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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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THE
ISLAND PRINCESSE.

Actus primus. Scæna prima
column: 184-b-1

A Bell Rings.
Enter Pymero, Christophero, and Pedro.

_Pymero._
OPen the Ports and see the watch reliev’d,
And let the guards be careful of their busines
Their vigilant eyes fixt on these Islanders,
They are false and desperate people,
when they find
The least occasion open to encouragement,
Cruell, and crafty soules, beleeve me Gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too fresh amongst us,
In which against all armes, and honesty,
The Governour of Ternata made surprize.
Of our confederate, the King of Tidore,
As for his recreation he was rowing
Betweene both Lands, bids us be wise and circumspect.

_Chr._ It was a mischiefe suddenly imagin’d;
And as soone done; that Governour’s a feirce knave,
Unfaithfull as he is feirce too, there’s no trusting;
But I wonder much how such poore and base pleasures,
As tugging at an oare, or skill in steerage,
Should become Princes.

_Py._ Base breeding love base pleasure;
They take as much delight in a Baratto,
A little scurvye boate to row her tithly,
And have the art to turne and wind her nimbly,
Thinke it as noble too, though it be slavish,
And a dull labour that declines a Gentleman:
As we Portugalls, or the Spaniards do in riding,
In managing a great horse which is princely:
The French in Courtship, or the dancing English,
In carrying a faire presence.

_Ped._ He was strangely taken;
But where no faith is, there’s no trust; he has paid for’t
His sister yet the faire and great _Quisara_,
Has shewed a noble mind, and much love in’t
To her afflicted brother, and the nobler still it appears,
And seasons of more tendernes, because his ruine stiles her
And his imprisionment adds to her profit. (absolute
Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her.
The warne beames of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has she made diverse and noble treaties,
And propositions for her brothers freedome,
If wealth or honour —

_Py._ Peace, peace, you are fool’d sir;
Things of these natures have strange outsiders _Pedro_,
And cunning shadowes, set ’em far from us,
Draw ’em but neare, they are grosse, and they abuse us;
They that observe her close, shall find her nature,
Which I doubt mainly will not prove so excellent;
She is a Princesse, and she must be faire,
That’s the prerogative of being royall:

_column: 184-b-2_

Let her want eyes and nose, she must be beautious,
And she must know it too, and the use of it,
And people must beleeve it, they are dam’d else:
Why, all the neighbour Princes, are mad for her,

_Chrl._ Is she not faire then?

_Py._ But her hopes are fairer,
And there’s a haughty Master, the King of _Bakan_,
That lofty sir, that speakes far more, and louder
In his own commendations then a Cannon:
He is strucken dumbe with her.

_Ped._ Beshrew me she is a sweet one.

_Py._ And there’s that hopefull man of _Syana_,
That spritely fellow, he that’s wise and temperate,
He is a lover too.

_Chrl._ Wou’d I were worth her looking
For; by my life I hold her a compleate one,
The very Sun I think, affects her sweetnesse,
And dares not as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tauny Livery.

_Py._ She dares not see him,
But keepes her selfe at distance from his kisses,
And weares her complexion in a case; let him but like it
A week or two, or three, she would looke like a Lion;
But the maine sport on’t is, or rather wonder
The Governour of _Ternata_ her mortall enemie,
He that has catcht her brother King is strooke too,
And is arriv’d under safe conduct also,
And hostages of worth delivered for him;
And he brought a letter from his prisoner,
Whether compel’d, or willingly delivered
From the poore King, or what else dare be in’t.

_Chrl._ So it be honourable, any thing, ’tis all one,
For I dare think she’ll do the best.

_Py._ ’Tis certaine
He has admittance, and sollicites hourely.
Now if he have the tricke —

   *Ped.*  What trick?

   *Py.*  The true one,

To take her too, if he be but skil’d in bat-fowling,
And lime his bush right.

   *Chr.*  I’le be hang’d when that hits,

For ’tis not a compel’d, or forc’d affection,
That must take her, I guesse her stout and vertuous,
But where’s your unckle sir, our valiant Captaine,
The brave *Ruy Dias* all this while?

   *Py.*  I marry,

He is amongst ’em too.

   *Ped.*  A Lover.

   *Py.*  Nay,

I know not that, but sure he stands in favour,
Or wou’d stand stifly, he is no Portugall else.

   *Chr.*  The voyce says in good favour, in the list too
Of the privy woers, how cunningly of late
I have observ’d him, and how privately
He has stolne at all houres from us, and how readily
He has feign’d a businesse to bid the Fort farewell
For five or sixe daies, or a month together,
Sure there is something —

   *Py.*  Yes, yes, there is a thing in’t,
A thing would make the best on’s all dance after it;
A dainty thing; Lord how this unckle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching,
And told me in what desperate case ’twould leave me,
And how ’twould stew my bones.

   *Ped.*  You car’d not for it.

   *Py.*  I faith, not much, I ventur’d on still easily,
And tooke my chance, danger is a Souldeiers honour;
But that this man, this herbe of Grace, *Ruy Dias,*
This father of our faculties should slip thus,
For sure he is a ferriting, that he
That would drinke nothing to deppresse the spirit,
But milke and water, eate nothing but thin ayre
To make his bloud obedient, that his youth
In spight of all his temperance, should tickle,
And have a love mange on him.

   *Chr.*  ’Tis in him sir
But honourable courtship, and becomes his ranke too.

   *Py.*  In me ’twere abominable Lecherie, or would be,
For when our thoughts are on’t, and misse their levell,
We must hit something.

   *Ped.*  Well, ’is a noble Gentleman,
And if he be a suitor, may he speed in’t.

   *Py.*  Let him alone, our family ne’re fail’d yet.

   *Chr.*  Our mad Lieutenant still merry *Pyniero,*
Thus wou’d he do if the Surgeon were searching of him.

   *Ped.*  Especially if a warme wench had shot him.

   *Py.*  But harke *Christophero;* come hether *Pedro;*
When saw you our brave countryman *Armusia?*
He that’s arriv’d here lately, and his gallants?
A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
Me thinkes he is, and no doubt truly valiant,
For he that dares come hether, dares fight any where.

   *Chr.*  I saw him not of late, a sober Gentleman
I am sure he is, and no doubt bravely sprung,
And promises much noblenesse.

   *Py.*  I love him,
And by my troath wou’d faine be inward with him;
Pray lets go seeke him.
Ped. Wee’l attend you sir.
Py. By that time we shal heare the burst of business. 

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, and Panura.

Quisar. Aunt I much thanke you for your curtesie,
And the faire liberty you still allow me,
Both of your house and service, though I be
A Princesse, and by that Prerogative stand free
From the poore malice of opinion,
And no waiies bound to render up my actions,
Because no power above me can examine me;
Yet my deare brother being still a prisoner,
And many wandring eyes upon my waiies,
Being left alone a Sea-marke, it behoves me
To use a little caution, and be circumspect.

Quisan. You’r wise and noble Lady.

Quisar. Often Aunt
I resort hether, and privately to see you,
It may be to converse with some I favour;

column: 185-a-2

I wou’d not have it knowne as oft, nor constru’d,
It stands not with my care.

Quis*In. You speake most fairely,
For even our pure devotions are examin’d.

Quisar. So mad are mens minds now.
Ruy. Or rather monstrous; (nesse.
They are thick dreams, bread in foggs that know no fair-

Quisan. Madam the house is yours, I am yours, pray use
And at your service all I have lyes prostrate; (me,
My care shall ever be to yeild ye honour,
And when your fame fals here, ’tis my fault Lady;
A poore and simple banquet I have provided,
Which if you please to honour with your presence —

Quisan. I thanke ye Aunt, I shall be with you instantly,
A few words with this Gentleman.

Quisan. I’le leave ye,
And when you please retire, I’le wait upon you.

Quisar. Why, how now Captaine, what affraid to speak
A man of armes, and danted with a Lady? (to me?
Commanders have the power to parle with Princes.
Ruy. Madam, the favours you have still showr’d on me,
Which are so high above my meanes of merit,
So infinite, that nought can value ’em
But their owne goodnesse, no eyes looke up to ’em
But those that are of equall light, and lustre,
Strike me thus mute, you are my royall Mistris,
And all my services that aime at honour,
Take life from you, the Saint of my devotions;
Pardon my wish, it is a faire ambition, 
And well becomes the man that honours you; 
I wou’d I were of worth, of something neare you, 
Of such a royall pece, a King I wou’d be, 
A mighty King that might command affection, 
And bring a youth upon me might be witch ye, 
And you a sweet sould Christian. 

Quisar. Now you talke sir; 
You Portugals, though you be rugged Souldiers, 
Yet when you list to flatter, you are plaine courtiers; 
And could you wish me Christian brave Ruy Dias? 

Ruy. At all the danger of my life great Lady, 
At all my hopes, at all — 

Quisar. Pray ye stay a little, 
To what end runs your wish? 

Ruy. O glorious Lady, 
That I might — but I dare not speake. 

Quisar. I dare then, 
That you might hope to marry me; nay blush not, 
An honourable end needs no excuse; 
And would you love me then? 

Ruy. My soule not dearer. 

Quisar. Do some brave thing that may entice me that 
Some thing of such a meritorious goodnesse, 

You have a power beyond ours that preserves you, 
’Tis not the person, nor the royall title, 
Nor wealth, nor glory that I looke upon, 
That inward man I love that’s lin’d with vertue, 
That well deserving soule workes out a favour; 
I have many Princes suiters, many great ones, 
Yet above these I love you, you are valiant, 
An active man, able to build a fortune; 
I do not say I dote, nor meane to marry, 
Only the hope is something may be done, 
That may compell my faith, and aske my freedom, 
And leave opinion faire. 

Ruy. Command deare Lady,
And let the danger be as deep as hell,
As direfull to attempt —
  *Quisar.* Y’are too sudden,
I must be rul’d by you, find out a fortune
Wisely and hansomely, examine time,
And court occasion that she may be ready;
A thousand uses for your forward spirit
Ye may find daily, be sure ye take a good one,
A brave and worthy one that may advance ye,
Forced smiles reward poore dangers; you are a Souldier,
I wou’d not talke so else, and I love a Souldier,
And that that speaks him true, and great, his valour;
Yet for all these which are but womens follies,
You may do what you please, I shall still know ye,
And though ye weare no sword.
  *Ru.* Excellent Lady,
When I grow so cold, and disgrace my nation,
That from their hardy nurses sucke adventures,
’Twere fit I wore a Tombstone; you have read to me
The story of your favour, if I mistake it,
Or grow a tenant in the study of it,
A great correction Lady —
  *Quisar.* Let’s toth’ banquet,
And have some merrier talke, and then to Court,
Where I give audience to my generall Suiters;
Pray heaven my womans wit hold; there brave Captain,
You may perchance meet something that may startle ye;
I’le say no more, come be not sad —
I love ye.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Pyniero, Armusia Soza, Christophero, and Emanuel.*

  *Py.* You are welcome gentlemen, most worthy welcom,
And know there’s nothing in our power may serve ye,
But you may freely challenge.
  *Arm.* Sir we thanke ye,
And rest your servants too.
  *Py.* Ye are worthy Portugals,
You shew the bravery of your minds and spirits;
The nature of our country too, that brings forth
Stirring, unwearied soules to seeke adventures;
Minds never satisfied with search of honour
Where time is, & the sunne gives light, brave countrimen,
Our names are known, new worlds disclose their riches,
Their beauties, and their prides to our embraces;
And we the first of nations find these wonders.

    Arm. These noble thoughts sir, have intic’d us forward,
And minds unapt for ease to see these miracles,
In which we find report a poore relater;
We are arriv’d among the blessed Islands,
Where every wind that rises blowes perfumes;
And every breath of aire is like an Incence:
The treasure of the Sun dwels here, each tree
As if it envied the old Paradice,
Strives to bring forth immortall fruit; the spices
Renewing nature, though not deifying,
And when that falls by time, scorning the earth,
The sullen earth should taint or sucke their beauties,
But as we dreamt, for ever so preserve us:
Nothing we see, but breeds an admiration;
The very rivers as we floate along,
Throw up their pearles, and curle their heads to court us;

column: 185-b-2

The bowels of the earth swell with the births
Of thousand unknowne gems, and thousand riches;
Nothing that beares a life, but bringings a treasure;
The people they shew brave too, civill manner’d,
Proportioned like the Mastres of great minds,
The women which I wonder at —

    Py. Ye speake well.
    Ar. Of delicate aspects, faire, clearly beauteous,
And to that admiration, sweet and courteous.

    Py. And is not that a good thing? brave Armusia
You never saw the Court before?

    Ar. No certaine,
But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
The Government exact.

    Chr. Ye shall see anon,
That that will make ye start indeed, such beauties,
Such riches, and such forme.

    Enter Bakam, Syana, Governour.

    Soz. We are fire already;
The wealthy Magazine of nature sure
Inhabits here.

    Arm. These sure are all Ilanders.
    Py. Yes, and great Princes too, and lusty lovers.
    Ar. They are gooedly persons; what might he be signeor
That beares so proud a state?

    Py. King of Bakam,
A fellow that farts terrou,
Em. He lookes highly,
Sure he was begot o’th’ top of a steeple.
Chr. It may well be,
For you shall heare him ring anon.
Py. That is Syana,
And a brave temper’d fellow, and more valiant.
Soz. What rugged face is that?
Py. That’s the great Governour,
The man surpriz’d our friend, I told ye of him.
Ar. ’Has dangerous eyes.
Py. A perilous theefe, and subtle.
Chr. And to that subtlety a heart of Iron.
Py. Yet the young Lady makes it melt.
Ar. They start all,
And thunder in the eyes.
Ba. Away ye poore ones,
Am I in competition with such bubbles?
My vertue, and my name rank’d with such trifles?
Sy. Ye speake loud.
Ba. Young-man, I will speake louder;
Can any man but I, deserve her favour,
You petty Princes?
{Princes flie at one another.

Py. He will put ’em all in’s pocket.
Sy. Thou proud mad thing be not so full of glory,
So full of vanity.
Ba. How? I contemne thee,
And that fort-keeping fellow,
Py. How the dog lookes,
The bandog Governour?
Gov. Ha, why?
Ba. Away thing,
And keepe your ranke with those that fit your tovality;
Call out the Princessse.
Gov. Dost thou know me bladder,
Thou insolent impostume?
Ba. I despise thee;
Nnn

Go.
Gov. Art thou acquainted with my nature baby?
Let my revenge for injuries? darst thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?
What canst thou merit?

Ba. Merit? I am above it;
I am equall with all honours, all atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the best doer
I keepe at my command, fortune’s my servant,
'Tis in my power now to despise such wretches,
To looke upon ye slightly, and neglect ye,
And but she daines at some houres to remember ye,
And people have bestowed some titles one ye,
I should forget your names —

Sy. Mercy of me;
What a blowne foole has selfe affection
Made of this fellow? did not the Queene your mother,
Long for bellows, and bagpipes when she was great with
She brought forth such a windy birth? (ye,

Gov. ’Tis ten to one
She eate a Drum, and was deliver’d of alarum,
Or else he was swadled in an old saile when he was yong.

Sy. He swells too mainly with his meditations;
Faith talke a little hansomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with ye, we are Prin-
But those are but poore things to you; talke wiser, ces,
’Twill well become your mightinesse; talke lesse,
That men may thinke ye can do more.

Gov. Talke truth,
That men may thinke ye are honest, and beleive ye,
Or talke your selfe asleep, for I am weary of you.

