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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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ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

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

ln 0008

Actors

ln 0009

Iupiter.

Ascanius.

ln 0010

Ganimed.

Dido.

ln 0011

Venus.

Anna.

ln 0012

Cupid.

Achates.

ln 0013

Iuno.

Ilioneus.

ln 0014

Mercurie, or

Iarbas.

ln 0015

Hermes.

Cloanthes.

ln 0016

Æneas.

Sergestus.

ln 0017

AT LONDON,

ln 0018

Printed, by the Widdowe *Orwin*, for *Thomas Woodcocke*, and

ln 0019

are to be solde at his shop, in *Paules Church-yard*, at

ln 0020

the signe of the blacke Beare. 1594.

img: 2-a
sig: A1v

img: 2-b
sig: A2r

wln 0001

wln 0002

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

wln 0003

Here the Curtaines draw, there is discovered Iupiter dandling

wln 0004

Ganimed vpon his knee, and Mercury

wln 0005

lying asleepe.

wln 0006

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

wln 0007

wln 0008

Gan. I am much better for your worthles loue,
That will not shield me from her shrewish blowes:

wln 0009

wln 0010

To day when as I fild into your cups,

wln 0011

And held the cloath of pleasance whiles you dranke,

wln 0012

She reacht me such a rap for that I spilde,

wln 0013

As made the bloud run downe about mine eares.

wln 0014

Iup. What? dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?

wln 0015

By *Saturnes* soule, and this earth threatning aire,

wln 0016

That shaken thrise, makes Natures buildings quake,

wln 0017

I vow, if she but once frowne on thee more,

wln 0018

To hang her meteor like twixt heauen and earth,

wln 0019

And bind her hand and foote with golden cordes,

wln 0020

As once I did for harming *Hercules*.

wln 0021

Gan. Might I but see that pretie sport a foote,

wln 0022

O how would I with *Helens* brother laugh,

wln 0023

And bring the Gods to wonder at the game:

wln 0024

Sweet *Iupiter*, if ere I pleasde thine eye,

wln 0025

Or seemed faire walde in with Egles wings,

wln 0026

Grace my immortall beautie with this boone,

wln 0027

And I will spend my time in thy bright armes.

wln 0028

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

Enter Venus.

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

And

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0102 But bright *Ascanius* beauties better worke,
wln 0103 Who with the Sunne deuides one radiant shape,
wln 0104 Shall build his throne amidst those starrie towers,
wln 0105 That earth-borne *Atlas* groning vnderprops:
wln 0106 No bounds but heauen shall bound his Emperie,
wln 0107 Whose azured gates enchased with his name,
wln 0108 Shall make the morning hast her gray vprise,
wln 0109 To feede her eyes with his engrauen fame.
wln 0110 Thus in stoute *Hectors* race three hundred yeares,
wln 0111 The Romane Scepter royall shall remaine,
wln 0112 Till that a Princesse priest conceau'd by *Mars*,
wln 0113 Shall yeeld to dignitie a dubble birth,
wln 0114 Who will eternish *Troy* in their attempts.
wln 0115 *Venus.* How may I credite these thy flattering termes,
wln 0116 When yet both sea and sands beset their ships,
wln 0117 And *Phæbus* as in stygian pooles, refraines
wln 0118 To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhen maine?
wln 0119 *Iup.* I will take order for that presently:
wln 0120 *Hermes* awake, and haste to *Neptunes* realme,
wln 0121 Whereas the Wind-god warring now with Fate,
wln 0122 Besiege the ofspring of our kingly loynes,
wln 0123 Charge him from me to turne his stormie powers,
wln 0124 And fetter them in *Vulcans* sturdie brasse,
wln 0125 That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsmans peace.
wln 0126 *Venus* farewell, thy sonne shall be our care:
wln 0127 Come *Ganimed*, we must about this geare.
wln 0128 *Exeunt Iupiter cum Ganimed.*
wln 0129 *Venus.* Disquiet Seas lay downe your swelling lookes,
wln 0130 And court *Æneas* with your calmie cheere,
wln 0131 Whose beautious burden well might make you proude,
wln 0132 Had not the heauens conceau'd with hel-borne clowdes.
wln 0133 Vaild his resplendant glorie from your view,
wln 0134 For my sake pitie him *Oceanus*,
wln 0135 That erst-while issued from thy watrie loynes,
wln 0136 And had my being from thy bubling froth:
wln 0137 *Triton* I know hath fild his trumpe with *Troy*,
wln 0138 And therefore will take pitie on his toyle,

And

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0139
wln 0140

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

wln 0141
wln 0142

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

wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
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wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172

What? doe I see my sonne now come on shoare:
Venus, how art thou compast with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought for ioyes:
Great *Iupiter*, still honourd maist thou be,
For this so friendly ayde in time of neede.
Here in this bush disguised will I stand,
Whiles my *Æneas* spends himselfe in plaints,
And heauen and earth with his vnrest acquaints.
Æn. You sonnes of care, companions of my course,
Priams misfortune followes vs by sea,
And *Helens* rape doth haunt thee at the heeles.
How many dangers haue we ouer past ?
Both barking *Scilla* and the sounding Rocks,
The *Cyclops* shelues, and grim *Cerantias* seate
Haue you oregone, and yet remaine aliue?
Pluck vp your hearts, since fate still rests our friend,
And chaunging heauens may those good daies returne,
Which *Pergama* did vaunt in all her pride.
Acha. Braue Prince of *Troy*, thou onely art our God,
That by thy vertues freest vs from annoy,
And makes our hopes suruiue to cunning ioyes:
Doe thou but smile, and clowdie heauen will cleare,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy browes:
Though we be now in extreame miserie,
And rest the map of weatherbeaten woe:
Yet shall the aged Sunne shed forth his aire,
To make vs liue vnto our former heate,
And euery beast the forrest doth send forth,
Bequeath her young ones to our scanted foode.
Asca. Father I faint, good father giue me meate.

Æn.

