contra hostem animarum.*  
LODOVICO *Attend Domine Brachiane si nunc quoque probas ea quae  
acta sunt inter nos, flecte Caput in dextrum.*  
GASPARO *Esto securus Domine Brachiane: cogita quantum habeas  
meritorum denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratem si  
quid esset periculi.*  
LODOVICO *Si nunc quoque probas ea quae acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput  
in loevum.*  
He is departing: pray stand all apart,  
And let us only whisper in his ears  
Some private meditations, which our order  
Permits you not to hear. GASPARO *Brachiano.*  
LODOVICO *Devil Brachiano. Lodovico and Gasparo discover  
Thou art damned. GASPARO Perpetually.*  
LODOVICO A slave condemned, and given up to the gallows  
Is thy great Lord and Master. GASPARO True: for thou  
Art given up to the devil. LODOVICO O you slave!  
You that were held the famous Politician;  
Whose art was poison. GASPARO And whose conscience murder.  
LODOVICO That would have broke your wife's neck down the  
stairs ere she was poisoned. GASPARO That had your villainous salads  
LODOVICO And fine embroidered bottles,

*Here the rest  
being departed  
Lodovico and Gasparo discover  
themselves.*



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img: 37-b  
sig: K3r

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

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wln 2538

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

img: 38-a

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

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

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img: 39-a  
sig: K4v

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

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wln 2631  
wln 2632

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

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img: 39-b  
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wln 2680

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

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

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wln 2687  
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wln 2724  
wln 2725

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

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

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

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wln 2760

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

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

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

*Exit Ghost.*

*Exit.*

*Enter Francisco, Lodovico, and Hortensio.*

img: 41-a  
sig: L2v

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LODOVICO My Lord upon my soul you shall no further:  
You have most ridiculously engaged yourself  
Too far already. For my part, I have paid  
All my debts, so if I should chance to fall  
My Creditors fall not with me; and I vow  
To quite all in this bold assembly  
To the meanest follower. My Lord leave the City,  
Or I'll forswear the murder.  
FRANCISCO Farewell *Lodovico*.  
If thou dost perish in this glorious act,  
I'll rear unto thy memory that fame  
Shall in the ashes keep alive thy name.  
HORTENSIO There's some black deed on foot. I'll presently

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

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

She writes.

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

img: 41-b  
sig: L3r

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

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

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

img: 42-a  
sig: L3v

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

wln 2836  
wln 2837  
wln 2838  
wln 2839  
wln 2840  
wln 2841  
wln 2842  
wln 2843  
wln 2844  
wln 2845  
wln 2846  
wln 2847  
wln 2848  
wln 2849  
wln 2850  
wln 2851  
wln 2852  
wln 2853  
wln 2854  
wln 2855  
wln 2856  
wln 2857  
wln 2858  
wln 2859  
wln 2860  
wln 2861  
wln 2862  
wln 2863  
wln 2864  
wln 2865  
wln 2866  
wln 2867  
wln 2868  
wln 2869

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



wln 2870  
wln 2871  
wln 2872

img: 42-b  
sig: L4r

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

img: 43-a  
sig: L4v

wln 2910  
wln 2911  
wln 2912  
wln 2913  
wln 2914

Be her sad taster, teach her how to die.

FLAMINEO Thou dost instruct me nobly, take these pistols,  
Because my hand is stained with blood already:

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

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

*Showing the  
pistols.*

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

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

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

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

VITTORIA Whither to hell, ZANCHE To most assured damnation.

VITTORIA O thou most cursed devil. ZANCHE Thou art caught

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

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

VITTORIA You see the Fox comes many times short home,  
'Tis here proved true. FLAMINEO Killed with a couple of braches.

VITTORIA No fitter off'ring for the infernal furies  
Than one in whom they reigned while he was living.

FLAMINEO O the way's dark and horrid! I cannot see,

wln 2915  
wln 2916  
wln 2917  
wln 2918  
wln 2919  
wln 2920  
wln 2921  
wln 2922  
wln 2923  
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wln 2940  
wln 2941  
wln 2942  
  
wln 2943  
wln 2944  
wln 2945  
wln 2945  
wln 2946

img: 43-b  
sig: M1r

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

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

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

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

*Enter Lodovico Gasparo Pedro, Carlo.*

VITTORIA Help, help.

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

LODOVICO We have brought you a Mask.

FLAMINEO A matachin it seems,  
By your drawn swords.

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

wln 2961  
wln 2962  
wln 2963  
wln 2964  
wln 2965  
wln 2966  
wln 2967  
wln 2968  
wln 2969  
wln 2970  
wln 2971  
wln 2972  
wln 2973  
wln 2974  
wln 2975  
wln 2976  
wln 2977  
wln 2978  
wln 2979  
wln 2980  
wln 2981  
wln 2982  
wln 2983

img: 44-a  
sig: M1v

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

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

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

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

img: 44-b  
sig: M2r

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

wln 3021  
wln 3022  
wln 3023  
wln 3024  
wln 3025  
wln 3026  
wln 3027  
wln 3028  
wln 3029  
wln 3030  
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wln 3048  
wln 3049  
wln 3050  
wln 3051  
wln 3052  
wln 3053  
wln 3054  
wln 3055  
wln 3056

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

wln 3057

img: 45-a  
sig: M2v

wln 3058

wln 3059

wln 3060

wln 3061

wln 3062

wln 3063

wln 3064

wln 3065

wln 3066

wln 3067

wln 3068

wln 3069

wln 3070

wln 3071

wln 3072

wln 3073

wln 3074

wln 3075

wln 3076

wln 3077

wln 3078

wln 3079

Defy the worst of fate; not fear to bleed.

ENGLISH AMBASSADOR Keep back the Prince, shoot, shoot,  
LODOVICO O I am wounded.

I fear I shall be ta'en. GIOVANNI You bloody villains,  
By what authority have you committed

This Massacre. LODOVICO By thine. GIOVANNI Mine?

LODOVICO Yes, thy uncle, which is a part of thee enjoined us to 't:  
Thou know'st me I am sure, I am Count Lodowick,

And thy most noble uncle in disguise  
Was last night in thy Court. GIOVANNI Ha!

CARLO Yes, that Moor thy father chose his pensioner.

GIOVANNI He turned murderer;

Away with them to prison, and to torture;  
All that have hands in this, shall taste our justice,  
As I hope heaven. LODOVICO I do glory yet,  
That I can call this act mine own: For my part,  
The rack, the gallows, and the torturing wheel  
Shall be but sound sleeps to me, here's my rest  
I limbed this night-piece and it was my best.

GIOVANNI Remove the bodies, see my honored Lord,  
what use you ought make of their punishment.

*Let guilty men remember their black deeds,  
Do lean on crutches, made of slender reeds.*

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

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

*Haec fuerint nobis praemia si placui.*

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

For the action of the play, 'twas generally well, and I dare affirm,  
with the Joint testimony of some of their own quality, (for  
the true imitation of life, without striving to make nature a monster)  
the best that ever became them: whereof as I make a general  
acknowledgement, so in particular I must remember the  
well-approved industry of my friend *Master Perkins*, and confess  
the worth of his action did Crown both the beginning  
and end.

*FINIS.*

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

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## Textual Notes

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

30. **2470 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Hallowed* is supplied for the original *Ho[\*\*\*]wed*.
31. **2516 (37-b)**: Florence is another name for Francisco de Medici, Duke of Florence.
32. **2557 (38-a)**: *Moor* refers to Zanche.
33. **2639 (39-a)**: The regularized reading *fitter* is amended from the original *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*.