Ba. Why? I can talke and do.

Gov. That wou’d do excellent.

Ba. And tell you, only I deserve the Princesse,
And make good only I, if you dare, you sir,
Or your Syanas Prince.

Py. Heres a storme toward,
Me thinkes it sings already, to him Governour.

Gov. Here lies my profe.

Sy. And mine.

Gov. I’le be short with ye,
For these long arguments I was never good at.

Py. How white the boaster lookes?

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, Panura.

Ar. I see he lackes faith.
Ru. For shame forbeare great Princes, rule your angers,  
You violate the freedome of this place,  
The state and royalty —  
  Gov. He’s well contented  
It seemes, and so I have done.  
  Ar. Is this she signior?  
  Py. This is the Princesse sir.  
  Ar. She is sweet and goodly,  
An admirable forme, they have cause to justle.  
  Quisar. Ye wrong me and my court, ye forward Princes;  
 Comes your love wrapt in violence to seeke us?  
Is’t fit though you be great, my presence should be  
Staind, and polluted with your bloudy rages?  
My privacies affrighted with your swords?  
He that loves me, loves my command; be temper’d,  
Or be no more what ye professe, my Servants.  
  Omnes. We are calme as peace.  
  Ar. What command she carries?  
And what a sparkling Majesty flyes from her?  

column: 186-a-2

Quisar. Is it ye love to do? ye shall find danger,  
And danger that shall start your resolutions,  
But not this way; ’tis not contention,  
Who loves me to my face best, or who can flatter most  
Can carry me, he that deserves my favour,  
And will enjoy what I bring, love and Majesty,  
Must win me with his worth; must travell for me;  
Must put his hasty rage off, and put on  
A well confirm’d, temperate, and true vallour.  
  Omnes. But shew the way.  
  Quisar. And will, and then shew you  
A Will to tread the way, I’le say ye are worthy.  
  Py. What taske now  
Will she turne ’em to? these hot youths,  
I feare will find a coolling card, I read in her eyes  
Something that has some swinge must flye amongst ’em;  
By this hand I love her a little now.  
  Quisar. ’Tis not unknown to you  
I had a royall brother, now miserable,  
And Prisoner to that man; if I were ambitious,  
Gap’d for that glory was ne’re borne with me,  
There they should lye as miseries upon him:  
If I were covetous, and my heart set  
On riches, and those base effects that follow  
On pleasures uncontroul’d, or safe revenges,  
There he should dye, his death would give me all these;  
For then stood I up absolute to do all;  
Yet all these flattering shews of dignity,  
These golden dreames of greatnesse cannot force
To forget nature and my faire affection.
Therefore that man that would be known my lover,
Must be known his redeemer, and must bring him
Either alive or dead to my embraces,
For even his bones I scorne shall feele such slavery,
Or seeke another Mistris, 'twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a spirit of an equall greatnesse;
But being done, the reward is worthy of it.

Chr. How they stand gaping all?
Quisar. Ruy Dias cold?
Not flye like fire into it? may be you doubt me,
He that shall do this is my husband Prince;
By the bright heavens he is, by whose justice
I openly proclaime it; if I lye,
Or seeke to set you on with subtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my falshood.
No stirring yet, no start into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, it may be, but being a maine danger,
Your Grace must give me leave to looke about me,
And take a little time, the cause will aske it,
Great acts require great counsells.

Quisar. Take your pleasure,
I feare the Portugall.

Ba. I'le raise an Army
That shall bring backe his Island fort and all,
And fixe it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your Grandfathers dayes.
Sy. What may be,
And what my power can promise noblest Lady,
My will I am sure stands faire.

Quisar. Faire be your fortune,
Few promises are best, and faire performance.

Gov. These cannot doe,
Their power and arts are weake ones.

'Tis
'Tis in my will, I have this King your brother, 
He is my prisoner, I accept your prisoner, 
And blesse the faire occasion that achiev’d him: 
I love ye, and I honor ye, but speake 
Whether alive or dead he shall be rendred, 
And see how readily, how in an instant, 
Quicke as your wishes Lady —

   Quisar.   No, I scorne ye, 
You and your courtesie; I hate your love sir; 
And ere I would so basely win his liberty, 
I would study to forget he was my brother; 
By force he was taken; he that shall enjoy me, 
Shall fetch him backe by force, or never know me. 

   Py.  As I live, a rare wench. 
   Ar.  She has a noble spirit. 
   Gov.  By force? 
   Quisar.  Yes sir by force, and make you glad too 
To let him goe. 

   Gov.  How? you may looke nobler on me, 
And thinke me no such boy; by force he must not, 
For your love much may be. 

   Quisar.  Put up your passion, 
And pack ye home, I say, by force, and suddenly. 
He lies there till he rots else, although I love him 
Most tenderly and dearly, as a brother, 
And out of these respects would joy to see him; 
Yet to receive him as thy courtesie, 
With all the honour thou couldst adde unto him 
From his hands that most hate him, I had rather 
Though no condition were propounded for him, 
See him far sunke i’th earth, and there forget him. 

   Py.  Your hopes are getl good Governour. 
   Arm.  A rare woman. 
   Gov.  Lady, 
I’le pull this pride, I’le quench this bravery, 
And turne your glorious scorne to teares and howlings; 
I will proud Princesse; this neglect of me 
Shall make thy brother King most miserable; 
Shall turne him into curses ’gainst thy crueltie: 
For where before I us’d him like a King, 
And did those Royall Offices unto him, 
Now he shall lie a sad lump in a dungeon, 
Loden with chaines and fetters, colds and hunger, 
Darknesse and lingring death for his companions; 
And let me see who dare attempt his rescue, 
What desperate foole; looke toward it; farwell,
And when thou know’st him thus, lament thy follies,
Nay I will make thee kneele to take my offer:
Once more farwell, and put thy trust in puppits.

_Quisar._ If none dare undertake it, I’le live a mourner.
_Ba._ You cannot want.
_Sy._ You must not.
_Ru._ ’Tis most dangerous,
And wise men wou’d proceed with care & counsell,
Yet some way would I _know_ —
Walke with me Gentlemen —

_Ar._ How doe you like her spirit?
_Soz._ ’Tis a cleare one,

Clod with no dirty stuffe, she is all pure honor.
_Em._ The bravest wench I ever look’d upon,
And of the strongest parts, she is most faire,
Yet her mind such a mirrour —
_Arm._ What an action
Wou’d this be to put forward one, what a glory,
And what an everlasting wealth to end it?
Methinkes my soule is strangely rais’d.

column: 186-b-2

_Soz._ To step into it,
Just while they thinke, and ere they have determin’d
To bring the King off.
_Ar._ Things have been done as dangerous.
_Em._ And prosper’d best when they were least considerd.
_Ar._ Blesse me my hopes,
And you my friends assist me.
None but our companions.
_Soz._ You deale wisely,
And if we shrink the name of slaves dye with us.
_Em._ Stay not for second thoughts.
_Ar._ I am determin’d;
And though I lose, it shall be sung, I was valiant,
And my brave offer shall be turn’d to story,
Worthy the Princesse tongue. A boat that’s all
That’s unprovided, and habits like to merchants,
The rest wee’l councell as we goe.
_Soz._ Away then,
Fortune lookes faire on those, make haste to win her.

_Exeunt._

_Actus Secundus. Scæna prima._

_Enter Keeper, and 2 or 3 Moores._

_Kee._ I Have kept many a man, and many a great one,
Yet I confesse, I nere saw before
A man of such a sufferance; he lies now
Where I would not lay my dog, for sure 'twou'd kill him.
Where neither light or comfort can come neare him;
Nor aire, nor earth that's wholesome; it grieves me
To see a mighty King with all his glory,
Sunke o'th' sudden to the bottome of a dungeon.
Whether should we descend that are poore Rascals
If we had our deserts?

_I Mo._ 'Tis a strange wonder,
Load him with Irons, oppresse him with contempts,
Which are the Governors commands, give him nothing,
Or so little, to sustaine life, 'tis next nothing;
They stir not him, he smiles upon his miseries,
And beares 'em with such strength as if his nature
Had been nurs'd up, and foster'd with calamities.

_2._ He gives no ill words, curses, nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing we can heare of;
And in the midst of all these frights, feares nothing.

_Kee._ I'le be sworne
He feares not, for even when I shake for him,
As many times my pitty will compell me,
When other soules that beare not halfe his burthen,
Shinke in their powers, and burst with their oppressions;
Then will he sing, wooe his afflictions,
And court 'em in sad aires, as if he wou'd wed 'em.

_I._ That's more then we have heard yet, we are only
Appointed for his guard, but not so neare him,
If we could heare that wonder —

_Kee._ Many times
I feare the Governour should come to know it;
For his voice so affects me, so delights me,
That when I find his houre, I have Musicke ready,
And it stirs me infinitely. be but still and private,
And you may chance to heare.

King appeares loden with chaines, his head, arms only above
_Nnn2_
2. We will not stir sir;  
This is a suddaine change, but who darres blame it.  
   Kee. Now harke and melt, for I am sure I shall;  
Stand silent, what stubborne weight of chaines —  
   I Yet he looks temperately.  
2. His eyes not sunke, and his complexion firme still,  
No wildnesse, no distemper’d touch upon him.  
How constantly he smiles, and how undanted?  
With what a Majesty he heaves his head up?  
   Musick.  
   Ke. Now marke, I know he wil sing; do not disturb him.  
Your allowance from the Governor, wou’d it were more  
Or in my power to make it hansomer.  
   (sir,  
   Kin. Do not transgresse thy charge, I take his bounty,  
And fortune, whilst I beare a mind contented,  
Not leavend with the glory I am falne from,  
Nor hang upon vaine hopes, that may corrupt me.  

Enter Governor.  
   Gov. Thou art my slave, and I appeare above thee.  
   Kee. The Governor himselfe.  
   Gov. What, at your banquet?  
And in such state, and with such change of service?  
   Kin. Nature’s no glutton sir, a little serves her.  
   Gov. This diet’s holsome then.  
   Kin. I beg no better.  
   Gov. A calme contented mind, give him lesse next;  
These full meales will oppresse his health, his Grace  
Is of a tender, and pure constitution,  
And such replentions —  
   Kin. Mocke, mock, it moves not me sir,  
Thy mirthes, as do thy mischiefs flie behind me.  
   Gov. Ye carry it handsomely, but tell me patience,  
Do not you curse the brave and royall Lady  
Your gratious sister? do not you damn her pitty,  
Damn twenty times a day, and dam it seriously?  
Do not you sweare aloud too, cry and kick?  
The very soule sweat in thee with the agony  
Of her contempt of me? coulst not thou eate her  
For being so injurious to thy fortune,  
Thy faire and happy fortune? coulst not thou wish her  
A Bastard, or a whore, fame might proclaim her  
Black ugly fame, or that thou hadst had no sister?  
Spitting the generall name out, and the nature;  
Blaspheming heaven for making such a mischiefe;  
For giving power to pride, and will to woman?  
   Kin. No Tyrant, no, I blesse and love her for it;  
And though her scorne of thee, had laid up for me
As many plagues as the corrupted aire breeds,
As many mischiefs as the hours have minutes.
As many formes of death, as doubt can figure;
Yet I should love her more still, and more honour her;
All thou canst lay upon me, cannot bend me,
No not the stroke of death, that I despise too:
For if feare could possesse me, thou hadst won me;
As little from this houre I prize thy flatteries,
And lesse then those thy prayers, though thou wouldst
And if she be not Mistris of this nature, (kneele to me;
She is none of mine, no kin, and I contemne her.

    Gov.  Are you so valiant sir?
    Kin.  Yes, and so fortunate;
For he that holds my constancy still conquers;
Hadst thou preserv’d me as a noble enemy,
And as at first, made my restraint seeme to me
But only as the shadow of captivity,
I had still spoke thee noble, still declar’d thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, still lov’d thee,
And still prefer’d thy faire love to my sister;

    column: 187-a-2

But to compell this from me with a misery,
A most inhumane, and unhansome slavery —

    Gov.  You will relent for all this talke I feare not,
    Kin.  You are cozen’d;
Or if I were so weake to be wrought to it,
So fearefull to give way to so much poverty,
How I should curse her heart if she consented.

    Gov.  You shall write and entreat or —
    Kin.  Do thy utmost,
And e’ne in all thy tortures I’le laugh at thee,
I’le thinke thee no more valiant, but a villaine;
Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a theefe,
Atchiev’d by craft, and kept by cruelty;
Nothing thou canst deserve, thou art unhonest;
Nor no way live to build a name, thou art barbarous.

    Gov.  Down with him low enough, there let him mur-
And see his dyet be so light and little, (mur,
He grow not thus high hearted on’t, I will coole ye,
And make ye cry for mercy, and be ready
To worke my ends, and willingly; and your sister taken
Your scornefull, cruell sister shall repent too, (downe,
And sue to me for grace.
Give him no liberty,
But let his bands be doubled, his ease lessened;
Nothing his heart desires, but vexe and torture him:
Let him not sleepe, nothing that’s deare to nature
Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he dye not;
Keepe him as neere death, and as willing to embrace it,
But see he arrive not at it; I will humble him,
And her stout heart that stands on such defiance;
And let me see her champions that dare venture
Her high and mighty wooers, keepe your guards close,
And as you love your lives be diligent,
And what I charge, observe.

\textit{Omnes} We shall be dutifull.  \\
\textit{Gov.} ‘I le pull your courage King and all your bravery.

\textit{1.} Most certaine he is resolved nothing can stir him;
For if he had but any part about him
Gave way to feare or hope, he durst not talke thus,
And do thus stoutly too, as willingly,
And quietly he sunke downe to his sorrows,
As some men to their sleepes.

\textit{Kee.} Yes, and sleepes with ‘em;
So little he regards them, ther’s the wonder,
And often soundly sleepes, wou’d I durst pity him,
Or wou’d it were in my will, but we are servants,
And tyed unto command.

\textit{2.} I wish him better,
But much I feare ’has found his tombe already,
We must observe our guards.

\textit{1.} He cannot last long,
And when he is dead, he is free.

\textit{Kee.} That’s the most crueltie,
That we must keepe him living.

\textit{2.} That’s as he please;
For that man that resolves, needs no Phisitian.  \\
\textit{Exeunt.}

\textit{Enter Armusia, Soza, Emanuel like merchants,}
\textit{Arm’d underneath.}

\textit{Arm.} Our prosperous passage was an omen to us,
A lucky and a faire omen.

\textit{Omnes} We beleeeve it.

\textit{Ar.} The sea and wind strove who should most befriend
And as they favoured our designe and lov’d us,  \\
(us, So lead us forth — where lies the boat that brought us?

\textit{Soz.}
Soz. Safe lodg’d within the Reeds, close by the Castle,
That no eye can suspect, nor thought come neare it.

Em. But where have you been, brave sir?

Ar. I have broke the Ice boyes:
I have begun the game, faire fortune guide it,
Suspectlesse have I travell’d all the towne through,
And in this Merchants shape won much acquaintance,
Survey’d each strength and place that may befriended us,
View’d all his Magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the prison is, and what power guards it.

Soz. These will be strong attempts.

Ar. Courage is strong:
What we began with policy, my deare friends,
Let’s end with manly force; there’s no retiring,
Unlesse it be with shame.

Em. Shame his that hopes it

Ar. Better a few, and clearer fame will follow us,
However, lose or win, and speak our memories,
Then if we led our Armies; things done thus,
And of this noble weight, will stile us worthies.