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0173 *Æn.* Alas sweet boy, thou must be still a while,
wln 0174 Till we haue fire to dresse the meate we kild:
wln 0175 Gentle *Achates*, reach the Tinder boxe,
wln 0176 That we may make a fire to warme vs with,
wln 0177 And rost our new found victuals on this shoare.
wln 0178 *Venus.* See what strange arts necessitie findes out,
wln 0179 How neere my sweet *Aeneas* art thou driuen?
wln 0180 *Æn.* Hold, take this candle and goe light a fire,
wln 0181 You shall haue leaues and windfall bowes enow
wln 0182 Neere to these woods, to rost your meate withall:
wln 0183 *Ascanius*, goe and drie thy drenched lims,
wln 0184 Whiles I with my *Achates* roaue abroad,
wln 0185 To know what coast the winde hath driuen vs on,
wln 0186 Or whether men or beasts inhabite it.
wln 0187 *Acha.* The ayre is pleasant, and the soyle most fit
wln 0188 For Cities, and societies supports:
wln 0189 Yet much I maruell that I cannot finde,
wln 0190 No steps of men imprinted in the earth.
wln 0191 *Venus.* Now is the time for me to play my part:
wln 0192 Hoe yong men, saw you as you came
wln 0193 Any of all my Sisters wandring here?
wln 0194 Hauing a quiuer girded to her side,
wln 0195 And cloathed in a spotted Leopards skin.
wln 0196 *Æn.* I neither saw nor heard of any such:
wln 0197 But what may I faire Virgin call your name?
wln 0198 Whose lookes set forth no mortall forme to view,
wln 0199 Nor speech bewraies ought humaine in thy birth,
wln 0200 Thou art a Goddess that deludst our eyes,
wln 0201 And shrowdes thy beautie in this borrowd shape:
wln 0202 But whether thou the Sunnes bright Sister be,
wln 0203 Or one of chast *Dianas* fellow Nymphs,
wln 0204 Liue happie in the height of all content,
wln 0205 And lighten our extreames with this one boone,
wln 0206 As to instruct vs vnder what good heauen
wln 0207 We breathe as now, and what this world is calde,
wln 0208 On which by tempests furie we are cast,

Tell

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0209
wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
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wln 0243
wln 0244
wln 0245

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

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

But what are you that aske of me these things?
Whence may you come, or whither will you goe?

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

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

B

But

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0246 But are ariued safe not farre from hence:
wln 0247 And so I leaue thee to thy fortunes lot,
wln 0248 Wishing good lucke vnto thy wandring steps.

Exit.

wln 0249 *Æn.* *Achates*, tis my mother that is fled,
wln 0250 I know her by the mouings of her feete:
wln 0251 Stay gentle *Venus*, flye not from thy sonne,
wln 0252 Too cruell, why wilt thou forsake me thus?
wln 0253 Or in these shades deceiu'st mine eye so oft?
wln 0254 Why talke we not together hand in hand?
wln 0255 And tell our griefes in more familiar termes:
wln 0256 But thou art gone and leau'st me here alone,
wln 0257 To dull the ayre with my discoursie moane.

Exit

wln 0258 *Enter Illioneus, and Cloanthes.*

wln 0259 *Illio.* Follow ye Troians, follow this braue Lord,
wln 0260 And plaine to him the summe of your distresse.

wln 0261 *Iar.* Why, what are you, or wherefore doe you sewe?

wln 0262 *Illio.* Wretches of *Troy*, enuied of the windes,
wln 0263 That craue such fauour at your honors feete,
wln 0264 As poore distressed miserie may pleade:
wln 0265 Saue, saue, O saue our ships from cruell fire,
wln 0266 That doe complaine the wounds of thousand waues,
wln 0267 And spare our liues whom euery spite pursues.
wln 0268 We come not we to wrong your Libian Gods,
wln 0269 Or steale your household lares from their shrines:
wln 0270 Our hands are not prepar'd to lawles spoyle,
wln 0271 Nor armed to offend in any kind:
wln 0272 Such force is farre from our vnweaponed thoughts,
wln 0273 Whose fading weale of victorie forsooke,
wln 0274 Forbids all hope to harbour neere our hearts.

wln 0275 *Iar.* But tell me Troians, Troians if you be,
wln 0276 Vnto what fruitfull quarters were ye bound,
wln 0277 Before that *Boreas* buckled with your sailes?

wln 0278 *Cloan.* There is a place *Hesperia* term'd by vs,
wln 0279 An ancient Empire, famoused for armes,
wln 0280 And fertile in faire *Ceres* furrowed wealth,

Which

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0281 Which now we call *Italia* of his name,
wln 0282 That in such peace long time did rule the same:
wln 0283 Thither made we,
wln 0284 When suddenly gloomie *Orion* rose,
wln 0285 And led our ships into the shallow sands,
wln 0286 Whereas the Southerne winde with brackish breath,
wln 0287 Disperst them all amongst the wrackfull Rockes:
wln 0288 From thence a fewe of vs escapt to land,
wln 0289 The rest we feare are fouled in the flouds.
wln 0290 *Iar.* Braue men at armes, abandon fruitles feares,
wln 0291 Since Carthage knowes to entertaine distresse.
wln 0292 *Serg.* I but the barbarous sort doe threat our ships,
wln 0293 And will not let vs lodge vpon the sands:
wln 0294 In multitudes they swarme vnto the shoare,
wln 0295 And from the first earth interdict our feete.
wln 0296 *Iar.* My selfe will see they shall not trouble ye,
wln 0297 Your men and you shall banquet in our Court,
wln 0298 And euery Troian be as welcome here,
wln 0299 As *Iupiter* to sillie *Vausis* house:
wln 0300 Come in with me, Ile bring you to my Queene,
wln 0301 Who shall confirme my words with further deedes.
wln 0302 *Serg.* Thankes gentle Lord for such vnlookt for grace,
wln 0303 Might we but once more see *Aeneas* face,
wln 0304 Then would we hope to quite such friendly turnes,
wln 0305 As shall surpasse the wonder of our speech.

wln 0306 Actus 2.