Soz. Direct, and we have done, bring us to execute,
And if we flinch, or faile —

Ar. I am sure ye dare not.
Then further know, and let no eare be neare us
That may be false.

Em. Speak boldly on, we are honest;
Our lives and fortunes yours.

Ar. Hard by the place then
Where all his treasure lies, his armes, his women,
Close by the prison too where he keeps the King,
I have hir’d a lodging, as a trading merchant,
A Celler to that too, to stow my wares in,
The very wall of which, joynes to his store-house.

Soz. What of all this?

Ar. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not:
Into that Celler, elected friends, I have convey’d
And unsuspected too that will doe it;
That that will make all shake, and smoak too.

Em. Ha?

Ar. My thoughts have not been idle, nor my practice:
The fire I brought here with me shall doe something,
Shall burst into materiall flames, and bright ones,
That all the Island shall stand wondering at it,
As if they had been stricken with a Comet:
Powder is ready, and enough to worke it,
The match is left a-fire, all, all husht, and lockt close,
No man suspecting what I am but Merchant:
An hour hence, my brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour’d purpose,
For by that time ’twill take.
   Soz.  What are our duties?
   Ar.  When all are full of feare and fright, the Gover-
Out of his wits, the to see flames so imperious, (nour
Ready to turne to ashes all he worships,
And all the people there to stop these ruins,
No man regarding any private office;
Then flie we to the prison suddenly,
Here’s one has found the way, and dares direct us.
   Em.  Then to our swords and good hearts,
I long for it.
   Ar.  Certaine we shall not find much opposition,
But what is must be forced.
   Soz.  ’Tis bravely cast sir,
And surely too I hope.
   Ar.  If the fire faile not,
And powder hold his nature, some must presently

column: 187-b-2

Upon the first cry of the amazed people,
(For nothing will be markt then, but the miserie)
Be ready with the boat upon an instant,
And then all’s right and faire.
   Em.  Blesse us deare fortune.
   Ar.  Let us be worthie of it in our courage,
And fortune must befriend us, come all sever,
But keep still within sight, when the flame rises
Let’s meet, and either doe, or dye.
   Soz.  So be it.

Exeunt.

Enter Governour and Captaine.

   Gov.  No Captaine, for those troops we need ’em not,
The Towne is strong enough to stand their furies;
I wou’d see ’em come, and offer to doe something.
They are high in words.
   Cap.  ’Tis safer sir then doing.
   Gov.  Dost thinke they dare attempt.
   Cap.  May be by treaty
But sure by force they wil not prove so forward.
   Gov.  No faith, I warrant thee, they know me wel enough,
And know they have no child in hand to play with:
They know my nature too, I have bit some of ’em,
And to the bones, they have reason to remember me,
It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The fooles are in their promises, and how pregnant
Their wits and powers are to bring things to passe;
Am I not growne leane with losse of sleep and care
To prevent these threatnings, Captaine?

  Cap. You look well sir:
Upon my conscience you are not like to sicken
Upon any such conceit.

  Gov. I hope I shall not:
Well wou’d I had this wench, for I must have her,
She must be mine; and there’s another charge Captaine;
What betwixt love and brawling I got nothing,
All goes in maintenance —
Heark what was that,
That noyse there? it went with a violence.

  Cap. Some old wall belike sir,
That had no neighbour helpe to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.

  Gov. I must discard these Rascals,
That are not able to maintaine their buildings,
They blur the beauty of the Town.

  Within. Fire, fire.

  Gov. I heare another tune, good Captaine,
It comes on fresher still, tis loud and fearefull,
Look up into the Towne, how bright the ayre shewes;
Upon my life some suddaine fire.

  Ex. Cap. The bell too?
Bell Rings.
I heare the noyse more cleare

  Enter Citizen.

  Cit. Fire, fire.

  Gov. Where? where?

  Cit. Suddenly taken in a Merchans house sir,
Fearefull and high it blazes; helpe good people.

  Gov. Pox o’their paper-houses, how they smother,
They light like candles, how the rore still rises?

  Enter Captaine.

  Cap. Your Magazine’s a fire sir, help, help suddenly,
The Castle too is in danger, in much danger,
All will be lost, get the people presently,
And all that are your guard, and all helpe, all hands sir,
Your wealth, your strent, is burnt else, the town perisht;
The Castle now begins to flame.

Gov. My soule shakes. (him, Cap.) A Merchants house next joyning? shame light on

That ever such a neighbour, such a villain —

Gov. Raise all the garrison, and bring 'em up.

Enter other Citizens.

And beat the people forward — Oh I have lost all
In one house, all my hopes: good worthy Citizens
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me,
I will reward you all. Oh cursed fortune —
The flame’s more violent: arise still, help, helpe Citizens,
Freedome & wealth to him that helps: follow, oh follow.
Fling wine, or any thing, Ile see’t recompenc’d.

Buckets, more Buckets; fire, fire, fire. Ex. omnes.

Enter Armusia, and his company.

Arm. Let it flame on, a comely light it gives up
To our discovery.
Soz. Hearke, what a merry crye
These hounds make? forward fairely,
We are not seen in the mist, we are Not noted. Away,
Away. Now if we lose our fortune — Exit.

Enter Captaine and Citizens.

Cap. Up soildiers, up, and deale like men.
Cit. More water, more water, all is consum’d else.

Cap. All’s gone, unlesse you undertake it straight, your
Wealth too, that must preserve, & pay your labor bravely.
Up, up, away. Ex. Cap. and Cit. Then,

Enter Armusia and his company breaking
open a doore.

Ar. So, thou art open, keep the way cleare

Behinde still. Now for the place.
Sold. 'Tis here sir.
Ar. Sure this is it.

Force ope the doore — A miserable creature!
Yet by his manly face — The King discover’d.

Kin. Why stare ye on me?

You cannot put on faces to afright me:
In death I am a King still, and contemne ye:
Where is that Governour? me thinks his man-hood
Should be well pleas’d to see my Tragedy,
And come to bath his sterne eyes in my sorrowes;
I dare him to the sight, bring his scornes with him,
And all his rugged threats: here’s a throat, soildiers;
Come, see who can strike deepest.
Em. Break the Chain there.

Kin. What does this mean?

Ar. Come, talke of no more Governours,
He has other businesse sir, put your legs forward,
And gather up your courage like a man,
Wee’l carry off your head else: we are friends,
And come to give your sorrowes ease.

Soz. On bravely;
Delayes may lose agen,

Enter Guard.

Ar. The Guard.

Soz. Upon ’em.

Ar. Make speedy, and sure work.

Em. They flye. (speedy,

Ar. Up with him, and to the Boat; stand fast, now be
When this heat’s past, wee’ll sing our History.
Away, like thoughts, sudden as desires, friends;
Now sacred chance be ours.

Soz. Pray when we have done sir.

Exeunt.

column: 188-a-2

Enter 3 or 4 Citizens severally.

1. What is the fire allaid?
2. ’Tis out, tis out,
Or past the worst, I never did so stoutly
I’le assure you neighbours since I was a man:
I have been burnt at both ends like a squib:
I liv’d two hovres in the fire, ’twas a hideous matter;
But when men of understanding come about it,
Men that judge of things, my wife gave me over,
And tooke her leave a hundred times, I bore up still,
And tost the Buckets boyes.

3. We are all meere Martins.

1. I heard a voice at latter end o’th hurry,
Or else I dreamt I heard it, that said treason.

2. Tis like enough, it might cry murder to, for there was
Many without a joint, but whats that to us: Lets home
And fright our wives. for we looke like Devils.

Enter 3 Women.

3. Here come some of ’em to fright us.

1 W. Mine’s alive neighbor — oh sweet hony husband.

2. Thou liest I thinke abominably, and thou hadst bin
In my place, thou wouldst have stunke at both ends.
Get me some drinke, give me whole tuns of drinke,
Whole cisternes, for I have foure dozen of fine firebrands
In my belly, I have more smoke in my mouth, then would
Blote a hundred herrings.

2 Wo. Art thou come safe agen?
3 Wo. I pray you what became of my man, is he in a well?

2. At hearts ease in a Well, is very well neighbour;
We left him drinking of a new dozen of Buckets;
Thy husbands happy, he was through roasted,
And now hee’s basting of himselfe at all points:
The Clarke and he are cooling their pericraniums;
Body O me neighbors there’s fire in my copdice.

1 Wo. Blesse my husband.

2. Blow it out wife — blow, blow, the gable end a’th’

Women. Some water, water, water. (store-house.

3. Peace, tis but a sparkle;
Raise not the Towne again, ’twill be a great hinderance,
I’m glad tis out, and ’t had tane in my hayloft?
What frights are these, marry heaven blesse thy modicum.

3 Wo. But is a drown’d outright, pray put me out of
Feare neighbor.

2. Thou wouldst have it so, but after a hundred fires
More, hee’l live to see thee burnt for brewing musty
Liquor.

1. Come lets goe neighbor.

2 For I would very faine turne downe this liquor;
Come, come, I fry like a burnt marry-bone:
Women get you afore, and draw upon us;
Run wenches run, and let your taps run with ye;
Run as the fire were in your tailes, cry ale, ale.

Wom. Away lets nourish the poore wretches.

2. Wee’l Rallie up the rest of the burnt Regiment.

Enter Governor, Captaine, Souldier, and Guard.

Gov. The fire’s quencht Captain, but the mischief hangs
The Kings redeem’d, & gon too; a trick, a dam’d one: (still;
Oh I am overtaken poorely, tamely. (son?

Cap. Where were the guard that waited upon the pri-

Sol. Most of ’em slaine, yet some scap’ sir, and they de-
They saw a little boat ready to receive him, (liver,
And those redeem’d him, making such haste and fighting;

Fighting
Fighting beyond the force of men.

Gov. I am lost Captaine,
And all the world will laugh at this, and scorne me:
Count me a heavy sleepy foole, a coward,
A coward past recovery, a confirm’d coward,
One without carriage, or common sense.

Sol. Hee’s gone sir,
And put to sea amaine, past our recovery,
Not a Boat ready to pursue; if there were any,
The people stand amazed so at their valour,
And the sudden fright of fire, none knowes to execute.

Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, & knock my boys brains
’Gainst every post I meet; fool’d with a fire?

Cap. It was a crafty trick.

Gov. No, I was lazy,
Confident sluggish lazie, had I but met ’em,
And chang’d a dozen blowes, I had forgiv’n ’em,
By both these hands held up, and by that brightnesse
That gildes the world with light, by all our worshipes,
The hidden ebbes and flowes of the blew Ocean,
I will not rest; no mirth shall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my mouth, nor any thing refresh me,
Till I be wholy quit of this dishonour:
Make ready my Barrato’s instantly,
And what I shall intend —

Cap. We are your servants.  

Exeunt.

Enter Quisar, Ruy Dyas.

Quisar. Never tell me, you never car’d to win me,
Never for my sake to attempt a deed,
Might draw me to a thought you sought my favour:
If not for love of me, for love of armes sir,
For that cause you professe, for love of honour,
Of which you stile your selfe the mighty Master,
You might have stept out nobly, and made an offer,
As if you had intended something excellent,
Put on a forward face.

Ru. Deare Lady hold me —

Quisar. I hold ye, as I finde yee, a faint servant.

Ru. By — I dare doe —

Quisar. In a Ladies chamber
I dare beleeve ye, there’s no mortall danger:
Give me the man that dares doe, to deserve that:
I thought you Portugalls had been rare wonders,
Men of those haughty courages and credits,
That all things were confin’d within your promises,
The Lords of fate and fortune I beleev’d yee,
But well I see I am deceiv’d Ruy Dias,
And blame too late my much believe.
   Ru. I am ashamed, Lady,
I was so dull, so stupid to your offer:
Now you have once more school’d me, I am right,
And something shall be thought on suddenly,
And put in act as soone, some preparation —
   Quisar. And give it out?
   Ru. Yes, Lady, and so great too:
In which, the noyse of all my Countrey-men — (ones,
   Quisar. Those will doe well, for they are all approv’d
And though he be restor’d alive.
   Ru. I have ye.
   Quisar. For then we are both servants.
   Ru. I conceive ye,
Good Madam give me leave to turne my fancies.
   Quis. Do, & make all things fit, & then I’l visit you. Ex.
   Ru. My selfe, the cozen, and the Garrison,

   column: 188-b-2

The neighbours of the out-Isles of our nation,
Syana’s strength, for I can humour him:
And proud Bekamus, I shall deceive his glory. A shout.
What ringing sound of joy is this? whence comes it?
May be the Princes are in sport.
   Enter Pyniero, Christoph.
   Py. Where are ye?
   Ru. Now Pyniero, what’s the haste you seek me?
   Py. Do you know this signe sir?
   Ru. Ha!
   Py. Do you know this embleme?
Your nose is boar’d.
   Ru. Boar’d? what’s that?
   Py. Y’are topt sir:
The Kings come home againe, the King.
   Ru. The devill?
   Py. Nay sure he came a gods name home:
Hee’s return’d sir.
   Christ. And all this yee heare —
   Ru. Who durst attempt him?
The Princes are all here.
   Chry. They are worthy Princes,
They are speciall Princes, all they love by ounces.
Believe it sir, ’tis done, and done most bravely and easily.
What fortune have ye lost sir?
What justice have ye now unto this Lady?
   Py. How stands your claime?
That ever man should be fool’d so,
When he should doe and prosper; stand protesting,
Kissing the hand, and farting for a favour,
When he should be about his businesse sweating;
She bid you goe, and pickt you out a purpose,
To make your selfe a fortune by, a Lady, a Lady, and a lusty
A lovely, that now you may goe look, she poyned ye,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly, you have made a faire flight on’t,
You have caught a goose.

_Ru._ How dare you thus molest me?  

It cannot bee.

_Chr._ Hark how the generall joy rings!

_Py._ Have you your hearing left? is not that drunk too?

For if you had been sober, you had been wise sure.

_Ru._ Done? who dares doe?

_Py._ It seems an honest fellow,

That has ended his Market before you be up.

_Chr._ The shame on’t ’s a stranger too.

_Py._ ’Tis no shame,

He took her at her word, and tyed the bargaine,
Dealt like a man indeed, stood not demurring,
But clapt close to the cause, as he will doe to the Lady:
’Is a fellow of that speed and handsomnesse,
He will get her with childe too, ere you shall come to
Is it not brave, a gentleman scarce landed,  
Scarce eating of the aire here, not acquainted,
No circumstance of love depending on him,
Nor no command to shew him, must start forth,

At the first sight to —

_Ru._ I am undone.

_Py._ Like an Oyster:

She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto such deeds as these — Pox o’these,
These wise delayings —
They make men cowards.
You are undone as a man would undoe an egge,
A hundred shames about ye.

_Enter Quisara, Panura, and Traine._

Quisara.
Quisar. Can it be possible,
A stranger that I have not knowne, not seen yet,
A man I never grac’d; O Captaine, Captaine,
What shall I doe? I am betray’d by fortune,
It cannot be, it must not be.

Py. It is Lady,
And by my faith a hansome Gentleman;
'Tis his poore Schollers prize.

Quisar. Must I be given
Unto a man I never saw, ne’re spoke with,
I know not of what Nation?

Py. Is a Portugall,
And of as good a pitch he will be given to you Lady,
For hee’s given much to hansome flesh.

Quisar. Oh Ruy Dias,
This was your sloth, your sloth, your sloth Ruy Dias.

Py. Your love sloth, Unckle doe you find it now?
You should have done at first, and faithfully:
A shout.
And then the tother had lyed ready for ye;
Madam, the generall joy comes.

Quisar. We must meet it — but with what comfort?

Enter Citizens carrying boughes, boyes singing after 'em;

Then King, Armusia, Soza, Emanuell; The
Princes and traine following.

Quisar. Oh my deare brother what a joy runs through
To see you safe again, your selfe, and mighty, (me,
What a blест day is this?

Kin. Rise up faire sister,
I am not welcome till you have embraced me.

Ru. A generall gladnes sir flies through the City,
And mirth possesses all to see your Grace arrive,
Thus happily arrived againe, and fairely;
'Twas a brave venture who so e’re put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much honor;
And had it failed, we had not failed great sir,
And in short time too to have forc’d the Governor,
In spight of all his threats.

Kin. I thanke ye Gentleman.

Ru. And all his subtilties to set you free,
With all his heart and will too.

Kin. I know ye love me.

Py. This had bin good with something done before it,
Somthing set off to beautifie it, now it sounds emptie like
A Barbers bason. pox there’s no mettall in’t, no noble mar-

Ba. I have an army sir, but that the Governor, (row.
The foolish fellow was a little provident,
And wise in letting slip no time, became him too,
That would have scoured him else, and all his confines;
That would have rung him such a peale —
Py. Yes backward,
To make doggs houle, I know thee to a farthing,
Thy armye’s good for hawkes, there’s
Nothing but sheeps hearts in it.
Sy. I have done nothing sir, therefore
I thinke it convenient I say little what I purposed,
And what my love intended.
Kin. I like your modestie,
And thanke ye royall friends, I know it griev’d ye
To know my miserie; but this man Princes,
I must thanke heartily indeed and truly,
For this man saw me in’t, and redeemed me:
He lookt upon me sinking, and then caught me.
This sister this, this all man, this all valour,
This pious man.
Ru. My countenance, it shames me,

One scarce arrived, not harden’d yet, not
Read in dangers and great deeds, sea-sick, not season’d —
Oh I have boy’d my selfe.
Kin. This noble bulwarke,
This launce and honor of our age and Kingdome;
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the name of friend to,
This, this man from the bowels of my sorrowes
Has new begot my name, and once more made me:
Oh sister, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing neere recompence invented.
Ar. You are too noble sir, there is reward
Above my action too by millions:
A recompence so rich and glorious,
I durst not dreame it mine, but that ’twas promised;
But that it was propounded, sworne and sealed
Before the face of heaven, I durst not hope it,
For nothing in the life of man, or merit,
It is so truly great, can else embrace it.
Kin. O speake it, speake it, blesse mine eares to heare it,
Make me a happy man, to know it may be,
For still methinkes I am a prisoner,
And feele no libertie before I find it.
Ar. Then know it is your sister, she is mine sir,
I claime her by her owne word, and her honour;
It was her open promise to that man
That durst redeeme ye; Beauty set me on,
And fortune crownes me faire, if she receive me.
Kin. Receive ye sir — why sister — ha — so backward,  
Stand as you knew me not, nor what he has ventured  
My dearest sister.  

Ar. Good sir pardon me,  
There is a blushing modestie becomes her,  
That holds her back; women are nice to wooe sir;  
I would not have her forced, give her faire libertie;  
For things compell’d and frightened of soft natures,  
Turne into feares, and flye from their owne wishes.  

Kin. Looke on my Quisara such another,  
Oh all ye powers, so excellent in nature,  
In honour so abundant.  

Quisar. I confesse sir,  
Confesse my word is past too, he has purchased;  
Yet good sir give me leave to thinke, but time  
To be acquainted with his worth and person;  
To make me fit to know it; we are both strangers,  
And how we should beleevie so suddenly,  
Or come to fasten our affections —  
Alas, love has his complements.  

Kin. Be sudden  
And certaine in your way, no womans doubles,  
Nor coy delayes, you are his, and so assure it,  
Or cast from me and my remembrance ever;  
Respect your word, I know you will, come sister,  
Lets see what welcome you can give a prisoner,  
And what faire lookes a friend — Oh my most noble  
Princes, no discontents, but all be lustie,  
He that frownes this day is an open enemie:  
Thus in my armes my deare.  

Ar. You make me blush sir.  

Kin. And now lead on —  
Our whole Court crowned with pleasure.  

Ru. Madam, despaire not, something shall be done yet,  
And suddenly and wisely.  

Quisar. O Ruy Dias.  

Py. Well he’s a brave fellow, & he has deserv’d her richly,  
And you have had your hands full I dare swear Gentlemē.

Soz.
**The Island Princess.**

column: 189-b-1

\[ \text{Soz.} \quad \text{We have done something sir, if it hit right.} \]

\[ \text{Ch.} \quad \text{The woman has no eyes else, nor no honesty, so much I think.} \]

\[ \text{Py.} \quad \text{Come, let's goe bounce amongst 'em, to the Kings health, and my brave country-mans.} \]

My uncle looks as though he were sick oth'

Worms friends.

\[ \text{Exeunt.} \]

**Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.**

**Enter Pyniero.**

My uncle haunts me up & down, looks melancholy,

Wondrous proof melancholy, sometimes sweares,

Then whistles, starts, cries, & groans, as if he had the Bots.

As to say truth, I think h'as little better,

And wo'd fain speak; bids me good morrow at midnight,

And good night when 'tis noon, has something hovers

About his brains, that would faine finde an issue,

But cannot out, or dares not: stil he followes;

\[ \{ \text{Enter} \quad \text{Ruy Dyas.} \]

How he looks still, and how he beats about,

Like an old Dog at a dead sent? I marry,

There was a sigh wou'd a set a ship a sayling:

These winds of love and honour blow at all ends.

Now speak and't be thy will: good morrow Uncle.

\[ \text{Ru.} \quad \text{Good morrow sir.} \]

\[ \text{Py.} \quad \text{This is a new salute:} \]

Sure h'as forgot me: this is pur-blinde Cupid.

\[ \text{Ru.} \quad \text{My Nephew?} \]

\[ \text{Py.} \quad \text{Yes sir, it I be not chang'd.} \]

\[ \text{Ru.} \quad \text{I wou'd faine speak with you.} \]

\[ \text{Py.} \quad \text{I wou'd faine have ye sir,} \]

For to that end I stay.

\[ \text{Ru.} \quad \text{You know I love yee,} \]

And I have lov'd you long, my deare Pyniero,

Bred and supply'd you.

\[ \text{Py.} \quad \text{Whither walks this Preamble?} \]

\[ \text{Ru.} \quad \text{You may remember, though I am but your Uncle,} \]

I sure had a fathers care, a fathers tendernesse.

\[ \text{Py.} \quad \text{He doubts my nature in, for mine is honest, (denly,} \]

He windes about me so.

\[ \text{Ru.} \quad \text{A fathers deligence.} \]

My privat benefits, I have forgot sir,

But those you might lay claime to as my follower;
Yet some men wou’d remember —

_Pyn._ I doe dayly. (one,)

_Ru._ The place which I have put ye in, which is no weak
Next to my selfe you stand in all employments,
Your counsells, cares, assignements with me equall,
So is my study still to plant your person;
These are small testimonies I have not forgot ye,
Nor wou’d not be forgotten.

_Pyn._ Sure you cannot.

_Ru._ O Pyniero —

_Pyn._ Sir; what hangs upon you,
What heavy weight oppresses ye, ye have lost,
(I must confesse, in those that understand ye)
Some little of your credit, but time will cure that;
The best may slip sometimes.

_Ru._ Oh my best Nephew —

_Pyn_ It may be yee feare her too, that disturbs ye,
That she may fall her selfe, or be forc’d from ye.

_Ru._ She is ever true, but I undone for ever.
Oh that _Armusia_, that new thing, that stranger,
That flag stuck up to rob me of mine honor;
That murdring chaine shot at me from my Country;
That goodly plague that I must court to kill me.

_Pyn._ Now it comes flowing from him, I feared this,
Knew, he that durst be idle, durst be ill too,
Has he not done a brave thing?

_Ru._ I must confesse it nephew, must allow it,
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunke me,
Has trod me like a name in sand to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens my ruine:
And if he rise and blaze, farewell my fortune;
And when thats set, where’s thy advancement Cozen?
That were a friend, that were a noble kinsman,
That would consider these; that man were gratefull;
And he that durst doe something here durst love me.

_Pyn._ You say true, ’tis worth consideration,
Your reasons are of weight, and marke me Uncle,
For I’le be sudden, and to’th’ purpose with you.
Say this _Armusia_ then wert taken off,
As it may be easily done
How stands the woman?

_Ru._ She is mine for ever;
For she contemnes his deed and him.

_Pyn._ Pox on him,
Or if the single pox be not sufficient,
The hogs, the dogs, and devils pox possesse him:
’Faith this _Armusia_ stumbles me, ’is a brave fellow;
And if he could be spared Unckle —  
   _Ru._ I must perish: 
Had he set up at any rest but this,  
Done any thing but what concern’d my credit,  
The everlasting losing of my worth. —  
   _Pyn._ I understand you now, who set you on too; 
I had a reasonable good opinion of the devill  
Till this hour; and I see he is a knave indeed,  
An arrant stinking knave, for now I smell him;  
I’le see what may be done then, you shall know  
You have a kinsman, but no villaine Unckle,  
Nor no betrayer of faire fame, I scorne it;  
I love and honour vertue; I must have  
Accessse unto the Lady to know her mind too,  
A good word from her mouth you know may stir me;  
A Ladies looke at setting on —  
   _Ru._ You say well;  
Here Cozen, here’s a Letter readie for you,  
And you shall see how nobly shee’l receive you,  
And with what care direct.  
   _Pyn._ Farewell then Unckle,  
After I have talked with her, I am your servant,  
To make you honest if I can — else hate you.  
Pray ye no more complements, my head is busie, heaven  
What a malicious soule does this man carry? (blesse me;  
And to what scurvy things this love converts us?  
What stinking things, and how sweetly they become us?  
Murther’s a morall vertue with these Lovers,  
A speciall peece of Divinitie I take it:  
I may be mad, or violentlie drunke,  
Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,  
And learne to murther mens estates, thats base too;  
Or proud, but thats a Paradise to this;  
Or envious, and sit eating of my selfe  
At others fortunes; I may lye, and dammably,  
Beyond the patience of an honest hearer;  
Couzen, Cut purses, sit i’th’ stocks for apples.  
   Ooo  
But
But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy,
These are poore pelting sins, or rather plagues,
Love and Ambition draw the devills Coach.

Enter Quisana, and Panura.

How now! who are these? Oh my great Ladies followers,
Her riddle-founders, and her fortune-tellers,
Her readers of her love-lectures, her inflamers:
These doors I must passe through, I hope they are wide.
Good day to your beauties, how they take it to 'em?
As if they were faire indeed.

Quis. Good morrow to you sir.
Pan. Thats the old Hen, the brood-bird? how she busles?

How like an Inventory of Lecherie she looks?
Many a good piece of iniquity
Has past her hands, I warrant her — I beseech you,
Is the faire Princesse stirring?
Pan. Yes marry is she sir,

But somewhat private: have you a businesse with her?

Pan. Yes forsooth have I, and a serious businesse.
Pan. May not we know?

Pan. Yes, when you can keep counsell.
Pan. How prettily he looks? he's a souldier sure,

His rudenesse sits so handsomly upon him.

Quis. A good blunt gentleman.
Pan. Yes marry am I:

Yet for a push or two at sharp, an't please you —

Pan. My honest friend, you know not who you speak to:

This is the Princesse Aunt.

Pan. I like her th' better
And she were her Mother, (Lady) or her grandmother,
I am not so bashfull but I can buckle with her.

Pan. Of what size is your businesse?

Pan. Of the long sixteens,

And will make way I warrant yee.

Pan. How fine he talks?

Pan. Nay in troth I talke but coursely, Lady,
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding:

How faine they wou'd draw me into ribaldry?

These wenches that live easily, live high,

And love these broad discourses, as they love possets;

These dry delights serve for preparatives.

Pan. Why doe you look so on me?

Pan. I am ghesung

By the cast of your face, what the property of your place
For I presume you turne a key sweet beauty, (should be,

And you another gravity, under the Princesse,
And by my — I warrant ye good places,
Comely commodious feates.

Quian. Prethee let him talke still,
For me thinkes he talkes hansomely.

Py. And truly
As neare as my understanding shall enable me
You look as if you kept my Ladies secrets:
Nay do not laugh, for I meane honestly, (end?)
How these young things tattle, when they get a toy by th’
And how their hearts goe pit a pat and look for it?
Wou’d it not dance too, if it had a Fiddle?
Your gravity I ghesse, to take the Petitions,
And heare the lingring suits in love dispos’d,
Their sighes and sorrowes in their proper place,
You keep the ay me office.

Qu. Prethee suffer him,
For as I live hee’s a pretty fellow.
I love to here sometimes what men think of us:
And thus deliver’d freely, ’tis no malice:
Proceed good honest man.

column: 190-a-2

Pin. I will, good Madam.
According to mens states and dignities,
Moneyes and moveables, you rate their dreames,
And cast the Nativity of their desires,
If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous:
And if he promise place, his dreams are Oracles;
Your ancient practique Art too in these discoveries,
Who loves at such a length, who a span farther,
And who drawes home, yeeld you no little profit,
For these yee milk by circumstance.

Qui. Yee are cunning.

Pin. And as they Oyle ye, and advance your spindle,
So you draw out the lines of love, your dooress too,
The doors of destiny, that men must passe through;
These are faire places.

Pan. He knowes all.

Pin. Your trap dooress,
To pop fooles in it, that have no providence,
Your little wickets, to work wise men, like wires through at,
And draw their states and bodies into Cobwebs,
Your Posterne doors, to catch those that are cautelous,
And would not have the worlds eye finde their knaverries:
Your doores of danger, some men hate a pleasure,
Unlesse that may be full of feares; your hope dooress,
And those are fine commodities, where fooles pay
For every new encouragement, a new custome;
You have your dooress of honour, and of pleasure;
But those are for great Princes, glorious vanities,
Pyn:  Dare you say I to it,
And set me on? 'tis no matter for my Uncle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it.

Quisar.  I wou’d faine —
Pyn.  Have it done; say but so Lady.

Quisan.  Conceive it so.
Pyn.  I will, 'tis that I am bound too:
Your will that must command me, and your pleasure,
The faire aspects of those eyes, that must direct me:
I am no Uncles agent, I am mine owne, Lady;
I scorne my able youth should plough for others,
Or my ambition serve for pay; I ayme,
Although I never hit, as high as any man,
And the reward I reach at shall be equall,
And what love spurs me on to, this desire,
Makes me forget an honest man, a brave man,
A valiant, and a vertuous man, my country-man, Armusia,
The delight of all the Minions, (your excellence;
Is love of you, doting upon your beauty, the admiration of
Make me but servant to the poorest smile,
Or the least grace you have bestow’d on others,
And see how suddenly Ile worke your safety,
And set your thoughts at peace; I am no flatterer,
To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
To lye a bed, and sweare men into Feavers,
Like some of your trim suters; when I promise,
The light is not more constant to the world,
Then I am to my word — She turns for millions.