wln 0307 *Enter Aeneas, Achates, and Ascanius.*
wln 0308 *Æn.* Where am I now? these should be Carthage walles.
wln 0309 *Acha.* Why stands my sweete *Aeneas* thus amazde?
wln 0310 *Æn.* O my *Achates*, Theban *Niobe*,
wln 0311 Who for her sonnes death wept out life and breath,
wln 0312 And drie with grieve was turnd into a stone,
wln 0313 Had not such passions in her head as I.
wln 0314 Me thinkes that towne there should be *Troy*, yon *Idas* hill,
wln 0315 There *Zanthus* streame, because here's *Priamus*,

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0316

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

wln 0317

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

wln 0318

I cannot choose but fall vpon my knees,

wln 0319

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

wln 0320

Here she was wont to sit, but sauing ayre

wln 0321

Is nothing here, and what is this but stone?

wln 0322

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

wln 0323

And would my prayers (as *Pigmaliions* did)

wln 0324

Could giue it life, that vnder his conduct

wln 0325

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

wln 0326

On these hard harted Grecians, which reioyce

wln 0327

That nothing now is left of *Priamus*:

wln 0328

O *Priamus* is left and this is he,

wln 0329

Come, come abourd, pursue the hatefull Greekes.

wln 0330

Acha. What meanes *Æneas*?

wln 0331

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

wln 0332

Yet thinkes my minde that this is *Priamus*:

wln 0333

And when my griued heart sighes and sayes no,

wln 0334

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

wln 0335

O were I not at all so thou mightst be.

wln 0336

Achates, see King *Priam* wags his hand,

wln 0337

He is aliue, *Troy* is not ouercome.

wln 0338

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

wln 0339

Deludes thy eye sight, *Priamus* is dead.

wln 0340

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

wln 0341

And why should poore *Æneas* be aliue?

wln 0342

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

wln 0343

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

wln 0344

Acha. *Æneas* see here come the Citizens,

wln 0345

Leaue to lament lest they laugh at our feares.

wln 0346

Enter Cloanthus, Sergestus, Illioneus.

wln 0347

Æn. Lords of this towne, or whatsoever stile

wln 0348

Belongs vnto your name, vouchsafe of ruth

wln 0349

To tell vs who inhabits this faire towne,

wln 0350

What kind of people, and who gouernes them:

For

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0351

For we are strangers driuen on this shore,

wln 0352

And scarcely know within what Clime we are.

wln 0353

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

wln 0354

For none of these can be our Generall.

wln 0355

Acha. Like *Illioneus* speakes this Noble man,

wln 0356

But *Illioneus* goes not in such robes.

wln 0357

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

wln 0358

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

wln 0359

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

wln 0360

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

wln 0361

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

wln 0362

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

wln 0363

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

wln 0364

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

wln 0365

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

wln 0366

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

wln 0367

Your sight amazde me, O what destinies

wln 0368

Haue brought my sweete companions in such plight?

wln 0369

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

wln 0370

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

wln 0371

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

wln 0372

Who for *Troyes* sake hath entertaind vs all,

wln 0373

And clad vs in these wealthie robes we weare.

wln 0374

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

wln 0375

And when we told her she would weepe for grieffe,

wln 0376

Thinking the sea had swallowed vp thy ships,

wln 0377

And now she sees thee how will she reioyce?

wln 0378

Serg. See where her seruitors passe through the hall

wln 0379

Bearing a banket, *Dido* is not farre.

wln 0380

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

wln 0381

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

wln 0382

Enter Dido and her traine.

wln 0383

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

wln 0384

Æn. Sometime I was a Troian mightie Queene:

wln 0385

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

Whose

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0423
wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
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wln 0459

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

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

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

Turnd

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

And

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

Exeunt omnes.

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

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

Asca. Are you Queene *Didos* sonne?

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

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

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

For *Didos* sake I take thee in my armes,
And sticke these spangled feathers in thy hat,
Eate Comfites in mine armes, and I will sing.
Now is he fast asleepe, and in this groue
Amongst greene brakes Ile lay *Ascanius*,
And strewe him with sweete smelling Violets,
Blushing Roses, purple *Hyacinthe*:
These milke white Doues shall be his Centronels:
Who if that any seeke to doe him hurt,
Will quickly flye to *Citheidas* fist.
Now *Cupid* turne thee to *Ascanius* shape,
And goe to *Dido*, who in stead of him
Will set thee on her lap and play with thee:
Then touch her white breast with this arrow head,
That she may dote vpon *Aeneas* loue:
And by that meanes repaire his broken ships,
Victuall his Souldiers, giue him wealthie gifts,
And he at last depart to *Italy*,
Or els in *Carthage* make his kingly throne.

Cupid.

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

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

Exit.

wln 0651

Actus 3. Scena I.

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

Enter Cupid solus.

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

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

Enter Iarbus, Anna, and Dido.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
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wln 0682
wln 0683
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wln 0685
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wln 0712

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0713

Full soone wouldst thou abiure this single life.

wln 0714

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

wln 0715

Dido. Is not *Aeneas* faire and beautifull?

wln 0716

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

wln 0717

Dido. Is he not eloquent in all his speech?

wln 0718

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

wln 0719

Dido. Name not *Iarbus*, but sweete *Anna* say,

wln 0720

Is not *Aeneas* worthie *Didos* loue?

wln 0721

Anna. O sister, were you Empresse of the world,

wln 0722

Aeneas well deserues to be your loue,

wln 0723

So louely is he that where ere he goes,

wln 0724

The people swarme to gaze him in the face.

wln 0725

Dido. But tell them none shall gaze on him but I,

wln 0726

Lest their grosse eye-beames taint my louers cheekes:

wln 0727

Anna, good sister *Anna* goe for him,

wln 0728

Lest with these sweete thoughts I melt cleane away.

wln 0729

Anna. Then sister youle abiure *Iarbus* loue?

wln 0730

Dido. Yet must I heare that lothsome name againe?

wln 0731

Runne for *Aeneas*, or Ile flye to him.

wln 0732

Exit Anna.