Quisar.  I have not seen a braver confirm’d courage.
Pyn.  For a tun of Crownes she turns: she is a woman,
And much me feare a worse then I expected.
You are the object Lady, you are the eye
In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all hearts take fire, all hands their valour:
And when he stands disputing, when you bid him,
Or but thinks of his estate, Father, Mother,
Friends, Wife, and Children,
'Is a foole, and I scorne him,
And be but to make cleane his sword: coward
Men have forgot their fealty to beauty.
Had I the place in your affections,
My most unworthy uncle is fit to fall from,
Liv’d in those blessed eyes, and read the stories
Of everlasting pleasures figur’d there,
I wou’d finde out your commands before you thought ’em,
And bring ’em to you done, ere you dream’t of’em.
Quis. I admire his boldnesse.

Pyn. This, or any thing;
Your brothers death, mine uncles, any mans,
No state that stands secure, if you frowne on it.
Look on my youth, I bring no blastings to you,
The first flower of my strength, my faith.

Quis. No more sir;
I am too willing to believe, rest satisfi’d;
If you dare doe for me, I shall be thankfull:
You are a handsome gentleman, a faire one,
My servant if you please; I seale it thus sir.
No more, till you deserve more. Exit.

Pyn. I am rewarded:
This woman’s cunning, but she’s bloudy too;
Although she pulls her Tallons in, she’s mischievous;
Form’d like the face of heaven, cleare and transparent;
I must pretend still, beare ’em both in hopes,
For feare some bloudy slave thrust in indeed,
Fashion’d and flesh’d to what they wish: well uncle,
What will become of this, and what dishonour

column: 190-b-2

Follow this fatall shaft, if shot, let time tell,
I can but only feare, and crosse to crosse it. Exit.

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, Soza.

Em. Why are you thus sad? what can grieve or vex you
That have the pleasures of the world, the profits,
The honour, and the loves at your disposes?
Why should a man that wants nothing, want his quiet?

Ar. I want what beggars are above me in, content:
I want the grace I have merited,
The favour, the due respect.

Soz. Does not the King allow it?

Ar. Yes and all honors else, all I can aske,
That he has power to give; but from his sister,
The scornfull crueltie, forgive me beauty,
That I transgresse from her that should looke on me,
That should a little smile upon my service,
And foster my deserts for her owne faiths sake;
That should at least acknowledge me, speake to me.

Soz. And you goe whining up and downe for this sir,
Lamenting and disputing of your grievances;
Sighing and sobbing like a sullen Schoole-boy,
And cursing good-wife fortune for this favor.

Ar. What would you have me doe?

Soz. Doe what you should doe,
What a man would doe in this case, a wise man,
An understanding man that knowes a woman;
Knowes her and all her tricks, her scorns & all her trifles:  
Goe to her and take her in your armes and shake her,  
Take her and tosse her like a barre.  
  Em. But be sure you pitch her upon a feather-bed,  
Shake her between a paiere of sheets sir,  
There shake these sullen fits out of her, spare her not there,  
There you may break her will, and bruise no bone sir.  
  Soz. Goe to her.  
  Em. Thats the way.  
  Soz. And tell her and boldly,  
And doe not mince the matter, nor mocke your selfe,  
With being too indulgent to her pride:  
Let her heare roundly from ye, what ye are,  
And what ye haue deserved, and what she must be.  
  Em. And be not put off like a common fellow,  
With the Princesse would be private,  
Or that she has taken phisicke, and admits none,  
I would talke to her any where.  
  Ar. It makes me smile,  
  Em. Now you looke hansomely:  
Had I a wench to win, I would so flutter her,  
They love a man that crushes `em to verjuice;  
A woman held at hard meat is your spaniel.  
  Soz. Pray take our counsell sir.  
  Ar. I shall doe something,  
But not your way, it shewes too boisterous,  
For my affections are as faire and gentle,  
As her they serve.  
  Soz. The King.  
  Kin. Why, how now friend?  
Why doe you rob me of the companie  
I love so dearly sir, I have bin seeking you;  
For when I want you, I want all my pleasure:  
Why sad? thus sad still man; I will not have it;  
I must not see the face I love thus shadowed. (him,  
  Em. And`t please your Grace, methinks it ill becomes  
A soildier should be joviall, high and lustie.  
  Kin. He shall be so, come, come, I know your reason,  
Ooo2
It shall be none to crosse you, ye shall have her,
Take my word, (‘tis a Kings word) ye shall have her,
She shall be yours or nothing, pray be merry.

Arm. Your grace has given me cause, I shall be sir,
And ever your poore servant.

King. Me my selfe sir,
My better selfe, I shall finde time, and suddenly,
To gratifie your loves too gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound to you:
Nay ’tis not worth your thanks, no further complement;
Will you goe with me friend?

Arm. I beseech your grace,
Spare me an houre or two, I shall wait on you,
Some little private businesse with my selfe sir,
For such a time.

King. Ile hinder no devotion,
For I know you are regular, Ile take you gentlemen,
Because hee shall have nothing to disturb him,

Arm. I dare not faile sir:
What shal I doe to make her know my misery,
To make her sensible? This is her woman,
I have a toy come to me suddenly,
It may worke for the best, she can but scorne me,
And lower then I am I cannot tumble,
Ile trye what ere my fate be — Good even faire one,

Pan. ’Tis the brave stranger — A good night to you sir.

Now by my Ladies hand a goodly gentleman!
How happy shall she be in such a husband?
Wou’d I were so provided too.

Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you company for an houre or two?
I want employment for this evening.
I am an honest man.

Pan. I dare beleeve yee:
Or if yee were not sir, that’s no great matter,
We take mens promises, wou’d ye stay with me sir?

Arm. So it please you; pray let’s be better acquainted,
I know you are the Princesse gentlewoman,
And wait upon her neere.

Pan. ’Tis like I doe so.

Arm. And may befriend a man, do him faire courtesies,
If he have businesse your way.

Pan. I understand yee.

Arm. So kinde an office, that you may bind a gentleman
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too,
And ye may blesse the houre you did this benefit,
Sweet handsome faces should have courteous mindes,
And ready faculties.

Pan.    Tell me your businesse,
Yet if I thinke it be to her, your selfe sir,
For I know what you are, and what we hold ye,
And in what grace ye stand, without a second
For that but darkens, you wou’d doe it better,
The Princesse must be pleas’d with your accessses,
I’m sure I should.

Arm.    I want a Courtiers boldnesse,
And am yet but a stranger, I wou’d faine speak with her:

Pan.    ’Tis very late, and upon her houre of sleep sir.

Ar.    Pray ye weare this, and believe my meaning civil,
My businesse of that faire respect and carriage:
This for our more acquaintance.

Pan.    How close he kisses?
And how sensible the passings of his lips are?
I must do it, and I were to be hang’d now, and I will do it,
He may doe as much for me, that’s all I ayme at,

Jewell.

column: 191-a-2

And come what will on’t, life or death, I’le do it,
For ten such kisses more, and ’twere high treason.

Arm.    I wou’d be private with her.

Pan.    So you shall,
’Tis not worth thankes else, you must dispatch quick.

Arm.    Suddenly.

Pan.    And I must leave you in my chamber sir,
Where you must locke your selfe that none may see you,
’Tis close to her, you cannot misse the entrance,
When she comes downe to bed.

Arm.    I understand ye, and once more thanke ye Lady.

Pan.    Thanke me but thus.

Arm.    If I faile thee —
Come close then.

Ex.

Enter Quisara, and Quisana.

Quisar.    ’Tis late good Aunt, to bed, I am ene unready,
My woman will not be long away.

Quisan.    I wou’d have you a little merrier first,
Let me sit by ye, and read or discourse
Something that ye fancy, or take my instrument.

Quisar.    No, no I thanke you,
I shall sleep without these, I wrong your age Aunt
To make ye waite thus, pray let me entreat ye,
To morrow I’le see ye, I know y’are sleepy,
And rest will be a welcome guest, you shall not,
Indeed you shall not stay; oh here’s my woman,

Enter Panura.
Good night, good night, and good rest Aunt attend you.

Qui. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, & faire dreams court ye.

Quisar. Come, where have you been wench? make me

I slept but ill last night. (unready;

Pan. You’l sleep the better

I hope too night Madam.

Quisar. A little rest contents me;

Thou lovrest thy bed Panura.

Pan. I am not in love Lady,

Nor seldom dreame of devils, I sleep soundly.

Quisar. I’le sweare thou dost, thy husband wou’d not take

If thou wert married wench. (it so well

Pan. Let him take Madam

The way to waken me, I am no dormouse.

Husbands have larum bels, if they but

Ring once.

Quisar. Thou art a merry wench.

Pan. I shall live the longer.

Quisar. Prethee fetch my booke.

Pan. I am glad of that.

Quisar. I’le read a while before I sleep.

Pan. I will Madam.

Quisar. And if Ruy Dias meet you and be importunate,

He may come in.

Pan. I have a better fare for you,

Now least in sight play I. Exit.

Enter Armusia, lockes the doore.

Quisar. Why should I love him?

Why should I doat upon a man deserves not,

Nor has no will to worke it? who’s there wench?

What are you? or whence come you?

Arm. Ye may know me,

I bring not such amazement noble Lady.

Quisar. Who let you in?

Arm. My restles love that serves ye.

Quisar. This is an impudence I have not heard of,

A rudenesse that becomes a theefe or russin:

Nor shall my brothers love protect this boldnesse,
The Island Princesse.

You buil’d so strongly on, my roomes are sanctuaries,
And with that reverence they that seeke my favours,
And humble feares, shall render their approches.

_Arm._ Mine are no lesse.

_Quisar._ I am Mistris of my selfe sir,
And will be so, I will not be thus visited;
These feares and dangers thrust into my privacy,
Stand further off, Ile cry out else.

_Arm._ Oh deare Lady!

_Quisar._ I see dishonour in your eyes.

_Arm._ There is none:
By all that beauty they are innocent;
Pray ye tremble not, you have no cause.

_Quisar._ I’le dye first;
Before you have your will, be torne in peeces;
The little strength I have left me to resist you,
The gods will give me more, before I am forc’d
To that I hate, or suffer —

_Arm._ You wrong my duty.

_Quisar._ So base a violation of my liberty?
I know you are bent unnobly; I’le take to me
The spirit of a man, borrow his boldnesse,
And force my womans feares into a madness,
And ere you arrive at what you aime at —

_Arm._ Lady,
If there be in you any womans pitty?
And if your feares have not proclaim’d me monstrous?
Looke on me and beleeve me; is this violence?
Is it to fall thus prostrate to your beauty,
A ruffins boldnesse? is humility a rudenesse?
The griefes and sorrowes that grow here an impudence?
These forcings, and these feares I bring along with me,
These impudent abuses offered ye;
And thus high has your brothers favour blowne me:
Alas deare Lady of my life, I came not
With any purpose rough, or desperate,
With any thought that was not smooth and gentle
As your faire hand, with any doubt or danger,
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet;
A heavy curse light on it when I intend it.

_Quisar._ Now I dare heare you.

_Arm._ If I had been mischievous,
As then I must be mad; or were a monster,
If any such base thought had harbour’d here,
Or violence that became not man,
You have a thousand bulwarkes to assure you,
The holy powers beare shields to defend chastity;  
Your honour and your vertues are such armours;  
Your cleare thoughts such defences; if you misdoubt still,  
And yet retaine a feare I am not honest,  
Come with impure thoughts to this place;  
Take this, and sheath it heare; be your own safety;  
Be wise, and rid your feares, and let me perish;  
How willing shall I sleepe to satisfie you.

Quisar. No, I beleewe now, you speake worthily;  
What came you then for?  
Arm. To complaine, me beauty,  
But modestly.

Quisar. Of what?  
Arm. Of your feirce cruelty,

For though I dye, I will not blame the doer:
Humbly to tell your grace, ye had forgot me:
A little to have toucht at, not accused,
For that I dare not do, your scornes, pray pardon me  
And be not angry, that I use the liberty  
To urge that word, a little to have shew’d you

column: 191-b-2

What I have been, and what done to deserve ye,  
If any thing that love commands may reach ye,  
To have remembred ye, but I am unworthy,  
And to that misery fals all my fortunes,  
To have told ye, and by my life ye may beleeve me,  
That I am honest, and will only marry  
You, or your memory; pray be not angry.

Quisar. I thank you sir, and let me tell you seriously,  
Ye have taken now the right way to befriended ye,  
And to beget a faire and cleare opinion,  
Yet to try your obedience —  
Arm. I stand ready Lady,  
Without presuming to aske any thing.

Quisar. Or at this time to hope for further favour;  
Or to remember services, or smiles;  
Dangers you have past through, and rewards due to ’em;  
Loves or dispaires, but leaving all to me:  
Quit this place presently.

Arm. I shall obey ye.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ru. Ha?  
Arm. Who’s this?  
What art thou?  
Ru. A Gentleman.

Arm. Thou art no more I’m sure: oh ’tis Ruy Dias;  
How high he lookes, and harsh?  
Ru. Is there not doore enough,  
You take such elbow roome?
Arm. If I take it, I'le carry it.

Ru. Does this become you Princesse?

Arm. The Captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet;
Go freely, go I'le give thee leave.

Ru. Your leave sir?

Arm. Yes my leave sir, I'le not be troubled neither,
Nor shall my heart ake, or my head be jealous,
Nor strange suspitous thoughts reigne in my memory;
Go on, and do thy worst, I'le smile at thee;
I kisse your faire hand first, then farewell Captaine.

Ex. Quisar. What a pure soule inherits here? what innocence?
Sure I was blind when I first lov'd this fellow,
And long to live in that fogg stil: how he blusters!

Ru. Am I your property? or those your flatteries,
The banquets that ye bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on?

Quisar. Be more temperate.

Ru. Are these the shewes of your respect and favour?
What did he here? what language had he with ye?
Did ye invite? could ye stay no longer?
Is he so gratious in your eye?

Quisar. You are too forward.

Ru. Why at these private houres?

Quisar. You are too saucy,
Too impudent to taske me with those erours:
Do ye know what I am sir, and my prerogative?

Though you be a thing I haue cal'd bith' name of friend,
I never taught you to dispose my liberty;
How durst you touch mine honour? blot my meanings?
And name an action, and of mine but noble?
Thou poore unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee?
How have I nourisht thee, and raised thee hourely?
Are these the gratitudes you bring Ruy Dias?
The thankes? the services? I am fairely paid;
Was't not enough I saw thou wert a Coward,
And shaddowed thee? no noble sparkle in thee?
Dayly provok'd thee, and still found thee coward?

Rais'd
Rais’d noble causes for thee, strangers started at;
Yet still, still, still a Coward, ever Coward;
And with those taints, dost thou upbraid my vertues?

Ruy. I was too blame

Lady.

Quisar. So blindly bold to touch at my behaviour?
Durst thou but looke amisse at my allowance?
If thou hadst been a brave fellow, thou hadst had some li-
Some liberty I might have then allowed thee (ence,
For thy good face, some scope to have argued with me;
But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
The meere signe of a Souldier — of a Lover,
The dregs and drafty part, disgrace and jealouzie,
I scorne thee, and contemne thee.

Ruy. Dearest Lady,
If I have been too free —

Quisar. Thou hast been too foolish,
And goe on still, I’le study to forget thee,
I would I could, and yet I pity thee.

Ruy. I am not worth it, if I were, that’s misery,
The next doore is but death, I must aime at it.

Actus Quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter King, and Governor like a Moore Priest.

King. SOe far and truly you have discovered to me
The former currents of my life and fortune,
That I am bound to acknowledge ye most holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions
Of what are yet to come.

Governor. I am no lyer,
’Tis strange I should, and live so neare a neighbour;
But these are not my ends.

King. Pray ye sit good father,
Certaine a reverend man, and most religious.

Governor. I, that believe’s well now, and let me worke then,
I’le make ye curse religion ere I leave ye;
I have liv’d a long time son, a mewd up man,
Sequester’d by the speciall hand of heaven
From the worlds vanities, bid farewell to follies,
And shooke hands with all heats of youth and pleasures,
As in a dreame these twenty yeares I have slumber’d,
Many a cold moone have I in meditation,
And searching out the hidden wils of heaven,
Laine shaking under, many a burning Sun
Has sear’d my body, and boyl’d up my bloud,
Feebl’d my knees, and stampt a Meagernesse
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge,
Which I have now attained too, thankes to heaven,
All for my countries good too, and many a vision,
Many a mistick vision have I seen son,
And many a sight from heaven which has been terrible,
Wherein the goods and evils of these Islands
Were lively shadowed; many a charge I have had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveale these,
To travell and discover, now I am come son,
The hour is now appointed,
My tongue is touch’d, and now I speake.

King. Do holy man, I’le heare ye.

Gov. Beware these Portugals, I say beware ’em,
These smooth fac’d strangers, have an eye upon ’em.
The cause is now the God’s, heare, and beleve King.

column: 192-a-2

King. I do heare, but before I give rash credit,
Or hang too light on believe, which is a sin father;
Know I have found ’em gentle, faithfull, valiant,
And am in my particular, bound to ’em,
I meane to some for my most strange deliverance.

Gov. O Son, the future aimes of men, observe me,
Above their present actions, and their glory,
Are to be look’d at: the stars shew many turnings,
If you could see, marke but with my eyes pupil;
These men came hether as my vision tells me,
Poore, weatherbeaten, almost lost, starv’d, feebled,
Their vessels like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long sute for traffique, and for comfort,
To vent their childrens toyes, cure their diseases:
They had their sute, they landed, and too th’rate
Grew rich and powerfull, suckt the fat, and freedome
Of this most blessed Isle, taught her to tremble,
Witnesse the Castle here, the Cittadell,
They have clapt upon the necke of your Tidore,
This happy town, till that she knew these strangers,
To check her when shee’s jolly.

Kin. They have so indeed father.

Gov. Take heed, take heed, I find your faire delivery,
Though you be pleas’d to glorifie that fortune,
And think these strangers Gods, take heed I say,
I find it but a hansome preparation,
A faire fac’d Prologue to a further mischiefe:
Marke but the end good King, the pin he shoots at
That was the man deliver’d ye; the mirrour,
Your Sister is his due; what’s she, your heire sir?
And what’s he a kin then to the Kingdome?
But heires are not ambitious, who then suffers?
What reverence shall the Gods have? and what justice
The miserable people? what shall they doe?

  King. He points at truth directly.
  Gov. Thinke of these son: The person, nor the manner I dislike not
Of your preserver, nor the whole man together,
Were he but season’d in the faith we are,
Ne, our devotions learn’d.

  King. You say right father.
  Gov. To change our worships now, and our Religion?
To be traytor to our God?

  King. You have well advised me,
And I will seriously consider father,
In the meane time you shall have your faire accesse
Unto my sister, advise her to your purpose,
And let me still know how the Gods determine.

  Gov. I will, but my maine end is to advise
The destruction of you all, a generall ruine,
And then I am reveng’d, let the Gods whistle. 

Exeunt Enter Ruy Dias, and Pyniero.

  Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad ye were not greedie,
And suddainie in performing what I wilde you,
Upon the person of Armusia,
I was affraid, for I well knew your valour,
And love to me.

  Py. ’Twas not a faire thing unckle,
It shewd not hansome, carried no man in it.

  Ruy. I must confesse ’twas ill, and I abhor it,
Only this good has risen from this evil;
I have tried your honestie, and find profe,
A constancie that will not be corrupted,
And I much honour it.

  Py. This Bell sounds better.
The Island Princesse.

column: 192-b-1

Ruy. My anger now, and that disgrace I have suffer’d,  
Shall be more manly vented, and wip’d off,  
And my sicke honour cur’d the right and straight way;  
My Swords in my hand now nephew, my cause upon it,  
And man to man, one valour to another,  
My hope to his.  

Py. Why? this like Ruy Dias?  
This carries something of some substance in it;  
Some mettle and some man, this sounds a gentleman;  
And now methinkes ye utter what becomes ye;  
To kill men scurvily, 'tis such a dog tricke,  
Such a ratcatchers occupation —  

Ruy. It is no better,  
But Pyniero now —  

Py. Now I do bravely.  

Ruy. The difference of our states flung by forgotten,  
The full opinion I have won in service,  
And such respects that may not shew us equall,  
Laid hansomely aside, only our fortunes,  
And single manhoods —  

Py. In a service sir,  
Of this most noble nature, all I am,  
If I had ten lives more, those and my fortunes  
Are ready for ye, I had thought ye had forsworn fighting,  
Or banish’d those brave thoughts were wont to waite up-  
I am glad to see 'em cal’d home agen. (on you  

Ruy. They are nephew,  
And thou shall see what fire they carry in them,  

Here, you guesse what this means.  

Py. Yes, very well sir,  
A portion of Scripture that puzzels many an interpreter.  

Ruy. As soone as you can find him —  

Py. That will not be long uncleke,  
And o’ my conscience heele be ready as quickly.  

Ruy. I make no doubt good Nephew, carry it so  
If you can possible that we may fight.  

Py. Nay, you shall fight assure your selfe.  

Ruy. Pray ye heare me  
In some such place where it may be possible  
The Princesse may behold us.  

Py. I conceive ye,  
Upon the sand behind the Castle sir,  
A place remote enough, and there be windows  
Out of her lodgings too, or I am mistaken.  

Ruy. Y’are i’th’ right, if ye can worke that hansomly —  

Py. Let me alone, and pray be you prepar’d
Some three hours hence.

Ruy. I will not faile.

Py. Get you home,

And if you have any things to dispose of,

Or a few light prayers

That may befriend you, run ’em over quickly,

I warrant, I’le bring him on.

Ruy. Farewell Nephew,

And when we meet again —

Py. I, I, fight handsomely;

Take a good draught or two of wine to settle ye,

’Tis an excellent armour for an ill conscience Unkle;

I am glad to see this mans conversion,

I was affraid faire honour had been bedrid,

Or beaten out o’th Island, souldiers and good ones,

Intended such base courses? he will fight now;

And I beleeve too bravely; I have seene him

Curry a fellowes carkasse hansomely:

And in the head of a troope stand as if he had been rooted

Dealing large doles of death; what a rascal was I (there,

column: 192-b-2

I did not see his will drawn?
What does she here? Enter Quisara.

If there be any mischief toward, a woman makes one stil;

Now what new businesse is for me?

Quisar. I was sending for ye,

But since we have met so faire,

You have sav’d that labour; I must entreat you sir —

Py. Any thing thing Madam,

Your wils are my commands.

Quisar. Y’are nobly courteous;

Upon my better thoughts Signeor Pyniero,

And my more peaceable considerations.

Which now I find the richer ornaments;

I wou’d desire you to attempt no farther

Against the person of the noble stranger,

In truth I am asham’d of my share in’t;

Nor be incited further by your unckle,

I see it will sit ill upon your person;

I have considered, and it will shew ugly

Carried at best, a most unheard of cruelty;

Good sir desist —

Py. You speake now like a woman,

And wondrous well this tendernesse becomes ye;

But this you must remember — your command

Was laid on with a kisse, and seriously

It must be taken off the same way Madam,

Or I stand bound still.

Quisar. That shall not endanger ye,
Looke ye faire sir, thus I take off that duty.

Py. Byth’ masse ’twas soft and sweet,
Some blouds would bound now,
And run a tilt; do not you thinke bright beauty,
You have done me in this kisse a mighty favour,
And that I stand bound by vertue of this honour,
To do what ever you command me?

Quisar. I thinke sir,
From me these are unusall cursesies,
And ought to be respected so; there are some,
And men of no mean ranke, would hold themselves
Not poorely blest to taste of such a bounty.

Py. I know there are that wou’d do many unjust things
For such a kisse, and yet I hold this modest;
All villanies body and soule dispence with,
For such a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demolish the faire credits of their Parents; (dam
Those kisses I am not acquainted with, most certaine Ma-
The appurtenance of this kisse wou’d not provoke me
To do a mischief, ’tis the devils owne dance,
To be kis’d into cruelty.

Quisar. I am glad you make that use sir.

Py. I am gladder
That you made me beleev you were cruell,
For by this hand I know I am so honest,
However I deceiv’d ye, ’twas high time too,
Some common slave might have been set upon it else,
That willingly I wou’d not kill a dog
That could but fetch and carry for a woman,
She must be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find, to kill a man,
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that plaid the best game at it,
And fore a womans anger prefer her fancy.

Quisar. I take it in you well.

Py. I thanke ye Lady,
And I shall study to confirme it.

Quisar. Do sir, For
For this time, and this present cause I 'low it,
Most holy sir.

Enter Governour, Quisana and Panura.

Gov: Blesse ye my royall daughter,
And in you, blesse this Island heaven.

Quisar: Good Aunt,
What thinke ye of this man?

Quisan: Sure 'is a wise man,
And a religious, he tells us things have hapned
So many yeares agoe almost forgotten,
As readily, as if they were done this houre.

Quisar: Does he not meet with your sharpe tongue?

Pan. He tells me Madam,
Marriage, and mouldy cheese will make me tamer.

Gov: A stubborne keeper, and worse fare,
An open stable, and cold care,
Will tame a Jade, may be your share.

Pan. Bir Lady, a sharp prophet, when this proves good
I'le bequeath you a skin to make ye a hood.

Gov: Lady I would talke with you.

Quisar: Do reverend sir.

Gov: And for you good, for that that must concerne ye,
And give eare wisely to me.

Quisar. I shall father.

Gov: You are a Princess of that excellence,
Sweetnesse, and grace, that Angell-like faire feature,
Nay, do not blush, I doe not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this, I am amazed Lady,
And as I thinke the gods bestow'd these on ye,
The gods that love ye.

Quisan. I confesse their bounty.

Gov: Apply it then to their use, to their honour,
To them, and to their service give this sweetnesse;
They have an instant great use of your goodnesse;
You are a Saint esteem'd here for your beauty,
And may a longing heart —

Quisan. I seeke no fealty,

Nor will I blemish that heaven has seal'd on me,
I know my worth, indeed the Portugals
I have at those commands, and their last services,
Nay, even their lives, so much I thinke my hansomnesse,
That what I shall enjoyne —

Gov: Use it discreetly,
For I perceive ye understand me rightly,
For here the gods regard your helpe, and suddenly;
The Portugals like sharpe thornes (marke me Lady)
Sticke in our sides, like razors, wound religion,
Draw deep, they wound, till the life bloud followes,
Our gods they spurne at, and their worships scorne,
A mighty hand they beare upon our government,
These are the men your miracle must worke on,
Your heavenly forme, either to roote them out,
Which as you may endeavour will be easie,
Remember whose great cause you have to execute,
To nip their memory, that may not spring more,
Or fairely bring 'em home to our devotions,
Which will be blessed, and for which, you sainte,
But cannot be, and they go; let me buzzle.

*Quisar.* Go up with me,
Where wee’l converse more privately;
I le shew ye shortly how I hold their temper;
And in what chaine their soules.

*Gov.* Keep fast that hold still,
And either bring that chaine, and those bound in it,
And linke it to our gods, and their faire worships,
Or daughter pinch their hearts a peeces with it,

column: 193-a-2

I’le waite upon your grace.

*Quisar.* Come reverend father.
Waite you below.

*Ex. Quisar. and Gov.*

*Pan.* If this prophet were a young thing,
I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close to her;
These holy coats are long, and hide in iniquities.

*Quisar.* Away, away foole, a poore wretch,
*Pan.* These poore ones

Warmbe but their stomakes once —

*Quisar.* Come in, thou art foolish.

*Ex. Quisan. and Pan.*

*Enter Armusia, Emanuel, Pyniero.*

*Arm.* I am sorry sir my fortune is so stubbornne,
To court my sword against my countriman,
I love my nation well, and where I find
A Portugall of noble name and vertue,
I am his humble servant. Signeoer Pyniero,
Your person, nor your unckles am I angry with,
You are both faire Gentlemen in my opinion,
And I protest, I had rather use my sword
In your defences, then against your safeties;
'Tis me thinkes, a strange dearth of enemies,
When we seke foes among our selves.

*Em.* You are injured,
And you must make the best on’t now, and readiest —

*Arm.* You see I am ready in the place; and arm’d
To his desire that cald me.
Ye speake honestly,
And I could wish ye had met on tearmes more friendly,
But it cannot now be so.  

Enter Ruy Dias.

Turne sir, and see.

Ye are welcome.
The Gentleman is ready.

Bid those fooles welcome that affect your curtesie,
I come not to use complement, ye have wrongd’ me,
And ye shall feel proud man ere I part from ye,
The effects of that, if fortune do not foole me;
Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeeme thee.

That’s a proud word,
More then your faith can justifie.

Sure they will fight.

She’s there, I am happy.

Let ’em alone, let ’em kill one another,
These are the maine postes, if they fall, the buildings
Will tumple quickly.

How temperate Armusia?
No more, be quiet yet.

I am not bloudy,
Nor do not feel such mortal malice in me,
But since we cannot both enjoy the Princesse,
I am resolv’d to fight.

Fight home Armusia,
For if thou faint’st, or fall’st —

Do ye make all vantages?

Alwaies; unto thy life I will not spare thee,
Nor looke not for thy mercy.

I am arm’d then.

Stand still I charge ye nephew, as ye honour me.

And good Emanuel — not —

Ye speake fitly,
For we had not stood idle else.

I am sorry for’t.

But since you will have it so —

Come sir.
Arm. I waight ye.
Py. I marry this looks hansomely,

This is warme worke.

Gov Both fall an’t be thy will. Ruy fals.
Py. My Unckle dead?
Em. Stand still, or my swords in —
Ar. Now brave Ruy Dias,

Now where’s your confidence, your prayers? quickly
Your owne spite has condemn’d ye.

Quisar. Hold Armusia.
Ar. Most happy Lady.
Quisar. Hold and let him rise,
Spare him for me.
Ar. A long life may he enjoy Lady.
Gov. What ha’ you done? ’tis better they had all perisht.
Quisar. Peace father, I worke for the best; Armusia,

Be in the garden an hour hence. Ex. Qu. and Gov.
Ar. I shall Madam.
Py. Now as I live a Gentleman at all inches,
So brave a mingled temper saw I never.
Ar. Why are ye sad sir? how would this have griev’d you,
If ye had falne under a profest enemie?
Under one had taken vantage of your shame too?
Pray ye be at peace, I am so far from wronging ye,
Or glorying in the pride of such a victorie,
That I desire to serve ye, pray look cheerfully (Gentleman
Py. Doe you heare this sir? this love sir? do you see this
How he courts ye? why doe you hold your head downe?
Tis no high treason I take it, to be equal’d,
To have a slip i’th’ field, no sinne that’s mortall;
Come, come, thanke fortune and your friend.
Ar. It may be
You thinke my tongue may prove your enemie;
And though restrain’d sometimes, out of a braverie
May take a license to disable ye:
Beleeve me sir, so much I hate that libertie,
That in a strangers tongue ’twill prove an injurie,
And I shall right you in’t.
Py. Can you have more Unckle?
Ru. Sir you have beate me both wayes, yet so nobly,
That I shall ever love the hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthie of some title
That may be neere your friend.
Ar. Sir I must leave ye,
But with so hearty love, and pray be confident, Ex. Arm.
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong ye. & Em.
Py. Come, come, you are right agen, sir love your honor,  
And love your friend, take heed of bloudy purposes,  
And unjust ends, good heaven is angry with 'm;  
Make your faire vertues, and your fame your mistres,  
And let these trinkets goe.