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

wln 0733

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

wln 0734

O dull conceipted *Dido*, that till now

wln 0735

Didst neuer thinke *Aeneas* beautifull:

wln 0736

But now for quittance of this ouersight,

wln 0737

Ile make me bracelets of his golden haire,

wln 0738

His glistering eyes shall be my looking glasse,

wln 0739

His lips an altar, where Ile offer vp

wln 0740

As many kisses as the Sea hath sands,

wln 0741

In stead of musicke I will heare him speake,

wln 0742

His lookes shall be my only Librarie,

wln 0743

And thou *Aeneas*, *Didos* treasure,

wln 0744

In whose faire bosome I will locke more wealth,

wln 0745

Then twentie thousand Indiaes can affoord:

wln 0746

O here he comes, loue, loue, giue *Dido* leaue

wln 0747

To be more modest then her thoughts admit,

wln 0748

Lest I be made a wonder to the world.

wln 0749

Achates,

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0750

Achates, how doth *Carthage* please your Lord?

wln 0751

Acha. That will *Aeneas* shewe your maiestie.

wln 0752

Dido. *Aeneas*, art thou there?

wln 0753

En. I vnderstand your highnesse sent for me.

wln 0754

Dido. No, but now thou art here, tell me in sooth
In what might *Dido* highly pleasure thee.

wln 0755

wln 0756

En. So much haue I receiu'd at *Didos* hands,
As without blushing I can aske no more:

wln 0757

wln 0758

Yet Queene of *Affricke* are my ships vnrigd,

wln 0759

My Sailes all rent in sunder with the winde,

wln 0760

My Oares broken, and my Tackling lost,

wln 0761

Yea all my Nauie split with Rockes and Shelfes:

wln 0762

Nor Sterne nor Anchor haue our maimed Fleete,

wln 0763

Our Masts the furious windes strooke ouer board:

wln 0764

Which piteous wants if *Dido* will supplie,

wln 0765

We will account her author of our liues.

wln 0766

Dido. *Aeneas*, Ile repaire thy Troian ships,

wln 0767

Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,

wln 0768

And let *Achates* saile to *Italy*:

wln 0769

Ile giue thee tackling made of riuelde gold,

wln 0770

Wound on the barkes of odoriferous trees,

wln 0771

Oares of massie Iuorie full of holes,

wln 0772

Through which the water shall delight to play:

wln 0773

Thy Anchors shall be hewed from Christall Rockes,

wln 0774

Which if thou lose shall shine aboue the waues:

wln 0775

The Masts whereon thy swelling sailes shall hang,

wln 0776

Hollow Pyramides of siluer plate:

wln 0777

The sailes of foulded Lawne, where shall be wrought

wln 0778

The warres of *Troy*, but not *Troyes* ouerthrow:

wln 0779

For ballace, emptie *Didos* treasure,

wln 0780

Take what ye will, but leaue *Aeneas* here.

wln 0781

Achates, thou shalt be so meanly clad,

wln 0782

As Seaborne Nymphes shall swarme about thy ships,

wln 0783

And wanton Mermaides court thee with sweete songs,

wln 0784

Flinging in fauours of more soueraigne worth,

wln 0785

Then *Thetis* hangs about *Apolloes* necke,

wln 0786

So that *Aeneas* may but stay with me.

En.

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0787 *Æn.* Wherefore would *Dido* haue *Æneas* stay?
wln 0788 *Dido.* To warre against my bordering enemies:
wln 0789 *Æneas*, thinke not *Dido* is in loue:
wln 0790 For if that any man could conquer me,
wln 0791 I had been wedded ere *Æneas* came:
wln 0792 See where the pictures of my suiters hang,
wln 0793 And are not these as faire as faire may be?
wln 0794 *Acha.* I saw this man at *Troy* ere *Troy* was sackt.
wln 0795 *Æn.* I this in *Greece* when *Paris* stole faire *Helen*.
wln 0796 *Illio.* This man and I were at *Olympus* games.
wln 0797 *Serg.* I know this face, he is a Persian borne,
wln 0798 I traueled with him to *Ætolia*.
wln 0799 *Cloan.* And I in *Athens* with this gentleman,
wln 0800 Vnlesse I be deceiu'd disputed once.
wln 0801 *Dido.* But speake *Æneas*, know you none of these?
wln 0802 *Æn.* No Madame, but it seemes that these are Kings.
wln 0803 *Dido.* All these and others which I neuer sawe,
wln 0804 Haue been most vrgent suiters for my loue,
wln 0805 Some came in person, others sent their Legats:
wln 0806 Yet none obtaind me, I am free from all,
wln 0807 And yet God knowes intangled vnto one.
wln 0808 This was an Orator, and thought by words
wln 0809 To compasse me, but yet he was deceiu'd:
wln 0810 And this a Spartan Courtier vaine and wilde,
wln 0811 But his fantastick humours pleasde not me:
wln 0812 This was *Alcion*, a Musition,
wln 0813 But playd he nere so sweet, I let him goe:
wln 0814 This was the wealthie King of *Thessaly*,
wln 0815 But I had gold enough and cast him off:
wln 0816 This *Meleagers* sonne, a warlike Prince,
wln 0817 But weapons gree not with my tender yeares:
wln 0818 The rest are such as all the world well knowes,
wln 0819 Yet how I sweare by heauen and him I loue,
wln 0820 I was as farre from loue, as they from hate.
wln 0821 *Æn.* O happie shall he be whom *Dido* loues.
wln 0822 *Dido.* Then neuer say that thou art miserable,
wln 0823 Because it may be thou shalt be my loue:

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0824 Yet boast not of it, for I loue thee not,
wln 0825 And yet I hate thee not: O if I speake
wln 0826 I shall betray my selfe: *Aeneas* speake,
wln 0827 We two will goe a hunting in the woods,
wln 0828 But not so much for thee, thou art but one,
wln 0829 As for *Achates*, and his followers.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuno to Ascanius asleepe.

wln 0830
wln 0831 *Iuno.* Here lyes my hate, *Aeneas* cursed brat,
wln 0832 The boy wherein false destinie delights,
wln 0833 The heire of furie, the fauorite of the face,
wln 0834 That vgly impe that shall outweare my wrath,
wln 0835 And wrong my deitie with high disgrace:
wln 0836 But I will take another order now,
wln 0837 And race th'eternall Register of time:
wln 0838 *Troy* shall no more call him her second hope,
wln 0839 Nor *Venus* triumph in his tender youth:
wln 0840 For here in spight of heauen Ile murder him,
wln 0841 And feede infection with his left out life:
wln 0842 Say *Paris*, now shall *Venus* haue the ball?
wln 0843 Say vengeance, now shall her *Ascanius* dye.
wln 0844 O no God wot, I cannot watch my time,
wln 0845 Nor quit good turnes with double fee downe told:
wln 0846 Tut, I am simple without made to hurt,
wln 0847 And haue no gall at all to grieue my foes:
wln 0848 But lustfull *Ioue* and his adulterous child,
wln 0849 Shall finde it written on confusions front,
wln 0850 That onely *Iuno* rules in *Rhamnuse* towne.