Ru. You teach well nephew,  
Now to be honorable even with this Gentleman,  
Shall be my businesse, and my ends his.

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Sir, sir, you must doe something suddenly,  
To stop his pride so great and high, he is shot up,  
Upon his person too, your state is sunke else:  
You must not stand now upon termes of gratitude,  
And let a simple tendernesse besot ye:  
'I'le bring ye suddenly where you shall see him,  
Attempting your brave sister privately;  
Marke but his high behaviour then.

Kin. I will Father.

Gov. And with scorne, I feare contempt too.

Kin. I hope not.

Gov. I will not name a lust;

It may be that also;

A little force must be applyed upon him,  
Now, now applyed, a little force to humble him.

These sweet intreaties doe but make him wanton.

Kin. Take heed ye wrong him not.

Gov. Take heed to your safety,

I but forewarne ye King; if you mistrust me,  
Or thinke I come unsent —

Kin. No I'le goe with you.  

Exeunt.

Enter Armusia, Quisara.

Arm. Madam, you see there’s nothing I can reach at,  
Either in my obedience, or my service,  
That May deserve your love, or win a liking,  
But a poore thought, but I pursue it seriously,  
Take pleasure in your wils, even in your anger,  
Which other men would grudge at, and grow stormy;  
I study new humility to please ye,  
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions,  
Because they come from ye, I love my sorrowes:  
Pray Madam but consider —

Quisar. Yes, I do sir,  
And to that honest end I drew ye hether;
I know ye have deserv’d as much as man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you:
I know ye love.

Arm. If ever love was mortall,
And dwelt in man, and for that love command me,
So strong I find it, and so true, here Lady,
Something of such a greatnesse to allow me,
Those things I have done already, may seem foyles too:
’Tis equity that man aspires to heaven,
Should win it by his worth, and not sleepe to it.

Enter Governour, and King.

Gov: Now stand close King and heare, and as you find
Beleeve me right, or let religion suffer. (him,

Quisar. I dare beleeeve your worth without additions;
But since you are so liberall of your love sir,
And wou’d be farther tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you wou’d not win me
At such an easie rate.

Arm. I am prepared still,
And if I shrinke —

Quisar. I know ye are no coward,
This is the utmost triall of your constancy,
And if you stand fast now, I am yours, your wife sir;
You hold there’s nothing deare that may atchieve me,
Doubted or dangerous.

Arm. There’s nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may straight flie to it.

Quisar. I’le tell you then, change your religion,
And be of one beleefe with me.

Arm. How?

Quisar. Marke,
Worship our Gods, renounce that faith you are bred in;
’Tis easily done, I’le teach ye suddenly;
And humbly on your knees —

Arm. Ha? I’le be hang’d first.

Quisar. Offer as we do.

Arm. To the Devill Lady?
Offer to him I hate? I know the devill,
To dogs and cats? you make offer to them;

Ppp
To every bird that flies, and every worme.
How terribly I shake? Is this the venture?
The tryall that you talkt off? where have I bin?
And how forgot my selfe? how lost my memorie?
When did I pray or looke up stedfastly?
Had any goodnes in my heart to guide me?
That I should give this vantage to mine enemie;
The enemie to my peace, forsake my faith.

_Quisar._ Come, come, I know ye love me.

_Ar._ Love ye this way?

This most destroying way? sure you but jest Lady.

_Quis._ My love and life are one way.

_Ar._ Love alone then, and mine another way,

I’le love diseases first,
Doate on a villaine that would cut my throat,
Wooe all afflictions of all sorts, kisse crueltie;
Have mercy heaven, how have I been wandring?
Wandring the way of lust, and left my maker?
How have I slept like Corke upon a water,
And had no feeling of the storme that tost me?
Trod the blinde paths of death? forsooke assurance,
Eternitie of blessednesse for a woman?
For a young handsome face hazard my being?

_Quis._ Are not our powers eternall so their comforts?

As great and full of hopes as yours?

_Ar._ They are puppets.

_Gov._ Now marke him sir, and but observe him nearly,

_Ar._ Their comforts like themselves, cold senseles outsides;
You make ’em sicke, as we are, peevish, mad,
Subject to age; and how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themselves?

_Quis._ The Sun & Moon we worship, those are heavenly,

And their bright influences we beleeve.

_Ar._ Away foole,
I adore the Maker of that Sun and Moone,
That gives those bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their paths, and taught their motions;
They are not so great as we, they are our servants,
Plac’d there to teach us time, to give us knowledge
Of when and how the swellings of the maine aire,
And their returnes agen; they are but our stewards
To make the earth fat with their influence,
That she may bring forth her increase and feed us.
Shall I fall from this faith to please a woman?
For her embraces bring my soule to ruine?
I lookd you should have said, make me a Christian,
Worke that great cure, for ’tis a great one woman;
That labour truly doe performe, that venture
The crowne of all great triall, and the fairest:
I lookd ye should have wept and kneel’d to beg it,
Washt off your mist of ignorance, with waters
Pure and repentant, from those eyes; I lookt
You should have brought me your chief god ye worship,
He that you offer humane bloud and life to,
And made a sacrifice of him to memorie,
Beat downe his Altars, ruin’d his false Temples.

Gov. Now you may see.
Quis. Take heed, you goe too far sir,
And yet I love to heare him; I must have ye,
And to that end I let you storme a little;
I know there must be some strife in your bosome
To coole and quiet ye, ere you can come backe:
I know old friends cannot part suddenly,
There wil be some let still, yet I must have ye,
Have ye of my faith too, and so injoy ye.

Arm. Now I contemne ye, and I hate my selfe

For looking on that face lasciviously,
And it lookes ugly now methinkes.

Quisar. How Portugall?
Ar. It lookes like death it selfe, to which ’twou’d lead
Your eyes resemble pale dispaire, they fright me, (me;
And in their rounds a thousand horrid ruines,
Methinkes I see; and in your tongue heare fearefully
The hideous murmurs of weake soules have suffer’d;
Get from me, I despise ye, and know woman,
That for all this trap you have laid to catch my life in,
To catch my immortall life, I hate and curse ye,
Contemne your deities, spurne at their powers,
And where I meet your maumet Gods, I’le swing ’em
Thus o’re my head, and kick ’em into puddles,
Nay I will out of vengeance search your Temples,
And with those hearts that serve my God, demolish
Your shambles of wild worships.

Gov. Now, now you heare sir.
Arm. I will have my faith since you are so crafty,
The glorious crosse, although I love your brother;
Let him frowne too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole State storme.

Kin. Enter and take him;
I am sorry friend that I am forc’d to do this.

Gov. Be sure you bind him fast.
Quisar. But use him nobly.

King Had it to me been done, I had forgiven it,
And still preserv’d you faire, but to our Gods sir —
Quisar. Methinkes I hate 'em now,

Kin. To our Religion,

To these to be thus stubborne, thus rebellious

To threaten them.

Arm. Use all your violence,

I ask no mercy, nor repent my words;

I spit at your best powers; I serve one,

Will give me strength to scourge your gods.

Gov. Away with him.

Arm. To grind 'em into base dust, and disperse 'em,

That never more their bloody memories —

Gov. Clap him close up.

Kin. Good friend be cooler.

Arm. Never;

Your painted sister I despise too.

King. Softly.

Arm. And all her devillish arts laugh and scorne at,

Mocke her blind purposes.

King. You must be temperate;

Offer him no violence I command you strictly.

Gov. Now thou art up I shall have time to speake too.

Quis. Oh how I love this man, how truly honour him.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Christophero, and Pedro (at one doore) Emanuel.

and Soza, (at another.)

Chr. DDo you know the newes Gentlemen?

Em. Wou’d we knew as well sir

How to prevent it.

Soz. Is this the love they beare us,

For our late benefit? taken so maliciously,

And clapt up close? is that the thankes they render?

Chr.
Ch. It must not be put up thus, smother’d sleightly,
’Tis such a base unnaturall wrong.

Ped. I know,
They may thinke to doe wonders, aime at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance out o’th Islands:
But if we be our selves honest and resolute,
And continue but Masters of our ancient courages,
Sticke close and give no vantage to their villanies —

Soz. Nay if we faint or fall apeeces now,
We are fooles and worthy to be marckt for miserie;
Begin to strike at him they are all bound to?
To cancell his deserts? what must we looke for
If they can carry this?

Em. I’le carry coales then;
I have but one life, and one fortune Gentlemen,
But I’le so husband it to vexe these rascalls,
These barbarous slaves.

Ch. Shall we goe charge ’em presently?

Soz. No that will be too weake, and too foole-hardy,
We must have grounds that promise safety friends,
And sure offence, we loose our angers else,
And worse then that, venture our lives too lightly.

Enter Pyniero.

Py. Did you see mine Uncle? plague ’a these Barbarians,
How the rogues sticke in my teeth, I know ye are angry,
So I am too, monstrous angry Gentlemen,
I am angry that I choke agen.
You heare Armusias up, honest Arm:
Clapt up in prison friends, the brave Arm:
Here are fine boyes.

Em. We hope he shall not stay there.

Py. Stay? no he must not stay, no talke of staying,
These are no times to stay; are not these Rascals?
Speake, I beseech ye speake, are they not Rogues?
Thinke some abominable names — are they not Devils?
But the devil’s a great deale too good for ’em — dusty vil-

Ch. They are a kind of hounds. (laines.

Py. Hounds were their fathers,
Old blar-eyed bob-tail’d hounds — Lord where’s my

Soz. But what shall be done sir? (Unkle?

Py. Done?

Soz. Yes to relieve him;
If it be not sudden they may take his life too.

Py. They dare as soone take fire and swallow it,
Take stakes and thrust into their tailes for glisters:
His life, why ’tis a thing worth all the Islands,
And they know will be rated at that value;
His very imprisonment will make the Town stinch,
And shake and stinke, I have phisick in my hand for 'em
Shall give the goblins such a purge —

*Enter Ruy Dias.*

*Ped*  Your Uncle.
*Ru.*  I heare strange newes, and have bin seeking ye;
They say *Armusia's* prisoner.
*Py.*  'Tis most certaine.
*Ru.*  Upon what cause?
*Py.*  He has deserv'd too much sir;
The old heathen policie has light upon him,
And paid him home.
*Ru.*  A most unnable dealing.
*Py.*  You are the next if you can carry it tamely,
He has deserved of all.
*Ru.*  I must confesse it,
Of me so nobly too.
*Py.*  I am glad to heare it,
You have a time now to make good your confession,

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Your faith will shew but cold else, and for fashion,
Now to redeeme all, now to thanke his courtesie,
Now to make those beleev that held you backward,
And an ill instrument, you are a Gentleman,
An honest man, and you dare love your Nation,
Dare sticke to vertue though she be opprest,
And for her owne faire sake step to her Rescue:
If you live ages sir, and lose this houre,
Not now redeeme, and vindicate your honour,
Your life will be a murmur, and no man in't.

*Ru.*  I thanke ye nephew, come along with me Gentle-
Wee'l make 'em dancing sport immediately: (men,
We are Masters of the Fort yet, we shall see
What that can doe.
*Py.*  Let it but spit fire finely,
And play their turrets, and their painted Palaces,
A frisking round or two, that they may trip it,
And caper in the aire.

*Ru.*  Come, wee'l doe something
Shall make 'em looke about, wee'l send 'em plumbs
If they be not too hard for their teeth.
*Py.*  And fine Potatoes
Roasted in gunpowder, such a banquet sir
Will prepare their unmannery stomachs.
*Ru.*  They shall see
There is no safe retreat in villanie;
Come be high hearted all.

*Omnes.*  We are all on fire sir.

*Exeunt.*
Enter King and Governor.

Kin. I am ungratefull, and a wretch, perswade me not,
Forgetfull of the mercy he show’d me,
The timely noble pitty — why should I
See him fast bound and fetter’d, whose true curtesie,
Whose manhood, and whose mighty hand set me free?
Why should it come from me? why I command this?
Shall not all tongues and truths call me unthankfull?

Gov. Had the offence bin thrown on you, ’tis certaine
It had been in your power, and your discretion
To have turn’d it into mercy, and forgiven it,
And then it had show’d a vertuous point of gratitude,
Timely and nobly taken; but since the cause
Concernes the honour of our gods, and their title,
And so transcends your power, and your compassion,
A little your owne safety if you saw it too,
If your too fond indulgence did not dazle you,
It cannot now admit a private pitty;
’Tis in their wils, their mercies, or revenges,
And these revolts in you shew meere rebellious.

Kin. They are milde and pittifull.

Gov. To those repent.

Kin. Their nature’s soft and tender.

Gov. To true hearts

That feele compunction for their trespasses:
This man defies ’em still, threatens destruction
And demolition of their armes and worship,
Spits at their powers; take heed ye be not found sir,
And markt a favourer of their dishonour;
They use no common justice.

Kin. What shall I doe
To deserve of this man —

Gov. If ye more bemoane him,
Or mitigate your power to preserve him,
I’le curse ye from the gods, call up their vengeance,

Ppp2

Enter
Enter Quisara with her hands bound, Quisana, Panura.

And fling it on your Land and you, I have charge for’t;
I hope to wracke you all.

King. What ailes my sister?

Why is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?
Who does doe this?

Quisan. We did it, pardon sir,
And for her preservation — She is growne wilde,
And raving on the strangers love and honour,
Sometimes crying out, help, help, they will torture him,
They will take his life, they will murder him, presently,
If we had not prevented, violently
Have laid hands on her owne life.

Go. These are tokens
The gods displeasure is gone out, be quicke,
And ere it fall doe something to appease ’em,
You know the sacrifice — I am glad it works thus.

Quisar. How low and base thou lookst now that wert
No figure of a King methinks showes on you, (noble?)
No face of Majestie, foule swarthe ingratitude
Has taken off thy sweetnesse, base forgetfulnessse
Of mighty benefits, has turned thee Devill:
Thou hast persecuted goodnes, innocence,
And laid a hard and violent hand on vertue,
On that faire vertue that should teach and guide us;
Thou hast wrong’d thine owne preserver, whose least me-
Pois’d with thy maine estate, thou canst not satisfie, (rit
Nay put thy life in too, ’twill be too light still:
What hast thou done?

Gov. Goe for him presently.

And once more wee’l try if we can win him fairely:
If not, let nothing she sayes hinder ye, or stir ye;
She speaks distractedly — Do that the gods command ye:
Doe you know what ye say Lady?

Quisan. I could curse thee too,

Religion and severitie has steel’d thee,
Has turnd thy heart to stone; thou hast made the gods hard
Against their sweet and patient natures, cruell: (too,
None of ye feele what braverie ye tread on?
What innocence? what beauty?

Kin. Pray be patient.

Quisar. What honorable things ye cast behind ye?

What monuments of man?

Enter Armusia and Guard.
Kin. Once more Armusia,
Because I love ye tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win ye mine, I wish ye,
Even from my heart I wish and wooe ye —
    Ar. What sir,
Take heed how ye perswade me falsely, then ye hate me;
Take heed how ye intrap me.
    Kin. I advise ye,
And tenderly and truly I advise ye,
Both for your soules health and your safetie.
    Ar. Stay,
And name my soule no more, she is too precious,
Too glorious for your flatteries, too secure too.
    Go. Consider the reward sir, and the honor
That is prepared, the glory you shall grow to.
    Ar. They are not to be consider’d in these cases,
Not to be nam’d when soules are questioned;
They are vaine and flying vapors — touch my life,
'Tis ready for ye, put it to what test
It shall please ye, I am patient; but for the rest

You may remove rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a mountaine out o’th’ way, with bellowes,
As soon as stir my faith; use no more arguments.
    Go. We must use tortures then.
    Arm. Your worst and paineful’st
I am joyfull to accept.
    Go. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our deities
Delivered openly, your threats and scornings,
And either your repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free conversion to our customes,
Or equall punishment, which is your life sir.
    Arm. I am glad I have it for ye, take it Priest,
And all the miseries that shall attend it:
Let the Gods glut themselves with Christian bloud,
It will be ask’d againe, and so far followed,
So far reveng’d, and with such holy justice,
Your Gods of gold shall melt and sinke before it;
Your Altars, and your Temples shake to nothing;
And you false worshippers, blind fooles of ceremony,
Shall seeke for holes to hide your heads, and feares in,
For seas to swallow you from this destruction,
Darkenesse to dwell about ye, and conceale ye,
Your mothers wombes agen —
    Go. Make the fires ready,
And bring the severall tortures out.
    Quisar. Stand fast sir,
And feare ’em not, you that have stept so nobly
Into this pious triall start not now,
Keepe on your way, a virgin will assist ye,
A virgin won by your faire constancy,
And glorying that she is won so, will dye by ye;
I have touch’d ye every way, tried ye most honest,
Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing chaste, and temperate,
Valiant, without vaine glory, modest, stayed,
No rage, or light affection ruling in you:
Indeed, the perfect schoole of worth I find ye,
The temple of true honour.

   Arm. Whether will she?
What do you infer by this faire argument Lady?
   Quisar. Your faith, and your religion must be like ye,
They that can shew you these, must be pure mirrors,
When the streams flow cleare and faire, what are
I do embrace your faith sir, and your fortune; (fountaines?
Go one, I will assist ye, I feele a sparkle here,
A lively sparke that kindles my affection,
And tells me it will rise to flames of glory:
Let ’em put on their anger, suffer nobly,
Shew me the way, and when I faint instruct me;
And if I follow not —

   Arm. O blessed Lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph,
Come clap your terrors on.
   Quisar. All your fell tortures.
For there is nothing he shall suffer brother,
I sweare by new faith which is most sacred,
And I will keepe it so, but I will follow in,
And follow to a scruple of affliction,
In spight of all your Gods without prevention.
   Gov. Death she amazes me.
   King. What shall be done now?
   Go. They must dye both,
And suddenly, they will corrupt all else;
This woman makes me weary of my mischiefe,
She shakes me, and she staggers me, go in sir.
I’le see the execution.

   King
King. Not so suddaine:
If they goe all my friends and sisters perish.
Gov. Wou’d I were safe at home agen.

Enter Messenger.

Mes Arme, arme sir,
Seek for defence, the Castle playes and thunders,
The Towne Rocks, and the houses flye ith’ aire,
The people dye for feare — Captaine Ruy Dias,
Has made an Oath he will not leave a stone here;
No not the memory, here has stood a City,
Unlesse Armusia be deliver’d fairly.

Kin. I have my feares: what can our gods do now for us?
Gov. Be patient, But keep him still: he is a cure sir
Against both rage and Cannon: goe and fortifie,
Call in the Princesse, make the Pallace sure,
And let ’em know you are a King: look nobly;
And take your courage to ye; keep close the prisoner,
And under command, we are betray’d else.

Ar. How joyfully I goe?
Quisar. Take my heart with thee.
Gov. I hold a Wolfe by the eare now:
Fortune free me. Exeunt.

Enter foure Townes-men.

I. Heaven blesse us,
What a thundring’s here? what fire-spitting?
We cannot drinke, but our Cans are mald amongst us.
2. I wou’d they would mall our skores too:
Shame o’their Guns, I thought they had been bird-pots,
Or great Candeceases, how devilishly they bounce,
And how the Bullets borrow a piece of a house here,
There another, and mend those up agen
With another parish; here flyes a poudring-tub,
The meat ready roasted & there a barrel pissing vinegar,
And they two over-taking the top of a high Steeple,
Newly slic’d off for a sallet.

3. A vengeance fire ’em.
2. Nay they fire fast enough;
You need not help ’em.

4. Are these the Portugall Bulls —
How loud they bellow?

(laces
2. Their horns are plaguie strong, they push down Pal-
They tosse our little habitations like whelps,
Like grindle-tailes, with their heeles upward;
All the windowes ith’ town dance a new trench-more,
'Tis like to prove a blessed age for Glasiers, 
I met a hand, and a Letter in’t in great haste, 
And by and by a single leg running after it, 
As if the Arme had forgot part of his arrant, 
Heads flie like foot-balls every where. 

1. What shall we doe? 
2. I care not, my shop’s cancell’d, 
And all the Pots and earthen pans in’t vanish’t: 
There was a single Bullet and they together by the eares; 
You would have thought Tom Tumbler had been there, 
And all his troop of devills. 
3. Let’s to the King, 
And get this gentleman deliver’d handsomely; 
By this hand there’s no walking above ground else. 

2. By this leg — Let me sweare nimbly by it, 
For I know not how long I shall owe it, 
If I were out oth’ Towne once, if I came in agen to 
Fetch my breakfast, I will give ’em leave to cram me 
With a Portugal pudding: Come, let’s doe any thing 
To appease this thunder, 

_Exeunt._

_column: 195-b-2_

_Enter Pyniero, and Panura._

_Pyn._ Art sure it was that blinde priest? 

_Pan._ Yes most certaine, 
He has provok’t all this; the King is mercifull, 
And wondrous loving; but he fires him on still, 
And when he cooles enrages him, I know it, 
Threatens new vengeance, and the gods fierce justice 
When he but looks with faire eyes on Armusia, 
Will lend him no time to relent; my royall Mistris, 
She has entertain’d a Christian hope. 

_Py._ Speake truely. 

_Pan._ Nay ’tis most true, but Lord, how he lies at her, 
And threatens her, and flatters her, and dams her, 
And I feare, if not speedily prevented, 
If she continue stout, both shall be executed. 

_Py._ Ile kisse thee for this newes: nay more Panura, 
If thou wilt give me leave, Ile get thee with Christian, 
The best way to convert thee. 

_Pan._ Make me believe so. 

_Py._ I will y’faith. But which way cam’st thou hither? 
The Pallace is close guarded, and barricado’d. 

_Pan._ I came through a private vault, which few there 
It rises in a Temple not farre hence, (know of; 
Close by the Castle here. 

_Py._ How — To what end? 

_Pan._ A good one:
To give ye knowledge of my new-borne Mistris,
And in what doubt Armusia stands,
Thinke any present meanes, or hope to stop ’em
From their fell ends: the Princes are come in too,
And they are hardn’d also.

*Py.* The damn’d Priest —

*Pa.* Sure he’s a cruell man, methinks Religion
Should teach more temperate lessons.

*Py.* He the fire-brand?
He dare to touch at such faire lives as theirs are?
Well Prophet, I shall prophesie, I shall catch ye,
When all your Prophecies will not redeem yee?
Wilt thou doe one thing bravely?

*Pa.* Any good I am able. (vertuous,)

*Py.* And by thine owne white hand Ile sweare thou art
And a brave wench, durst thou but guide me presently
Through the same vault thou cam’st into the Pallace,
And those I shall appoynt, such as I thinke fit.

*Pa.* Yes, I will doe it, and suddenly, and truely.

*Py.* I wou’d faine behold this Prophet.

*Pa.* Now I have yee;
And shall bring yee where ye shall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurnish’d of defences:
That shall be my care; but you must not betray me.

*Py.* Dost thou think we are so base? such slaves, rogues?

*Pa.* I doe not:
And you shall see how fairely Ile worke for ye.

*Py.* I must needs steale that Priest,
Steale him, and hang him.

*Pa.* Do any thing to remove his mischife, strangle him —

*Py.* Come prethee love.

*Pa.* You’l offer me no foule play?

The Vault is darke.

*Py.* ’Twas well remember’d.

*Pa.* And ye may —
But I hold ye honest.

*Py.* Honest enough, I warrant thee. (the place,)

*Pa.* I am but a poore weak wench; and what with

And
And your perswasions Sir — but I hope you will not;
You know we are often cozn’

Py. If thou dost feare me,
Why dost thou put me in minde?

Pa. To let you know sir,
Though it be in your power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true gent —

Py. I know what hee’l doe:
Come and remember me, and Ile answer thee,
Ile answer thee to the full; wee’l call at th’Castle,
And then my good guide do thy will; sha’t finde me
A very tractable man.


Enter Bakam, Syana, and Souldiers,

Bak. Let my men guard the gates.

Sy. And mine the Temple,
For feare the honour of our gods should suffer,
And on your lives be watchfull.

Ba. And be valiant;
And let’s see, if these Portugalls dare enter;
What their high hearts dare doe: Let’s see how readily,
The great Ruy Dias will redeem his Countrey-men;
He speaks proud words, and threatens.

Sy. He is approv’d sir,
And will put faire for what he promises;
I could wish friendlier termes,
Yet for our Liberties, and for our gods,
We are bound in our best service
Even in the hazard of our lives.

Enter the King above.

Kin. Come up Princes,
And give your counsells, and your helps, the Fort still
Playes fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turns our people wild with feares.

Ba. Send for the prisoner,
And give us leave to argue. Exit Ba. and Sy. Then,

Enter Ruy Dyas, Emanuel, Christoph. Pedro, with Sould.

Ru. Come on nobly,
And let the Fort play still, we are
Strong enough to look upon ’em,
And returne at pleasure; it may
Be on our view they will returne him.
Chr. We will return 'em such thanks else,
Shall make 'im scratch where it itches not.

Em. How the people stare,
And some cry, some pray, and some curse heartily:
But it is the King —

Enter Syana, Bakam, Quisara, Armusia, with
Souldiers above.

Ruy. I cannot blame their wisedomnes,
They are all above, Armusia chain’d and bound too?
O these are thankfull Squiers.

Ba. Heare us Ruy Dias,
Be wise and heare us, and give speedy answer,
Command thy Cannon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted People,
Or suddenly Armusias head goes off,
As suddenly as seeaid.

Em. Stay Sir, be moderate.

Arm. Doe nothing that’s dishonourable Ruy Dyas,
Let not the feare of me master thy valour;
Pursue ’em still, they are base malitious people.

column: 196-a-2

Kin. Friend be not desperate.

Ar. I scorne your courtesies;
Strike when you dare, a faire arme guide the Gunner,
And may he let flye still with fortune: friend,
Doe me the honour of a soouldiers funeralls,
The last faire Christian right, see me ith’ ground,
And let the pallace burne first, then the Temples,
And on their scorn’d gods erect my monument:
Touch not the Princesse, as you are a soouldier.

Quisar. Which way you go, sir,
I must follow necessary.
One life, and one death.

Kin. Will you take a truce yet?

Enter Pyniero, Soza, and Souldiers with the
Governour.

Py. No, no, goe on:
Look here your god, your Prophet.

King. How came he taken?

Py. I Conjur’d for him King.
I am sure Curre at an old blinde Prophet.
Ile haunt ye such a false knave admirably,
A terrier I; I earth him, and then snapt him;

Soz. Saving the reverence of your grace, we stole him
E’ne out of the next chamber to yee.

Py. Come, come, begin King,
Begin this bloudy matter when you dare;
And yet I scorne my sword should touch the rascal,
Ile teare him thus before ye. Ha!
Enter King, and all from above.

Art thou a Prophet?

Ru.  Come downe Princes.

Kin. VVe are abus’d —

Oh my most deare Armusia —
Off which his chaines. And now my noble sister,
Rejoyce with me, I know yee are pleas’d as I am.

Py.  This is a pretious Prophet. Why Don Governour,
What make you here? how long have you taken orders?

Ruy.  VVhy what a wretch
Art thou to work this mischiefe?
To assume this holy shape to ruine honour,
Honour and chastity?

Enter King, and all from above.

Gov.  I had paid you all,
But fortune plaid the slut. Come,
Give me my doome.

King.  I cannot speak for wonder.

Gov.  Nay, 'tis I sir,
And here I stay your sentence.

King.  Take her friend,
You have halfe perswaded me to be a Christian,
And with her all the joyes, and all the blessings.

Py.  Why what dreame have we dwelt in?

Ru.  All peace to yee,

Ar.  And Kings at least.

And noble Princesse, for I was once angrie,
And out of that might utter some distemper,

Py.  And Kings at least.

Ar.  Good Sir forget my rashnesse.

And noble Princesse, for I was once angrie,
And out of that might utter some distemper,

Think not 'tis my nature.

Sya.  Your joy is ours sir,
And nothing we finde in ye, But most noble.

King.  To prison with this dog, there let him houle,
And if he can repent, sigh out his villanies:
His Island we shall seize into our hands,
His father and himselfe have both usurp’d it,
And kept it by oppression; the Towne and Castle,
In which I lay my selfe most miserable,
Till my most honourable friend redeem’d me,
Signeur Pyniero I bestow on you,
The rest of next command upon these gentlemen,
Upon ye all my love.

   Arm. O brave Ruy Dias.
You have started now beyond me. I must thank ye,

   column: 196-b-2

   Arm.

And thank ye for my life, my wife and honour.

   Ruy. I am glad I had her for you sir.
   King. Come Princes,
Come friends and lovers all, come noble gentlemen,
No more guns now, nor hates but joyes and triumphes,
An universall gladnesse flye about us:
And know however subtill men dare cast,
And promise wrack, the gods give peace at last.

   Exeunt.

FINIS.
Textual Notes

1. **174 (185-a)**: The regularized reading *Quisana* is supplied for the original *Quis*[n]..
2. **301 (185-b)**: The regularized reading *brings* is amended from the original *btins*.
3. **357 (185-b)**: The regularized reading *royalty* is amended from the original *toalty*.
4. **544 (186-b)**: The regularized reading *know* is amended from the original *knnw*.
5. **798 (187-b)**: Some editions remove the word 'the’.
6. **863 (187-b)**: The regularized reading *Citizen* is amended from the original *Ciizen*.
7. **1514 (190-a)**: The regularized reading *Quisana* comes from the original *Quis*., though possible variants include *Quisara*.
8. **1518 (190-a)**: The regularized reading *Quisana* comes from the original *Quis*., though possible variants include *Quisara*.
9. **1526 (190-b)**: The regularized reading *Quisana* comes from the original *Quisan*, though possible variants include *Quisara*.
10. **1567 (190-b)**: The regularized reading *Quisana* comes from the original *Quis*, though possible variants include *Quisara*.
11. **1573 (190-b)**: The regularized reading *Quisara* is amended from the original *Quis*.
12. **1779 (191-a)**: The regularized reading *ruffian* is amended from the original *russin*. 