Enter Venus.

wln 0851
wln 0852 *Venus.* What should this meane? my Doues are back returnd,
wln 0853 Who warne me of such daunger prest at hand,
wln 0854 To harme my sweete *Ascanius* louely life.
wln 0855 *Iuno*, my mortall foe, what make you here?
wln 0856 Auaunt old witch and trouble not my wits.
wln 0857 *Iuno.* Fie *Venus*, that such causeles words of wrath,
wln 0858 Should ere defile so faire a mouth as thine:

Are

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
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wln 0890
wln 0891
wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895

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

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

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

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

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

Venus, sweete *Venus*, how may I deserue

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

Exeunt.

Enter

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

wln 0932
wln 0933

wln 0934

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

wln 0935

wln 0936

wln 0937

wln 0938

wln 0939

wln 0940

wln 0941

wln 0942

wln 0943

Iar. Vngentle, can she wrong *Iarbus* so?

wln 0944

Ile dye before a stranger haue that grace:

wln 0945

We two will talke alone, what words be these?

wln 0946

Dido. What makes *Iarbus* here of all the rest?

wln 0947

We could haue gone without your companie.

wln 0948

Æn. But loue and duetie led him on perhaps,

wln 0949

To presse beyond acceptance to your sight.

wln 0950

Iar. Why man of *Troy*, doe I offend thine eyes?

wln 0951

Or art thou grieude thy betters presse so nye?

wln 0952

Dido. How now Getulian, are ye growne so braue,

wln 0953

To challenge vs with your comparisons?

wln 0954

Pesant, goe seeke companions like thy selfe,

wln 0955

And meddle not with any that I loue:

wln 0956

Æneas, be not moude at what he sayes,

wln 0957

For otherwhile he will be out of ioynt.

wln 0958

Iar. Women may wrong by priuiledge of loue:

wln 0959

But should that man of men (*Dido* except)

wln 0960

Haue taunted me in these opprobrious termes,

wln 0961

I would haue either drunke his dying bloud,

wln 0962

Or els I would haue giuen my life in gage?

wln 0963

Dido. Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toyles apace,

wln 0964

And rowse the light foot Deere from forth their laire.

wln 0965

Anna. Sister, see see *Ascanius* in his pompe,

wln 0966

Bearing his huntspeare brauely in his hand.

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

Exit.

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

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

Dido.

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1039 *Dido.* The man that I doe eye where ere I am,
wln 1040 Whose amorous face like *Pean* sparkles fire,
wln 1041 When as he butts his beames on *Floras* bed,
wln 1042 *Prometheus* hath put on *Cupids* shape,
wln 1043 And I must perish in his burning armes:
wln 1044 *Aeneas*, O *Aeneas*, quench these flames.
wln 1045 *Æn.* What ailes my Queene, is she falne sicke of late?
wln 1046 *Dido.* Not sicke my loue, but sicke, I must conceale
wln 1047 The torment, that it bootes me not reueale,
wln 1048 And yet Ile speake, and yet Ile hold my peace,
wln 1049 Doe shame her worst, I will disclose my griefe:
wln 1050 *Aeneas*, thou art he, what did I say?
wln 1051 Something it was that now I haue forgot.
wln 1052 *Æn.* What meanes faire *Dido* by this doubtfull speech?
wln 1053 *Dido.* Nay, nothing, but *Aeneas* loues me not.
wln 1054 *Æn.* *Aeneas* thoughts dare not ascend so high
wln 1055 As *Didos* heart, which Monarkes might not scale.
wln 1056 *Dido.* It was because I sawe no King like thee,
wln 1057 Whose golden Crowne might ballance my content:
wln 1058 But now that I haue found what to effect,
wln 1059 I followe one that loueth fame for me,
wln 1060 And rather had seeme faire *Sirens* eyes,
wln 1061 Then to the Carthage Queene that dyes for him.
wln 1062 *Æn.* If that your maiestie can looke so lowe,
wln 1063 As my despised worths, that shun all praise,
wln 1064 With this my hand I giue to you my heart,
wln 1065 And vow by all the Gods of Hospitalitie,
wln 1066 By heauen and earth, and my faire brothers bowe,
wln 1067 By *Paphos*, *Capys*, and the purple Sea,
wln 1068 From whence my radiant mother did descend,
wln 1069 And by this Sword that saued me from the Greekes,
wln 1070 Neuer to leaue these newe vpreared walles,
wln 1071 Whiles *Dido* liues and rules in *Iunos* towne,
wln 1072 Neuer to like or loue any but her.
wln 1073 *Dido.* What more then delian musicke doe I heare,
wln 1074 That calles my soule from forth his liuing seate,
wln 1075 To moue vnto the measures of delight:

Kind

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1076 Kind cloudes that sent forth such a curteous storme,
wln 1077 As made disdaine to flye to fancies lap:
wln 1078 Stoute loue in mine armes make thy *Italy*,
wln 1079 Whose Crowne and kingdome rests at thy commande:
wln 1080 *Sicheus*, not *Aeneas* be thou calde:
wln 1081 The King of *Carthage*, not *Anchises* sonne:
wln 1082 Hold, take these Iewels at thy Louers hand,
wln 1083 These golden bracelets, and this wedding ring,
wln 1084 Wherewith my husband woo'd me yet a maide,
wln 1085 And be thou king of *Libia*, by my giuft.

Exeunt to the Caue.

wln 1087 Actus 4. Scena I.

Enter Achates, Ascanius, Iarbus, and Anna.

wln 1088 *Acha.* Did euer men see such a sudden storme?
wln 1089 Or day so cleere so suddenly orecast?

wln 1090 *Iar.* I thinke some fell Inchantresse dwelleth here,
wln 1091 That can call them forth when as she please,
wln 1092 And diue into blacke tempests treasurie,
wln 1093 When as she meanes to maske the world with cloudes.

wln 1094 *Anna.* In all my life I neuer knew the like,
wln 1095 It haild, it snowde, it lightned all at once.

wln 1096 *Acha.* I thinke it was the diuels reuelling night,
wln 1097 There was such hurly burly in the heauens:

wln 1099 Doubtles *Apollos* Axeltree is crackt,
wln 1100 Or aged *Atlas* shoulder out of ioynt,
wln 1101 The motion was so ouer violent.

wln 1102 *Iar.* In all this coyle, where haue ye left the Queene?

wln 1103 *Asca.* Nay, where is my warlike father, can you tell?

wln 1104 *Anna.* Behold where both of them come forth the Caue.

wln 1105 *Iar.* Come forth the Caue: can heauen endure this sight?

wln 1106 *Iarbus*, curse that vnreuenging *Ioue*,
wln 1107 Whose flintie darts slept in *Tiphous* den,
wln 1108 Whiles these adulterors surfetted with sinne:
wln 1109 Nature, why mad'st me not some poysonous beast,
wln 1110 That with the sharpnes of my edged sting,

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

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

wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146

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

Enter

The Tragedie of Dido.

Enter Anna.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Exit.

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

Exit.

The Tragedie of Dido.

Enter Æneas alone.

wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196

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

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

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

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

This

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1217 This is no life for men at armes to liue,
wln 1218 Where daliance doth consume a Souldiers strength,
wln 1219 And wanton motions of alluring eyes,
wln 1220 Effeminate our mindes inur'd to warre.

wln 1221 *Illio.* Why, let vs build a Citie of our owne,
wln 1222 And not stand lingering here for amorous lookes:
wln 1223 Will *Dido* raise old *Priam* forth his graue,
wln 1224 And build the towne againe the Greekes did burne?
wln 1225 No no, she cares not how we sinke or swimme,
wln 1226 So she may haue *Aeneas* in her armes.

wln 1227 *Cloan.* To *Italy*, sweete friends to *Italy*,
wln 1228 We will not stay a minute longer here.

wln 1229 *Æn.* Troians abourd, and I will follow you,
wln 1230 I faine would goe, yet beautie calles me backe:
wln 1231 To leaue her so and not once say farewell,
wln 1232 Were to transgresse against all lawes of loue:
wln 1233 But if I vse such ceremonious thankes,
wln 1234 As parting friends accustome on the shoare,
wln 1235 Her siluer armes will coll me round about,
wln 1236 And teares of pearle, crye stay, *Aeneas*, stay:
wln 1237 Each word she sayes will then containe a Crowne,
wln 1238 And euery speech be ended with a kisse:
wln 1239 I may not dure this female drudgerie,
wln 1240 To sea *Aeneas*, finde out *Italy*.

Exit.

Enter Dido and Anna.

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1253
wln 1254

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

wln 1255
wln 1256

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

wln 1257
wln 1258

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

wln 1259
wln 1260

Dido. Is this thy loue to me?

wln 1261
wln 1262

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

wln 1263
wln 1264

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

wln 1265
wln 1266

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

wln 1267
wln 1268

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

wln 1269
wln 1270

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

wln 1271
wln 1272

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

wln 1273
wln 1274

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

wln 1275
wln 1276

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

wln 1277
wln 1278

Æn. Hath not the Carthage Queene mine onely sonne?
Thinkes *Dido* I will goe and leaue him here?

wln 1279
wln 1280

Dido. *Æneas* pardon me, for I forgot
That yong *Ascanius* lay with me this night:
Loue made me ieaalous, but to make amends,
Weare the emperiall Crowne of *Libia*,
Sway thou the Punike Scepter in my steede,
And punish me *Æneas* for this crime.

wln 1281
wln 1282

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

wln 1283
wln 1284

Dido. O how a Crowne becomes *Æneas* head!
Stay here *Æneas*, and commaund as King.

wln 1285
wln 1286

Æn. How vaine am I to weare this Diadem,
And beare this golden Scepter in my hand?

wln 1287
wln 1288

A Burgonet of steele, and not a Crowne,
A Sword, and not a Scepter fits *Æneas*.

Dido. O keepe them still, and let me gaze my fill:
Now lookes *Æneas* like immortall *Ioue*,

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1289 O where is *Ganimed* to hold his cup,
wln 1290 And *Mercury* to flye for what he calles,
wln 1291 Ten thousand *Cupids* houer in the ayre,
wln 1292 And fanne it in *Aeneas* louely face,
wln 1293 O that the Clowdes were here wherein thou fleest,
wln 1294 That thou and I vnseene might sport our selues:
wln 1295 Heauens enuious of our ioyes is waxen pale,
wln 1296 And when we whisper, then the starres fall downe,
wln 1297 To be partakers of our honey talke.

wln 1298 *Æn.* O *Dido*, patronesse of all our liues,
wln 1299 When I leaue thee, death be my punishment,
wln 1300 Swell raging seas, frowne wayward destinies,
wln 1301 Blow windes, threaten ye Rockes and sandie shelves,
wln 1302 This is the harbour that *Aeneas* seekes,
wln 1303 Lets see what tempests can anoy me now.

wln 1304 *Dido.* Not all the world can take thee from mine armes,
wln 1305 *Aeneas* may commaund as many Moores,
wln 1306 As in the Sea are little water drops:
wln 1307 And now to make experience of my loue,
wln 1308 Faire sister *Anna* leade my loue forth,
wln 1309 And seated on my Gennet, let him ride
wln 1310 As *Didos* husband through the punicke streetes,
wln 1311 And will my guard with Mauritanian darts,
wln 1312 To waite vpon him as their soueraigne Lord.

wln 1313 *Anna.* What if the Citizens repine thereat?

wln 1314 *Dido.* Those that dislike what *Dido* giues in charge,
wln 1315 Commaund my guard to slay for their offence:
wln 1316 Shall vulgar pesants storme at what I doe?
wln 1317 The ground is mine that giues them sustenance,
wln 1318 The ayre wherein they breathe, the water, fire,
wln 1319 All that they haue their lands, their goods, their liues,
wln 1320 And I the Goddess of all these, commaund
wln 1321 *Aeneas* ride as Carthaginian King.

wln 1322 *Acha.* *Aeneas* for his parentage deserues
wln 1323 As large a kingdome as is *Libia*.

wln 1324 *Æn.* I, and vnlesse the destinies be false,
wln 1325 I shall be planted in as rich a land.

Dido.

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
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wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362

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

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

Exit.

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366

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

wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
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wln 1380
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wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398

Enter a Lord.

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1399 For this will *Dido* tye ye full of knots,
wln 1400 And sheere ye all asunder with her hands:
wln 1401 Now serue to chastize shipboyes for their faults,
wln 1402 Ye shall no more offend the Carthage Queene.
wln 1403 Now let him hang my fauours on his masts,
wln 1404 And see if those will serue in steed of sailes:
wln 1405 For tackling, let him take the chaines of gold,
wln 1406 Which I bestowd vpon his followers:
wln 1407 In steed of oares, let him vse his hands,
wln 1408 And swim to *Italy*, Ile keepe these sure:
wln 1409 Come beare them in.

Exit.

wln 1410 *Enter the Nurse with Cupid for Ascanius.*

wln 1411 *Nurse.* My Lord *Ascanius*, ye must goe with me.
wln 1412 *Cupid.* Whither must I goe? Ile stay with my mother.
wln 1413 *Nurse.* No, thou shalt goe with me vnto my house,
wln 1414 I haue an Orchard that hath store of plums,
wln 1415 Browne Almonds, Seruises, ripe Figs and Dates,
wln 1416 Dewberries, Apples, yellow Orenge,
wln 1417 A garden where are Bee hiues full of honey,
wln 1418 Musk-roses, and a thousand sort of flowers,
wln 1419 And in the midst doth run a siluer streame,
wln 1420 Where thou shalt see the red gild fishes leape,
wln 1421 White Swannes, and many louely water fowles:
wln 1422 Now speake *Ascanius*, will ye goe or no?
wln 1423 *Cupid.* Come come Ile goe, how farre hence is your house?
wln 1424 *Nurse.* But hereby child, we shall get thither straight.
wln 1425 *Cupid.* Nurse I am wearie, will you carrie me?
wln 1426 *Nurse.* I, so youle dwell with me and call me mother.
wln 1427 *Cupid.* So youle loue me, I care not if I doe.
wln 1428 *Nurse.* That I might liue to see this boy a man,
wln 1429 How pretilie he laughs, goe ye wagge,
wln 1430 Youle be a twigger when you come to age.
wln 1431 Say *Dido* what she will I am not old,
wln 1432 Ile be no more a widowe, I am young,
wln 1433 Ile haue a husband, or els a louer.

Cupid.

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1434

Cupid. A husband and no teeth!

wln 1435

Nurse. O what meane I to haue such foolish thoughts!

wln 1436

Foolish is loue, a toy, O sacred loue,

wln 1437

If there be any heauen in earth, tis loue:

wln 1438

Epecially in women of your yeares.

wln 1439

Blush blush for shame, why shouldst thou thinke of loue?

wln 1440

A graue, and not a louer fits thy age:

wln 1441

A graue, why? I may liue a hundred yeares,

wln 1442

Fourescore is but a girles age, loue is sweete:

wln 1443

My vaines are withered, and my sinewes drie,

wln 1444

Why doe I thinke of loue now I should dye?

wln 1445

Cupid. Come Nurse.

wln 1446

Nurse. Well, if he come a wooing he shall speede,

wln 1447

O how vnwise was I to say him nay!

Exeunt.

wln 1448

Actus 5.

wln 1449

Enter Æneas with a paper in his hand, drawing the

wln 1450

platforme of the citie, with him Achates,

wln 1451

Cloanthus, and Illioneus.

wln 1452

Æn. Triumph my mates, our trauels are at end.

wln 1453

Here will *Æneas* build a statelier *Troy*,

wln 1454

Then that which grim *Atrides* ouerthrew:

wln 1455

Carthage shall vaunt her pettie walles no more,

wln 1456

For I will grace them with a fairer frame,

wln 1457

And clad her in a Chrystall liuerie,

wln 1458

Wherein the day may euermore delight:

wln 1459

From golden *India Ganges* will I fetch,

wln 1460

Whose wealthie streames may waite vpon her towers,

wln 1461

And triple wise intrench her round about:

wln 1462

The Sunne from Egypt shall rich odors bring,

wln 1463

Wherewith his burning beames like labouring Bees,

wln 1464

That loade their thighes with *Hyblas* honeys spoyles,

wln 1465

Shall here vnburden their exhaled sweetes,

wln 1466

And plant our pleasant suburbes with her fumes.

wln 1467

Acha. What length or bredth shal this braue towne cōtain?

wln 1468

Æn. Not past foure thousand paces at the most.

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1469 *Illio.* But what shall it be calde, *Troy* as before?
wln 1470 *Æn.* That haue I not determinde with my selfe.
wln 1471 *Cloan.* Let it be term'd *Ænea* by your name.
wln 1472 *Serg.* Rather *Ascania* by your little sonne.
wln 1473 *Æn.* Nay, I will haue it calde *Anchisaon*,
wln 1474 Of my old fathers name.

Enter Hermes with Ascanius.

wln 1475 *Hermes.* *Æneas* stay, *Ioues* Herald bids thee stay.
wln 1476 *Æn.* Whom doe I see, *Ioues* winged messenger?
wln 1477 Welcome to *Carthage* new erected towne.
wln 1478 *Hermes.* Why cosin stand you building Cities here,
wln 1480 And beautifying the Empire of this Queene,
wln 1481 While *Italy* is cleane out of thy minde?
wln 1482 To too forgetfull of thine owne affayres,
wln 1483 Why wilt thou so betray thy sonnes good hap?
wln 1484 The king of Gods sent me from highest heauen,
wln 1485 To sound this angrie message in thine eares.
wln 1486 Vaine man, what Monarky expectst thou here?
wln 1487 Or with what thought sleepst thou in *Libia* shoare?
wln 1488 If that all glorie hath forsaken thee,
wln 1489 And thou despise the praise of such attempts:
wln 1490 Yet thinke vpon *Ascanius* prophesie,
wln 1491 And yong *Iulus* more then thousand yeares,
wln 1492 Whom I haue brought from *Ida* where he slept,
wln 1493 And bore yong *Cupid* vnto *Cypresse* Ile.
wln 1494 *Æn.* This was my mother that be guild the Queene,
wln 1495 And made me take my brother for my sonne:
wln 1496 No maruell *Dido* though thou be in loue,
wln 1497 That daylie **danlest** *Cupid* in thy armes:
wln 1498 Welcome sweet child, where hast thou been this long?
wln 1499 *Asca.* Eating sweet Comfites with Queene *Didos* maide,
wln 1500 Who euersince hath luld me in her armes.
wln 1501 *Æn.* *Sergestus*, beare him hence vnto our ships,
wln 1502 Lest *Dido* spying him keepe him for a pledge.
wln 1503 *Hermes.* Spendst thou thy time about this little boy,
wln 1504 And giuest not eare vnto the charge I bring?

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

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

wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516
wln 1517
wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
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wln 1525
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wln 1528
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wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536

Enter to them Iarbus.
Iar. How now *Æneas*, sad, what meanes these dumpes?
Æn. *Iarbus*, I am cleane besides my selfe,
Ioue hath heapt on me such a desperate charge,
Which neither art nor reason may atchieue,
Nor I deuise by what meanes to contriue.
Iar. As how I pray, may I entreate you tell.
Æn. With speede he bids me saile to *Italy*,
When as I want both rigging for my fleete,
And also furniture for these my men.
Iar. If that be all, then cheare thy drooping lookes,
For I will furnish thee with such supplies:
Let some of those thy followers goe with me,
And they shall haue what thing so ere thou needst.
Æn. Thankes good *Iarbus* for thy friendly ayde,
Achates and the rest shall waite on thee,
Whil'st I rest thankfull for this curtesie.

Exit Iarbus and Æneas traine.

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

wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539

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

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
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wln 1575
wln 1576

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

Thy

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
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wln 1612
wln 1613

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

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

Dido. The Gods, what Gods be those that seeke my death?
Wherein haue I offended *Iupiter*,

That he should take *Aeneas* from mine armes?
O no, the Gods wey not what Louers doe,
It is *Aeneas* calles *Aeneas* hence,
And wofull *Dido* by these blubbred cheekes,
By this right hand, and by our spousall rites,
Desires *Aeneas* to remaine with her:

*Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam
Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis: & istam
Oro, si quis ad hæc precibus locus, exue mentem.*

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

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

Had I a sonne by thee, the grieffe were lesse,
That I might see *Aeneas* in his face:
Now if thou goest, what canst thou leaue behind,
But rather will augment then ease my woe?

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

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

And

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

Once

The Tragedie of Dido.

wln 1651 Once didst thou goe, and he came backe againe,
wln 1652 Now bring him backe, and thou shalt be a Queene,
wln 1653 And I will liue a priuate life with him.
wln 1654 *Anna.* Wicked *Aeneas*.
wln 1655 *Dido.* Call him not wicked, sister speake him faire,
wln 1656 And looke vpon him with a Mermaides eye,
wln 1657 Tell him, I neuer vow'd at *Aulis* gulfe
wln 1658 The desolation of his natiue *Troy*,
wln 1659 Nor sent a thousand ships vnto the walles,
wln 1660 Nor euer violated faith to him:
wln 1661 Request him gently (*Anna*) to returne,
wln 1662 I craue but this, he stay a tide or two,
wln 1663 That I may learne to beare it patiently,
wln 1664 If he depart thus suddenly, I dye:
wln 1665 Run *Anna*, run, stay not to answere me.
wln 1666 *Anna.* I goe faire sister, heauens graunt good successe.
wln 1667

Exit Anna.

Enter the Nurse.

wln 1668 *Nurse.* O *Dido*, your little sonne *Ascanius*
wln 1669 Is gone! he lay with me last night,
wln 1670 And in the morning he was stolne from me,
wln 1671 I thinke some Fairies haue beguiled me.
wln 1672 *Dido.* O cursed hagge and false dissembling wretch!
wln 1673 That slayest me with thy harsh and hellish tale,
wln 1674 Thou for some pettie guift hast let him goe,
wln 1675 And I am thus deluded of my boy:
wln 1676 Away with her to prison presently,
wln 1677 Traytoresse too keend and cursed Sorceresse.
wln 1678 *Nurse.* I know not what you meane by treason, I,
wln 1679 I am as true as any one of yours. *Exeunt the Nurse.*
wln 1680 *Dido.* Away with her, suffer her not to speake.
wln 1681 My sister comes, I like not her sad lookes.
wln 1682

Enter Anna.

wln 1683 *Anna.* Before I came, *Aeneas* was aboutd,
wln 1684 And spying me, hoyst vp the sailes amaine:
wln 1685

G

But

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

And

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

Exit Anna.

Enter Iarbus.

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

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

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

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

Exit Iarbus.

The Tragedie of Dido.

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

Enter Anna.

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

Enter Iarbus running.

wln 1774 *Iar.* Cursed *Iarbus*, dye to expiate
wln 1775 The grieffe that tires vpon thine inward soule,
wln 1776 *Dido* I come to thee, aye me *Æneas*.

wln 1777 *Anna.* What can my teares or cryes preuaile me now?
wln 1778 *Dido* is dead, *Iarbus* slaine, *Iarbus* my deare loue,
wln 1779 O sweet *Iarbus*, *Annas* sole delight,
wln 1780 What fatall destinie enuies me thus,
wln 1781 To see my sweet *Iarbus* slay himselfe?
wln 1782 But *Anna* now shall honor thee in death,
wln 1783 And mixe her bloud with thine, this shall I doe,
wln 1784 That Gods and men may pitie this my death,
wln 1785 And rue our ends senceles of life or breath:
wln 1786 Now sweet *Iarbus* stay, I come to thee.

FINIS.

wln 1789

img: 27-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

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